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## SUGAR-CANE:

A

# POEM.

IN

FOUR BOOKS:

WITH NOTES.

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Agredior primufque novis Helicona movere Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice fylvas ; Hofpita facra ferens, nulli memorata priorum.

MANIL.

epronononononononononononononono

By JAMES GRAINGER, M.D. &c.

# CALALANS ARCHESTANCE

LONDON:

Printed, and fold by the Bookfellers.

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### PREFACE.

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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 confideration; 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, fay I have fatisfied 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 re-

A 3 fult

fult of Experience, not the productions of Fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to pleafe, 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.

In 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 my good fortune chiefly to reside since I came to the West-Indies.

I HAVE often been aftonished, that so little has been published on the cultivation of the Sugar-cane, while the press has groaned under solios on every other branch of rural economy. It were unjust to suppose planters were not solicitous for the improvement

provement of their art, and injurious to affert 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 plantership 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 aukward 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 fequor, O Graiæ gentis decus, inque veftris nunc

Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis; Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem, Quod vos imitari aveo.——

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 pleafure 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 I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of fuch 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.



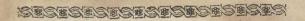


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### THE

## SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK I.



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### ARGUMENT.

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 foil mixed with clay and gravel. Praife of Barbadoes. Nevis, and Mountferrat. Composts may improve other foils. Advantages and difadvantages 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 diftant Cane-pieces. Whether yams improve the foil. Whether dung should be buried in each hole, or scattered over the piece. Cane-lands may be holed 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 figns. The figns 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 fubsequent 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 inclofures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blaft. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of stripping.



#### THE

### SUGAR-CANE.

#### BOOK I.

\*\* \*\* \*\* \*\* HAT foil the Cane affects; what care demands; Beneath what figns to plant; what ills await;

How the hot nectar best to chrystallize; And Afric's sable progeny to treat: A Muse, that long hath wander'd in the groves 5 Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to sing.

Spirit of Inspiration, that did'st lead
Th' Ascrean Poet to the facred Mount,
And taught'st him all the precepts of the swain,
Descend from Heav'n, and guide my trembling
steps

В

To Fame's eternal Dome, where Maro reigns; Where pastoral Dyer, where Pomona's Bard, And Smart and Sommerville, in varying strains, Their sylvan lore convey: O may I join This choral band, and from their precepts learn 15 To deck my theme, which though to fong 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-E'ER

Ver 22. the spiry Cane, The botanic name of the Cane is Saecharum. 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 sert, ser 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 σαλχάρι. 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 inebriated spirit was prepared therestrom by sermentation. This conjecture is confirmed by the etymology, for the Arabic word is evidently derived from the Hebrew which signifies an "intoxicating liquor." When the Indians began to make the Cane-juice into sugar, I cannot discover:

WHERE-E'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 fee huge casks, in order due,

Roll'd

cover: probably, it foon found its way into Europe in that form, first by the Red-sea, and afterwards through Persia, by the Blackfea and Caspian; but the plant itself was not known to Europe, till the Arabians introduced it into the fouthern parts of Spain, Sicily, and those provinces of France which border on the Pyrenean mountains. It was also successfully cultivated in Egypt, and in many places on the Barbary-coast. From the Mediterranean, the Spa-niards and Portuguese transported the Cane to the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canary and Cape-Verd islands, soon after they had been discovered in the sisteenth century: And, in most of these, particularly Madeira, it throve exceedingly. Whether the Cane is a native of either the Great or Less 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 hinderance to physical investigation. But whether the Cane was a production of the West-indies or not, it is probable, the Spaniards and Portugue e 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 sugarworks 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 acucar," for so the Spaniards call a Sugar-work. But, though they began thus carly to turn their thoughts to fugar, the Portuguese far out-stripped them in that trade; for Lilbon soon supplied most of Europe with that commodity; and, notwithstanding the English then paid the Portuguele at the rate of 41. 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 fold 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 foon after suffered a manifest

B 2 decay,

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

Nor

30

decay, However, their fugar-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 Portuguele 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 infrired the English with a desire of coming in for a share of the sugar-trade; accordingly they, renouncing their chimerical fearch after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, fettled themselves foon after at the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the Cane with inch uccess, 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 flaves, and employed, one year with another, 15,000 ton of flipping. This ceffion was a fevere blow to the English-trade, which it did not recover for feveral 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 confideration 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 pleafing: 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 Cana-juice being brought to the confiftence of fyrup, and by subsequent coc.ion, granulated, is then called Muscovado (a Spanish word probably, though not to be found in Pineda) vulgarly brown fugar; the French term it " fucre bru:."

