

T H E
S U G A R - C A N E :

A
P O E M.

I N F O U R B O O K S.

W I T H N O T E S.

*Agredior primasque novis Helicoma movere
Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice fylvas;
Hospita sacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum. MANIL.*

By JAMES GRALNGER, M. D. &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXIV.

Pr. in the name

T H E

S U G A R - C A N E :

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P O P U L A R

I N F O U R B O O K S

W I T H N O T E S

*Agrietas primigenia novis Hillionis necesse
Lambert, et viridi notione vestire flos;
Medita facta ferre, nulli memoranda peram. MANIL.*



By JAMES GRAINGER, M.D. &c

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

P R E F A C E.

SOON after my arrival in the West-Indies, I conceived the design of writing a poem on the cultivation of the Sugar-Cane. My inducements to this arduous undertaking were, not only the importance and novelty of the subject, but more especially this consideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images.

I CANNOT, indeed, say I have satisfied my own ideas in this particular: yet I must be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this Poem. They are the children of Truth, not of Genius; the result of Experience, not the productions of Fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to please, I shall stand some chance of instructing the Reader; which, as it is the nobler end of all poetry, so should it be the principal aim of every writer who wishes to be thought a good man.

It must, however, be observed, that, though the general precepts are suited to every climate, where the Cane will grow; yet, the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Christopher. Some selection was necessary; and I could adopt no

modes of planting, with such propriety, as those I had seen practised in that island, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reside since I came to the West-Indies.

I HAVE often been astonished, that so little has been published on the cultivation of the Sugar-Cane, while the press has groaned under folios on every other branch of rural oeconomy. It were unjust to suppose planters were not solicitous for the improvement of their art, and injurious to assert they were incapable of obliging mankind with their improvements.

AND yet, except some scattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America; an Essay, by Colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the only piece on planter-ship I have seen deserving a perusal. That gentleman's pamphlet is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myself indebted.

IT must be confessed, that terms of art look awkward in poetry; yet didactic compositions cannot wholly dispense with them. Accordingly we find that Hesiod and Virgil, among the ancients, with Philips and Dyer, (not to mention some other poets now living in our own country); have been obliged to insert them in their poems. Their example is a sufficient apology for me, for in their steps I shall always be proud to tread.

*Vos sequor, ó Graiæ gentis decus, inque vestris nunc
 Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis;
 Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
 Quod vos imitari aëeo. —*

Yet, like them too, I have generally preferred the way of description, wherever that could be done without hurting the subject.

SUCH words as are not common in Europe, I have briefly explained: because an obscure poem affords both less pleasure and profit to the reader. — For the same reason, some notes have been added, which, it is presumed, will not be disagreeable to those who have never been in the West-Indies.

IN a West-India georgic, the mention of many indigenous remedies, as well as diseases, was unavoidable. The truth is, I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of such amazing efficacy, as I have had occasion to make trials of in these islands, deserve to be universally known. And wherever, in the following poem, I recommend any such, I beg leave to be understood as a physician, and not as a poet.

Basseterre, Jan. 1763.

11

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T H E
S U G A R - C A N E.
B O O K I.



A R G U M E N T.

Subject proposed. Invocation and address. What soils the Cane grows best in. The grey light earth. Praise of St. Christopher. The red brick mould. Praise of Jamaica, and of Christopher Columbus. The black soil mixed with clay and gravel. Praise of Barbadoes, Nevis, and Mountserrat. Composts may improve other soils. Advantages and disadvantages of a level plantation. Of a mountain-estate. Of a midland one. Advantages of proper cultivation. Of fallowing. Of compost. Of leaving the Woura, and penning cattle on the distant Cane-pieces. Whether yams improve the soil. Whether dung should be buried in each hole, or scattered over the piece. Cane-lands may be boled at any time. The ridges should be open to the trade-wind. The beauty of holing regularly by a line. Alternate holing, and the wheel-plough recommended to trial. When to plant. Wet weather the best. Rain often falls in the West-Indies, almost without any previous signs. The signs of rainy weather. Of fogs round the high mountains. Planting described. Begin to plant mountain-land in July: the low ground in November, and the subsequent months, till May. The advantage of changing tops in planting. Whether the Moon has any influence over the Cane-plant. What quantity of mountain and of low Cane-land may be annually planted. The last Cane-piece should be cut off before the end of July. Of hedges. Of stone inclosures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blast. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of stripping.



SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK I.

WHAT foil the Cane affects ; what care demands ;
 Beneath what signs to plant ; what ills await ;
 How the hot nectar best to christallize ;
 And Afric's fable progeny to treat :
 A Muse, that long hath wander'd in the groves
 Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to sing.
 SPIRIT of Inspiration, that did'st lead
 Th' Aescraen Poet to the sacred Mount,
 And taught'st him all the precepts of the swain ;
 Descend from Heaven, and guide my trembling steps
 To Fame's eternal Dome, where Maro reigns ;
 Where pastoral Dyer, where Pomona's Bard,
 And Smart and Sommerville in varying strains,

Their fylvan lore convey : O may I join
 This choral band, and from their precepts learn 15
 To deck my theme, which though to song unknown,
 Is most momentous to my Country's weal!

So shall my numbers win the Public ear ;
 And not displease Aurelius ; him to whom,
 Imperial George, the monarch of the main, 20
 Hath given to wield the scepter of those isles,
 Where first the Muse beheld the spiry Cane,
 Supreme of plants, rich subject of my song.

WHERE'ER

VER. 22. *the spiry Cane,*] The botanical name of the Cane is *Saccharum*. The Greeks and Romans seem to have known very little of this most useful and beautiful plant. Lucan and Pliny are the only Authors among the former who mention it ; and, so far as I can find, Arrian is the only Greek. The first of these Writers, in enumerating Pompey's Eastern auxiliaries, describes a nation who made use of the Cane-juice as a drink :

Dulces bibebant ex arundine succos.

The industrious Naturalist says, *Saccharum et Arabia fert, sed laudatius India* ; and the Greek Historian, in his περιπλους of the Red-sea, tells us of a neighbouring nation who drank it also ; his words are, μελι το καλαμινον το λεγομενον σακχαρι. The Cane, however, as it was a native of the East, so has it been probably cultivated there time immemorial. The raw juice was doubtless first made use of ; they afterwards boiled it into a syrup ; and, in process of time, an inebriating spirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation. This conjecture is confirmed by the etymology, for the Arabic word سكر is evidently derived from the Hebrew שכר, which signifies an *intoxicating liquor*. When the Indians began to make the Cane-juice into sugar, I cannot discover ; probably, it soon found its way into Europe in that form, first by the Red-sea, and afterwards through Persia, by the Black-sea and Caspian ; but the plant itself was not known to Europe, till the Arabians introduced it into the southern parts of Spain, Sicily, and those provinces of France which border

WHERE'ER the clouds relent in frequent rains,
 And the Sun fiercely darts his Tropic beam,
 The Cane will joint, ungenial tho' the foil.
 But would'ft thou see huge casks, in order due,

Roll'd

der on the Pyrenean mountains. It was also successfully cultivated in Egypt, and in many places on the Barbary-coast. From the Mediterranean, the Spaniards and Portuguese transported the Cane to the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canary and the Cape-Verd islands, soon after they had been discovered in the fifteenth century: and, in most of these, particularly Madeira, it thrrove exceedingly. Whether the Cane is a native of either the Great or Lesser Antilles cannot now be determined, for their discoverers were so wholly employed in searching after imaginary gold-mines, that they took little or no notice of the natural productions. Indeed the wars, wherein they wantonly engaged themselves with the natives, was another hindrance to physical investigation. But whether the Cane was a production of the West-Indies or not, it is probable, the Spaniards and Portuguese did not begin to cultivate it either there or in South-America (where it certainly was found), till some years after their discovery. It is also equally uncertain whether Sugar was first made in the Islands or on the Continent, and whether the Spaniards or Portuguese were the first planters in the new world: it is indeed most likely that the latter erected the first sugar-works in Brazil, as they are more lively and enterprizing than the Spaniards. However they had not long the start of the latter; for, in 1506, Ferdinand the Catholic ordered the Cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo, in which island one Pedro de Atenca soon after built an *Ingenio de açucar*, for so the Spaniards call a Sugar-work. But, though they began thus early to turn their thoughts to sugar, the Portuguese far outstripped them in that trade; for Lisbon soon supplied most of Europe with that commodity; and, notwithstanding the English then paid the Portuguese at the rate of 4 *l. per C. wt.* for muscovado, yet that price, great as it may now appear, was probably much less than what the Sugar from the East-Indies had commonly been sold for. Indeed, so intent was the Crown of Portugal on extending their Brazil-trade, that that of the East-Indies began to be neglected, and soon after suffered a manifest decay. However, their sugar made them ample amends, in which trade they continued almost without a rival for upwards of a century. At last the Dutch, in 1623, drove the Portuguese out of all the northern part of Brazil; and, during the one and twenty years they kept that conquest, those industrious republicans learned the art of making sugar. This probably inspired the English with a desire

of

Roll'd numerous on the Bay, all fully fraught
 With strong-grain'd muscovado, silvery-grey,
 Joy of the planter; and if happy Fate 30
 Permit a choice: avoid the rocky slope,
 The clay-cold bottom, and the sandy beach.
 But let thy biting ax with ceaseless stroke
 The wild red cedar, the tough locust fell:

of coming in for a share of the sugar-trade; accordingly they, renouncing their chimerical search after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, settled themselves soon after at the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the Cane with such success, that when the colony was ceded to the Dutch by the treaty of Breda, it maintained not less than 40,000 Whites, half that number of slaves, and employed one year with another 15,000 ton of shipping. This cession was a severe blow to the English-trade, which it did not recover for several years, though many of the Surinam Planters carried their art and Negroes to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica, which then began to be the object of political consideration in England.

Sugar is twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flourished in the fourteenth century; and succeeding poets, down to the middle of the last, use the epithet *Sugar'd*, whenever they would express any thing uncommonly pleasing: since that time, the more elegant writers seldom admit of that adjective in a metaphorical sense; but herein perhaps they are affectedly squeamish.

VER. 29. *Muscovado*,] The Cane-juice being brought to the consistence of syrup, and, by subsequent coction, granulated, is then called *muscovado* (a Spanish word probably, though not to be found in Pineda) vulgarly brown Sugar; the French term it *sucre brut*.

VER. 34. *wild red Cedar*] There are two species of Cedar commonly to be met with in the West-Indies, the white and red, which differ from the cedars cultivated in the Bermudas: both are lofty, shady, and of quick growth. The white succeeds in any soil, and produces a flower which, infused like tea, is useful against fish poison; The red requires a better mould, and always emits a disagreeable smell before rain. The wood of both are highly useful for many mechanical purposes, and but too little planted.

VER. 34. *Locust*] This is also a lofty tree. It is of quick growth and handsome, and produces a not disagreeable fruit in a flat pod or legumen, about three inches long. It is a serviceable wood. In botanical books, I find three different names for the locust-tree; that meant here is the *Silqua edulis*.

Nor let his nectar, nor his silken pods, 35
 The sweet-smell'd cassia, or vast ceiba save.
 Yet spare the guava, yet the guaiac spare;
 A wholesome food the ripened guava yields,
 Boast of the housewife; while the guaiac grows
 A sovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum, 40
 To cause the lame his uselefs crutch forego,
 And dry the sources of corrupted love.
 Nor let thy bright impatient flames destroy

VER. 36. *or vast ceiba save.*] Canoes have been scooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once sheltered by its shade. Its pods contain a very soft short cotton, like silk: hence the English call the tree the Silk-cotton-tree; and the Spaniards name its cotton *Lana de ceiba*. It has been wrought into stockings; but its commonest use is to stuff pillows and mattresses. It might be made an article of commerce, as the tree grows without trouble, and is yearly covered with pods. An infusion of the leaves is a gentle diaphoretic, and much recommended in the small-pox. The botanical name of the ceiba is *Bombax*; and the French call it *Fromager*. There are two species; the stem of the one being prickly, and that of the other smooth.

VER. 37. *Yet spare the guava,*] The Spaniards call this tree *guayava*. It bears a fruit as large, and of much the same shape as a golden pippen. This is of three species, the yellow, the amazon, and the white; the last is the most delicate, but the second sort the largest: All are equally wholesome, when stewed or made into jelly, or marmalade. When raw, they are supposed to generate worms. Strangers do not always at first like their flavour, which is peculiarly strong. This, however, goes off by use, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acofta says the Peruvian guavas surpass those of any other part of America. The bark of the tree is an astringent, and tanns leather as well as that of oak. The French call the tree *Goyavier*.

VER. 37. — *yet the guaiac spare;*] The lignum-vitæ, or pockwood-tree. The virtues of every part of this truly medical tree are too well known to be enumerated here. The hardness and incorruptibility of its timber make abundant amends for the great slowness of its growth, for of it are formed the best posts for houses against hurricanes, and it is no less usefully employed in building wind-mills and cattle-mills.

The

The golden shaddoc, the forbidden fruit,
 The white acajou, and rich sabbaca : 45
 For, where these trees their leafy banners raise
 Aloft in air, a grey deep earth abounds,
 Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
 Rising in clods, which ripening suns and rain
 Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize : 50
 In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
 Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burst on day.

THRICE happy he, to whom such fields are given !
 For him the Cane with little labour grows ;

VER. 44. *The golden shaddoc,*] This is the largest and finest kind of orange. It is not a native of America, but was brought to the islands, from the East-Indies, by an Englishman, whose name it bears. It is of three kinds, the sweet, the sour, and the bitter; the juice of all of them is wholesome, and the rind medicinal. In flavour and wholesomeness, the sweet shaddoc excels the other two, and indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, which scarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

VER. 45. *sabbaca:*] This is the Indian name of the avocado, avocado, avigato, or, as the English corruptly call it, alligator-pear. The Spaniards in South-America name it *aguacate*, and under that name it is described by Ulloa. However, in Peru and Mexico, it is better known by the appellation of *palta* or *palto*. It is a sightly tree, of two species; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the most delicate, and the other a red, which is less esteemed, and grows chiefly in Mexico. When ripe, the skin peels easily off, and discovers a butyraceous, or rather a marrowy like substance, with greenish veins interspersed. Being eat with salt and pepper, or sugar and lime-juice, it is not only agreeable, but highly nourishing; hence Sir Hans Sloane used to stile it Vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the size and shape of the pear named Lady's-thighs, and contains a large stone, from whence the tree is propagated. These trees bear fruit but once a year. Few strangers care for it; but, by use, soon become fond of it. The juice of the kernel marks linen with a violet-colour. Its wood is soft, and consequently of little use. The French call it *Bois d' anise*, and the tree *Avocat*: the botanical name is *Persea*.

'Spite

'Spite of the dog-star, shoots long yellow joints ; 55
 Concocts rich juice, tho' deluges descend.
 What if an after-offspring it reject ?
 This land, for many a crop, will feed his mills ;
 Disdain supplies, nor ask from compost aid.

SUCH, green St. Christopher, thy happy soil ! — 60
 Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan,

Knit

VER. 60. *green St. Christopher,*] This beautiful and fertile island, and which, in Shakespear's words, may justly be stiled

“ A precious stone set in the silver sea,”

lies in seventeenth degree N. L. It was discovered by the great Christopher Columbus, in his second voyage, 1493, who was so pleased with its appearance, that he honoured it with his Christian name. Though others pretend, that appellation was given it from an imaginary resemblance between a high mountain in its centre, now called Mount Misery, to the fabulous legend of the Devil's carrying St. Christopher on his shoulders. But, be this as it will, the Spaniards soon after settled it, and lived in tolerable harmony with the natives for many years ; and, as their fleets commonly called in there to and from America for provision and water, the settlers, no doubt, reaped some advantage from their situation. By Templeman's Survey, it contains eighty square miles, and is about seventy miles in circumference. It is of an irregular oblong figure, and has a chain of mountains, that run South and North almost from the one end of it to the other, formerly covered with wood, but now the Cane plantations reach almost to their summits, and extend all the way, down their easy declining sides, to the sea. From these mountains some rivers take their rise, which never dry up ; and there are many others which, after rain, run into the sea, but which, at other times, are lost before they reach it. Hence, as this island consists of mountain-land and valley, it must always make a midling crop ; for when the low grounds fail, the uplands supply that deficiency ; and, when the mountain canes are lodged (or become watery from too much rain) those in the plains yield surprisngly. Nor are the plantations here only seasonable, their Sugar sells for more than the Sugar of any other of his Majesty's islands ; as

Knit with the Graces, tun'd his silvan pipe,
 While mute Attention hush'd each charmed rill;
 Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,

their produce cannot be refined to the best advantage, without a mixture of St. Kitts' muscovado. In the barren part of the island, which runs out towards Nevis, are several ponds, which in dry weather crystallize into good salt; and below Mount Misery is a small Solfaterre and collection of fresh water, where fugitive Negroes often take shelter, and escape their pursuers. Not far below is a large plain which affords good pasture, water, and wood; and, if the approaches thereto were fortified, which might be done at a moderate expence, it would be rendered inaccessible. The English, repulsing the few natives and Spaniards, who opposed them, began to plant tobacco here *A. D.* 1623. Two years after, the French landed in St. Christopher on the same day that the English-settlers received a considerable reinforcement from their mother-country; and, the chiefs of both nations, being men of sound policy, entered into an agreement to divide the island between them: the French retaining both extremities, and the English possessing themselves of the middle parts of the island. Some time after both nations erected sugar-works, but there were more tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton-plantations, than Sugar ones, as these require a much greater fund to carry them on, than those other. All the planters, however, lived easy in their circumstances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be spectators of their thriving condition, did repossess themselves of the island, yet they were soon obliged to retire, and the colony succeeded better than ever. One reason for this was, that it had been agreed between the two nations, that they should here remain neutral whatever wars their mother-countries might wage against each other in Europe. This was a wise regulation for an infant settlement; but, when King James abdicated the British throne, the French suddenly rose, and drove out the unprepared English by force of arms. The French colonists of St. Christopher had soon reason, however, to repent their impolitic breach of faith; for the expelled planters, being assisted by their countrymen from the neighbouring isles, and supported by a formidable fleet, soon recovered, not only their lost plantations, but obliged the French totally to abandon the island. After the treaty of Ryswick, indeed, some few of those among them, who had not obtained settlements in Martinico and Hispaniola, returned to St. Christopher: but the war of the partition soon after breaking out, they were finally expelled, and the whole island was ceded in Sovereignty to the crown of Great Britain, by the treaty of Utrecht. Since that time, St. Christopher has gradually improved, and it is now at the height of perfection. The Indian name of St. Christopher is *Liamuiga*, or the Fertile Island.

Strow'd

Strow'd with each fruit of taste, each flower of smell, 65
 Sicilian Proserpine, delighted, sought;
 Can vie, blest Isle, with thee. — Tho' no soft sound
 Of pastoral stop thine echoes e'er awak'd;
 Nor raptured poet, lost in holy trance,
 Thy streams arrested with enchanting song: 70
 Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she
 Whom Pluto ravish'd, and more chaste, are thine:
 Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
 Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free:
 Yet a fertility, unknown of old, 75
 To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
 Thy vales, thy dells adorns. — O might my strain
 As far transcend the immortal songs of Greece,
 As thou the partial subject of their praise!
 Thy fame should float familiar thro' the world; 80
 Each plant should own thy Cane her lawful lord;
 Nor should old Time, song stops the flight of Time,
 Obscure thy lustre with his shadowy wing.

SCARCE less impregnated, with every power
 Of vegetation, is the red brick-mould, 85
 That lies on marly beds. — The renter, this
 Can scarce exhaust; how happy for the heir!

VER. 71. *yet virgins, far more beautiful*] The inhabitants of St. Christopher look whiter, are less fallow, and enjoy finer complexions, than any of the dwellers on the other islands. *Sloans.*

SUCH the glad foil, from whence Jamaica's sons
 Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
 " The pride, the glory of the sea-girt isles,
 " Which, like to rich and various gems, inlay
 " The unadorned bosom of the deep,"
 Which first Columbus' daring keel explor'd.

90

DAUGHTERS of Heaven, with reverential awe,
 Pause at that godlike name; for not your flights
 Of happiest fancy, can outsoar his fame.

95

COLUMBUS, boast of science, boast of man!
 Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wise,
 Long held a visionary; who, like thee,
 Could brook their scorn; wait seven long years at court,
 A selfish, fullen, dilatory court;
 Yet never from thy purpos'd plan decline?
 No God, no Hero, of poetic times,
 In Truth's fair annals, may compare with thee!
 Each passion, weakness of mankind, thou knew'st,
 Thine own concealing; firmest base of power:
 Rich in expedients; what most adverse seem'd,
 And least expected, most advanc'd thine aim.
 What storms, what monsters, what new forms of death,
 In a vast ocean, never cut by keel,

100

105

110

And

And where the magnet first its aid declin'd;
 Alone, unterrified, 'didst thou not view?
 Wise Legislator, had the Iberian King
 Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
 In blood vast kingdoms; nor had hell-born Zeal, 115
 And hell-born Avarice, his arms disgrac'd.
 Yet, for a world, discover'd and subdu'd,
 What meed had'st thou? With toil, disease, worn out,

VER. 111. *and where the magnet*] The declension of the needle was discovered, *A. D.* 1492, by Columbus, in his first voyage to America: and would have been highly alarming to any, but one of his undaunted and philosophical turn of mind.

This century will always make a distinguished figure in the history of the human mind; for, during that period, printing was invented, Greek-learning took refuge in Italy, the Reformation began, and America was discovered.

The island of Jamaica was bestowed on Columbus, as some compensation for his discovery of the new world; accordingly his son James settled, and planted it, early [*A. D.* 1509] the following century. What improvements the Spaniards made therein is nowhere mentioned; but, had their industry been equal to their opportunities, their improvements should have been considerable; for they continued in the undisturbed possession of it till the year 1596, when Sir Anthony Shirley, with a single man of war, took and plundered St. Jago de la Vega, which then consisted of 2000 houses. In the year 1635, St. Jago de la Vega was a second time plundered by 500 English from the Leeward islands, tho' that capital, and the fort, (which they also took) were defended by four times their number of Spaniards. One and twenty years afterwards, the whole island was reduced by the forces sent thither by Oliver Cromwell, and has ever since belonged to England. It is by far the largest island possessed by the English in the West Indies. Sir Thomas Modyford, a rich and eminent planter of Barbadoes, removed to Jamaica *A. D.* 1660, to the great advantage of that island, for he instructed the young English settlers to cultivate the Sugar-cane; for which, and other great improvements which he then made them acquainted with, King Charles, three years afterwards, appointed him Governour thereof, in which honourable employment he continued till the year 1669.

Thine

Thine age was spent soliciting the Prince,
 To whom thou gav'st the sceptre of that world. 120
 Yet, blessed spirit, where inthron'd thou sit'st,
 Chief 'mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
 Dear to the Nine, thy glory shall remain
 While winged Commerce either ocean ploughs;
 While its lov'd pole the magnet coyly shuns; 125
 While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the Cane.