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 succeds in any

Nor let his nectar, nor his filken pods, 35 The fweet-finell'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 fovereign

foil, and produces a flour 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 losty tree. It is of quick growth and handsome, and produces a fruit not disagreeable, 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 "Siliqua edulis."

Ver. 36. or vaft ceiba fave.] Canoes have been fcooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once theitered by its shades. 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 Cciba." It has been wrought into stockings; but its commonest use is to stuff pillows and mattraffes. 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 Fornager. There are two species; the stem of the one being prickly, and that of the other imooth.

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 most delicate, but the second fort 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 stavour, which is peculiarly strong. This, however, goes off by use, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acosta says the Peruvian guavas surpass those of any other part of America.

B 3

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A fovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum, To cause the lame his useless crutch forego, And dry the sources of corrupted love. Nor let thy bright impatient slames destroy The golden shaddoc, the forbidden fruit, The white acajou, and rich sabbaca:

45 For,

40

The bark of the tree is an aftringent, 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 pock-wood-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.

Ver. 44. The golden shaddoc.] This is the largest and finest 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 four, and the bitter; the juice of all of them is wholesome, and the rind medical. In slavour and wholesomeness, the sweet shaddoc excels the other two, and indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, and it scarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

Ver. 45. fabbaca: This is the Indian name of the avocato, avocado, avigato, or, as the English corruptly call it, alligatorpear. 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 fightly tree, of two species; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the most delicate, and the other a red, which is less efteemed, and grows chiesly in Mexico. When ripe, the skin peels cashly 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 style it Vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the fize 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

For, where these trees their leafy banners raise Alost 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:

In this the soul of vegetation wakes, Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burst on day.

THRICE happy he, to whom fuch fields are given!
For him the Cane with little labour grows;
'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 foil!-- 60 Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan,

Knit

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 Perfea.

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 a silver sea,

lies in feventeenth 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 Christianname. 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

Knit with the Graces, tun'd his fylvan pipe, While mute Attention hush'd each charmed rill;

Not

be this as it will, the Spaniards foon after fettled 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 fituation. By Templeman's Survey, it contains eighty square miles, and is about seventy miles in circumference. is of an irregular oblong figure, and has a chain of mountains, that run South and North almost from one end to the other, formerly covered with wood, but now the Cane-plantations reach nearly to their fummits, and extend all the way, down their eafy declining fides, to the fea. From thefe mountains some rivers take their rife, 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 up-lands supply that deficiency; and, when the mountain canes are lodged (or become watery from too much rain) those in the plains yield surprisingly. Nor are the plantations here only scasonable, their Sugar sells for more than the Sugar of any other of his Majefty's islands; as their produce cannot be refined to the best advantage, without a mixture of St. Kitt's muscovado. In the barren part of the island, which runs out towards Nevis, are several ponds, which in dry weather chrystallize into good falt; 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 Englishfertlers received a confiderable reinforcement from their mother-country; and the chiefs of both nations, being men of found 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 fugar-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 ; Not purple Enna, whose irriguous lap,

Strow'd with each fruit of taste, each flower of fmell,

65

Sicilian Proferpine, delighted, fought;

Can vie, blest Isle, with thee.—Tho' no fost found

Of pastoral stop thine echoes e'er awak'd;

Nor raptured poet, lost in holy trance,
Thy Streams arrested with enchanting song:
Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she

Whom Pluto ravish'd, and more chaste, are thine: Yet probity, from principle, not fear,

circumstances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be spectators of their thriving condition, did reponess 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 wife 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 affifted by their countrymen from the neighbouring ifles, and iupported by a formidable fleet, soon recovered, not only their loft 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 Hiscaniola, returned to St. Christopher: But the war of the partition foon 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 heighth of perfection. The Indian name of St. Christopher is Liamuiga, or the Fertile Island.

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.—Sloane.

Actuates thy fons, bold, hospitable, free:
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes deny'd, 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 same should float familiar thro' the world; 80
Each plant should own thy Cane her lawful lord;
Nor should old Time, song stops the slight of Time,
Obscure thy lustre with his shadowy wing.

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

SUCH the glad foil, from whence Jamaica's fons
Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,

"The pride, the glory of the fea-girt ifles,

"Which, like to rich and various gems, inlay

"The unadorned bosom of the deep,"

Which first Columbus' daring keel explor'd.

DAUGHTERS of Heaven, with reverential awe, Pause at that god-like name; for not your flights 95 Of happiest fancy, can outsoar his same.

COLUMBUS, boast of science, boast of man! Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wise, Long held a visionary; who, like thee,

Could

Could brook their fcorn; wait feven long years at court,

A felfish, 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.

And where the magnet first its aid declin'd;

Alone,

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 diftinguished 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 no where mentioned; but, had their industry been equal to their opportunity, their improvements would have been considerable; for they continued in the undisturbed possession of it ill 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, though that capital, and the fort, (which they also took) were desended by four times their number of Spaniards.

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,

And hell-born Avarice, his arms difgrac'd.
Yet, for a world, difcover'd and fubdu'd,
What meed had'ft thou? With toil, difease,
worn out,

Thine age was fpent folliciting the Prince,
To whom thou gav'ft the fceptre of that world 120
Yet, bleffed fpirit, where inthron'd thou fit'ft,
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

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 Governor thereof, in which honourable employment he continued till the year 1699.

Are plenteous fcatter'd o'er the Sugar-isles: But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,

Ver. 132. the bearded Fig,] This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the "Bannion-tree;" and by the botanifts "Ficus Indica," or "Bengalienfis," 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 of 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 fettled there but only made use of it as a stock-island in their voyages from South-America, and the Islands; accordingly we are told, when the English first landed there, which was about the end of the fixteenth 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 Carlifle, that nobleman agreeing to pay the Earl of Marlborough, and his heirs, a perpetual annuity of 300 l. per annum, for 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 fuccess, to cotton, indigo, and ginger. At last, some cavaliers of good fortune [A. D. 1647] probably from Brazil, in ten years time the illand was peopled with upwards of 30,000 Whites, and twice that number of Negroes, and fent yearly very confiderable quantities of fugar to the mother-country. At the Reftoration, King Charles II. bought off the claim of the Carlifle-family; and, in confideration of its then becoming a royal instead of a proprietary government, the planters gave the Crown 4 and 1-2 per cent. on their fugars; 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

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

135
Change, like Medusa's head, whate'er they touch.

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

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 sigure, 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, 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 fouth-west of Antigua, is not less famous for folfaterre (or volcano), and hot petrifying spring, than for the goodness of its sugars. Being almost circular in its 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's and Q. Anne's time, they were always repulfed with confiderable lofs. It was fettled by that great adventurer Sir Thomas Warner, A. D. 1632, who fent 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 Carribbee Islands. Its capital is called Plymouth. Columbus discovered it in his second voyage.

THO' fuch the foils the Antillean Cane Supremely loves; yet other foils abound, Which art may tutor to obtain its fmile. 140 Say, shall the experienc'd Muse that art recite? How fand 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, fo noifome to the fmell, May be folicited, by wily ways, To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run Down the reviving flopes? Or fhall she fay What glebes ungrateful to each other art, Their genial treasures ope to fire alone? Record the different composts; which the cold To plastic gladness warm? The torrid, which By foothing coolness win? The sharp saline, Which best subdue? Which mollify the four?

To thee, if Fate low level land affign,
Slightly cohering, and of fable hue,
Far from the hill; be parfimony thine.
For tho' this year when conftant 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.

OR, if the mountain be thy happier lot, Let prudent forefight still thy coffers guard.