SHALL the Muse celebrate the dark deep mould,
 With clay or gravel mix'd?— This soil the Cane
 With partial fondness loves; and oft surveys
 Its progeny with wonder. — Such rich veins 130
 Are plenteous scatter'd o'er the Sugar-isles:
 But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,

Prince

VER. 132. *the bearded Fig*] This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the *Baniam-tree*; and by the botanists *Ficus Indica*, or *Bengalensis*, is exactly described by Q. Curtius, and beautifully by Milton in the following lines:

“ The Fig-tree, not that kind renown'd for fruit,
 “ But such as at this day to Indians known,
 “ In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms;
 “ Branching so broad and long, that in the ground,
 “ The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 “ About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,
 “ High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
 “ There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 “ Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 “ At Loop-holes cut through thickest shade.” —

What year the Spaniards first discovered Barbadoes is not certainly known; this however is certain, that they never settled there, but only made use of it as a stock-island
 in

Prince of the forest, gave Barbadoes name:
 Chief Nevis, justly for its hot baths fam'd:
 And breezy Mountferrat, whose wonderous springs
 Change,

in their voyages to and from South-America, and the Islands; accordingly we are told, when the English first landed there, which was about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, they found in it an excellent breed of wild hogs, but no inhabitants. In the year 1627, Barbadoes, with most of the other Caribbee-islands, were granted by Charles I. to the Earl of Carlisle, that nobleman agreeing to pay to the Earl of Marlborough, and his heirs, a perpetual annuity of 300 *l. per annum*, for his waving his claim to Barbadoes, which he had obtained, by patent, in the preceding reign. The adventurers to whom that nobleman parcelled out this island, at first cultivated tobacco; but, that not turning out to their advantage, they applied, with better success, to cotton, indigo, and ginger. At last, some cavaliers of good fortune transporting themselves thither, and introducing the Sugar-cane [*A. D.* 1647] probably from Brazil, in ten years time the island was peopled with upwards of 30,000 Whites, and twice that number of Negroes, and sent yearly very considerable quantities of sugar to the mother-country. At the Restoration, King Charles II. bought off the claim of the Carlisle-family; and, in consideration of its then becoming a royal instead of a proprietary government, the planters gave the Crown $4\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.* on their sugars; which duty still continues, although the island is said to be less able to pay it now than it was a hundred years ago. It is upwards of 20 miles long, and in some places almost 14 broad.

VER. 134. *Chief Nevis,*] This island, which does not contain many fewer square miles than St. Christopher, is more rocky, and almost of a circular figure. It is separated from that island by a channel not above one mile and an half over, and lies to windward. Its warm bath possesses all the medical properties of the hot well at Bristol, and its water, being properly bottled, keeps as well at sea, and is no less agreeable to the palate. It was for many years the capital of the Leeward Island government; and, at that period, contained both more Whites and Blacks than it does at present, often mustering 3000 men. The English first settled there *A. D.* 1628. Sixty-two years afterwards, the chief town was almost wholly destroyed by an earthquake; and, in 1706, the planters were well-nigh ruined by the French, who carried off their slaves contrary to capitulation. It must have been discovered in Columbus's second voyage, *A. D.* 1493.

VER. 135. *And breezy Mountferrat,*] This island, which lies about 30 miles to the south-west of Antigua, is not less famous for its solfaterre (or volcano), and hot petrifying spring, than for the goodness of its sugars. Being almost circular in its
 shape,

Change, like Medusa's head, whate'er they touch,
To stony hardness; boast this fertile glebe.

Tho' such the foils the Antillean Cane
Supremely loves; yet other foils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its smile.

140

Say, shall the experienc'd Muse that art recite?
How sand will fertilize stiff barren clay?
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid nymph
Of the rank pool, so noisome to the smell,
May be solicited, by wily ways,

145

To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run
Down the reviving slopes? Or shall she say
What glebes ungrateful to each other art,
Their genial treasures ope to fire alone?

150

Record the different composts; which the cold
To plastic gladness warm? The torrid, which
By soothing coolness win? The sharp saline,
Which best subdue? Which mollify the sour?

shape, it cannot contain much less land than either Nevis or St. Christopher. It is naturally strong, so that when the French made descents thereon, in K. William and Q. Anne's time, they were always repulsed with considerable loss. It was settled by that great adventurer Sir Thomas Warner, *A. D.* 1632, who sent thither some of his people from St. Christopher, for that purpose. In the beginning of the reign of Charles II. the French took it, but it was restored, *A. D.* 1667, by the treaty of Breda. In this island, the Roman-catholics, who behaved well when our enemies attempted to conquer it, have many privileges, and of course are more numerous there, than in any other of the English Caribbee-islands. Its capital is called Plymouth. Columbus discovered it in his second voyage.

To

To thee, if Fate low level land assign,
 Slightly cohering, and of sable hue,
 Far from the hill; be parsimony thine.
 For tho' this year when constant showers descend;
 The speeding gale, thy sturdy numerous stock,
 Scarcely suffice to grind thy mighty Canes: 160
 Yet thou, with rueful eye, for many a year,
 Shalt view thy plants burnt by the torch of day;
 Hear their parch'd wan blades rustle in the air;
 While their black sugars, doughy to the feel,
 Will not ev'n pay the labour of thy swains. 165

OR, if the mountain be thy happier lot,
 Let prudent foresight still thy coffers guard.
 For tho' the clouds relent in nightly rain,
 Tho' thy rank Canes wave lofty in the gale:
 Yet will the arrow, ornament of woe, 170
 (Such monarchs oft-times give) their jointing stint;
 Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats destroy,
 Or troops of monkeys thy rich harvest steal.
 The earth must also wheel around the sun,
 And half perform that circuit; ere the bill 175

VER. 170. Yet will the arrow,] That part of the Cane which shoots up into the fructification, is called by planters its Arrow, having been probably used for that purpose by the Indians. Till the arrow drops, all additional jointing in the Cane is supposed to be stopped.

D

Mow

Mow down thy sugars: and tho' all thy mills,
 Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice ;
 Poor tastes the liquor ; coction long demands,
 And highest temper, ere it saccharize ;
 A meagre produce. Such is Virtue's meed, 180
 Alas, too oft in these degenerate days.
 Thy cattle likewise, as they drag the wain,
 Charg'd from the beach ; in spite of whips and shouts,
 Will stop, will pant, will sink beneath the load ;
 A better fate deserving. — 185
 Besides, thy land itself is insecure:
 For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
 Will journey, forc'd off by the mining rain ;
 And, with its faithless burden, disarrange
 Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old, 190
 As sung thy bard, Pomona, (in these isles
 Yet unador'd ;) with all its spreading trees,
 Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty site.

BUT, as in life, the golden mean is best ;
 So happiest he whose green plantation lies 195
 Nor from the hill too far, nor from the shore.

VER. 179. *And highest temper,*] Shell, or rather marble quick-lime, is so called
 by the planters : Without this, the juice of the Cane cannot be concreted into sugar,
 at least to advantage. See Book III. With quick-lime the French join ashes as a
 temper, and this mixture they call *Envrage*. It is hoped the Reader will pardon the
 introduction of the verb *saccharize*, as no other so emphatically expressed the Author's
 meaning ; for some chemists define sugar to be a native salt, and others a soap.

PLANTER, if thou with wonder wouldst survey
 Redundant harvests, load thy willing foil;
 Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
 And old fat dung co-operate with these. 200
 Be this great truth still present to thy mind;
 The half well-cultur'd far exceeds the whole,
 Which lust of gain, unconscious of its end,
 Ungrateful vexes with unceasing toil.

As, not indulg'd, the richest lands grow poor; 205
 And Liamuiga may, in future times,
 If too much urg'd, her barrenness bewail:
 So cultivation, on the shallowest foil,
 O'erspread with rocky cliffs, will bid the Cane,
 With spiry pomp, all bountifully rise. 210
 Thus Britain's flag, should discipline relent,
 'Spite of the native courage of her sons,
 Would to the lily strike: ah, very far,
 Far be that woful day: the lily then
 Will rule wide ocean with resistless sway; 215
 And to old Gallia's haughty shore transport
 The lessening crops of these delicious isles.

VER. 206. *And Liamuiga,*] The Caribbean name of St. Christopher.

OF composts shall the Muse descend to sing,
 Nor soil her heavenly plumes? The sacred Muse
 Nought sordid deems, but what is base; nought fair 220
 Unless true Virtue stamp it with her seal.
 Then, Planter, wouldst thou double thine estate;
 Never, ah never, be ashamed to tread
 Thy dung-heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,
 With all the ashes, all thy coppers yield, 225
 With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost form,
 Of force to fertilize the poorest soil.

BUT, planter, if thy lands lie far remote
 And of access are difficult; on these,
 Leave the Cane's leafless foliage; and with pens 230
 Watted, (like those the Muse hath oft-times seen
 When frolic fancy led her youthful steps,
 In green Dorchestria's plains), the whole inclose:
 There well thy stock with provender supply;
 The well-fed stock will soon that food repay. 235

SOME of the skilful teach, and some deny,
 That yams improve the soil. In meagre lands,

'Tis

VER. 237. *The yam improves the soil.* The botanical name of this plant is *Dioscoria*.
 Its leaves, like those of the water-melon, or gourd, soon mantle over the ground
 where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is
 a whole-

'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigness swell;
 And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
 However frugal, nutriment derive: 240
 Yet may their sheltering vines, their dropping leaves,
 Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
 More than refund the sustenance they draw.

WHETHER the fattening compost, in each hole,
 'Tis best to throw; or, on the surface spread; 245
 Is undetermin'd: Trials must decide.
 Unless kind rains and fostering dews descend,
 To melt the compost's fertilizing salts;
 A stinted plant, deceitful of thy hopes,
 Will from those beds flow spring where hot dung lies: 250
 But, if 'tis scatter'd generously o'er all,
 The Cane will better bear the solar blaze;
 Less rain demand; and, by repeated crops,
 Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will show.

ENOUGH of composts, Muse; of soils, enough: 255
 When best to dig, and when inhume the Cane;
 A task how arduous! next demands thy song.

a wholesome root, either boiled or roasted. They will sometimes weigh one and an half, or two pounds, but their commonest size is from six ounces to nine. They cannot be kept good above half a year. They are a native of South-America, the West-Indies, and of most parts of Guinea.

It not imports beneath what sign thy hoes
 The deep trough sink, and ridge alternate raise:
 If this from washes guard thy gemmy tops; 260
 And that arrest the moisture these require.

YET, should the fate of thine estate permit,
 Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate;
 So shall a greener, loftier Cane arise,
 And richest nectar in thy coppers foam. 265

As art transforms the savage face of things,
 And order captivates the harmonious mind;
 Let not thy Blacks irregularly hoe:
 But, aided by the line, consult the fate
 Of thy demesnes; and beautify the whole. 270
 So when a monarch rushes to the war,
 To drive invasion from his frighted realm;
 Some delegated chief the frontier views,
 And to each squadron, and brigade, assigns
 Their order'd station: Soon the tented field 275

VER. 260. *gemmy tops*;] The summit of the Cane being smaller-jointed as well as softer, and consequently having more gems, from whence the young sprouts shoot, is properer for planting than any other part of it. From one to four junks, each about a foot long, are put in every hole. Where too many junks are planted in one hole, the Canes may be numerous, but can neither become vigorous, nor yield such a quantity of rich liquor as they otherwise would. In case the young shoots do not appear above ground in four or five weeks, the deficiencies must be supplied with new tops.

Brigade

Brigade and squadron, whiten on the fight;
 And fill spectators with an awful joy.

PLANTER, improvement is the child of time;
 What your fires knew not, ye their offspring know:
 But hath your art receiv'd Perfection's stamp? 280
 Thou can't not say. — Unprejudic'd, then learn
 Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try:
 And if Philosophy, with Wisdom, deign
 Thee to enlighten with their useful lore;
 Fair Fame and riches will reward thy toil. 285

THEN say, ye swains, whom wealth and fame inspire,
 Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
 Save no small labour to the hoe-arm'd gang?
 Might not the culture taught the British hinds,
 By Ceres' son, unfailing crops secure; 290
 Tho' neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?

THE cultur'd land recalls the devious Muse;
 Propitious to the planter be the call:
 For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
 The meetest season to commit thy tops, 295
 With best advantage, to the well-dug mould.

VER. 290. *By Ceres' son,*] Jethro Tull, Esq; the greatest improver in modern husbandry.

The task how difficult, to cull the best
 From thwarting sentiments; and best adorn
 What Wisdom chuses, in poetic garb!
 Yet, Inspiration, come: the theme un Sung, 300
 Whence never poet crop't one bloomy wreath;
 Its vast importance to my native land,
 Whose sweet idea rushes on my mind,
 And makes me 'mid this paradise repine;
 Urge me to pluck, from Fancy's soaring wing, 305
 A plume to deck Experience' hoary brow.

ATTEND. — The son of Time and Truth declares;
 Unless the low-hung clouds drop fatness down,
 No bunching plants of vivid green will spring,
 In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye. 310
 Let then Sagacity, with curious ken,
 Remark the various signs of future rain.
 The signs of rain, the Mantuan Bard hath sung
 In loftiest numbers; 'friendly to thy swains;
 Once fertile Italy: but other marks 315
 Portend the approaching shower, in these hot climes.

SHORT sudden rains, from Ocean's ruffled bed,
 Driven by some momentary squalls, will oft
 With frequent heavy bubbling drops, down-fall;

While

While yet the Sun, in cloudless lustre, shines : 320
 And draw their humid train o'er half the isle.
 Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
 No shade to screen him. His untimely fate
 His wife, his babes, his friends, will soon deplore ;
 Unless hot wines, dry cloaths, and friction's aid, 325
 His fleeting spirits stay. Yet not even these,
 Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
 The insidious tyrant death, thrice tyrant here :
 Else good Amyntor, him the graces lov'd,
 Wisdom caref'd, and Themis call'd her own, 330
 Had liv'd by all admir'd, had now perus'd
 " These lines, with all the malice of a friend."

YET future rains the careful may foretell :

Mosquitos, sand-flies, seek the shelter'd roof,

VER. 334. *Mosquitos,*] This is a Spanish word, signifying a Gnat, or Fly. They are very troublesome, especially to strangers, whom they bite unmercifully, causing a yellow coloured tumour, attended with excessive itching. Ugly ulcers have often been occasioned by scratching those swellings, in persons of a bad habit of body. Though natives of the West-Indies, they are not less common in the coldest regions ; for Mr. Maupertuis takes notice how troublesome they were to him and his attendants on the snowy summit of certain mountains within the arctic circle. They, however, chiefly love shady, moist, and warm places. Accordingly they are commonest to be met with in the corners of rooms, towards evening, and before rain. They are so light, as not to be felt when they pitch on the skin ; and, as soon as they have darted in their proboscis, fly off, so that the first intimation one has of being bit by them, is the itching tumour. Warm lime-juice is its remedy. The Mosquito makes a humming noise, especially in the night-time.

And with fell rage the stranger-guest assail, 335
 Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats
 Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad:
 These, without pity, let thy slaves destroy;
 (Like Harpies, they defile what'er they touch)
 While those, the smother of combustion quell. 340
 The speckled lizard to its hole retreats,

340

And

VER. 334. *sand-flies,*] This insect the Spaniards call *Mosquitilla*, being much smaller than the Mosquito. Its bite is like a spark of fire, falling on the skin, which it raises into a small tumour accompanied with itching. But if the sand-fly causes a sharper and more sudden pain than the Mosquito, yet it is a more honourable enemy, for remaining upon the skin after the puncture, it may easily be killed. Its colour is grey and black, striped. Lemon-juice or first runnings cure its bite.

VER. 337. *Cockroaches crawl*] This is a large species of the chafer, or scaribæus, and is a most disagreeable as well as destructive insect. There is scarce any thing which it will not devour, and wherever it has remained for any time, it leaves a nauseous smell behind it. Though better than an inch long, their thickness is no ways correspondent, so that they can insinuate themselves almost through any crevice, &c. into cabinets, drawers, &c. The smell of cedar is said to frighten them away, but this is a popular mistake, for I have often killed them in presses of that wood. There is a species of Cockroach, which, on account of a beating noise which it makes, especially in the night, is called the Drummer. Though larger, it is neither of so burnished a colour, nor so quick in its motions as the common sort, than which it is also less frequent, and not so pernicious; yet both will nibble peoples toe-ends, especially if not well washed, and have sometimes occasioned uneasy sores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them *Ravets*.

VER. 341. *the speckled lizard*] This is meant of the ground-lizard, and not of the tree-lizard, which is of a fine green colour. There are many kinds of ground-lizards, which, as they are common in the hot parts of Europe, I shall not describe.

All

And black crabs travel from the mountain down;
 Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
 In faithful flocks, and, on the neighbouring roof,
 Perch frequent; where, with pleas'd attention, they
 Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
 With sadness, blot the azure vault of heaven.

Now, while the shower depends, and rattle loud
 Your doors and windows, haste ye housewives, place
 Your spouts and pails; ye Negroes, seek the shade, 350
 Save those who open with the ready hoe
 The enriching water-course: for, see, the drops,

All of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans used to eat them; they are not inferior to snakes as a medicated food. Spuff forced into their mouth soon convulses them. They change colour, and become torpid; but, in a few hours, recover. The guana, or rather Iguana, is the largest sort of lizard. This, when irritated, will fly at one. It lives mostly upon fruit. It has a saw-like appearance, which ranges from its head all along its back, to its tail. The flesh of it is esteemed a great delicacy. The first writers on the *Lues Venerea*, forbid its use, to those who labour under that disease. It is a very ugly animal. In some parts of South-America, the alligator is called *Iguana*.

VER. 342. *And black crabs*] Black land-crabs are excellent eating; but as they sometimes will occasion a most violent *cholera morbus*, (owing, say planters, to their feeding on the mahog-berry) they should never be dressed till they have fed for some weeks in a crab-house, after being caught by the Negroes. When they moult, they are most delicate; and then, it is believed, never poison. This however is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its stead, the petrification called a Crabs-eye is found. As I have frequently observed their great claws (with which they severely bite the unwary) of very unequal sizes, it is probable, these regenerate when broke off by accident, or otherwise.

Which fell with flight asperſion, now deſcend
 In ſtreams continuous on the laughing land.
 The coyefſt Naiads quit their rocky caves, 355
 And, with delight, run brawling to the main;
 While thoſe, who love ſtill viſible to glad
 The thirſty plains from never-ceaſing urns,
 Aſſume more awful majeſty, and pour,
 With force reſiſtleſs, down the channel'd rocks. 360
 The rocks, or ſplit, or hurried from their baſe,
 With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the ſea:
 Fluctuates the foreſt; the torn mountains roar:
 The main itſelf recoils for many a league,
 While its green face is chang'd to fordid brown. 365
 A grateful freſhneſs every ſenſe pervades;
 While beats the heart with unaccuſtom'd joy:
 Her ſtores fugacious Memory now recalls;
 And Fancy prunes her wings for loſtiefſt flights.
 The mute creation ſhare the enlivening hour; 370
 Bounds the briſk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
 The drooping plants revive; ten thouſand blooms,
 Which, with their fragrant ſcents, perfume the air,
 Burſt into being; while the Canes put on
 Glad Nature's livelieſt robe, the vivid green. 375

BUT chief, let fix'd Attention cast his eye
 On the cap't mountain, whose high rocky verge
 The wild fig canopies, (vast woodland king,
 Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd host
 May lie in ambush!) and whose shaggy sides,
 Trees shade, of endless green, enormous size,
 Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown,
 Old as the deluge: — There, in secret haunts,
 The watery spirits ope their liquid court;
 There, with the wood-nymphs, link'd in festal band,
 (Soft airs and Phoebus wing them to their arms)
 Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,
 With fire, or steel, their mystic privacy:
 For there their fluent offspring first see day,
 Coy infants sporting; silver-footed dew
 To bathe by night thy sprouts in genial balm;
 The green-stol'd Naiad of the tinkling rill,
 Whose brow the fern-tree shades; the power of rain

VER. 393. *Whose brow the fern-tree*] This only grows in mountainous situations. Its stem shoots up to a considerable height, but it does not divide into branches, till near the summit, where it shoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which resemble those of the common fern. I know of no medical uses, whereto this singularly beautiful tree has been applied, and indeed its wood, being spongy, is seldom used to economical purposes. It, however, serves well enough for building mountain-huts, and temporary fences for cattle.

To glad the thirsty soil on which, arrang'd,
 The gemmy summits of the Cane await 395
 Thy Negroe-train, (in lines lightly wrapt,)
 Who now that painted Iris girds the sky,
 (Aerial arch, which Fancy loves to stride!)
 Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hood land.

THE bundles some untie; the withered leaves, 400
 Others strip artful off, and careful lay,
 Twice one junk, distant in the amplest bed:
 O'er these, with hasty hoe, some lightly spread
 The mounded interval; and smooth the trench:
 Well-pleas'd, the master-swain reviews their toil; 405
 And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught cask.
 So, when the shield was forg'd for Peleus' Son;
 The swarthy Cyclops shar'd the important task:
 With bellows, some reviv'd the seeds of fire;
 Some, gold, and brass, and steel, together fus'd 410
 In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,
 In equal measures lifting their bare arms,
 Inferm the mass; and, hissing in the wave,
 Temper the glowing orb: their fire beholds,
 Amaz'd, the wonders of his fustic art. 415

WHILE Procyon reigns yet fervid in the sky;
 While yet the fiery Sun in Leo rides;
 And the Sun's child, the mail'd anana, yields
 His regal apple to the ravish'd taste;
 And thou green avocato, charm of sense, 420
 Thy ripened marrow liberally bestow'ft;
 Begin the distant mountain-land to plant:
 So shall thy Canes defy November's cold,
 Ungenial to the upland young; so best,
 Unfinted by the arrow's deadening power, 425
 Long yellow joints shall flow with generous juice.

BUT, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,
 Amid their verdant umbrage, countless glow
 With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;
 'Till yellow plantanes bend the unstain'd bough 430
 With crooked clusters, prodigally full;
 'Till Capricorn command the cloudy sky;
 And moist Aquarius melt in daily showers,

VER. 418. *the mail'd anana*] This is the pine-apple, and needs no description; the cherimoya, a South-American fruit, is by all, who have tasted both, allowed to surpass the pine, and is even said to be more wholesome. The botanical name of the pine-apple is *bromelia*. Of the wild pine-apple, or *ananas brava*, hedges are made in South-America. It produces an inferior sort of fruit.

Friend

Friend to the Cane-isles; trust not thou thy tops,
 Thy future riches, to the low-land plain : 435
 And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
 Shed genial influence; as the earth absolves
 Her annual circuit, thy rich ripened Canes
 Shall load thy waggons, mules, and Negroe-train.

BUT chief thee, Planter, it imports to mark 440
 (Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
 Or pant with heat continual on the plain;)
 What months relent, and which from rain are free.

IN different islands of the ocean-stream,
 Even in the different parts of the same isle, 445
 The seasons vary; yet attention soon
 Will give thee each variety to know.
 This once observ'd; at such a time inhume
 Thy plants, that, when they joint, (important age,
 Like youth just stepping into life) the clouds 450
 May constantly bedew them: so shall they
 Avoid those ails, which else their manhood kill.

Six times the changeful moon must blunt her horns,
 And fill with borrowed light her silvery urn;

Ere

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33

Ere thy tops, trusted to the mountain-land,
Commence their jointing: but four moons suffice
To bring to puberty the low-land Cane.