For

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 Mow down thy fugars: 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 fhouts,

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

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-line the French join ashes as a temper, and this mixture they call Enyvrage. It is hoped the Reader will pardon the introduction of the verb Saccharize, as no other so empracically expressed the Author's meaning; for some chemists define sugar to be a native salt, and others a soap.

For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
Will journey, forc'd off by the mining rain;
And, with its faithless burthen, disarrange
Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old, 190
As sung thy bard, Pomona, (in these issess
Yet unador'd;) with all its spreading trees,
Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty site.

Bur, 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.

PLANTER, if thou with wonder wouldst furvey Redundant harvests load thy willing soil;
Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
And old fat dung co-operate with these.

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 richeft 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 stag, should discipline relent,

Ver. 206. And Liamuiga] The Caribbean name of St. Christopher.

'Spite of the native courage of her fons,
Would to the lily strike: ah, very far,
Far be that woeful day: the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with resistless sway;
And to old Gallia's haughty shore transport
The lessening crops of these delicious isles.

Or composts shall the Muse descend to sing,
Nor soil her heavenly plumes? The facred Muse
Nought fordid 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 asham'd to tread
Thy dung-heaps, where the resuse of thy mills,
With all the ashes, all thy coppers yield,
225
With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost

Of force to fertilize the poorest foil.

form.

But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote
And of access are difficult; on these,
Leave the Cane's sapless foilage; and with pens 230
Wattled, (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-sed stock will soon that food repay. 235

215

Some of the skilful teach, and some deny, That yams improve the foil. In meagre lands, 'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigness swell: And from each mould the vegetable tribes, However frugal, nutriment derive: Yet may their sheltering vines, their dropping leaves.

Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe, More than refund the fustenance 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 falts; 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 folar blaze: Lefs rain demand; and, by repeated crops, Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will show.

Ver. 237. That yams improve the foil.] The botanical name of this plant is Diofcoria. Its leaves, like those of the watermelon, or gourd, foon mantle over the ground where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is a wholesome root, either boiled or roafted. They will sometimes weigh one and a half, or two pounds, but their common 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 Guines. West-Indies, and of most parts of Guinea.

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,

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

YET, should the site of thine estate permit, Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate; So shall a greener, lostier Cane arise, And richest nestar in thy coppers soam.

265

As art transforms the favage face of things,
And order captivates the harmonious mind;
Let not thy Blacks irregularly hoe:
But, aided by the line, confult the fite
Of thy demesnes; and beautify the whole.
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

Ver. 260. gemmy tops;] The funmit 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 desciencies must be supplied with new tops.

Their order'd station: Soon the tented field 275 Brigade and squadron, whiten on the fight; And fill spectators with an aweful 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'ft not fay.—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 fay, ye fwains, 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;

The cultur'd land recals 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,
With best advantage to the well-dug mould.
The task how difficult, to cull the best

Tho' neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?

Ver. 290. By Ceres' fon,] Jethro Tull, Esq; the greatest improver in modern husbandry.

What

From thwarting fentiments; and best adorn

### 24 THE SUGAR-CANE. Book I.

What Wisdom chuses, in poetic garb!
Yet, Inspiration, come: the theme unsung, 300
Whence never poet crop'd 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 fon of Time and Truth de-

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 lostiest numbers; friendly to thy swains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks 315
Portend th' approaching shower, in these hot climes.

SHORT fudden rains, from Ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by fome momentary fqualls, will oft
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, down-fall;
While yet the Sun, in cloudless luftre 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 sleeting spirits stay. Yet not even these,

Nor

Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
The infidious tyrant death, thrice tyrant here:
Elfe good Amyntor, him the graces lov'd,
Wisdom carefs'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 foretel: Mosquitos, sand-slies, seek the shelter'd roof, And with fell rage the stranger-guest assail, 335 Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats

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, mossift, 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.

Ver. 334. fand-files.] This infect the Spaniards call Mosquitilla, being much smaller than the Mosquito. Its bite is like a spark of fire, falling on the skin, which it railes into a small tumour accompanied with itching. But if the sandy-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.

Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad: These, without pity, let thy slaves destroy; (Like Harpies, they defile whate'er they touch While those, the smother of combustion quells. 340 The speckled lizard to its hole retreats, And black crabs travel from the mountain down;

They

Ver. 337. Cockroaches crawl] This is a large species of the chafer, or Scaribæus, and is a most disagreeable as well as deftructive insect. There is scarce any thing which it will not devour, and where-ever 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 crevise, &c. into cabi-nets, 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 it makes, more especially in the night, is called the Drummer. Though larger, it is neither of fo burnished a colour, nor so quick in its motion as the common fort, than which it is also less frequent, and not so pernicious; yet both nibble peoples toe-ends, especially if not well washed, and have sometimes occasioned uneasy fores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them Ravets.

Ver. 341. the speckled lizard] This is meant of the groundlizard, 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 of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans used to eat them; they are not inferior to fnakes as a medicated food. Snuff forced into their mouth foon convulses them. They change colour, and become torpid; but, in a few hours, recover. The guana, or rather Iguana, is the largest fort of lizard. This, when irritated, will say at one. It lives mostly upon fruit. It has a faw-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 fometimes will occasion a most violent ChoThy 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 fadness, 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,

Save those who open with the reals to

Save those who open with the ready hoe
The enriching water-course: for, see, the drops,
Which fell with slight aspersion, now descend
In streams continuous on the laughing land.
The coyest Naïads quit their rocky caves,
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,

lera morbus, (owing, fay planters, to their feeding on the mahoeberry) they should never be dressed till they have sed 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 posson. This however is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its stead, the petrifaction called a Crab's-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.

With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the fea: 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 sugacious Memory now recals; And Fancy prunes her wings for lostiest slights. 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

Bur chief, let fix'd Attention cast his eye
On the capt mountain, whose high rocky verge
The wild sig 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,
Wond'rous 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,
385
(Soft airs and Phæbus wing them to their arms)

(Soft airs and Phœbus 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

To bathe by night thy fprouts in genial balm;
The green-stol'd Naiad of the tinkling rill,
Whose brow the fern-tree shades; the power of
rain

To glad the thirsty soil on which, arrang'd,
The gemmy summits of the Cane await
Thy Negroe-train, (in linen lightly wrapt,)
Who now that painted Iris girds the sky.
(Aerial arch, which fancy loves to stride!)
Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed 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;
And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught cask. 406
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 sire;
Some, gold, and brass, and steel together sus'd 410
In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,

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 sences for cattle.

In

In equal measures lifting their bare arms, Inform the mass; and hissing in the wave, Temper the glowing orb: their sire beholds, Amaz'd, the wonders of his susile 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,
Thy ripened marrow liberally bestow'st;
Begin the distant mountain-land to plant:
So shall thy Canes defy November's cold,
Ungenial to the upland young; so best,
Unstinted by the arrow's deadening power,
Long yellow joints shall slow 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 most Aquarius melt in daily showers, Friend to the Cane-isles; trust not thou thy tops,

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 bravo, hedges are made in South-America. It produces an inferior fort of truit.

### Book I. THE SUGAR-CANE.

Thy future riches, to the low-land plain:
And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
Shed genial influence; as the earth revolves
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,
The seasons vary; yet attention soon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once observed; at such a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint, (important age,
Like youth just stepping into life) the clouds
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 filvery urn;
Ere thy tops, trufted to the mountain-land, 455
Commence their jointing: but four moons fuffice
To bring to puberty the low-land Cane.

In plants, in beafts, in man's imperial race, An alien mixture meliorates the breed; Hence Canes, that fickened dwarfish on the plain, Will shoot with giant-vigour on the hill.

Thus

31

Thus all depends on all; fo God ordains. Then let not man, for little felfish ends, (Britain, remember this important truth;) Presume the principle to counterast Of universal love; for God is love, And wide creation shares alike his care.

465

'Trs faid by fome, and not unletter'd they,
That chief the Planter, if he wealth defire,
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.

Or mountain-lands occonomy permits
A third, in Canes of mighty growth to rife:
But, in the low-land plain, the half will yield 480
Tho' not fo lofty, yet a richer Cane,
For many a crop; if feafons glad the foil.