455

IN plants, in beasts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence Canes, that sickened dwarfish on the plain,
Will shoot with giant-vigour on the hill.
Thus all depends on all; so God ordains.
Then let not man for little selfish ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth;)
Presume the principle to counteract.
Of universal love; for God is love,
And wide creation shares alike his care.

460

465

'Tis said by some, and not unletter'd they,
That chief the Planter, if he wealth desire,
Should note the phases of the fickle moon.
On thee, sweet empress of the night, depend
The tides; stern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding shift,
And tempests rise or fall; even lordly man,
Thine energy controls. — Not so the Cane;
The Cane its independency may boast,
Tho' some less noble plants thine influence own.

470

475

OF mountain-lands oeconomy permits
 A third, in Canes of mighty growth to rise :
 But, in the low-land plain, the half will yield. 480
 Tho' not so lofty, yet a richer Cane,
 For many a crop ; if seasons glad the soil.

WHILE rolls the Sun from Aries to the Bull,
 And till the Virgin his hot beams inflame ;
 The Cane, with richest, most redundant juice, 485
 Thy spacious coppers fills. Then manage so,
 By planting in succession ; that thy crops
 The wondering daughters of the main may waft
 To Britain's shore, ere Libra weigh the year :
 So shall thy merchant chearful credit grant, 490
 And well-earn'd opulence thy cares repay.

THY fields thus planted ; to secure the Canes
 From the Goat's baneful tooth ; the churning boar ;
 From thieves ; from fire or casual or design'd ;
 Unfailing herbage to thy toiling herds 495
 Would'ft thou afford ; and the spectators charm
 With beauteous prospects : let the frequent hedge
 Thy green plantation, regular, divide.

VER. 482. *if seasons glad the soil.*] Long-continued and violent rains are called
Seasons in the West-Indies.

WITH limes, with lemons, let thy fences glow,
 Grateful to sense; now children of this clime: 500
 And here and there let oranges erect
 Their shapely beauties, and perfume the sky.
 Nor less delightful blooms the logwood-hedge,
 Whose wood to coction yields a precious balm,
 Specific in the flux: Endemial ail, 505
 Much cause have I to weep thy fatal sway. —
 But God is just, and man must not repine.
 Nor shall the ricinus unnoted pass;

VER. 500. *Now children of this clime:*] It is supposed that oranges, lemons, and limes were introduced into America by the Spaniards; but I am more inclined to believe they are natural to the climate. The Spaniards themselves probably had the two first from the Saracens, for the Spanish noun *Naranja*, whence the English word *Orange*, is plainly Arabic.

VER. 503. *the logwood-hedge.*] Linnæus's name for this useful tree is *Hæmotoxylon*, but it is better known to physicians by that of *Lignum campechense*. Its virtues, as a medicine, and properties as an ingredient in dying, need not to be enumerated in this place. It makes a no less strong than beautiful hedge in the West-Indies, where it rises to a considerable height.

VER. 508. *Nor shall the ricinus*] This shrub is commonly called the physic-nut. It is generally divided into three kinds, the common, the French, and the Spanish, which differ from each other in their leaves and flowers, if not in their fruit or seeds. The plant from which the castor-oil is extracted is also called *Ricinus*, though it has no resemblance to any of the former, in leaves, flowers, or seeds. In one particular they all agree, *viz.* in their yielding to coction or expression a purgative or emetic oil. The Spaniards name these nuts *Avellanas purgativas*; hence Ray terms them *Avellanæ purgatrices novi orbis*. By roasting they are supposed to lose part of their virulency, which is wholly destroyed, say some people, by taking out a leaf-like substance that is to be found between the lobes. The nut exceeds a walnut, or even an almond, in sweetness, and yet three or four of them will operate briskly both up and down. The French call this useful shrub *Medecinier*. That species of it which bears red coral-like flowers is named *Bellyach* by the Barbadians; and its ripe seeds are supposed to be specific against melancholy.

Yet, if the cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'st,

Taste not its luscious nut. The acassee,

510

With which the sons of Jewry, stiff-neck'd race,

Conjecture says, our God-Messiah crown'd ;

Soon shoots a thick impenetrable fence,

Whose scent perfumes the night and morning sky,

Tho' baneful be its root. The privet too,

515

Whose white flowers rival the first drifts of snow

On Grampia's piny hills ; (O might the muse

Tread, flush'd with health, the Grampian hills again !)

Emblem of innocence shall grace my song.

Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair;

520

Nor thou repine, tho' late the muse record

VER. 510. *the acassee*.] *Acacia*. This is a species of thorn; the juice of the root is supposed to be poisonous. Its seeds are contained in a pod or ligumen. It is of the class of the syngenesia. No astringent juice is extracted from it. Its trivial name is *Cashaw*. Tournefort describes it in his voyage to the Levant. Some call it the Holy Thorn, and others Sweet Brier. The half-ripe pod affords a strong cement; and the main stem, being wounded, produces a transparent gum, like the Arabic, to which tree this bears a strong resemblance.

VER. 515. *the privet*.] *Ligustrum*. This shrub is sufficiently known. Its leaves and flowers make a good gargle in the aphthæ, and ulcered throat.

VER. 520. *carnation fair*.] This is indeed a most beautiful flowering shrub. It is a native of the West-Indies, and called, from a French governor, named Depoinci, *Poinciara*. If permitted, it will grow twenty feet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it should be kept low. It is always in blossom. Tho' not purgative, it is of the fenna kind. Its leaves and flowers are stomachic^o carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it *Cauda pavonis*, on account of its inimitable beauty; the flowers have a physicky smell. How it came to be called *Doodle-doo* I know not; the Bartadians more properly term it *Flower Fence*. This plant grows also in Guinea.

Thy

Thy bloomy honours: Tipt with burnish'd gold,
 And with imperial purple crested high,
 More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
 Thy bloomy honours oft the curious muse
 Hath seen transported: seen the humming bird,
 Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant gold;
 Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
 Yet dauntless as the strong-pounc'd bird of Jove;
 With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups,
 To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.

BUT if with stones thy meagre lands are spread;
 Be these collected, they will pay thy toil;
 And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
 Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall.
 On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear;

They

VER. 526. *seen the humming bird.*] The humming bird is called *Picaflore* by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering over flowers, and sucking their juices, without lacerating, or even so much as discomposing their petals. Its Indian name, says Ulloa, is *Guinde*, though it is also known by the appellation of *Rabilargo* and *Lizongero*. By the Caribbeans it was called *Collobree*. It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various species of them, all exceeding small, beautiful and bold. The crested one, though not so frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has described a very beautiful humming bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never saw in these islands. They are easily caught in rainy weather.

VER. 536. *prickly pear;*] The botanical name of this plant is *Opuntia*; it will grow

They soon a formidable fence will shoot :
 Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
 Whilst scandent blossoms, yellow, purple, blue,
 Unhurt, wind round its shield-like leaf and spears. 540
 Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste,
 Tho' more its colour charms the ravish'd eye ;
 Vermeil, as youthful beauty's rofeat hue ;
 As thine, fair Christobelle : ah, when will fate,
 That long hath scowl'd relentless on the bard, 545
 Give him some small plantation to inclose,
 Which he may call his own? Not wealth he craves,

grow in the barrenest soils, and on the tops of walls, if a small portion of earth be added. There are two sorts of it, one whose fruit is roundish and sweet, the other, which has more the shape of a fig, is sour. The former is sometimes eaten, but the other seldom. The French call them *Pomme de Raquette*. Both fruit and leaves are guarded with sharp prickles, and, even in the interior part of the fruit, there is one which must be removed before it is eaten. The leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a sort of pulp interposed between their surfaces, being deprived of their spines, and softened by the fire, make no bad poultice for inflammations. The juice of the fruit is an innocent fucus, and is often used to tinge guava jellies. The opuntia, upon which the cochineal insect breeds, has no spines, and is cultivated with care in South-America, where it also grows wild. The prickly pear makes a strong fence, and is easily trimmed with a scymitar. It grows naturally in some parts of Spain.

VER. 538. *wild liquorice*] This is a scandent plant, from which the Negroes gather what they call *Jumbee Beeds*. These are about the size of pigeon-peas, almost round, of a red colour, with a black speck on one extremity. They act as an emetic, but, being violent in their operation, great caution should be observed in using them. The leaves make a good pectoral drink in disorders of the breast. By the French it is named *Petit Panacoco*, to distinguish it from a large tree, which bears seeds of the same colours, only much bigger. This tree is a species of black ebony.

But

But independance : yet if thou, sweet maid,
 In health and virtue bloom ; tho' worse betide,
 Thy smile will smoothe adversty's rough brow. 550

IN Italy's green bounds, the myrtle shoots
 A fragrant fence, and blossoms in the sun.
 Here, on the rockiest verge of these blest isles,
 With little care, the plant of love would grow. 555
 Then to the citron join the plant of love,
 And with their scent and shade enrich your isles.

YET some pretend, and not unspacious they,
 The wood-nymphs foster the contagious blast.
 Foes to the Dryads, they remorseless fell 560
 Each shrub of shade, each tree of spreading root,
 That woo the first glad fannings of the breeze.
 Far from the muse be such inhuman thoughts ;
 Far better recks she of the woodland tribes,
 Earth's eldest birth, and earth's best ornament. 565
 Ask him, whom rude necessity compels
 To dare the noontide fervor, in this clime,
 Ah, most intensely hot ; how much he longs

VER. 559. *contagious blast.*] So a particular species of blight is called in the West-Indies. See its description in the second book.

For

For cooling vast impenetrable shade?

The muse, alas, th' experienc'd muse can tell:

370

Oft hath she travell'd, while solstitial beams,

Shot yellow deaths on the devoted land;

Oft, oft hath she their ill-judg'd avarice blam'd,

Who, to the stranger, to their slaves and herds,

Denied this best of joys, the breezy shade.

575

And are there none, whom generous pity warms,

Friends to the woodland reign; whom shades delight?

Who, round their green domains, plant hedge-row trees;

And with cool cedars, screen the public way?

Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he:

580

Him persecution, virtue's deadliest foe,

Drove, a lorn exile, from his native shore;

From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,

Where many a heifer crop'd their wholesome food;

And many a swain, obedient to his rule,

585

Him their lov'd master, their protector, own'd.

Yet, from that paradise, to Indian wilds,

VER. 572. *yellow deaths*] The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a sanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exercise, are liable on their arrival in the West Indies. The French call it *Maladie de Siame*, or more properly, *La Fievre des Matelots*. Those who have lived any time in the islands are no more subject to this disease than the Creoles, whence, however, some physicians have too hastily concluded, that it was of foreign extraction.

To

To tropic suns, to fell barbaric hinds,
 A poor outcast, an alien, did he roam;
 His wife, the partner of his better hours, 590
 And one sweet infant, cheer'd his dismal way.
 Unus'd to labour; yet the orient sun,
 Yet western Phœbus, saw him wield the hoe.
 At first a garden all his wants supplied,
 (For Temperance sat cheerful at his board,) 595
 With yams, cassada, and the food of strength,
 Thrice-wholesome tanies: while a neighbouring dell,

VER. 596. *cassada*,] Cassavi, cassava, is called *Jatropha* by botanists. Its meal makes a wholesome and well-tasted bread, although its juice be poisonous. There is a species of cassada which may be eat with safety, without expressing the juice; this the French call *Camagnoc*. The colour of its root is white, like a parsnip; that of the common kind is of a brownish red, before it is scraped. By coction the cassada-juice becomes an excellent sauce for fish; and the Indians prepare many wholesome dishes from it. I have given it internally mixed with flour without any bad consequences; it did not however produce any of the salutary effects I expected. A good starch is made from it. The stem is knotty, and, being cut into small junks and planted, young sprouts shoot up from each knob. Horses have been poisoned by eating its leaves. The French name it *Manibot*, *Magnoc*, and *Manioc*, and the Spaniards *Mandiocha*. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the cassada with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a sovereign antidote against venomous bites. A wholesome drink is prepared from this root by the Indians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, according to Pineda. There is one species of this plant which the Indians only use, and is by them called *Baccacoua*.

VER. 597. *tanies*:] This wholesome root, in some of the islands, is called *Edda*: Its botanical name is *Arum maximum Ægyptiacum*. There are three species of tanies, the blue, the scratching, and that which is commonly roasted. The blossoms of all three are very fragrant, in a morning or evening. The young leaves, as well as the spiral stalks which support the flower, are eaten by Negroes as a salad. The root makes a good broth in dysenteric complaints. They are seldom so large as the yam, but most people think them preferable in point of taste.

G

(Which

(Which nature to the fourtop had resign'd,
 With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
 Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and slaves. 600
 Heaven blest his labour: now the cotton-shrub,
 Grac'd with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by worms,
 O'er many an acre shed its whitest down:
 The power of rain, in genial moisture bath'd
 His cacao-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods; 605

His

VER. 598. *is the fourtop*] The true Indian name of this tree is *Suirfask*. It grows in the barrenest places to a considerable height. Its fruit will often weigh two pounds. Its skin is green, and somewhat prickly. The pulp is not disagreeable to the palate, being cool, and having its sweetness tempered with some degree of an acid. It is one of the *Amur*, as are also the custard, star, and sugar-apples. The leaves of the fourtop are very shining and green. The fruit is wholesome, but seldom admitted to the tables of the elegant. The seeds are dispersed through the pulp like the guava. It has a peculiar flavour. It grows in the East as well as the West-Indies. The botanical name is *Guanabana*. The French call it *Petit Corq's*, or *Cœur de Bœuf*, to which the fruit bears a resemblance. The root, being reduced to a powder, and snuffed up the nose, produces the same effect as tobacco. Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend it is a specific in the epilepsy.

VER. 601. *cotton*] The fine down, which this shrub produces to envelope its seeds, is sufficiently known. The English, Italian, and French names, evidently are derived from the Arabic *Algodon*, as the Spaniards at this day call it. It was first brought by the Arabians into the Levant, where it is now cultivated with great success. Authors mention four species of cotton, but they confound the silk-cotton-tree, or *Ceiba*, among them. The flower of the West-India cotton-shrub is yellow, and campanulated. It produces twice every year. That of Cayenne is the best of any that comes from America. This plant is very apt to be destroyed by a grub within a short time; bating that, it is a profitable production. Pliny mentions *Gossypium*, which is the common botanical name of cotton. It is likewise called *Zylon*. Martinus, in his Philological Lexicon, derives cotton from the Hebrew word קטון *Katon*, (or, as pronounced by the German-Jews, *Kotoun*.)

VER. 605. *cacao-walk*] It is also called *Cacao* and *Ceci*. It is a native of some of

His coffee bath'd, that glow'd with berries, red
 As Danae's lip, or, Theodofia, thine,
 Yet countless as the pebbles on the shore;
 Oft, while drought kill'd his impious neighbour's grove,
 In time, a numerous gang of sturdy slaves,

Well-fed,

the provinces of South-America, and a drink made from it was the common food of the Indians before the Spaniards came among them, who were some time in those countries ere they could be prevailed upon to taste it; and it must be confesse'd, that the Indian chocolate had not a tempting aspect; yet I much doubt whether the Europeans have greatly improved its wholesomeness, by the addition of vanellas and other hot ingredients. The tree often grows fifteen or twenty feet high, and is streight and handsome. The pods, which seldom contain less than thirty nuts of the size of a flatted olive, grow upon the stem and principal branches. The tree loves a moist, rich, and shaded soil: Hence those who plant cacao-walks, sometimes screen them by a hardier tree, which the Spaniards aptly term *Madre de Cacao*. They may be planted fifteen or twenty feet distant, though some advise to plant them much nearer, and perhaps wisely; for it is an easy matter to thin them, when they are past the danger of being destroyed by dry weather, &c. Some recommend planting cassada, or bananas, in the intervals, when the cacao-trees are young, to destroy weeds, from which the walk cannot be kept too free. It is generally three years before they produce good pods; but, in six years, they are in highest perfection. The pods are commonly of the size and shape of a large cucumber. There are three or four sorts of cacao, which differ from one another in the colour and goodness of their nuts. That from the Caraccas is certainly the best. None of the species grow in Peru. Its alimentary, as well as physical properties, are sufficiently known. This word is Indian.

VER. 606. *his coffee*] This is certainly of Arabic derivation; and has been used in the East, as a drink, time immemorial. The inhabitants about the mouth of the Red-Sea were taught the use of it by the Persians, say authors, in the fifteenth century; and the coffee-shrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it passed into Egypt, Syria, and lastly Constantinople. The Turks, though so excessively fond of coffee, have not known it much above eighty years; whereas the English have been acquainted therewith for upwards of an hundred, one

Well-fed, well-cloath'd, all emulous to gain
 Their master's smile, who treated them like men ;
 Blacken'd his Cane-lands : which with vast increase,
 Beyond the wish of avarice, paid his toil.
 No cramps, with sudden death, surpriz'd his mules ; 615
 No glander-pest his airy stables thinn'd :
 And, if disorder seiz'd his Negroe-train,
 Celsus was call'd, and pining Illness flew.
 His gate stood wide to all ; but chief the poor,
 The unfriended stranger, and the sickly, shar'd 620
 His prompt munificence : No surly dog,
 Nor surlier Ethiop, their approach debarr'd.
 The Muse, that pays this tribute to his fame,
 Oft hath escap'd the sun's meridian blaze,
 Beneath yon tamarind-vista, which his hands 625
 Planted ;

Pasqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-house in London about the middle of the last century. The famous traveller, Thevenot, introduced coffee into France. This plant is cultivated in the West-Indies, particularly by the French, with great success ; but the berry from thence is not equal to that from Mocha. It is a species of Arabian jasmine ; the flower is particularly redolent, and from it a pleasant cordial water is distilled. It produces fruit twice every year ; but the shrub must be three years old before any can be gathered. It should not be allowed to grow above six foot high. It is very apt to be destroyed by a large fly, which the French call *Mouche a caffè* ; as well as by the white grub, which they name *Puceron*. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as those of tea.

VER. 625. *tamarind-vista,*] This large, shady, and beautiful tree grows fast even in the driest soils, and lasts long ; and yet its wood is hard, and very fit for mechanical uses. The leaves are smaller than those of fenna, and pennated : they taste sourish,

Planted; and which, impervious to the sun,
 His latter days beheld.— One noon he sat
 Beneath its breezy shade, what time the sun
 His sultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd;
 And calmly thus his eldest hope address'd. 630

“ BE pious, be industrious, be humane;
 “ From proud oppression guard the labouring hind.
 “ Whate'er their creed, God is the Sire of man,
 “ His image they; then dare not thou, my son,
 “ To bar the gates of mercy on mankind. 635
 “ Your foes forgive, for merit must make foes;
 “ And in each virtue far surpass your fire.
 “ Your means are ample, Heaven a heart bestow!
 “ So health and peace shall be your portion here;
 “ And yon bright sky, to which my soul aspires, 640
 “ Shall bless you with eternity of joy.”

ish, as does the pulp, which is contained in pods four or five inches long. They bear once a year. An excellent vinegar may be made from the fruit; but the Creoles chiefly preserve it with sugar, as the Spaniards with salt. A pleasant syrup may be made from it. The name is, in Arabic, *Tamara*. The Antients were not acquainted therewith; for the Arabians first introduced tamarinds into physic; it is a native of the East as well as of the West-Indies and South-America, where different provinces call it by different names. Its cathartic qualities are well known. It is good in sea-sickness. The botanical name is *Tamarindus*.

HE spoke, and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore
 The mountain-desert startl'd with his hum;
 Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere
 Dun Evening trod on rapid Twilight's heel: 645
 His knell was rung; —
 And all the Cane-lands wept their father lost.

MUSE, yet awhile indulge my rapid course;
 And I'll unharnes'd, soon, the foaming steeds.

IF Jove descend, propitious to thy vows, 650
 In frequent floods of rain; successive crops
 Of weeds will spring. Nor venture to repine,
 Tho' oft their toil thy little gang renew;
 Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay:
 For soon thy plants will magnitude acquire; 655

VER. 642. *and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore.*] This bird, which is one of the largest and swiftest known, is only seen at night, or rather heard; for it makes a hideous humming noise (whence its name) on the desert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South-America. It is also called *Cendor*. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed sixteen feet from tip to tip. See *Phil. Transf.* N^o 208.

VER. 644. *Ere fire-flies*] This surprising insect is frequent in Guadaloupe, &c. and all the warmer parts of America. There are none of them in the English Caribbee, or Virgin-Islands.

VER. 645. *on rapid Twilight's heel.*] There is little or no twilight in the West-Indies. All the year round it is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally short.

To

To crush all undergrowth ; before the sun,
The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
And tho' untutor'd, then, thy Canes will shoot:
Care meliorates their growth. The trenches fill
With their collateral mold; as in a town 660
Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares
A strong detachment falls from each gate,
And levels all the labours of the plain.

AND now thy Cane's first blades their verdure lose,
And hang their idle heads. Be these stript off; 665
So shall fresh sportive airs their joints embrace,
And by their alliance give the sap to rise.
But, O beware, let no unskilful hand
The vivid foliage tear: Their channel'd spouts,
Well-pleas'd, the watery nutriment convey, 670
With filial duty, to the thirsty stem;
And, spreading wide their reverential arms,
Defend their parent from solstitial skies.

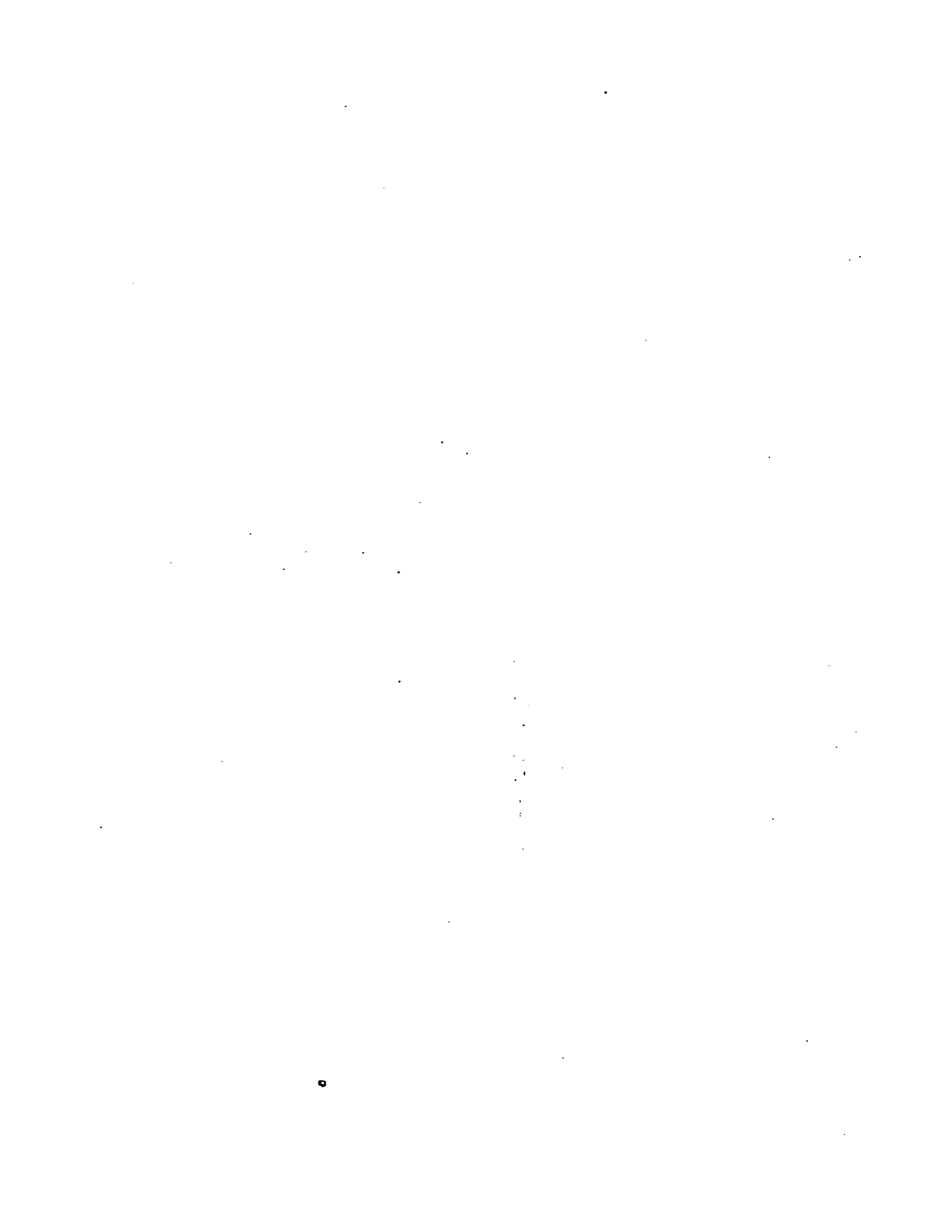
The END of BOOK I.



T H E
S U G A R - C A N E.
B O O K II.



H



A D V E R T I S E M E N T to B O O K I I.

THE following Book having been originally addressed to WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; and by him approved of; the Author should deem it a kind of poetical sacrilege, now, to address it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it sacred; as a small but sincere testimony of the high opinion the Author entertained of that Gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for the friendship wherewith Mr. SHENSTONE had condescended to honour him.

A R G U M E N T,

*Subject proposed. Address to William Sbenstone, Esq. Of monkeys.
Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of
the greasy fly. Of the blast. A hurricane described. Of calms
and earthquakes. A tale.*



THE
SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK II.

ENOUGH of culture. — A less pleasing theme,
What ills await the ripening Cane, demands
My serious numbers: these, the thoughtful Muse
Hath oft-beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.
For she, poor exile! boasts no waving crops; 5
For her no circling mules press dulcet streams;
No Negro-band huge foaming coppers skim;
Nor fermentation (wine's dread fire) for her,
With Vulcan's aid, from Cane a spirit draws,
Potent to quell the madness of despair. 10
Yet, oft, the range she walks, at shut of eve;

Oft sees red lightning at the midnight-hour,
 When nod the watches, stream along the sky;
 Not innocent, as what the learned call
 The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air, 15
 Flashes its tremulous rays, in painted streaks,
 While o'er night's veil her lucid tresses flow:
 Nor quits the Muse her walk, immers'd in thought,
 How she the planter, haply, may advise;
 Till tardy morn unbar the gates of light, 20
 And, opening on the main with sultry-beam,
 To burnish'd silver turns the blue-green wave.

SAY, will my SHENSTONE lend a patient ear,
 And weep at woes unknown to Britain's Isle?
 Yes, thou wilt weep; for pity chose thy breast, 25
 With taste and science, for their soft abode:
 Yes, thou wilt weep: thine own distress thou bear'st
 Undaunted; but another's melts thy soul.

" O WERE my pipe as soft, my dittied song"
 As smooth as thine, my too too distant friend, 30
 SHENSTONE; my soft pipe, and my dittied song
 Should hush the hurricanes tremendous roar,
 And from each evil guard the ripening Cane!

DESTRUCTIVE,

DESTRUCTIVE, on the upland sugar-groves
 The monkey-nation preys: from rocky heights, 35
 In silent parties, they descend by night,
 And posting watchful sentinels, to warn
 When hostile steps approach; with gambols, they
 Pour o'er the Cane-grove. Luckless he to whom
 That land pertains! in evil hour, perhaps, 40
 And thoughtless of to-morrow, on a die
 He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines
 On Luxury's soft lap, the pest of wealth;
 And, inconsiderate, deems his Indian crops
 Will amply her insatiate wants supply. 45

FROM these insidious droles (peculiar pest
 Of Liamujga's hills) would'st thou defend
 Thy waving wealth; in traps put not thy trust,
 However baited: Treble every watch,
 And well with arms provide them; faithful dogs, 50
 Of nose sagacious, on their footsteps wait.

VER. 46. *peculiar pest*] The monkeys which are now so numerous in the mountainous parts of St. Christopher, were brought thither by the French when they possessed half that island. This circumstance we learn from *Pere Labat*, who farther tells us, that they are a most delicate food. The English-Negroes are very fond of them, but the White-inhabitants do not eat them. They do a great deal of mischief in St. Kitts, destroying many thousand pounds *Sterling's* worth of Canes every year.

With.

With these attack the predatory bands ;
 Quickly the unequal conflict they decline,
 And, chattering, fling their ill-got spoils away.
 So when, of late, innumerable Gallic hosts
 Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
 The peaceable American's domains,
 While desolation mark'd their faithless rout ;
 No sooner Albion's martial sons advanc'd,
 Than the gay dastards to their forests fled,
 And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.

55

60

NOR with less waste the whisker'd vermine-race,
 A countless clan, despoil the low-land Cane.

THESE to destroy, while commerce hoists the sail,
 Loose rocks abound, or tangling bushes bloom,
 What Planter knows? — Yet prudence may reduce.
 Encourage then the breed of savage cats,

65

VER. 64. *These to destroy*] Rats, &c. are not natives of America, but came by shipping from Europe. They breed in the ground, under loose rocks and bushes. Durante; a Roman, who was physician to Pope Sixtus Quintus, and who wrote a Latin poem on the preservation of health, enumerates domestic rats among animals that may be eaten with safety. But if these are wholesome, cane-rats must be much more delicate, as well as more nourishing. Accordingly we find most field Negroes fond of them, and I have heard that straps of cane-rats are publicly sold in the markets of Jamaica.

Nor

Nor kill the winding snake, thy foes they eat.

Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,

Child of the rocky desert, sea-like stream,

70

With studious care, the American preserves

The gallinazo, else that sea-like stream

(Whence traffic pours her bounties on mankind)

Dread alligators would alone possess.

Thy foes, the teeth-fil'd Ibbos also love;

75

Nor thou their wayward appetite restrain.

SOME

VER. 69. *mangrove-banks*] This tree, which botanists call *Rizophora*, grows in marshy soils, and on the sides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow streams impassable to boats. Oysters often adhere to their roots, &c. The French name of this strange water-shrub is *Paltuvier*. The species meant here is the red mangrove.

VER. 74. *Dread alligator*] This dreadful animal is amphibious, and seldom lays fewer than 100 eggs. These she carefully covers with sand. But, notwithstanding this precaution, the gallinazo (a large species of carrion-crow) conceals itself among the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, and thus often discovers the hoard of the alligator, which she no sooner leaves, than the gallinazo souses down upon it, and greedily scraping off the sand, regales on its contents. Nor is the male alligator less an enemy to the increase of his own horrid brood, than these useful birds; for, when Instinct prompts the female to let her young fry out by breaking the eggs, he never fails to accompany her, and to devour as many of them as he can: So that the mother scarce ever escapes into the river with more than five out of all her hundred. Thus providence doubly prevents the otherwise immense propagation of that voracious animal, on the banks of the river Guayaquil; for the gallinazo is not always found, where alligators are. *Ulloa*.

VER. 75. *teeth-fil'd Ibbos*] Or *Ebbos*, as they are more commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good slaves when bought young; but are, in general,

SOME place decoys, nor will they not avail,
 Replete with roasted crabs, in every grove
 These fell marauders gnaw ; and pay their slaves
 Some small reward for every captive foe.
 So practise Gallia's sons ; but Britons trust
 In other wiles ; and surer their success.

80

WITH Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
 Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasp'd root,
 And form in pellets ; these profusely spread
 Round the Cane-groves, where sculk the vermin-breed :
 They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
 Crowd to the inviting cates, and swift devour
 Their palatable Death ; for soon they seek
 The neighbouring spring ; and drink, and swell, and die.
 But dare not thou, if life deserve thy care,
 The infected rivulet taste ; nor let thy herds

85

90

neral, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls : They also feed on dead mules and horses ; whose carcases, therefore, should be buried deep, that the Negroes may not come at them. But the surest way is to burn them ; otherwise they will be apt, privily, to kill those useful animals, in order to feast on them.

VER. 76. *Nor thou their wayward*] Pere Labat says that Cane-rats give those Negroes who eat them pulmonic disorders, but the good Jesuit was no physician. I have been told by those who have eat them, that they are very delicate food.

Grazz

Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
 Have fin'd the water, and destroyed the bane.
 'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice
 95
 With flour, and throw it liberal 'mong thy Canes :
 They touch not this ; its deadly scent they fly,
 And sudden colonize some distant vale.

SHALL the muse deign to sing of humble weeds,
 That check the progress of the imperial cane ? 100

In every foil, unnumber'd weeds will spring ;
 Nor fewest in the best : (thus oft we find
 Enormous vices taint the noblest souls !)
 These let thy little gang, with skilful hand,
 Oft as they spread abroad, and oft they spread ; 105
 Careful pluck up, to swell thy growing heap
 Of rich manure. And yet some weeds arise,
 Of aspect mean, with wondrous virtues fraught :
 (And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
 In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air ?) 110
 Such, planter, be not thou ashamed to save

VER. 95. *'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice*] See the article *Solanum* in Newman's Chemistry published by Dr. Lewis. There is a species of East-India animal, called a *Mungoes*, which bears a natural antipathy to rats. Its introduction into the Sugar-Islands would, probably, effectuate the extirpation of this destructive vermin.

From foul pollution, and unseemly rot ;
 Much will they benefit thy house and thee.
 But chief the yellow thistle thou select,
 Whose seed the stomach frees from nauseous loads ; 115
 And, if the music of the mountain-dove
 Delight thy pensive ear, sweet friend to thought !
 This prompts their cooing, and enflames their love.
 Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane,
 Whose juice worms fly : Ah, dire endemial ill ! 120
 How many fathers, fathers now no more ;
 How many orphans, now lament thy rage ?
 The cow-itch also save ; but let thick gloves
 Thine hands defend, or thou wilt sadly rue
 Thy rash imprudence, when ten thousand darts 125

VER. 114. *the yellow thistle*] The seeds of this plant are an excellent emetic ; and almost as useful in dysenteric complaints as ipecacuan. It grows every where.

VER. 119. *Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane,*] This is truly a powerful vermifuge ; but, uncautiously administered, has often proved mortal. The juice of it clarified, is sometimes given ; but a decoction of it is greatly preferable. Its botanical name is *Spigelia*.

VER. 123. *The cow-itch also save ;*] This extraordinary vine should not be permitted to grow in a Cane-piece ; for Negroes have been known to fire the Canes, to save themselves from the torture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with melasses, it is a safe and excellent vermifuge. Its seeds, which resemble blackish small beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple ; and its pods, on which the stinging brown *Setæ* are found, are as large as a full-grown English field-pea.

Sharp as the bee-sting, fasten in thy flesh,
 And give thee up to torture. But, unhurt,
 Planter, thou may'st the humble chickweed cull;
 And that, which cooly flies the astonish'd grasp.
 Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' King;
 Not the bless'd apple Median climes produce,
 Tho'

VER. 128. *Planter, thou may'st the humble chickweed*] There are two kinds of chickweed, which grow spontaneously in the Caribbees, and both possess very considerable virtues, particularly that which botanists call *Cajacia*, and which the Spaniards emphatically name *Erudos Cobres*, or Snakeweed, on account of its remarkable qualities against poisonous bites. It is really of use against fish-poison; as is also the sensitive plant, which the Spaniards prettily call the *Vergonzosa*, the Bashful, and *La Donzella*, or the Maiden. There are many kinds of this extraordinary plant, which grow every where in the Islands and South-America. The botanical name of the former is *Alfina*, and that of the latter *Mimosa*.

VER. 130. *Not the confection*] This medicine is called *Mithridatium*, in honour of Mithridates king of Pontus; who, by using it constantly, had secured himself from the effects of poison, in such a manner, that, when he actually attempted to put an end to his life, by that means, he failed in his purpose. So, at least, Pliny informs us. But we happily are not obliged to believe, implicitly, whatever that elaborate compiler has told us. When poisons immediately operate on the nervous system, and their effects are to be expelled by the skin, this electuary is no contemptible antidote. But how many poisons do we know at present, which produce their effects in a different manner? and, from the accounts of authors, we have reason to be persuaded, that the ancients were not much behind us in their variety of poisons. If, therefore, the King of Pontus had really intended to have destroyed himself, he could have been at no loss for the means, notwithstanding the daily use of this antidote.

VER. 131. *Not the bless'd apple*] Authors are not agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attributes such remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed possible they ever should,

Tho' lofty Maro (whose immortal muse
 Distant I follow, and, submits, adore)
 Hath sung its properties, to counteract
 Dire spells, slow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl, 135
 Where cruel stepdames poisonous drugs have brewed;
 Can vie with these low tenants of the vale,
 In driving poisons from the infected frame:
 For here, alas! (ye sons of luxury mark!)
 The sea, tho' on its bosom Halcyons sleep, 140
 Abounds with poison'd fish; whose crimson fins,
 Whose eyes, whose scales, bedropt with azure, gold,
 Purple, and green, in all gay Summer's pride,
 Amuse the sight; whose taste the palate charms;
 Yet death, in ambush, on the banquet waits, 145
 Unless these antidotes be timely given.
 But, say what strains, what numbers can recite,
 Thy praises, vervain; or wild liquorice, thine?
 For not the costly root, the gift of God,

should. However, we have this comfort on our side, that our not knowing it is
 of no detriment to us; for as spells cannot affect us, we are at no loss for antidotes
 to guard against them.

VER. 149. *For not the costly root,*] Some medical writers have bestowed the high
 appellation of *Denum Dei* on rhubarb.

Gather'd

Book II. THE SUGAR-CANE.

63

Gather'd by those, who drink the Volga's wave,

150

(Prince of Europa's streams, itself a sea)

Equals your potency! Did planters know

But half your virtues; not the Cane itself,

Would they with greater, fonder pains preserve!

STILL other maladies infect the Cane,

155

And worse to be subdu'd. The infect-tribe

That, fluttering, spread their pinions to the sun,

Recal the muse: nor shall their many eyes,

Tho' edg'd with gold, their many-colour'd down,

From Death preserve them. In what distant clime,

160

In what recesses are the plunderers hatch'd?

Say, are they wafted in the living gale,

From distant islands? Thus, the locust-breed,

In winged caravans, that blot the sky,

Descend from far, and, ere bright morning dawn,

165

Astonish'd Afric sees her crop devour'd.

Or, doth the Cane a proper nest afford,

And food adapted to the yellow fly? —

The skill'd in Nature's mystic lore observe,

Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden day,

170

Some reptile life sustains: Thus cochinille

Feeds on the Indian fig; and, should it harm
 The foster plant, its worth that harm repays :
 But YE, base insects! no bright scarlet yield,
 To deck the British Wolf; who now, perhaps, 175
 (So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph mounts
 Some strong-built fortress, won from haughty Gaul!
 And tho' no plant such luscious nectar yields,
 As yields the Cane-plant; yet, vile paricides!
 Ungrateful ye! the Parent-cane destroy. 180

MUSE! say, what remedy hath skill devis'd
 To quell this noxious foe? Thy Blacks send forth,
 A strong detachment! ere the encreasing pest
 Have made too firm a lodgment; and, with care,
 Wipe every tainted blade, and liberal lave 185
 With sacred Neptune's purifying stream.
 But this Augæan toil long time demands,
 Which thou to more advantage may'st employ :
 If vows for rain thou ever did'st prefer,

VER. 171. *Thus cochinille*] This is a Spanish word. For the manner of propagating this useful insect, see Sir Hans Sloane's Natural History of Jamaica. It was long believed in Europe to be a seed, or vegetable production. The botanical name of the plant on which the cochinille feeds, is *Opuntia maxima, folio oblongo, majore, spinulis obtusis, mollibus et inæscantibus obsito, flore, striis rubris variegato.* Sloane.

Planter,

Planter, prefer them now: the rattling shower, 190
 Pour'd down in constant streams, for days and nights,
 Not only swells, with nectar sweet, thy Canes;
 But, in the deluge, drowns thy plundering foe.

WHEN may the planter idly fold his arms,
 And say, "My soul take rest?" Superior ills, 195
 Ills which no care nor wisdom can avert,
 In black succession rise. Ye men of Kent,
 When nipping Eurus, with the brutal force
 Of Boreas, join'd in ruffian league, assail
 Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel, 200
 And pity the poor planter; when the blast,
 Fell plague of Heaven! perdition of the isles!
 Attacks his waving gold. Tho' well-manur'd;
 A richness tho' thy fields from nature boast;
 Though seasons pour; this pestilence invades: 205
 Too oft it seizes the glad infant-throng,
 Nor pities their green nonage: Their broad blades
 Of which the graceful wood-nymphs erst compos'd
 The greenest garlands to adorn their brows,

VER. 205. *Tho' seasons*] Without a rainy season, the Sugar-cane could not be cultivated to any advantage: For what Pliny the Elder writes of another plant may be applied to this, *Gaudet irriguis, et toto anno bibere amat.*

VER. 205. *this pestilence*] It must, however, be confessed, that the blast is less frequent in lands naturally rich, or such as are made so by well-rotted manure.

First pallid, sickly, dry, and withered show ; 210
 Unseemly stains succeed ; which, nearer viewed
 By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,
 Dire fraught with reptile-life ; alas, too soon
 They burst their filmy jail, and crawl abroad,
 Bugs of uncommon shape ; thrice hideous show ! 215
 Innumerable as the painted shells, that load
 The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-isles !
 Innumerable as the leaves the plumb-tree sheds,
 When, proud of her fecundity, she shows,
 Naked, her gold fruit to the God of noon. 220
 Remorseless to its youth ; what pity, say,
 Can the Cane's age expect ? In vain, its pith
 With juice nectarious flows ; to pungent sour,
 Foe to the bowels, soon its nectar turns :
 Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears, 225
 Alternate rang'd ; from these no filial young
 Shall grateful spring, to bless the planter's eye. —
 With bugs confederate, in destructive league,
 The ants' republic joins ; a villain crew,

VER. 218. *the plumb-tree sheds,*] This is the Jamaica plumb tree. When covered with fruit, it has no leaves upon it. The fruit is wholesome. In like manner, the panspan is destitute of foliage when covered with flowers. The latter is a species of jessamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

As the waves, countless, that plough up the deep, 230
 (Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the sky,
 Whom Rhea bore to the bright God of day)
 When furious Auster dire commotions stirs:
 These wind, by subtle sap, their secret way,
 Pernicious pioneers! while those invest, 235
 More firmly dating, in the face of Heaven,
 And win, by regular approach, the Cane.

'GAINST such ferocious, such unnumber'd bands,
 What arts, what arms shall sage experience use?

SOME bid the planter load the favouring gale, 240
 With pitch, and sulphur's suffocating steam: —
 Useless the vapour o'er the Cane-grove flies,
 In curling volumes lost; such feeble arms,
 To man tho' fatal, not the blast subdue.
 Others again, and better their success, 245
 Command their slaves each tainted blade to pick
 With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.

VER. 231. *Eurus reigns*] The East is the centre of the trade-wind in the West-Indies, which veers a few points to the North or South. What Homer says of the West-wind, in his islands of the blessed, may more aptly be applied to the trade-winds.

Labour immense! and yet, if small the pest;
 If numerous, if industrious be thy gang;
 At length, thou may'st the victory obtain. 250
 But, if the living taint be far diffus'd,
 Bootless this toil; nor will it then avail
 (Tho' ashes lend their suffocating aid)
 To bare the broad roots, and the mining swarms
 Expose, remorseless, to the burning noon. 255
 Ah! must then ruin desolate the plain?
 Must the lost planter other climes explore?
 Howe'er reluctant, let the hoe uproot
 The infected Cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
 The hostile myriads thou to embers turn: 260
 Far better, thus, a mighty loss sustain,
 Which happier years and prudence may retrieve;
 Than risk thine all. As when an adverse storm,
 Impetuous, thunders on some luckless ship,
 From green St. Christopher, or Cathä bound: 265
 Each nautic art the reeling seamen try:
 The storm redoubles: death rides every wave:
 Down by the board the cracking masts they hew;
 And heave their precious cargo in the main.

VER. 265. *Cathä*] An old name for China.

SAY,

SAY, can the Muse, the pencil in her hand, 270
The all-wasting hurricane observant ride?
Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin? Can she, unappall'd,
When all the flood-gates of the sky are ope,
The shoreless deluge stem? The Muse hath seen 275
The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd the stars;
Seen rocky, molten fragments, flung in air
From Ætna's vext abyss; seen burning streams
Pour down its channel'd fides; tremendous scenes! —
Yet not vext Ætna's pillar'd flames, that strike 280
The stars; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high;
Nor ponderous rapid deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channel'd fides: cause such dismay,
Such desolation, Hurricane! as thou;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow, 285
And all the battles of thy winds engage.

SOON as the Virgin's charms ingross the Sun;
And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels;
But, chief, while Libra weighs the unsteady year:
Planter, with mighty props thy dome support; 290
Each flaw repair; and well, with maffy bars,

Thy

Thy doors and windows guard; securely lodge
 Thy stocks and mill-points. — Then, or calms obtain;
 Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van;
 While, o'er the panting isle, the dæmon Heat 295
 High hurls his flaming brand; vast, distant waves
 The main drives furious in, and heaps the shore
 With strange productions: Or, the blue serene
 Assumes a louring aspect, as the clouds
 Fly, wild-careering, thro' the vault of heaven; 300
 Then transient birds, of various kinds, frequent
 Each stagnant pool; some hover o'er thy roof;
 Then Eurus reigns no more; but each bold wind,
 By turns, usurps the empire of the air
 With quick inconstancy; 305
 Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm,
 (For beasts partake some portion of the sky,)
 In troops associate; and, in cold sweats bath'd,
 Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye seamen, now,
 Ply to the southward, if the changeful moon, 310
 Or, in her interlunar palace hid,

VER. 293. *stocks and mill-points:*] The sails are fastened to the mill-points, as those are to the stocks. They should always be taken down before the hurricane-season.

Shuns

Book II. THE SUGAR - CANE. 71

Shuns night; or, full-orb'd, in Night's forehead glows:
For, see! the mists, that late invol'd the hill,
Disperse; the midday-sun looks red; strange burs
Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye. 315
A horrid stench the pools, the main emits;
Fearful the genius of the forest sighs;
The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd cliff.
A night of vapour, closing fast around,
Snatches the golden noon. — Each wind appeas'd, 320
The North flies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engineerics of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increase the infernal din: 325
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air. —
The wind is spent; and “all the isle below
“Is hush as death.”
Soon issues forth the West, with sudden burst;
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives: 330

VER. 314. *strange burs*] These are astral halos. Columbus soon made himself master of the signs that precede a hurricane in the West-Indies, by which means he saved his own squadron; while another large fleet, whose commander despised his prognostics, put to sea, and was wrecked.