WHILE rolls the Sun from Aries to the Bull, And till the Virgin his hot beams inflame; The Cane, with richeft, most redundant juice, 485 Thy spacious coppers fills. Then manage so, By planting in succession; that thy crops

Ver. 482. if seasons glad the soil.] Long-continued and violent rains are called Seasons, in the West-Indies. The wondering daughters of the main may waft To Britain's shore, ere Libra weigh the year: So shall thy merchant cheerful credit grant, 490 And well-earn'd opulence thy cares repay.

Thy fields thus planted; to fecure the Canes From the goat's baneful tooth; the churning boar; From thieves; from fire, or cafual or defign'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.

WITH limes, with lemons, let thy fences glow, Grateful to fenfe; 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 slux: Endemial ail, 505 Much cause have I to weep thy fatal sway.—

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.

### 34 THE SUGAR-CANE. Book I.

But God is just, and man must not repine.

Nor shall the ricinus unnoted pass;
Yet, if the cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'st,
Taste not its luscious nut. The acasse,
With which the sons of Jewry, stiff-neck'd race,
Conjecture says, our God-Messiah crown'd;
Soon shoots a thick impenetrable sence,
Whose scent persumes the night and morning sky,

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 slowers, if not in their fruit or feeds. 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, slowers, 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 "Avellanae "purgatives noviorbis." By roasing 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 lobeor. The nuts exceeds a walnut, or even an almond, in sweetness, and yet three or sour of them will operate briskly both up and down. The French call the sussessible supposed to be specific against melancholy.

Ver. 510. the acassee.] Acacia. This is a species of thorn; the juice of the root is supposed to be possenous. Its seeds are contained in a pod or Ligumen. It is of the class of the Syngenesia. No aftringent juice is extracted from it. Its trivial name is Cashaw. Tournesort 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.

Tho' baneful be its root. The privet too, 515
Whose white slowers rival the first drifts of snow
On Grampia's piny hills; (O might the muse
Tread, slush'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
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 525
Hath seen transported: seen the humming bird,

Whofe

Ver. 515. the privet] Ligustrum. This shrub is sufficiently known. Its leaves and slowers make a good gargle in the aphthe, and ulcered throat.

Ver. 225. 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, Poinciana. If permitted, it will grow twenty seet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it should be kept low. It is always in blossom. Though not purgative, it is of the senna-kind. Its leaves and flowers are stomachic, carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it "Cauda pavonis," on account of its inimitable beauty: the slowers have a physicky smell. How it came to be called Doodle-doo I know not; the Barbadians more properly term it "Flower Fence." This plant grows also in Guinea.

Ver. 526. feen the humming bird,] The humming bird is called Picaffore by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering over flowers, and fucking their juices, without lacerating, or even fo 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 is called Collobree. It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various species of them, all exceeding small, beautiful

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 sluttering vehemence attack thy cups,
530
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.

But if with stones thy meagre lands are spread; Be these collected, they will pay the toil: And let Vitruvius, aided by the line, Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall. 535 On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear; They soon a formidable sence will shoot:

and bold. The crefted one, though not fo frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has defcribed 2 very beautiful humming bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never faw in their islands. They are easily caught in rainy weather.

Ver. 536 prickly pear; The botanical name of this plant is Opuntia; it will grow in the barrenest soils, and on the tops of walls, if a small portion of earth be added. There are two forts of it, one whose fruit is roundish and sweet, the other, which has more the shape of a sig, 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 firuit, there is one which must be removed before it is eaten. The leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a fort 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 a species of it also grows wild. The prickly pear makes a strong sence, and is easily trimmed with a seymitar, it grows naturally in some parts of Spain,

Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
Whilft fcandent bloffoms, yellow, purple, blue,
Unhurt, wind round its fhield-like leaf and
fpears.

540

fpears.

Nor is its fruit inelegant of tafte,
Tho' more its colour charms the ravish'd eye;
Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roseat 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 enclose,
Which he may call his own? Not wealth he craves,

But independence: yet if thou, fweet maid, In health and virture bloom; tho' worse betide, Thy smile will smooth adversity's rough brow. 550

In Italy's green bounds, the myrtle fhoots
A fragrant fence, and bloffoms in the fun.
Here, on the rockieft verge of these bless'd 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.