Rushes

Rushes the headlong sky ; the city rocks ;
 The good man throws him on the trembling ground ;
 And dies the murderer in his inmost soul. —
 Sullen the West withdraws his eager storms. ———
 Will not the tempest now his furies chain ? 335
 Ah, no ! as when in Indian forests, wild,
 Barbaric armies suddenly retire
 After some furious onset, and, behind
 Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
 Brooding on slaughter, not repuls'd ; for soon 340
 Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends,
 And bloodier carnage mows th' ensanguin'd plain :
 So the South, fallying from his iron caves
 With mightier force, renews the aerial war ;
 Sleep, frighted, flies ; and, see ! yon lofty palm, 345
 Fair nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
 Cleft by the sulphurous bolt ! See yonder dome,
 Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
 And Theodorus with devotion dwelt ;
 Involv'd in smouldering flames. — From every rock, 350
 Dashes the turbid torrent ; thro' each street
 A river foams, which sweeps, with untam'd might,
 Men, oxen, Cane-lands to the billowy main. —

Pauses

Book II. THE SUGAR-CANE. 73

Pauses the wind. — Anon the savage East,
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave; 355
Now brighter, vaster coruscations flash;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
Earth trembles; ocean reels; and, in her fangs,
Grim Desolation tears the shrieking isle,
Ere rosy Morn possess the ethereal plain, 360
To pour on darkness the full flood of day. —

NOR does the hurricane's all-wasting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing:
Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery South
Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles: 365
For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
Touch'd by its tainting vapour, shrivel'd, die.
The hardiest children of the rocks repine:
And all the upland Tropic-plants hang down 370
Their drooping heads; shew arid, coil'd, adust. —
The main itself seems parted into streams,
Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly scents,
Annoys the rower; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The sails hang idly, noiseless, from the mast. 375

Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of fate
 Compels to risque the insufferable beam!
 A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
 To punish sinful man, shall fatal seize
 His wretched life, and to the tomb consign.

380

WHEN such the ravage of the burning calm,
 On the stout, sunny children of the hill;
 What must thy Cane-lands feel? Thy late green sprouts
 Nor bunch, nor joint; but, sapless, arid, pine:
 Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
 (Symptom of health and strength) soon ruddy show;
 While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
 Acescent, watery, poor, unwholesome tastes.

385

NOR only, planter, are thy Cane-groves burnt;
 Thy life is threaten'd. Muse, the manner sing.

390

THEN earthquakes, nature's agonizing pangs,
 Oft shake the astonied isles: The solfaterre

VER. 392. *solfaterre*] Volcanos are call'd *fulphurs*, or *solfaterres*, in the West-Indies. There are few mountainous islands in that part of the globe without them, and those probably will destroy them in time. I saw much sulphur and alum in the solfaterre at Mountferrat. The stream that runs through it, is almost as hot as boiling water, and its steams soon blacken silver, &c.

Or sends forth thick, blue, suffocating steams ;

Or shoots to temporary flame. A din,

Wild, thro' the mountain's quivering rocky caves,

395

Like the dread crash of tumbling planets, roars.

When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,

Like the tall coco by the fierce North blown ;

Can the poor, brittle, tenements of man

Withstand the dread convulsion? Their dear homes,

400

(Which shaking, tottering, crashing, bursting, fall,)

The boldest fly ; and, on the open plain

Appal'd, in agony the moment wait,

When, with disrapture vast, the waving earth

Shall whelm them in her sea-disgorging womb.

405

NOR less affrighted are the bestial kind.

The bold steed quivers in each panting vein,

And staggers, bath'd in deluges of sweat :

Thy lowing herds forsake their grassy food,

And send forth frightened, woful, hollow sounds :

410

The dog, thy trusty centinel of night,

Deserts his post assign'd ; and, piteous, howls. —

Wide ocean feels : —

The mountain-waves, passing their custom'd bounds,

Make direful, loud incursions on the land, 415
 All-overwhelming: Sudden they retreat,
 With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,
 Sudden return, with louder, mightier force;
 (The black rocks whiten, the vex'd shores resound;) 420
 And yet, more rapid, distant they retire.
 Vast conflagrations lighten all the sky,
 With volum'd flames; while thunder's awful voice,
 From forth his shrine, by night and horror girt,
 Astounds the guilty, and appals the good:
 For oft the best, smote by the bolt of heaven, 425
 Wrapt in ethereal flame, forget to live:
 Else, fair Theana. — Muse, her fate deplore.

Soon as young reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
 His father sent him from these genial isles,
 To where old Thames with conscious pride surveys 430
 Green Eton, soft abode of every Muse.
 Each classic beauty soon he made his own;
 And soon fam'd Isis saw him woo the Nine,
 On her inspiring banks: Love tun'd his song;
 For fair Theana was his only theme, 435
 Acasto's daughter, whom, in early youth,

He oft distinguish'd; and for whom he oft
 Had climb'd the bending coco's airy height,
 To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,

VER. 438. *the bending coco's*] The coco-nut tree is of the palm genus; there are several species of them, which grow naturally in the Torrid Zone. The coco-nut tree is, by no means, so useful as travellers have represented it. The wood is of little or no service, being spongy, and the brown covering of the nuts is of too rough a texture to serve as apparel. The shell of the nut receives a good polish; and, having a handle put to it, is commonly used to drink water out of. The milk, or water of the nut, is cooling and pleasant; but, if drunk too freely, will frequently occasion a pain in the stomach. A salutary oil may be extracted from the kernel; which, if old, and eaten too plentifully, is apt to produce a shortness of breathing. A species of arrack is made from this tree, in the East-Indies. The largest coco-nut trees grow on the banks of the river Oronoko. They thrive best near the sea, and look beautiful at a distance. They afford no great shade. Ripe nuts have been produced from them in three years after planting. The nuts should be macerated in water, before they are put in the ground. Coco is an Indian name; the Spaniards call it also *palma de las Indias*; as the smallest kind, whose nuts are less than walnuts, is termed by them *Coquillo*. This grows in Chili, and the nuts are esteemed more delicate than those of a larger size. In the Maldivy-Islands, it is pretended, they not only build houses of the coco-nut tree, but also vessels, with all their rigging; nay, and load them too with wine, oil, vinegar, black sugar, fruit, and strong water, from the same tree. If this be true, the Maldivian coco-nut trees must differ widely from those that grow in the West-Indies. The coco must not be confounded with the coco-nut tree. That shrub grows in the hottest and moistest vales of the Andes. Its leaf, which is gathered two or three times a year, is much coveted by the natives of South-America, who will travel great journeys upon a single handful of the leaves, which they do not swallow, but only chew. It is of an unpleasant taste, but, by use, soon grows agreeable. Some authors have also confounded the coco-nut palm, with the coco, or chocolate-tree. The French call the coco-nut tree, *Cocotier*. Its stem, which is very lofty, is always bent; for which reason it looks better in an orchard than in a regular garden. As one limb fades, another shoots up in the center, like a pike. The botanical name is *Palma indica, coccifera, angulosa*.

When

When he presented, more nectarious deem'd. — 449
 The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;
 From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd, —
 Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;
 Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
 One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks; 445
 Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
 His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
 In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
 She shone all-perfect; while each pleasing art,
 And each soft virtue that the sex adorns, 450
 Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain,
 Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
 Can ill describe the transports Junio felt
 At this discovery: He declar'd his love;
 She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand. 455

AND shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
 For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,

VER. 441. *sappadilla*] This is a pleasant-tasted fruit, somewhat resembling a bergamot-pear, in shape and colour. The tree which produces it, is large and shady. Its leaves are of a shining green; but the flowers, which are monopetalous, are of a palish white. The fruit is coronated when ripe, and contains, in its pulp, several longish black seeds. It is wholesome. Antigua produces the best *sappadilla* I ever tasted. The trivial name is Spanish. Botanists call it *Cocino*.

His

His fire detested his Theana's House! —
 Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd
 To check their happy union. He resolv'd 460
 (And many a sigh that resolution cost)
 To pass the time, till death his fire remov'd,
 In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
 While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
 Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle. 465

Tho' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent,
 With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
 His native land to serve; no joys he found. —
 Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
 Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse, 470
 Of freedom, courage; yet Aufonia's clime,
 His steps explor'd; where painting, music's strains,
 Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child),
 With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.
 To his just-judging, his instructed eye, 475
 The all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd
 A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:
 But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
 The harmonious warblings of Italian song.

TWICE one long year elaps'd, when letters came, 480
 Which briefly told him of his father's death.
 Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,
 Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,
 Eager to clasp the object of his love.

BLOW, prosperous breezes; swiftly fail, thou Po: 485
 Swift fail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

IN Biscay's stormy seas an armed ship,
 Of force superiour, from loud Charente's wave
 Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
 Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir'd 490
 With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
 Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
 The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
 And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
 So plied their cannon, plied their missil fires, 495
 That soon in air the hapless Thunderer blew.

BLOW prosperous breezes, swiftly fail thou Po,
 May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

SOON Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy,

VER. 499. *Porto Santo*] This is one of the Madeira islands, and of course subject
 to the King of Portugal. It lies in 32.33 degrees of N. latitude. It is neither so
 fruitful nor so large as Madeira Proper, and is chiefly peopled by convicts, &c.

Like

Like clouds dim rising in the distant sky. 500
 Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
 Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
 While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
 Strikes the boneta, or the shark insnares.
 The little nautilus with purple pride 505
 Expands his sails, and dances o'er the waves:
 Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;
 And beauteous dolphins gently played around.

VER. 504. *The boneta*] This fish, which is equal in size to the largest salmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes. It is not a delicate food, but those who have lived for any length of time on salt meats at sea, do not dislike it. Sir Hans Sloane, in his voyage to Jamaica, describes the method of striking them.

VER. 504. *Or the shark*] This voracious fish needs no description; I have seen them from 15 to 20 foot long. Some naturalists call it *Canis Carbarias*. They have been known to follow a slave-ship from Guinea to the West Indies. They swim with incredible celerity, and are found in some of the warmer seas of Europe, as well as between the tropics.

VER. 505. *nautilus*] This fish the seamen call a Portuguese man of war. It makes a most beautiful appearance on the water.

VER. 507. *winged fishes*] This extraordinary species of fish is only found in the warm latitudes. Being pursued in the water by a fish of prey called Albacores, they betake themselves in shoals to flight, and in the air are often snapt up by the Garayio, a sea fowl. They sometimes fall on the shrouds or decks of ships. They are well tasted, and commonly sold at Barbadoes.

VER. 508. *Dolphins*] This is a most beautiful fish, when first taken out of the sea; but its beauty vanishes, almost as soon as it is dead.

THO' faster than the Tropic-bird they flew,
 Oft Junio cried, ah! when shall we see land? 510
 Soon land they made: and now in thought he claspt
 His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.

SHE, no less amorous, every evening walk'd
 On the cool margin of the purple main,
 Intent her Junio's vessel to descry. 515

ONE eve, (faint calms for many a day had rag'd,)
 The winged dæmons of the tempest rose;
 Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.
 She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
 Exemption from the grave; the æthereal Bolt, 520
 That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
 Had innocently roll'd.

MEAN while, impatient Junio left ashore,
 Regardless of the Dæmons of the storm.
 Ah youth! what woes, too great for man to bear, 525
 Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
 Thy flying courier. Soon Theana's porch

VER. 509. *Tropic-bird*] The French call this bird Fregate, on account of its
 swift flying. It is only to be met with in the warm latitudes.

Receiv'd him : at his fight, the antient slaves
 Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point :—
 Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
 He entered hasty—

539

AH! what a fight for one who lov'd so well!
 All pale and cold, in every feature death,
 Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
 Played on her face, while with faint, faltering voice,
 She thus address'd the youth, whom yet she knew.

535

“ WELCOME, my Junio, to thy native shore!
 “ Thy fight repays this summons of my fate :
 “ Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me :
 “ By night, by day, you still engag'd my care ;
 “ And next to God, you now my thoughts employ :
 “ Accept of this—My little all I give ;
 “ Would it were larger”——Nature could no more ;
 She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

540

BUT say, what strains, what language can express
 The thousand pangs, which tore the lover's breast?
 Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
 And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,

545

Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak;
Nor words he found: he claspt her in his arms;
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.

550

^ ONE grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the Cane-isles tell their matchless love!

The END of BOOK II.



T H E

S U G A R - C A N E .

B O O K I I I .



A R G U M E N T.

Hymn to the month of January, when crop begins. Address. Planters have employment all the year round. Planters should be pious. A ripe Cane-piece on fire at midnight. Crop begun. Cane cutting described. Effects of music. Great care requisite in feeding the mill. Humanity towards the untrained recommended. The tainted Canes should not be ground. Their use. How to preserve the laths and mill-points from sudden squalls. Address to the Sun, and praise of Antigua. A cattle-mill described. Care of mules, &c. Diseases to which they are subject. A water-mill the least liable to interruption. Common in Guadalupe and Martinico. Praise of Lord Romney. The necessity of a strong, clear fire, in boiling. Planters should always have a spare set of vessels, because the iron furnaces are apt to crack, and copper vessels to melt. The danger of throwing cold water into a thorough-heated furnace. Cleanliness, and skimming well, recommended. A boiling-house should be lofty, and open at top, to the leeward. Constituent parts of vegetables. Sugar an essential salt. What retards its granulation. How to forward it. Dumb Cane. Effects of it. Bristol-lime the best temper. Various uses of Bristol lime. Good muscovado described. Bermudas-lime recommended. The Negroes should not be hindered from drinking the hot liquor. The cheerfulness and healthiness of the Negroes in crop-time. Boilers to be encouraged. They should neither boil the Sugar too little, nor too much. When the Sugar is of too loose a grain, and about to boil over the teache, or last copper, a little grease settles it, and makes it boil closer. The French often mix sand with their Sugars. This practice not followed by the English. A character. Of the skimmings. Their various uses. Of rum. Its praise. A West-India prospect, when crop is finished. An address to the Creoles, to live more upon their estates than they do. The reasons.



T H E
S U G A R - C A N E.

B O O K III.

FROM scenes of deep distress, the heavenly Muse,
Emerging joyous, claps her dewy wings.
As when a pilgrim, in the howling waste,
Hath long time wandered, fearful at each step,
Of tumbling cliffs, fell serpents, whelming bogs; 5
At last, from some long eminence, descries
Fair haunts of social life; wide-cultur'd plains,
O'er which glad reapers pour; he chearly sings:
So she to sprightlier notes her pipe attunes,
Than e'er these mountains heard; to gratulate, 10
With duteous carols, the beginning year.

HAIL,

HAIL, eldest birth of Time! in other climes,
 In the old world, with tempests usher'd in;
 While rified nature thine appearance wails,
 And savage winter wields his iron mace: 15
 But not the rockiest verge of these green isles,
 Tho' mountains heapt on mountains brave the sky,
 Dares winter, by his residence, profane.
 At times the ruffian, wrapt in murky state,
 Inroads will, fly, attempt; but soon the sun, 20
 Benign protector of the Cane-land isles,
 Repells the invader, and his rude mace breaks.
 Here, every mountain, every winding dell,
 (Haunt of the Dryads; where, beneath the shade
 Of broad-leaf'd china, idly they repose, 25
 Charm'd

VER. 17. *Tho' mountains heapt on mountains*] This more particularly alludes to St. Kitts; where one of the highest ridges of that chain of mountains, which run through its center, from one end of it to the other, bears upon it another mountain, which, somewhat resembling the legendary prints of the devil's carrying on his shoulders St. Christopher; or, as others write, of a giant, of that appellation, carrying our Saviour, in the form of a child, in the same manner, through a deep sea; gave name, to this island.

VER. 25. *Of broad-leaf'd china,*] The leaves of this medicinal tree are so large, that the Negroes commonly use them to cover the water, which they bring in pails from the mountain, where it chiefly grows. The roots of this tree were introduced into European practice, soon after the venereal disease; but, unless they are fresh, it must be confessed they possess fewer virtues than either sarsaparilla or lignum vitæ.

Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill;
 Charm'd with the hummings of the neighbouring hive;)

Welcome thy glad approach: but chief the Cane,
 Whose juice now longs to murmur down the spout,
 Hails thy lov'd coming; January, hail!

30

O M***! thou, whose polish'd mind contains
 Each science useful to thy native isle!
 Philosopher, without the hermit's spleen!
 Polite, yet learned; and, tho' solid, gay!
 Critic, whose head each beauty, fond, admires;
 Whose heart each error flings in friendly shade!
 Planter, whose youth sage cultivation taught
 Each secret lesson of her sylvan school:
 To thee the Muse a grateful tribute pays;
 She owes to thee the precepts of her song:
 Nor wilt thou, four, refuse; tho' other cares,
 The public welfare, claim thy busy hour;
 With her to roam (thrice pleasing devious walk)

35

40

vitæ. It also grows in China, and many parts of the East-Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, palsy, sciatica, obstructions, and obstinate headachs: but it can surely not effect the removal of these terrible disorders; since, in China, the people eat the fresh root, boiled with their meat, as we do turnips; and the better sort, there, use a water distilled from it. The Spaniards call it *Palo de China*. The botanical name is *Smilax*.

N

The

The ripened cane-piece ; and, with her, to taste
 (Delicious draught!) the nectar of the mill! 45

THE planter's labour in a round revolves ;
 Ends with the year, and with the year begins.

YE swains, to Heaven bend low in grateful prayer,
 Worship the Almighty ; whose kind-fostering hand
 Hath blest your labour, and hath given the cane 50
 To rise superior to each menac'd ill.

NOR less, ye planters, in devotion, sue,
 That nor the heavenly bolt, nor casual spark,
 Nor hand of malice may the crop destroy.

AH me ! what numerous, deafning bells, resound ? 55
 What cries of horror startle the dull sleep ?
 What gleaming brightness makes, at midnight, day ?
 By its portentuous glare, too well I see
 Palæmon's fate ; the virtuous, and the wife !
 Where were ye, watches, when the flame burst forth ? 60
 A little care had then the hydra quell'd :
 But, now, what clouds of white smoke load the sky !
 How strong, how rapid the combustion pours !

Aid

Book III. THE SUGAR-CANE. 91

Aid not, ye winds! with your destroying breath,
The spreading vengeance. — They contemn my prayer. 65

Rous'd by the deafning bells, the cries, the blaze;
From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The Negroes rush; and, 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, dæmon-like! All, all, urge every nerve:
This way, tear up those Canes; dash the fire out, 70
Which sweeps, with serpent-error, o'er the ground.
There, hew these down; their topmost branches burn:
And here bid all thy watery engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.

In vain. — More wide the blazing torrent rolls; 75
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole!
And toward thy mansion, see, it bends its way.
Haste! far, O far, your infant-throng remove:
Quick from your stables drag your steeds and mules:
With well-wet blankets guard your cypress-roofs; 80
And where thy dried Canes in large stacks are pil'd. —

EFFORTS but serve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appease.
Ah, my Palæmon! what avail'd thy care,

VER. 81. *And where thy dried Canes*] The Cane-stalks which have been ground, are called *Magofs*; probably a corruption of the French word *Bagasse*, which signifies the same thing. They make an excellent fuel.

Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day, 85
 And walk thy ranges, at the noon of night ?
 What tho' no ills assail'd thy bunching sprouts,
 And seasons pour'd obedient to thy will :
 All, all must perish ; nor shalt thou preserve
 Wherewith to feed thy little orphan-throng. 90

OH, may the Cane-ifies know few nights, like this !
 For now the fail-clad points, impatient, wait
 The hour of sweet release, to court the gale.
 The late-hung coppers wish to feel the warmth,
 Which well-dried fewel from the Cane imparts : 95
 The Negroe-train, with placid looks, survey
 Thy fields, which full perfection have attain'd,
 And pant to wield the bill : (no furly watch
 Dare now deprive them of the luscious Cane :)
 Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check ; 100
 Encourage rather ; cheerful toil is light.
 So from no field, shall slow-pac'd oxen draw
 More frequent loaded wanes ; which many a day,
 And many a night shall feed thy crackling mills
 With richest offerings : while thy far seen flames, 105
 Bursting thro' many a chimney, bright emblaze
 The Æthiop-brow of night. And see, they pour

(Bre

Book III. T H E S U G A R - C A N E. 93

(Ere Phosphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time grey dawn stands tip-toe on the hill,
O'er the rich Cane-grove : Muse, their labour sing. 110

SOME bending, of their sapless burden ease
The yellow jointed canes, (whose height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whose clammy round
Measures two inches full ;) and near the root
Lop the stem off, which quivers in their hand 115
With fond impatience : soon it's branchy spires,
(Food to thy cattle) it resigns ; and soon

It's tender prickly tops, with eyes thick set,
To load with future crops thy long-hoed land.
These with their green, their pliant branches bound, 120
(For not a part of this amazing plant,
But serves some useful purpose) charge the young :
Not laziness declines this easy toil ;

Even lameness from its leafy pallet crawls,
To join the favoured gang. What of the Cane 125
Remains, and much the largest part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In small light bundles ; load the broad-wheel'd wane,
The mules crook-harnest, and the sturdier crew,

With

With sweet abundance. As on Lincoln-plains, 130
 (Ye plains of Lincoln sound your Dyer's praise!)
 When the lav'd snow-white flocks are numerous penn'd;
 The senior swains, with sharpen'd shears, cut off
 The fleecy vestment; others stir the tar;
 And some impress, upon their captives fides, 135
 Their master's cypher; while the infant throng
 Strive by the horns to hold the struggling ram,
 Proud of their prowess. Nor meanwhile the jest
 Light-banded round, but innocent of ill;
 Nor choral song are wanting: eccho rings. 140

NOR need the driver, Æthiop authoriz'd,
 Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip;
 From such dire sounds the indignant muse averts
 Her virgin-ear, where musick loves to dwell:
 'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonness of power 145
 To lash the laughing, labouring, singing throng.

WHAT cannot song? all nature feels its power:
 The hind's blithe whistle, as thro' stubborn foils
 He drives the shining share; more than the goad,
 His tardy steers impells.—The muse hath seen, 150
 When

Book III. THE SUGAR - C A N E.

95

When health danc'd frolic in her youthful veins,
 And vacant gambols wing'd the laughing hours ;
 The muse hath seen on Annan's pastoral hills,
 Of theft and slaughter erst the fell retreat,
 But now the shepherd's best-beloved walk :

155

Hath seen the shepherd, with his sylvan pipe,
 Lead on his flock o'er crags, thro' bogs, and streams,
 A tedious journey ; yet not weary they,
 Drawn by the enchantment of his artless song.

What cannot musick ? — When brown Ceres asks
 The reapers fickle ; what like magic sound,
 Puff'd from sonorous bellows by the squeeze
 Of tuneful artist, can the rage disarm
 Of the swart dog-star, and make harvest light ?

160

AND now thy mills dance eager in the gale ;
 Feed well their eagerness ; but O beware ;
 Nor trust, between the steel-cas'd cylinders,
 The hand incautious : off the member snapt
 Thou'lt ever rue ; sad spectacle of woe !

165

ARE

VER. 168. *Off the member snapt*] This accident will sometimes happen, especially in the night : and the unfortunate wretch must fall a victim to his imprudence or sleepiness, if a hatchet do not immediately strike off the entangled member ; or the mill be not instantly put out of the wind.

ARE there, the muse can scarce believe the tale; 170
 Are there, who lost to every feeling sense,
 To reason, interest lost; their slaves desert,
 And manumit them, generous boon! to starve
 Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
 The good man feeds his blind, his aged steed, 175
 That in his service spent his vigorous prime:
 And dares a mortal to his fellow-man,
 (For spite of vanity, thy slaves are men)
 Deny protection? Muse suppress the tale.

YE! who in bundles bind the lopt-off Canes; 180
 But chiefly ye! who feed the tight-brac'd mill;

Pere Labat says, he was informed the English were wont, as a punishment, thus to grind their negroes to death. But one may venture to affirm this punishment never had the sanction of law; and if any Englishman ever did grind his negroes to death, I will take upon me to aver, he was universally detested by his countrymen.

Indeed the bare suspicion of such a piece of barbarity leaves a stain: and therefore authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into their writings, any insinuation that bears hard on the humanity of a people.

Daily observation affords but too many proofs, where domestic slavery does not obtain, of the fatal consequences of indulged passion and revenge; but where one man is the absolute property of another, those passions may perhaps receive additional activity: planters, therefore, cannot be too much on their guard against the first sallies of passion; as by indulgence, passion, like a favourite, will at last grow independently powerful.

In

In separate parcels, far, the infected fling:
 Of bad Cane-juice the least admixture spoils
 The richest, foundest; thus, in pastoral walks,
 One tainted sheep contaminates the fold. 185

NOR yet to dung-heaps thou resign the canes,
 Which or the sun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd.
 These, to small junks reduc'd, and in huge casks
 Steept, where no cool winds blow; do thou ferment:—
 Then, when from his entanglements inlarg'd 190
 Th' evasive spirit mounts; by Vulcan's aid,
 (Nor Amphitryte will her help deny,)
 Do thou through all his winding ways pursue
 The runaway; till in thy sparkling bowl
 Confin'd, he dances; more a friend to life, 195
 And joy, than that Nepenthe fam'd of yore,
 Which Polydamna, Thone's imperial queen,
 Taught Jove-born Helen on the banks of Nile.

As on old ocean, when the wind blows high,
 The cautious mariner contracts his sail; 200
 So here, when squally bursts the speeding gale,
 If thou from ruin would'st thy points preserve,
 Lefs-bellying canvafs to the storm oppose.

VER. 192. *Amphitryte*] A mixture of sea water, is a real improvement in the distillation of rum.

To this be nail'd three polish'd iron plates; 240
 Whereon, three steel Capouces, turn with ease,
 Of three long rollers, twice-nine inches round,
 With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cogg.
 The central Cylinder exceeds the rest
 In portly size, thence aptly Captain nam'd. 245
 To this be rivetted th' extended sweeps;
 And harness to each sweep two seasoned mules:
 They pacing round, give motion to the whole.
 The close brac'd cylinders with ease revolve
 On their greas'd axle; and with ease reduce 250
 To trash, the Canes thy negroes throw between.
 Fast flows the liquor thro' the lead-lin'd spouts;
 And depurated by opposing wises,
 In the receiver floats a limpid stream.
 So twice five casks, with muscovado fill'd, 255
 Shall from thy staunchions drip, ere Day's bright god
 Hath in the Atlantic six times cool'd his wheels.

WOULDST thou against calamity provide?
 Let a well shingled roof, from Raleigh's land,

Defend

VAN. 259. *Raleigh's land*] Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of Q. Elizabeth, to the whole of the north-east of North America, which Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, (though others call him a Venetian,) first discovered

Defend thy stock from noon's inclement blaze, 260
And from night-dews; for night no respite knows.

NOR, when their destin'd labour is perform'd,
Be thou asham'd to lead the panting mules.
(The muse, soft parent of each social grace,
With eyes of love God's whole creation views) 265
To the warm pen; where copious forage strowed,
And strenuous rubbing, renovate their strength.
So, fewer ails, (alas, how prone to ails!)
Their days shall shorten; ah, too short at best!

FOR not, even then, my friend, art thou secure 270
From fortune: spite of all thy steady care,
What ills, that laugh to scorn Machaon's art,

vered, A. D. 1497, in the time of King Henry VII. by whom he was employed; but no advantages could be reaped from this discovery, on account of the various disturbances that ensued in England during the succeeding reigns, till about the year 1584, Q. Elizabeth gave Sir Walter Raleigh a patent for all such land, from 33. to 40. N. lat. as he should chuse to settle with English, reserving only to the crown a fifth part of all the gold and silver which should therein be discovered, in lieu of all services. Accordingly several imbarcations were fitted out from England, but all to no purpose. Some farther attempts, however, were made to settle this part of the country in the succeeding reign; but it was not till the year 1620, that a regular form of government took place. Then was tobacco planted, and negroes imported into Virginia. Since that time it has gradually improved, and does not now contain fewer than 100,000 white people of better condition, besides twice as many servants and slaves. The best shingles come from Egg-Harbour.

Await

Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,
 Joint-racking spasms, and cholic's pungent pang,
 Need the muse tell? which, in one luckless moon, 275
 Thy sheds dispeople; when perhaps thy groves,
 To full perfection shot, by day, by night,
 Indefinient demand their vigorous toil.

THEN happiest he, for whom the Naiads pour,
 From rocky urns, the never-ceasing stream, 280
 To turn his rollers with unbought dispatch.

IN Karukera's rich well-water'd isle!
 In Matanina! boast of Albion's arms,
 The brawling Naiads for the planters toil,
 Howe'er unworthy; and, thro' solemn scenes, 285
 Romantic, cool, with rocks and woods between,
 Enchant the senses! but, among thy swains,
 Sweet Liamuiga! who such bliss can boast?
 Yes, Romney, thou may'st boast; of British heart,
 Of courtly manners, join'd to antient worth: 290
 Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,

VER. 282. *Karukera*] The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

VER. 283. *Matanina*] The Caribbean name of Martinico. The Havannah had not then been taken.

From

From tyrants wrung, the many or the few.
 By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
 Not to be tempted from fair honour's path:
 While others, falsely flattering their Prince, 295
 Bold disapprov'd, or by oblique surmise
 Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd;
 Indignant, in the senate, he arose,
 And, with the well-urg'd energy of zeal,
 Their specious, subtle sophistry disprov'd; 300
 The importance, the necessity display'd,
 Of civil armies, freedom's surest guard!
 Nor in the senate didst thou only win
 The palm of eloquence, securely bold;
 But rear'd'st thy banners, fluttering in the wind: 305
 Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marshal'd swains,
 To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.

THY foaming coppers well with fewel feed;
 For a clear, strong, continued fire improves
 Thy muscovado's colour, and its grain. — 310
 Yet vehement heat, protracted, will consume
 Thy vessels, whether from the martial mine,
 Or

VER. 312. *Thy vessels,*] The vessels, wherein the Cane-juice is reduced to Sugar
 by coction, are either made of iron or of copper. Each sort hath its advantages and
 disadvantages.

Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn ;

Or hammer, or hot fusion, give them form.

If prudence guides thee then, thy stores shall hold

315

Of well-fiz'd vessels a complete supply :

For every hour, thy boilers cease to skim,

(Now Cancer reddens with the solar ray,)

Defeats thy honest purposes of gain.

NOR small the risque, (when piety, or chance,

320

Force thee from boiling to desist) to lave

Thy heated furnace, with the gelid stream.

The chemist knows, when all-dissolving fire

Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow ;

What dread explosions, and what dire effects,

325

A few cold drops of water will produce,

Uncautious, on the novel fluid thrown.

FOR grain and colour, wouldst thou win, my friend,

At every curious mart, the constant palm ?

O'er all thy works let cleanliness preside,

330

Child of frugality ; and, as the skum

disadvantages. The teache, or smallest vessel from whence the Sugar is laved into the cooler, is generally copper. When it melts, it can be patched ; but, when the large sort of vessels, called iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to do, no further use can be made of them.

Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The skum that mantles carefully remove.

FROM bloating droply, from pulmonic ails,
Would'st thou defend thy boilers, (prime of slaves,) 335
For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, involv'd
In the warm vapour's all-relaxing steam;
Thy boiling-house be lofty: all atop
Open, and pervious to the tropic breeze;
Whose cool perfation, wooed through many a grate, 340
Dispells the steam, and gives the lungs to play.

THE skill'd in chemia, boast of modern arts,
Know from experiment, the fire of truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live: 345
These, envious, stop the much desir'd embrace
Of the essential salts, tho' coction bid
The aqueous particles to mount in air.

'MONG salts essential, sugar wins the palm,
For taste, for colour, and for various use: 350

VER. 339. *Open, and pervious*] This also assists the christallization of the Sugar.

P

And,

And, in the nectar of the yellowest Cane,
 Much acor, oil, and mucilage abound:
 But in the less mature, from mountain-land,
 These harsh intruders so redundant float,
 Must'ring so strong, as scarce to be subdued.

355

MUSE, sing the ways to quell them. — Some use Cane,
 That Cane, whose juices to the tongue apply'd,

VER. 350. *For taste, for colour, and for various use:*] It were impossible, in the short limits of a note, to enumerate the various uses of Sugar; and, indeed, as these are in general so well known, it is needless. A few properties of it, however, where-with the learned are not commonly acquainted, I shall mention. In some places of the East-Indies, an excellent arrack is made from the Sugar-Cane: And, in South-America, Sugar is used as an antidote against one of the most sudden, as well as fatal poisons in the world. Taken by mouth, *pocula morte carent*, this poison is quite innocent; but the slightest wound made by an arrow, whose point is tinged therewith, proves immediate death; for, by driving all the blood of the body immediately to the heart, it forthwith bursts it. The fish and birds killed by these poisoned arrows (in the use of which the Indians are astonishingly expert) are perfectly wholesome to feed on. See Ulloa and De la Condamine's account of the great river of Amazon. It is a vegetable preparation.

VER. 357. *That Cane*] This, by the natives, is emphatically called the *Dumb Cane*; for a small quantity of its juice being rubbed on the brim of a drinking vessel, whoever drinks out of it, soon after will have his lips and tongue enormously swelled. A physician, however, who wrote a short account of the diseases of Jamaica, in Charles II.'s time, recommends it both by the mouth and externally, in dropsical and other cases: But I cannot say, I have had any experience of its efficacy in these disorders. It grows wild in the mountains; and, by its use in Sugar-making, should seem to be somewhat of an alcallescent nature. It grows to four feet high, having, at the top, two green shining leaves, about nine inches long; and, between these, a small spire emerges.

In

In filence lock it, sudden, and constrain'd,
 (Death to Xantippe,) with distorting pain.

NOR is it not effectual: But wouldst thou
 Have rival brokers for thy cades contend;
 Superior arts remain.— Small casks provide,
 Replete with lime-stone thoroughly calcin'd,
 And from the air secur'd: This Bristol sends,
 Bristol, Britannia's second mart and eye!

360

365

NOR "to thy waters only trust for fame,"
 Bristol; nor to thy beamy diamonds trust:
 Tho' these oft deck Britannia's lovely fair;
 And those oft save the guardians of her realm.
 Thy marble-quarries claim the voice of praise,
 Which rich incrusts thy Avon's banks, sweet banks!
 Tho' not to you young Shakespear, Fancy's child,
 All-rudely warbled his first woodland notes;
 Tho' not your caves, while terror stalk'd around,
 Saw him essay to clutch the ideal sword,
 With drops of blood distain'd: yet, lovely banks,
 On you reclin'd, another tun'd his pipe;
 Whom all the Muses emulously love,

370

375

And in whose strains your praises shall endure,
While to Sabrina speeds your healing stream.

389

BRISTOL, without thy marble, by the flame
Calcin'd to whiteness, vain the stately reed
Would swell with juice mellifluent; heat would soon
The strongest, best-hung furnaces, consume.

Without its aid the cool-imprison'd stream,
Seldom allow'd to view the face of day,

385

Tho' late it roam'd a denizen of air;
Would steal from its involuntary bounds,
And, by fly windings, set itself at large.

But chief thy lime the experienc'd boiler loves,
Nor loves ill-founded; when no other art

390

Can bribe to union the coy floating salts,
A proper portion of this precious dust,

Cast in the wave, (so showers alone of gold
Could win fair Danaë to the God's embrace;)

395

With nectar'd muscovado soon will charge
Thy shelving coolers, which, severely press'd
Between the fingers, not resolves; and which
Rings in the cask; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious silvery-grey, assumes.

400

THE

THE fam'd Bermuda's ever-healthy isles,
 More fam'd by gentle Waller's deathless strains,
 Than for their cedars, which, insulting, fly
 O'er the wide ocean; 'mid their rocks contain
 A stone, which, when calcin'd, (experience says,) 405
 Is only second to Sabrina's lime.

WHILE flows the juice mellifluent from the Cane,
 Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each morn,
 But chief the sick and young, at setting day,
 Themselves regale with oft-repeated draughts 410
 Of tepid Nectar; so shall health and strength
 Confirm thy Negroes, and make labour light.

WHILE flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers foam,
 How blithe, how jocund, the plantation smiles!
 By day, by night, resounds the choral song 415
 Of glad barbarity; serene, the sun
 Shines not intensely hot; the trade-wind blows:
 How sweet, how silken, is its noontide breath?
 While to far climes the fell destroyer, Death,
 Wings his dark flight. Then seldom pray for rain: 420
 Rather for cloudless days thy prayers prefer;

For, if the skies too frequently relent,
 Crude flows the Cane-juice, and will long elude
 The boiler's wariest skill: thy Canes will spring
 To an unthrifty loftiness; or, weighed 425
 Down by their load, (Ambition's curse,) decay.

ENCOURAGE thou thy boilers; much depends
 On their skill'd efforts. If too soon they strike,
 E'er all the watery particles have fled;
 Or lime sufficient granulate the juice: 430
 In vain the thickning liquor is effus'd;
 An heterogeneous, an uncertain mass,
 And never in thy coolers to condense.

OR, planter, if the coction they prolong
 Beyond its stated time; the viscous wave 435

VER. 428. *If too soon they strike,*] When the Cane-juice is granulated sufficiently, which is known by the Sugar's sticking to the ladle, and roping like a syrup, but breaking off from its edges; it is poured into a cooler, where, its surface being smoothed, the christallization is soon completed. This is called *striking*. The general precept is to temper high, and strike low. When the Muscovado is of a proper consistence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogheads; this is called *potting*. The casks being placed upon staunchions, the melasses drips from them into a cistern, made on purpose, below them, to receive it. The Sugar is sufficiently cured, when the hoghead rings upon being struck with a stick; and when the two canes, which are put into every cask, shew no melasses upon them, when drawn out of it.

Will

Will in huge flinty masses chrysalize,
 Which forceful fingers scarce can crumble down;
 And which with its melasses ne'er will part:
 Yet this, fast-dripping in nectarious drops,
 Not only betters what remains, but when 440
 With art fermented, yields a noble wine,
 Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
 Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler show.
 So misers in their coffers lock that gold;
 Which, if allowed at liberty to roam, 445
 Would better them, and benefit mankind.

In the last coppers, when the embrowning wave
 With sudden fury swells; some grease immix'd,
 The foaming tumult sudden will compose,
 And force to union the divided grain. 450
 So when two swarms in airy battle join,
 The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
 Until some dust, thrown upward in the sky,
 Quell the wild conflict, and sweet peace restore.

FALSE Gallia's sons, that hoe the ocean-isles, 455
 Mix with their Sugar, loads of worthless sand,
 Fraudful,

Fraudful, their weight of sugar to increase.

Far be such guile from Britain's honest swains,

Such arts, awhile, the unwary may surprise,

And benefit the Impostor; but, ere long,

460

The skilful buyer will the fraud detect,

And, with abhorrence, reprobate the name.

FORTUNE had crown'd Avaro's younger years,

With a vast tract of land, on which the cane

Delighted grew, nor ask'd the toil of art.

465

The Sugar-bakers deem'd themselves secure,

Of mighty profit, could they buy his cades;

For, whiteness, hardness, to the leeward-crop,

His muscovado gave. But, not content

With this pre-eminence of honest gain,

470

He baser sugars started in his casks;

His own, by mixing sordid things, debas'd.

One year the fraud succeeded; wealth immense

Flowed in upon him, and he blest his wiles:

The next, the brokers spurn'd the adulterate mass,

475

Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.

BE thrifty, planter, even thy skimmings save:

For, planter, know, the refuse of the Cane

Serves

Serves needful purposes. Are barbeegs
 The cates thou lov'ft? What like rich skimmings feed 480
 The grunting, bristly kind? Your labouring mules
 They soon invigorate: Give old Baynard these,
 Untir'd he trudges in his destin'd round;
 Nor need the driver crack his horrid lash.

YET, with small quantities indulge the steed, 485
 Whom skimmings ne'er have fatten'd: else, too fond,
 So gluttons use, he'll eat intemperate meals;
 And, staggering, fall the prey of ravening sharks.

BUT say, ye boon companions, in what strains,
 What grateful strains, shall I record the praise 490
 Of their best produce, heart-recruiting rum?
 Thrice wholesome spirit! well-matur'd with age,
 Thrice grateful to the palate! when, with thirst,
 With heat, with labour, and wan care oppress,
 I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd, 495
 Round, golden fruit; where water from the spring,
 Which dripping coolness spreads her umbrage round;
 With hardest, whitest sugar, thrice refin'd;
 Dilates my soul with genuine joy; low care

I spurn indignant; toil a pleasure seems. 500
 For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's green bounds,
 Where Ceres with the God of vintage reigns,
 In happiest union; not Vigornian hills,
 Pomona's lov'd abode, afford to man
 Goblets more priz'd, or laudable of taste, 505
 To slake parch'd thirst, and mitigate the clime.

YET, 'mid this blest ebriety, some tears,
 For friends I left in Albion's distant isle,
 For Johnson, Percy, White, escape mine eyes:
 For her, fair Auth'res! whom first Calpe's rocks 510
 A sportive infant saw; and whose green years
 True genius blest with her benignest gifts
 Of happiest fancy. O, were ye all here,
 O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's son!
 Long-known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid soul! 515
 How would your converse charm the lonely hour?
 Your converse, where mild wisdom tempers mirth;
 And charity, the petulance of wit;

VER. 501. *Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's*] Two rivers in France, along whose banks the best Burgundy and Champagne-grapes grow.

VER. 510. *For her, fair Auth'res!*] Mrs. Lennox.

How

How would your converse polish my rude lays,
 With what new, noble images adorn? 520
 Then should I scarce regret the banks of Thames,
 All as we sat beneath that sand-box shade;
 Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
 O'er the fair landscape; where in loveliest forms,
 Green cultivation hath array'd the land. 525

SEE! there, what mills, like giants raise their arms,
 To quell the speeding gale! what smoke ascends
 From every boiling house! What structures rise,
 Neat tho' not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
 With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd! 530
 Nor not delightful are those reed-built huts,
 On yonder hill, that front the rising sun;
 With plantanes, with banana's bosom'd-deep,
 That flutter in the wind: where frolick goats,

VER. 522. *sand-box*] So called, from the pericarpium's being often made use of for containing sand; when the seeds, which are a violent emetic, are taken out. This is a fine shady tree, especially when young; and its leaves are efficaciously applied in headachs to the temples, which they sweat. It grows fast; but loses much of its beauty by age. Its wood is brittle, and when cut emits a milky juice, which is not caustic. The sand-box thrives best in warm shady places. The sun often splits the pericarpium, which then cracks like a pistol. It is round, flattened both above and below, and divided into a great number of regular compartments, each of which contains one seed flattened ovularly. The botanical name is *Hura*.

Butt the young negroes, while their swarthy fires, 535
 With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark,
 The crop is finish'd, how they rend the sky!—

Nor, beauteous only shows the cultured soil,
 From this cool station. No less charms the eye
 That wild interminable waste of waves: 540
 While on the horizon's farthest verge are seen
 Islands of different shape, and different size;
 While sail-clad ships, with their sweet produce fraught,
 Swell on the straining fight; while near yon rock,
 On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang, 545
 Their airies build, a water spout descends,
 And shakes mid ocean; and while there below,
 That town, embowered in the different shade
 Of tamarinds, panspans, and papaws, o'er which

VER. 549. *panspans*] See the notes on Book II.

VER. 549. *papaws*] This singular tree, whose fruits surround its summit immediately under the branches and leaves, like a necklace; grows quicker than almost any other in the West Indies. The wood is of no use, being spongy, hollow, and herbacious; however, the blossoms and fruit make excellent sweet-meats; but above all, the juice of the fruit being rubbed upon a spit, will intenerate new killed fowls, &c. a circumstance of great consequence in a climate, where the warmth soon renders whatever meats are attempted to be made tender by keeping, unfit for culinary purposes. Nor, will it only intenerate fresh meat; but, being boiled with salted beef, will render it easily digestible. Its milky juice is sometimes used to cure ringworms. It

Book III, THE SUGAR-CANE.

117

A double Iris throws her painted arch,
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded street,
And each throng'd street with limpid currents lav'd.

550

WHAT tho' no bird of song, here charms the sense
With her wild minstrelsy; far, far beyond,
The unnatural quavers of Hesperian throats!
Tho' the chaste poet of the vernal woods,
That shuns rude folly's din, delight not here
The listening eve; and tho' no herald-lark
Here leave his couch, high-towering, to descry

555

The approach of dawn, and hail her with his song:

560

Yet not unmusical the tinkling lapse

Of yon cool argent rill, which Phoebus gilds

With his first orient rays; yet musical,

Those buxom airs that through the plantanes play,

And tear with wantonness their leafy scrolls;

565

Yet not unmusical the waves hoarse found,

That dashes, sullen, on the distant shore;


Yet musical those little insects hum,

That hover round us, and to reason's ear,

is said, that the guts of hogs would in time be lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe, unpeeled fruit. Its seed is said to be anthelmintic. The botanical name is *Papaya*.

Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam 570
 Flings on them transient tints, which vary when
 They wave their purple plumes; yet musical
 The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove,
 That woos to pleasing thoughtfulness the soul;
 But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon canes, 575
 Enchants the ear with tunable delight.

WHILE such fair scenes adorn these blissful isles;
 Why will their sons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
 Why spend their opulence in other climes?

SAY, is pre-eminence your partial aim? —  580
 Distinction courts you here; the senate calls.
 Here, crouching slaves, attendant wait your nod:
 While there, unnoted, but for folly's garb,
 For folly's jargon; your dull hours ye pass,
 Eclips'd by titles, and superior wealth. 585

DOES martial ardour fire your generous veins?
 Fly to your native isles: Bellona, there,
 Hath long time rear'd her bloody flag; these isles
 Your strenuous arms demand; for ye are brave!
 Nor longer to the lute and taber's sound 590

Weave

Weave antic measures. O, could my weak song,
 O could my song, like his, heaven-favoured bard,
 Who led desponding Sparta's oft-beat hofts,
 To victory, to glory; fire your souls
 With English ardor! for now England's fwains, 595
 (The Man of Norfolk, fwains of England, thank;)
 All emulous, to Freedom's standard fly,
 And drive invafion from their native fhore:
 How would my foul exult with confcious pride;
 Nor grudge thofe wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of yore. 600

OR are ye fond of rich luxurious cates? —

Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
 Or fruit forbidden, native of your ifles?
 Sons of Apicius, fay, can Europe's feas,
 Can aught the edible creation yields, 605
 Compare with turtle, boaft of land and wave?
 Can Europe's feas, in all their finny realms,
 Aught fo delicious as the Jew-fifh fhew?
 Tell me what viands, land or fstreams produce,

VER. 596. *The Man of Norfolk,*] The Honourable General George Townfhend.