Ver. 538. Wild liquorice] This is a fcandont plant, from which the Negroes gather what they call Jaumbee Beeds. These are about the fize 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.

YET fome pretend, and not unspecious they, The wood-nymphs foster the contagious blast. Foes to the Dryads, they remorfeless 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 fervour, in this clime, Ah, most intensely hot; how much he longs For cooling vast impenetrable shade? The muse, alas, th' experienc'd muse can tell: 570 Oft hath she travell'd, while folstitial 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. And are there none, whom generous pity warms, Friends to the woodland reign; whom shades delight?

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

Ver. 572. yellow deaths] The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a fanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exercife, 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 a foreign extraction.

Who, round their green domains, plant hedgerow 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 cropt their wholesome food; And many a fwain, obedient to his rule, 585 Him their lov'd master, their protector, own'd. Yet, from that paradife, to Indian wilds, To tropic funs, 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 fun, Yet western Phæbus, saw him wield the hoe. At first a garden all his wants supplied, (For Temperance fat cheerful at his board,) With yams, cassada, and the food of strength,

Thrice

Ver. 596. cassada, ] Cassavi, cassava, is called Jetropha by botanists. Its meal makes a wholesome bead, 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 straped. 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 salutary effect. 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. Herses have been possoned by eating its leaves. The French name

Thrice-wholesome tanies: while a neighbouring dell,

(Which nature to the fourfop had refign'd,)
With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and
flaves. 600

it Manihot, Magnoc, and Manioc, and the Spaniards Mandiocha. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the cassad with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a sovereign autidote 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 Egyptiacum." 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 slower, are eaten by Negroes as a sallad. The root makes a good broth in dysenteric complaints. They are seldom so large as the yam, but most people think them preserable in point of taste.

Ver. 598, to the foursop] The true Indian name of this tree is Suirsaak. 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 Anonas, as are also the custard, star, and sugar-apples. The leaves of the soursop are very shining and green. The fruit is wholesome, but feldom admitted to the tables of the elegant. The seeds are dispersed thro'the pulp like the guava. It has a peculiar slavour. It grows in the East as well as the West-Indies. The botanical name is Guanabanus. The French call it Petit Corosol, or Cœur de Bœuf, to which the fruit bears a resemblance. The root, being reduced to a powder, and snussed up the nose, produces the same effects as tobacco. Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend it is a specific in the epilepsy.

Heaven blefs'd his labour : now the cotton shrub Grac'd with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by worms.

O'er many an acre sheds its whitest down: The power of rain, in genial moisture bath'd His cacao-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods; 605

His

Ver. 601. cotton] The fine down, which this shrub produces to invelope its feeds, is fufficiently known. The English, Italian, and French names, evidently are derived from the Arabic Algodon, as the Spaniards at this day call it. It was originally brought by the Arabians into the Levant, where it is now cultivated with great fuccefs. Authors mention four species of cotton, but they confound the filk-cotton tree, or Ceiba, among them. The flower of the West-India cotton-shrub is yellow, and companulated. 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 Gossipium, which is the common bo; anical name of cotton. It is likewise called Zylon. Martinus, in his Philological Lexicon, derives cotton from the Hebrew word pronounced by the German-Jews, Kotoun.

Ver. 60g. cacao-walk,] It is also called, Cocao and Coco. It is a native of some of 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 confessed, that the Indian chocolate had not a tempting aspest; 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 15 or 20 feet high, and is straight and handsome. The pods, which seldom contain less than thirty nuts of the fize 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 diffant, 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.

E 2

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, 610 Well-fed, well-cloath'd, all emulous to gain Their mafter's smile, who treated them like men; Blacken'd his Cane-lands; which with vast increase,

Beyond

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 fix years, they are in the highest perfection. The pods are commonly of the fize and shape of a large cucumber. There are three or four forts 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 fusiciently known. This word is Indian.