VER. 608. *Jew-fifh*] This, tho' a very large, is one of the moft delicate fifhes that fwim; being preferable to caramaw, king-fifh, or camaree: fome even chufe it before turtle. The Jew-fifh is often met with at Antigua, which enjoys the happinefs of having on its coaft few, if any, poisoned fifhes.

The large, black, female, mouking crab excel? 610
 A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills,
 Nor Scotia's rocks with heath and thyme o'erspread,
 Give to their flocks; than, lone Barbuda, you,
 Than you, Anguilla, to your sheep impart.
 Even Britain's vintage, here, improv'd, we quaff; 615
 Even Lusitanian, even Hesperian wines.
 Those from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor Rhine!
 How have thy banks been died with brother-blood?
 Unnatural warfare!) strength and flavour gain
 In this delicious clime. Besides, the Cane 620
 Wafted to every quarter of the globe,
 Makes the vast produce of the world your own.

OR rather, doth the love of nature charm;
 Its mighty love your chief attention claim?

VER. 613. *Barbuda*,] This is a low, and not large flock-island, belonging to the Codrington family. Part of this island, as also two plantations in Barbadoes, were left by Colonel Christopher Codrington, for building a college in Barbadoes, and converting Negroes to the Christian religion.

VER. 614. *Anguilla*,] This island is about thirty miles long and ten broad. Though not mountainous, it is rocky, and abounds with strong passes; so that a few of its inhabitants, who are indeed expert in the use of fire-arms, repulsed, with great slaughter, a considerable detachment of French, who made a descent thereon in the war preceding the last. Cotton and cattle are its chief commodities. Many of the inhabitants are rich; the captain-general of the Leeward-Islands nominates the governor and council. They have no assembly.

Leave

Leave Europe ; there, through all her coyest ways, 635
 Her secret mazes, nature is pursued :
 But here, with savage loneliness, she reigns
 On yonder peak, whence giddy fancy looks,
 Affrighted, on the labouring main below.
 Heavens ! what stupendous, what unnumbered trees, 630
 " Stage above stage, in various verdure drest,"
 Unprofitable shag its airy cliffs !
 Heavens ! what new shrubs, what herbs with useleſs bloom,
 Adorn its channel'd fides ; and, in its caves
 What sulphurs, ores, what earths and ſtones abound ! 635
 There let philoſophy conduct thy ſteps,
 " For naught is uſeleſs made : " With candid ſearch,
 Examine all the properties of things ;
 Immenſe diſcoveries ſoon will crown your toil,
 Your time will ſoon repay. Ah, when will cares, 640
 The cares of Fortune, leſs my minutes claim ?
 Then, with what joy, what energy of ſoul,
 Will I not climb yon mountain's airieſt brow !
 The dawn, the burning noon, the ſetting ſun,
 The midnight-hour, ſhall hear my conſtant vows 645
 To Nature ; ſee me proſtrate at her ſhrine !
 And, O, if haply I may aught invent

Of use to mortal man, life to prolong;
 To soften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
 What exultation of supreme delight,
 Will swell my raptur'd bosom? Then, when death
 Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go,
 Nor envy conquerors their storied tombs,
 Tho' not a stone point out my humble grave.

The End of Book III.

A R C H I V E S

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned document. The names are given in the order in which they appear in the document. The names are given in the order in which they appear in the document.



T H E

S U G A R - C A N E.

B O O K I V.



The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been named in the above mentioned document. The names are given in the order in which they appear in the document. The names are given in the order in which they appear in the document.

A R G U M E N T.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Address. Negroes when bought should be young, and strong. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the house and trades, than for the field. The Gold-Coast, but especially the Papaw-negroes, make the best field-negroes: but even these, if advanced in years, should not be purchased. The marks of a sound negroe at a negroe sale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fish or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women; these are to be preferred to their husbands. The Minnabs make good tradesmen, but addicted to suicide. The Mundingos, in particular, subject to worms; and the Congas, to dropsical disorders. How salt-water, or new negroes should be seasoned. Some negroes eat dirt. Negroes should be habituated by gentle degrees to field labour. This labour, when compared to that in lead-mines, or of those who work in the gold and silver mines of South America, is not only less toilsome, but far more healthy. Negroes should always be treated with humanity. Praise of freedom. Of the dracunculus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the yaws. Might not this disease be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praise of commerce. Of the imaginary disorders of negroes, especially those caused by their conjurers or Obiamen. The composition and supposed virtues of a magic-phiol. Field-negroes should not begin to work before six in the morning, and should leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, should finish before sunset. Of the weekly allowance of negroes. The young, the old, the sickly, and even the lazy, must have their victuals prepared for them. Of negroe-ground, and its various productions. To be fenced in, and watched. Of an American garden. Of the situation of the negroe-butts. How best defended from fire. The great negroe-dance described. Drumming, and intoxicating spirits not to be allowed. Negroes should be made to merrily in their masters plantation. Inconveniences arising from the contrary practice. Negroes to be clothed once a year, and before Christmas. Praise of Lewis XIV. for the Code Noir. A body of laws of this kind recommended to the English sugar colonies. Praise of the river Thames. A moon-light landscape and vision.



T H E
S U G A R - C A N E.

B O O K I V.

GENIUS of Africk! whether thou bestrid'st
The castled elephant; or at the source,
(While howls the desert fearfully around,)
Of thine own Niger, sadly thou reclin'st
Thy temples shaded by the tremulous palm,
Or quick papaw, whose top is necklac'd round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'st thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grandê, or black Sanaga?
Where dauntless thou the headlong torrent brav'st
In search of gold, to braid thy woolly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,

Thine arms, and ankles: O attend my song.

A muse that pities thy distressful state;

Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters bound;

15

Who wishes freedom to the race of man;

Thy nod assenting craves: dread Genius, come!

YET vain thy presence, vain thy favouring nod;

Unless once more the muses, that erewhile

Upheld me fainting in my past career,

20

Through Caribbe's cane-isles; kind condescend

To guide my footsteps, through parch'd Libya's wilds;

And bind my sun-burnt brow with other bays,

Than ever deck'd the Sylvan bard before.

SAY, will my Melvil, from the public care,

25

Withdraw one moment, to the muses shrine?

Who smit with thy fair fame, industrious cull

An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,

And deck the hero, and the scholar's brow!

Wilt thou, whose mildness smooths the face of war,

30

Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twin'ft,

And mak'ft subjection loyal and sincere;

O wilt thou gracious hear the unartful strain,

Whose mild instructions teach, no trivial theme,

What

What care the jetty African requires?
 Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art
 Who deem'st nought foreign that belongs to man.

35

IN mind, and aptitude for useful toil,
 The negroes differ: muse that difference sing.

WHETHER to wield the hoe, or guide the plane;
 Or for domestic uses thou intend'st
 The sunny Libyan: from what clime they spring,
 It not imports; if strength and youth be theirs.

40

YET those from Congo's wide-extended plains,
 Through which the long Zaire winds with chrystal stream, 45
 Where lavish Nature sends indulgent forth
 Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous seeds
 Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
 The toilsome field; but boast a docile mind,
 And happiness of features. These, with care, 50
 Be taught each nice mechanic art: or train'd
 To household offices: their ductile souls
 Will all thy care, and all thy gold repay.

BUT, if the labours of the field demand

Thy

Thy chief attention; and the ambrosial cane
 Thou long'st to see, with spiry frequency, shade
 Many an acre: planter, chuse the slave,
 Who sails from barren climes; where art alone,
 Offspring of rude necessity, compells
 The sturdy native, or to plant the soil,
 Or stem vast rivers for his daily food. 60

SUCH are the children of the Golden Coast;
 Such the Papaws, of negroes far the best:
 And such the numerous tribes, that skirt the shore,
 From rapid Volta to the distant Rey. 65

BUT, planter, from what coast so'er they sail,
 Buy not the old: they ever sullen prove;
 With heart-felt anguish, they lament their home;
 They will not, cannot work; they never learn
 Thy native language; they are prone to ails; 70
 And oft by suicide their being end.—

MUST thou from Africk reinforce thy gang?—
 Let health and youth their every sinew firm;
 Clear roll their ample eye; their tongue be red;
 Broad swell their chest; their shoulders wide expand; 75
 Not

Not prominent their belly; clean and strong
 Their thighs and legs, in just proportion rise.
 Such soon will brave the fervours of the clime;
 And free from ails, that kill thy negroe-train,
 A useful servitude will long support.

80

YET, if thine own, thy childrens life, be dear;
 Buy not a Cormantee, tho' healthy, young.
 Of breed too generous for the servile field;
 They, born to freedom in their native land,
 Chuse death before dishonourable bonds:
 Or, fir'd with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
 Sudden they seize thine unsuspecting watch,
 And thine own poinard bury in thy breast.

85

AT home, the men, in many a sylvan realm,
 Their rank tobacco, charm of fauntering minds,
 From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
 For prey the forest; or, in war's dread ranks,
 Their country's foes affront: while, in the field,
 Their wives plant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
 Fell hunger to repel. Be these thy choice:
 They, hardy, with the labours of the Cane

90

95

Soon grow familiar; while unusual toil,
And new severities their husbands kill.

THE slaves from Minnah are of stubborn breed :
But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect ;
They soon perfection reach. But fly, with care,
The Moco-nation ; they themselves destroy.

100

WORMS lurk in all : yet, pronest they to worms,
Who from Mundingo sail. When therefore such
Thou buy'st, for sturdy and laborious they,
Straight let some learned leach strong medicines give,
Till food and climate both familiar grow.
Thus, tho' from rise to set, in Phœbus' eye,
They toil, unceasing ; yet, at night, they'll sleep,
Lap'd in Elysium ; and, each day, at dawn,
Spring from their couch, as blythfome as the sun.

105

110

ONE precept more, it much imports to know. —
The Blacks, who drink the Quanza's lucid stream,
Fed by ten thousand springs, are prone to bloat,
Whether at home or in these ocean-isles :
And tho' nice art the water may subdue,

115

Yet many die ; and few, for many a year,
Just strength attain to labour for their lord.

WOULD'ST thou secure thine Ethiop from those ails,
Which change of climate, change of waters breed, 120
And food unusual ? let Machaon draw
From each some blood, as age and sex require ;
And well with vervain, well with sempre-vive,
Unload their bowels. — These, in every hedge,
Spontaneous grow. — Nor will it not conduce 125
To give what chemists, in mysterious phrase,
Term the white eagle ; deadly foe to worms.
But chief do thou, my friend, with hearty food,
Yet easy of digestion, likest that
Which they at home regal'd on ; renovate 130
Their sea-worn appetites. Let gentle work,
Or rather playful exercise, amuse
The novel gang : and far be angry words ;
Far ponderous chains ; and far disheartning blows. —
From fruits restrain their eagerness ; yet if 135
The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,

VER. 137. *cherries,*] The tree which produces this wholesome fruit is tall, shady,
and of quick growth. Its Indian name is *Acajou* ; hence corruptly called *Cashew* by

Thrice wholesome fruit in this relaxing clime!

Safely thou may'st their appetite indulge.

Their arid skins will plump, their features shine :

140

No rheums, no dysenteric ails torment :

The thirsty hydrops flies. — 'Tis even averr'd,

(Ah, did experience sanctify the fact ;

How many Lybians now would dig the soil,

Who pine in hourly agonies away !)

145

This pleasing fruit, if turtle join its aid,

Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,

The loathsome leprosy's infectious bane.

THERE are, the muse hath oft abhorrent seen,

Who swallow dirt ; (so the chlorotic fair

150

the English. The fruit has no resemblance to a cherry, either in shape or size ; and bears, at its lower extremity, a nut (which the Spaniards name *Anacardo*, and physicians *Anacardium*) that resembles a large kidney-bean. Its kernel is as grateful as an almond, and more easy of digestion. Between its rhinds is contained a highly caustic oil ; which, being held to a candle, emits bright salient sparkles, in which the American fortune-tellers pretended they saw spirits who gave answers to whatever questions were put to them by their ignorant followers. This oil is used as a cosmetic by the ladies, to remove freckles and sun-burning ; but the pain they necessarily suffer makes its use not very frequent. This tree also produces a gum not inferior to Gum-Arabic ; and its bark is an approved astringent. The juice of the cherry stains exceedingly. The long citron, or amber-coloured, is the best. The cashew-nuts, when unripe, are of a green colour ; but, ripe, they assume that of a pale olive. This tree bears fruit but once a year.

Oft

Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates :)
 Such, dropfy bloats, and to sure death configns ;
 Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food,
 By soothing words, by menaces, by blows :
 Nor yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words, 155
 Perfect their cure ; unless thou, Pæan, deign'ft
 By medicine's power their cravings to subdue.

To easy labour first inure thy slaves ;
 Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search,
 Let them fit grassy provender collect 160
 For thy keen stomach'd herds. — But when the earth
 Hath made her annual progress round the sun,
 What time the conch or bell resounds, they may
 All to the Cane-ground, with thy gang, repair.

NOR, Negroe, at thy destiny repine, 165
 Tho' doom'd to toil from dawn to setting sun.
 How far more pleasant is thy rural task,
 Than theirs who sweat, sequester'd from the day,
 In dark tartarean caves, sunk far beneath

VER. 163, *the conch*] Plantations that have no bells, assemble their Negroes by founding a conch-shell.

The

The earth's dark surface; where sulphureous flames, 170
 Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild,
 To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep,
 And in dread ruin all its inmateswhelm? —
 Not fateful only is the bursting flame,
 The exhalations of the deep-dug mine, 175
 Tho' flow, shake from their wings as sure a death.
 With what intense severity of pain
 Hath the afflicted muse, in Scotia, seen
 The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead?
 What cramps, what palsies shake their feeble limbs, 180
 Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave,
 Trace silver's fluent ore? Yet white men these!

How far more happy ye, than those poor slaves,
 Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
 Incas and emperors, long time enjoy'd 185
 Mild government, with every sweet of life,
 In blissful climates? See them dragg'd in chains,
 By proud insulting tyrants, to the mines
 Which once they call'd their own, and then despis'd!

VER. 181. *rocky Drave,*] A river in Hungary, on whose banks are found mines
 of quicksilver.

See,

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136

See, in the mineral bosom of their land,
How hard they toil! how soon their youthful limbs
Feel the decrepitude of age! how soon
Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon
Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame!
Yet scarce, even then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious God of day, of whom they beg,
With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!

190

195

With these compar'd, ye sons of Afric, say,
How far more happy is your lot? Bland health,
Of ardent eye, and limb robust, attends
Your custom'd labour; and, should sickness seize,
With what solicitude are ye not nurs'd! —
Ye Negroes, then, your pleasing task pursue;
And, by your toil, deserve your master's care.

200

205

When first your Blacks are novel to the hoe;
Study their humours: Some, soft-soothing words;
Some, presents; and some, menaces subdue;
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil.

210

YET,

. YET, planter, let humanity prevail. —
 Perhaps thy Negroe, in his native land,
 Possess large fertile plains, and slaves, and herds:
 Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
 The richest silks, from where the Indus rolls, 215
 His limbs invested in their gorgeous pleats:
 Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
 To struggle with adversity: Perhaps
 Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
 Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe: 220
 Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
 (On pleasurable scenes his mind intent)
 All as he wandered; from the neighbouring grove,
 Fell ambush dragg'd him to the hated main. —
 Were they even sold for crimes; ye polish'd, say! 225
 Ye, to whom Learning opens her amplest page!
 Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
 Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
 Ah pity, then, these uninstructed swains;
 And still let mercy soften the decrees 230
 Of rigid justice, with her lenient hand.

Oh, did the tender muse possess the power,
 Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse:

Twould

'Twould be the fond ambition of her soul,
 To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains 235
 Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
 Of every colour and of every clime,
 Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
 Then laws, Oppression's scourge, fair Virtue's prop,
 Offspring of Wisdom! should impartial reign, 240
 To knit the whole in well-accorded strife:
 Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
 The Blacks should cultivate the Cane-land isles.

SAY, shall the muse the various ills recount,
 Which Negroe-nations feel? Shall she describe 245
 The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,
 All as they bathe them in their native streams?
 There, with fell increment, it soon attains
 A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill,
 And proper circumspection are employed, 250
 It may be won its volumes to wind round
 A leaden cylinder: But, O, beware,
 No rashness practise; else 'twill surely snap,
 And suddenly, retreating, dire produce
 An annual lameness to the tortured Moor. 255

NOR only is the dragon worm to dread :

Fell, winged insects, which the visual ray
 Scarcely discerns, their sable feet and hands
 Oft penetrate ; and, in the fleshy nest,
 Myriads of young produce ; which soon destroy
 The parts they breed in ; if assiduous care,
 With art, extract not the prolific foe.

260

OR, shall she sing, and not debase her lay,
 The pest peculiar to the Æthiop-kind,
 The yaw's infectious bane ? — The infected far
 In huts, to leeward, lodge ; or near the main.
 With heartning food, with turtle, and with conchs ;
 The flowers of sulphur, and hard niccarts burnt,

265

VER. 257. *winged insects*] These, by the English, are called *Chigoes* or *Chigres*. They chiefly perforate the toes, and sometimes the fingers ; occasioning an itching, which some people think not unpleasing, and are at pains to get, by going to the copper-holes, or milk-round, where *chigres* most abound. They lay their nits in a bag, about the size of a small pea, and are partly contained therein themselves. This the Negroes extract without burring, by means of a needle, and filling up the place with a little snuff ; it soon heals, if the person has a good constitution. One species of them is supposed to be poisonous ; but, I believe, unjustly. When they bury themselves near a tendon, especially if the person is in a bad habit of body, they occasion troublesome sores. The South-Americans call them *Miguas*.

VER. 268. *niccarts*] The botanical name of this medicinal shrub is *Guilandina*. The fruit resembles marbles, though not so round. Their shell is hard and smooth, and contains a farinaceous nut, of admirable use in seminal ~~weakness~~. They are also given to throw out the yaws.

The

The lurking evil from the blood expel,
 And throw it on the surface: There in spots 270

Which cause no pain, and scanty ichor yield,
 It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
 A virulent contagion! — When no more
 Round knobby spots deform, but the disease
 Seems at a pause: then let the learned leach 275

Give, in due dose, live-silver from the mine;
 Till copious spitting the whole taint exhaust. —
 Nor thou repine, tho' half-way round the sun,
 This globe, her annual progress shall absolve;
 Ere, clear'd, thy slave from all infection shine. 280

Nor then be confident; successive crops
 Of defecations oft will spot the skin:
 These thou, with turpentine and guaiac pods,
 Reduc'd by coction to a wholesome draught,
 Total remove, and give the blood its balm. 285

SAY, as this malady but once infects
 The sons of Guinea, might not skill ingraft
 (Thus, the small-pox are happily convey'd;)
 This ailment early to thy Negroe-train?

YET, of the ills which torture Libya's sons, 290
 Worms tyrannize the worst. They, Proteus-like,
 Each symptom of each malady assume;
 And, under every mask, the assassins kill.
 Now, in the guise of horrid spasms, they writhe
 The tortured body, and all sense o'er-power. 295
 Sometimes, like Mania, with her head downcast,
 They cause the wretch in solitude to pine,
 Or frantic, bursting from the strongest chains,
 To frown with look terrific, not his own.
 Sometimes like Ague, with a shivering mien, 300
 The teeth gnash fearful, and the blood runs chill:
 Anon the ferment maddens in the veins,
 And a false vigour animates the frame.
 Again, the dropy's bloated mask they steal;
 Or, "melt with minings of the hectic fire." 305

SAY, to such various mimic forms of death;
 What remedies shall puzzled art oppose?—
 Thanks to the Almighty, in each path-way hedge,
 Rank cow-itch grows, whose sharp unnumber'd stings,
 Sheath'd in Melasses, from their dens expell, 310
 Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.—

VER. 309. *Cow-itch*] See notes in Book II.

A powerful vermifuge, in skilful hands,
 The worm-grafs proves; yet, even in hands of skill,
 Sudden, I've known it dim the vifual ray
 For a whole day and night. There are who use 315
 (And fage Experience juftifies the ufe)
 The mineral product of the Cornifh mine;
 Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoyed,
 The polifh'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
 In their fwift fhips convey'd to foreign realms: 320
 The fun by day, by night the northern ftar,
 Their courfe conducted,—Mighty commerce, hail!
 By thee the fons of Attic's ftile land,
 A fcanty number, laws impos'd on Greece:
 Nor aw'd they Greece alone; vaft Afia's King, 325
 Tho' girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown

VER. 317. *The mineral product of the Cornifh mine*] Tin-filings are a better vermifuge than tin in powder. The western parts of Britain, and the neighbouring ifles, have been famous for this ufeul metal from the remoteft antiquity; for we find from Strabo, that the Phœnicians made frequent voyages to thofe parts (which they called *Caffiterides* from *Κασσιτερον* ftannum) in queft of that commodity, which turned out fo beneficial to them, that a pilot of that nation ftanded his vefTel, rather than fhew a Roman fhip, that watched him, the way to thofe mines. For this public fpirited action he was amply rewarded, fays that accurate writer, upon his return to his country. The Romans, however, foon made themfelves mafters of the fecret, and fhared with them in the profit of that merchandize.

Felt his heart wither on his farthest throne.
 Perennial source of population thou!
 While scanty peasants plough the flowery plains
 Of purple Enna; from the Belgian fens, 339
 What swarms of useful citizens spring up,
 Hatch'd by thy fostering wing. Ah where is flown
 That dauntless free-born spirit, which of old,
 Taught them to shake off the tyrannic yoke
 Of Spains insulting King; on whose wide realms, 335
 The sun still shone with undiminished beam?
 Parent of wealth! in vain, coy nature hoards
 Her gold and diamonds; toil, thy firm compeer,
 And industry of unremitting nerve,
 Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave, 340
 Plunge to the center, and thro' Nature's wiles,
 (Led on by skill of penetrative soul)
 Her following close, her secret treasures find,
 To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
 On thee Sylvanus, thee each rural god, 345
 On thee chief Ceres, with unfailling love
 And fond distinction, emulously gaze.
 In vain hath nature pour'd vast seas between
 Far-distant kingdoms; endless forms in vain

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With double night brood o'er them; thou dost throw, 350

O'er far-divided nature's realms, a chain

To bind in sweet society mankind.

By thee white Albion, once a barbarous clime,

Grew fam'd for arms, for wisdom, and for laws;

By thee she holds the balance of the world, 355

Acknowledg'd now sole empress of the main.

Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,

There may'st thou ever fix thy wandering steps;

While Eurus rules the wide atlantic foam!

By thee, thy favourite, great Columbus found 360

That world, where now thy praises I rehearse

To the refounding main and palmy shore;

And Lusitania's chiefs those realms explor'd,

Whence negroes spring, the subject of my song.

NOR pine the Blacks, alone, with real ills, 365

That baffle oft the wisest rules of art:

They likewise feel imaginary woes;

Woes no less deadly. Luckless he who owns

The slave, who thinks himself bewitch'd; and whom,

In wrath, a conjurer's snake-mark'd staff hath struck! 370

They

VER. 370. *snake-mark'd*] The negroe-conjurers, or Obia-men, as they are called, carry about them a staff, which is marked with frogs, snakes, &c. The blacks.

They mope, love silence, every friend avoid ;

They inly pine ; all aliment reject ;

Or insufficient for nutrition take :

Their features droop ; a sickly yellowish hue

Their skin deforms ; their strength and beauty fly.

375

Then comes the feverish fiend, with fiery eyes,

Whom drowth, convulsions, and whom death surround,

Fatal attendants ! if some subtle slave

(Such, Obia-men are stil'd) do not engage,

To save the wretch by antidote or spell.

380

IN magic spells, in Obia, all the fons

Of fable Africk trust :—Ye, sacred nine !

(For ye each hidden preparation know)

Transpierce the gloom, which ignorance and fraud

Have render'd awful ; tell the laughing world

385

Of what these wonder-working charms are made.

blacks imagine that its blow, if not mortal, will at least occasion long and troublesome disorders. A belief in magic is inseparable from human nature, but those nations are most addicted thereto, among whom learning, and of course, philosophy have least obtained. As in all other countries, so in Guinea, the conjurers, as they have more understanding, so are they almost always more wicked than the common herd of their deluded countrymen ; and as the negroe-magicians can do mischief, so they can also do good on a plantation, provided they are kept by the white people in proper subordination.

FERN

FERN root cut small, and tied with many a knot;
 Old teeth extracted from a white man's skull;
 A lizard's skeleton; a serpent's head:
 These mix'd with salt, and water from the spring, 390
 Are in a phial pour'd; o'er these the leach
 Mutters strange jargon, and wild circles forms.

Of this possess, each negroe deems himself
 Secure from poison; for to poison they
 Are infamously prone: and arm'd with this, 395
 Their fable country dæmons they defy,
 Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
 To work them mischief. This, diseases fly;
 Diseases follow: such its wonderous power!
 This o'er the threshold of their cottage hung, 400
 No thieves break in; or, if they dare to steal,
 Their feet in blotches, which admit no cure,
 Burst loathsome out: but should its owner filch,
 As slaves were ever of the pilfering kind,
 This from detection screens;—so conjurers swear. 405

'TILL morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
 His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell

Call forth thy negroes from their rusty couch :
 And ere the sun with mid-day fervour glow,
 When every broom-bush opens her yellow flower;
 Let thy black labourers from their toil desist :
 Nor till the broom her every petal lock,
 Let the loud bell recall them to the hop.
 But when the jalap her bright tint displays,
 When the solanum fills her cup with dew,
 And crickets, snakes, and lizards gain their coil ;
 Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd hats :
 Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil,
 (For even the best must sometimes use their gang)
 With double nutriment reward their pains.

VER. 410. *broom-bush*] This small plant, which grows in every pasture, may, with propriety, be termed an American elock; for it begins every forenoon at eleven to open its yellow flowers, which about one are fully expanded, and at two closed. The jalap, or marvel of Peru, unfolds its petals between five and six in the evening, which shut again as soon as night comes on, to open again in the cool of the morning. This plant is called four o'clock by the natives, and bears either a yellow or purple-coloured flower.

VER. 415. *solanum*] So some authors name the fire-weed, which grows every where, and is the *datura* of Linnæus; whose virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about sun-set.

HOWE'ER insensate some may deem their slaves,
 Nor 'bove the bestial rank; far other thoughts
 The muse, soft daughter of humanity!
 Will ever entertain.—The Ethiop knows,
 The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man; 425
 Nor grudges, should necessity compell,
 By day, by night, to labour for his lord.

NOT less inhuman, than unthrifty those;
 Who, half the year's rotation round the sun,
 Deny subsistence to their labouring slaves. 430
 But would'st thou see thy negroe-train encrease,
 Free from disorders; and thine acres clad
 With groves of sugar: every week dispense
 Or English beans, or Carolinian rice;
 Ierne's beef, or Pensilvanian flour; 435
 Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
 That howls tempestuous round the Scotian isles!

YET some there are so lazily inclin'd,
 And so neglectful of their food, that thou,
 Would'st thou preserve them from the jaws of death; 440
 Daily, their wholesome viands must prepare:

With these let all the young, and childless old,

And all the morbid share;—so heaven will bless,
With manifold encrease, thy costly care.

SUFFICE not this; to every slave assign 445
Some mountain-ground: or, if waste broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate, one day, each week;
And there raise yams, and there cassada's root:
From a good dæmon's staff, cassada sprang, 450
Tradition says, and Caribbees believe;
Which into three the white-rob'd genius broke,
And bade them plant, their hunger to repel.
There let angola's bloomy bush supply,
For many a year, with wholesome pulse their board. 455
There let the bonavist, his fringed pods

Throw

VER. 449. *cassada*] To an antient Carribean, bemoaning the savage uncomfortable life of his countrymen, a deity clad in white apparel appeared, and told him, he would have come sooner to have taught him the ways of civil life, had he been addressed before. He then showed him sharp-cutting stones to fell trees and build houses; and bade him cover them with the palm leaves. Then he broke his staff in three; which, being planted, soon after produced cassada. See Ogilvy's America.

VER. 454. *angola*] This is called *Pidgeon-pea*, and grows on a sturdy shrub, that will last for years. It is justly reckoned among the most wholesome legumens. The juice of the leaves, dropt into the eye, will remove incipient films. The botanic name is *Cytisus*.

VER. 456. *bonavist*] This is the Spanish name of a plant, which produces an excellent bean. It is a parasitical plant. There are five sorts of bonavist, the green, the white, the moon-shine,

Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears
Aloft his slimy pulp, and help disdains.

There let potatos mantle o'er the ground;
Sweet as the cane-juice is the root they bear.

460

There too let eddas spring in order meet,
With Indian cale, and foodful calaloo:
While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer herbs,
Shoot gladsome forth, nor reprobate the clime.

moon-shine, the small or common; and, lastly, the black and red. The flowers of all are white and papilionaceous; except the last, whose blossoms are purple. They commonly bear in six weeks. Their pulse is wholesome, though somewhat flatulent; especially those from the black and red. The pods are flattish, two or three inches long; and contain from three to five seeds in partitioned cells.

VER. 457. *Ochra*] Or *Ockra*. This shrub, which will last for years, produces a pot less agreeable, than wholesome pod. It bears all the year round. Being of a slimy and balsamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal aliment in dysenteric complaints. It is of the *Melva* species. It rises to about four or five feet high, bearing, on and near the summit, many yellow flowers; succeeded by green, conic, fleshy pods, channelled into several grooves. There are as many cells filled with small round seeds, as there are channels.

VER. 459. *potatos*] I cannot positively say, whether these vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their fructification, they differ from potatos at home, they probably are not European. They are sweet. There are four kinds, the red, the white, the long, and round: The juice of each may be made into a pleasant cool drink; and, being distilled, yield an excellent spirit.

VER. 461. *eddas*] See notes on Book I. The French call this plant *Yayove*. It produces eatable roots every four months, for one year only.

VER. 462. *Indian cale*] This green, which is a native of the New World, equals any of the greens in the Old.

VER. 462. *calaloo*] Another species of Indian pot-herb, no less wholesome than the preceding. These, with mezzamby, and the Jamaica prickle-weed, yield to no esculent plants in Europe. This is an Indian name.

THIS

THIS tract secure, with hedges or of limes, 465
 Or bushy citrons, or the shapely tree
 That glows at once with aromatic blooms,
 And golden fruit mature. To these be join'd,
 In comely neighbourhood, the cotton shrub;
 In this delicious clime the cotton bursts 470
 On rocky soils. — The coffee also plant;
 White as the skin of Albion's lovely fair,
 Are the thick snowy fragrant blooms it boasts:
 Nor wilt thou, cocô, thy rich pods refuse;
 Tho' years, and heat, and moisture they require, 475
 Ere the stone grind them to the food of health.
 Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various sorts,
 And that kind sheltering tree, thy mother nam'd,
 With crimson flowerets prodigally grac'd;
 In future times, the enraptur'd muse may sing: 480
 If public favour crown her present lay.

BUT let some antient, faithful slave erect
 His sheltered mansion near; and with his dog,
 His loaded gun, and cutlafs, guard the whole:
 Else negro-fugitives, who skulk 'mid rocks 485

VER. 466. *the shapely tree*] The orange tree.

VER. 478. *thy mother nam'd*] See Book I. p. 43.

And

6

And shrubby wilds, in bands will soon destroy
Thy labourer's honest wealth; their loss and yours.

Perhaps, of Indian gardens I could sing,
Beyond what bloom'd on blest Phœacia's isle,
Or eastern climes admir'd in days of yore: 490

How Europe's foodful, culinary plants;
How gay Pomona's ruby-tinctured births;
And gawdy Flora's various-vested train;
Might be instructed to unlearn their clime,
And by due discipline adopt the sun. 495

The muse might tell what culture will entice
The ripened melon, to perfume each month;
And with the anana load the fragrant board.

The muse might tell, what trees will best exclude
(" Insuperable height of airiest shade") 500

With their vast umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
Thee, verdant mammey, first, her song should praise:

Thee,

VER. 502. *mammey*] This is a lofty, shady, and beautiful tree. Its fruit is as large as the largest melon, and of an exquisite smell, greatly superior to it in point of taste. Within the fruit are contained one or two large stones, which when distilled, give to spirits a ratafia flavour, and therefore the French call them *Les apricots de St. Dominique*: accordingly, the *Peau des neiaux*, one of the best West-Indian cordials, is made from them. The fruit, eaten raw, is of an aperient quality; and made into sweet-meats,

&c.

Thee, the first natives of these Ocean-isles,
 Fell anthropophagi, still sacred held;
 And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abstain'd, 505
 With pious awe; for thine high-flavoured fruit,
 The airy phantoms of their friends deceas'd
 Joy'd to regale on. — Such their simple creed.
 The tamarind likewise should adorn her theme,
 With whose tart fruit the sweltering fever loves 510
 To quench his thirst, whose breezy umbrage soon
 Shades the pleas'd planter, shades his children long.
 Nor, lofty cassia, should she not recount
 Thy woodland honours! See, what yellow flowers
 Dance in the gale, and scent the ambient air; 515
 While thy long pods, full-fraught with nectared sweets,
 Relieve the bowels from their lagging load.
 Nor chirimoia, though these torrid isles
 Boast not thy fruit, to which the anana yields
 In taste and flavour, wilt thou coy refuse 520

Uc. is truly exquisite. This tree, contrary to most others in the New World, shoots up to a pyramidal figure: the leaves are uncommonly green; and it produces fruit, but once a year. The name is Indian. The English commonly call it *Mamsey-sapota*. There are two species of it, the sweet, and the tart. The botanical name is *Abras*.

VER. 509. *tamarind*] See Book I. p. 44.

VER. 513. *cassia*,] Both this tree and its mild purgative pulp are sufficiently known.

Thy

Thy fragrant shade to beautify the scene,
 But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian-groves,
 Thee, fair palmeto, should her song resound:
 What swelling columns, form'd by Jones or Wren,
 Or great Palladio, may with thee compare? 525
 Not nice-proportion'd, but of size immense,
 Swells the wild fig-tree, and should claim her lay:
 For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
 A filial train, stupendous as their fire,
 In quick succession; and, o'er many a rood, 530
 Extend their uncouth limbs; which not the bolt
 Of heaven can scathe; nor yet the all-wasting rage

VER. 523. *palmeto,*] This being the most beautiful of palms, nay, perhaps, superior to any other known tree in the world, has with propriety obtained the name of *Royal*. The botanical name is *Palma Maxima*. It will shoot up perpendicularly to an hundred feet and more. The stem is perfectly circular; only towards the root, and immediately under the branches at top, it bulges out. The bark is smooth, and of an ash-brown colour, except at the top where it is green. It grows very fast, and the seed from whence it springs is not bigger than an acorn. In this, as in all the palm-genus, what the natives call *Cabbage* is found; but it resembles in taste an almond, and is in fact the pith of the upper, or greenish part of the stem. But it would be the most unpardonable luxury to cut down so lovely a tree, for so mean a gratification; especially as the wild, or mountain cabbage tree, sufficiently supplies the table with that esculent. I never ride past the charming vista of royal palms on the Cayon-estate of Daniel Mathew, Esq; in St. Christopher, without being put in mind of the pillars of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. This tree grows on the tops of hills, as well as in valleys; its hard cortical part makes very durable laths for houses. There is a smaller species not quite so beautiful.

Of Typhon, or of hurricane, destroy.
 Nor should, tho' small, the anata not be sung:
 Thy purple dye, the silk and cotton fleece
 Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
 Of Northern-Ind, a ficter and wild fact,
 Carouse, assembled; and with it they paint
 Their manly make in many a horrid form,
 To add new terrors to the face of wad.
 The muse might teach to twine the verdant asch,
 And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn,
 With ponderous granadillas, and the fruit

VER. 534. *anata*,] Or *Anotto*, or *Arnotta*; thence corruptly called *Indian Otter*, by the English. The tree is about the size of an ordinary apple-tree. The French call it *Rocou*, and send the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpose the tree is cultivated by them in their islands. The flower is pentapetalous, of a bluish and spoon-like appearance. The yellow filaments are tipped with purplish apices. The style proves the rudiment of the succeeding pod, which is of a conic shape, an inch and a half long. This is divided into many cells, which contain a great number of small seeds, covered with a red farina.

VER. 543. *granadilla*] This is the Spanish name, and is a species of the *passiflora*, or passion-flower, called by Linnaeus, *Musa*. The seeds and pulp, through which the seeds are dispersed, are cooling, and grateful to the palate. This, as well as the water-lemon, bell-apple, or honey-suckle, as it is named, being parasitical plants, are easily formed into cooling arbors, than which nothing can be more grateful in warm climates. Both fruits are wholesome. The granadilla is commonly eat with sugar, on account of its tartness, and yet the pulp is viscid. Plumier calls it *Granadilla, latifolia, fructu maliferum*. It grows best in shady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

Call'd

Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taste :
 Nor should she not pursue the mountain-streams, 545
 But pleas'd decoy them from their shady haunts,
 In rills, to visit every tree and herb;
 Or fall o'er fern-clad cliffs, with foaming rage;
 Or in huge basons float, a fair expanse;
 Or, bound in chains of artificial force, 550
 Arise thro' sculptured stone, or breathing brass. —
 But I'm in haste to furl my wind-worn sails,
 And anchor my tir'd vessel on the shore.

It much imports to build thy Negroe-huts,
 Or on the founding margin of the main, 555
 Or on some dry hill's gently-sloping sides,
 In streets, at distance due. — When near the beach,
 Let frequent coco cast its wavy shade;
 'Tis Neptune's tree; and, nourish'd by the spray,
 Soon round the bending stem's aerial height, 560
 Clusters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
 Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the sky.
 There let the bay-grape, too, its crooked limbs

Project

VER. 563. *bay-grape*] Or sea-side grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and shady tree, (the leaves being broad, thick, and almost circular;)

Project enormous; of impurpled hue
 Its frequent clusters glow. And there, if thou 565
 Would'st make the sand yield salutary food,
 Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
 Like arm'd battalions in array of war,
 But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
 A wholesome nutriment bananas yield, 570
 And sun-burnt labour loves its breezy shade.
 Their graceful screen let kindred plantanes join,
 And with their broad vans shiver in the breeze,
 So flames design'd, or by imprudence caught,
 Shall spread no ruin to the neighbouring roof. 575

YET nor the sounding margin of the main,

circular;) and succeeds best in sandy places. It bears large clusters of grapes once a year; which, when ripe, are not disagreeable. The stones, seeds, or *asini*, contained in them, are large in proportion; and, being reduced to a powder, are an excellent astringent. The bark of the tree has the same property. The grapes, steeped in water and fermented with sugar, make an agreeable wine.

VER. 567. *Indian millet*]. Or *maize*. This is commonly called *Guinea-corn*, to distinguish it from the great or Indian-corn, that grows in the southern parts of North-America. It soon shoots up to a great height, often twenty feet high, and will ratoon like the other; but its blades are not so nourishing to horses as those of the great corn, although its seeds are more so, and rather more agreeable to the taste. The Indians, Negroes, and poor white people, make many (not unfavoury) dishes with them. It is also called *Turkey wheat*. The turpentine tree will also grow in the sand, and is most useful upon a plantation.

Nor

Nor gently sloping side of breezy hill,
 Nor streets, at distance due, imbower'd in trees;
 Will half the health, or half the pleasure yield,
 Unless some pitying naiad deign to lave, 580
 With an unceasing stream, thy thirsty bounds.

ON festal days; or when their work is done;
 Permit thy slaves to lead the choral dance,
 To the wild banshaw's melancholy sound.
 Responsive to the sound, head feet and frame 585
 Move awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
 Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
 And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.
 Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
 While those distinguish'd for their heels and air, 590
 Bound in the center, and fantastic twine.
 Meanwhile some stripling, from the choral ring,
 Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, bestows
 On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
 And whose flush'd beauties have intrall'd his soul, 595
 A silver token of his fond applause.

VER. 584. *banshaw*] This is a sort of rude guitar, invented by the Negroes.
 It produces a wild pleasing melancholy sound.

Anon they form in ranks; nor ineffect
 A thousand tuneful intricacies weave,
 Shaking their sable limbs; and oft a kiss
 Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd, 600
 And semblant scorn, resent the ravish'd bliss.
 But let not thou the drum their mirth inspire;
 Nor vinous spirits: else, to madness fir'd,
 (What will not bacchanalian frenzy dare?)
 Fell acts of blood, and vengeance they pursue. 605

COMPEL by threats, or win by soothing arts,
 Thy slaves to wed their fellow slaves at home;
 So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy,
 By distant journeys, at untimely hours,
 When muffled midnight decks her raven-hair 610
 With the white plumage of the prickly vine.

WOULD'ST thou from countless ails preserve thy gang;

VER. 611. *prickly vine*] This beautiful white rosaceous flower is as large as the
 crown of one's hat, and only blows at midnight. The plant, which is prickly
 and attaches itself firmly to the sides of houses, trees, &c. produces a fruit,
 which some call *Wytbe Apple*, and others with more propriety, *Mountain-strawberry*.
 But though it resembles the large Chili-strawberry in looks and size; yet being ineleg-
 ant of taste, it is seldom eaten. The botanical name is *Cereus scandens miagr.*
 The rind of the fruit is here and there studded with tufts of small sharp prickles.

To every Negroe, as the candle-weed
 Expands his blossoms to the cloudy sky,
 And moist Aquarius melts in daily showers; 615
 A woolly vestment give, (this Wiltshire weaves)
 Warm to repel chill Night's unwholesome dews:
 While strong coarse linen, from the Scotian loom,
 Wards off the fervours of the burning day.

THE truly great, tho' from a hostile clime, 620
 The sacred Nine embalm; then, Muses, chant,
 In grateful numbers, Gallic Lewis' praise:
 For private murder quell'd; for laurel'd arts,
 Invented, cherish'd in his native realm;
 For rapine punish'd; for grim famine fed; 625
 For sly chicane expell'd the wrangling bar;
 And rightful Themis seated on her throne:
 But, chief, for those mild laws his wisdom fram'd,
 To guard the Æthiop from tyrannic sway!

DID such, in these green isles which Albion claims, 630
 Did such obtain; the muse, at midnight-hour,

VER. 613. *candle-weed*] This shrub, which produces a yellow flower somewhat resembling a narcissus, makes a beautiful hedge, and blows about November. It grows wild every where. It is said to be diuretic, but this I do not know from experience.

This

This last brain-racking study had not ply'd :
 But, sunk in slumbers of immortal bliss,
 To bards had listned on a fancied Thames !

ALL hail, old father Thames ! tho' not from far 635
 Thy springing waters roll ; nor countless streams,
 Of name conspicuous, swell thy watery store ;
 Tho' thou, no Plata, to the sea devolve
 Vast humid offerings ; thou art king of streams :
 Delighted Commerce broods upon thy wave ; 640
 And every quarter of this sea-girt globe
 To thee due tribute pays ; but chief the world
 By great Columbus found, where now the muse
 Beholds, transported, flow vast fleecy clouds,
 Alps pil'd on Alps romantically high, 645
 Which charm the sight with many a pleasing form.
 The moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole,
 And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon Cane-crown'd vale,
 With fluent silver ; while unnumbered stars
 Gild the vast concave with their lively beams. 650
 The main, a moving burnish'd mirror, shines ;
 No noise is heard, save when the distant surge
 With drouzy murmurings breaks upon the shore ! —

VER. 638. *no Plata,*] One of the largest rivers of South America.

AH

AH me, what thunders roll! the sky's on fire!
 Now sudden darkness muffles up the pole!
 Heavens! what wild scenes, before the affrighted sense,
 Imperfect swim! — See! in that flaming scroll, 655
 Which Time unfolds, the future germs bud forth,
 Of mighty empires! independent realms! —
 And must Britannia, Neptune's favourite queen,
 Protectress of true science, freedom, arts;
 Must she, ah! must she, to her offspring crouch? 660
 Ah, must my Thames, old Ocean's favourite son,
 Resign his trident to barbaric streams;
 His banks neglected, and his waves unsought,
 No bards to sing them, and no fleets to grace? —
 Again the fleecy clouds amuse the eye, 665
 And sparkling stars the vast horizon gild —
 She shall not crouch; if Wisdom guide the helm,
 Wisdom that bade loud Fame, with justest praise,
 Record her triumphs! bade the lacquaying winds
 Transport, to every quarter of the globe, 670
 Her winged navies! bade the scepter'd sons
 Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence! —
 She shall not crouch; if these Cane ocean-isles,
 Isles which on Britain for their all depend,

And must for ever, still indulgent share 675

Her fostering smile: and other isles be given,

From vanquish'd foes. — And, see, another race!

A golden æra dazzles my fond sight!

That other race, that long'd for æra, hail!

THE BRITISH GEORGE NOW REIGNS, THE PATRIOT KING! 680

BRITAIN SHALL EVER TRIUMPH O'ER THE MAIN.

The END of BOOK IV.

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E R R A T A.

Page 5, in note, for *lesser* read *less*.

Page 14, line 128, for *elay* read *clay*.

Page 19, line 2, dele *comma* after *harvests*.

Page 43, note on ver. 606, for *eighty* read *one hundred and fifty*.

Page 61, line 129, for *eoily* read *coily*.

Page 81, line 500, for *sky* read *air*.

Page 81, for lines 505 and 506, read

The fring'd urtica spreads her purple form

To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves:

Ibid. in the notes, for *nautilus* read *urtica*.

Page 100, line 252, for *thro'* read *through*.

Page 102, line 285, the same.

Page 110, line 425, for *weighed* read *weigh'd*.

Page 128, line 58, for *art* read *want*.

Page 132, in note, for *rhinds* read *rinds*.

Page 141, in note, for *Κασσι τερον* read *Κασσιλερον*.