Ver. 605. 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 sifteenth century; and the coffee shrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it passed into Egypt, Syria, and lastly Constantinople. The Turks, though to excellively fond of coffee, have not known it much above one hundred and fifty years; whereas the English have been acquainted therewith for upwards of an hundred, one Pasqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-house in London about the middle of the last century. The samous 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 fix feet high. It is very apt to be destroyed by a large Beyond the wish of avarice, paid his toil.

No cramps, with sudden death, surprized his mules;

615

No glander-pest his airy stables thinn'd:

And, if disorder seized his Negroe-train,

Celsus was call'd, and pining Illness slew.

His gate stood wide to all; but chief the poor,

The unfriended stranger, and the sickly, shar'd 620

His prompt muniscence: No surly dog,

Nor furlier Æthiop, their approach debar'd.

The Muse, that pays this tribute to his same,
Oft hath escap'd the sun's meridian blaze,
Beneath yon tamarind-vista, which his hands 625
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.

large fly, which the French call Mouche a caffe; as well as by the white grub, which they name Puceron. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as to those of tea.

Ver. 625. tamarind-vifta, This large, shady, and beautiful tree grows fast even in the driest soils, and lasts long; and yet its wood is hard, and very sit for mechanical uses. The leaves are smaller than those of senna, and pennated; they taste sourish, 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 Crooles chiesty 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.

E 3

66 BE

" 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 fon,

"To bar the gates of mercy on mankind. 635

"Your foes forgive, for merit must make foes;

" And in each virtue far furpass your fire.

"Your means are ample, Heaven a heart bestow!

" So health and peace shall be your portion here;

" And you bright sky, to which my foul aspires,

" Shall bless you with eternity of joy."

HE spoke, and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore The mountain-defert startled with his hum; Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere Dun Evening trod on rapid Twilight's heel: His knell was rung; -

And all the Cane-lands wept their father loft.

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 this hideous humming noise (whence its name) on the desert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South-America. It is also called Condor. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed fixteen feet from tip to tip. See Phil. Trans. No. 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 is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally short. Muse, yet awhile indulge my rapid course; And I'll unharness, 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 To crush all undergrowth; before the sun, The planets thus withdraw their puny sires. And tho' untutor'd, then, thy Canes will shoot: Care meliorates their growth. The trenches sill With their collateral mold; as in a town 660 Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares A strong detachment sallies 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 dalliance give the sap to rise. But, O beware, let no unskilful hand The vivid soliage tear: Their channel'd spouts, Well-pleas'd, the watery nutriment convey, 670 With silial duty, to the thirsty stem; And, spreading wide their reverential arms, Defend their parent from solssitial skies.

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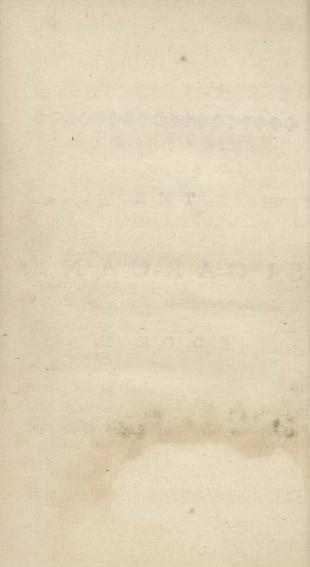


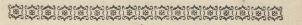
#### THE

## SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK II.







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

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 facrilege, now, to address it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it facred; 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.



### ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Address to William Shenstone, Esq:

Of monkeys. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds.

Of the yellow sly. Of the greasy sly. Of the blast.

A hurricane described. Of calms and earthquakes.

A tale.





### THE

## SUGAR-CANE.

### BOOK II.

\*\* NOUGH of culture.-A less pleasing theme. What ills await the ripening Cane, demands

My ferious numbers: these, the thoughtful Muse Hath oft beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.

For she, poor exile! boasts no waving crops; 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. Yet, oft, the range she walks, at shut of eve; Oft fees red lightening at the midnight-hour,

When

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 slow:
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,
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 hear'st

Undaunted; but another's melts thy foul.

"O WERE my pipe as foft, my dittied fong"
As fmooth as thine, my too too diftant friend, 30
SHENSTONE; my foft pipe, and my dittied fong
Should hush the hurricanes tremendous roar,
And from each evil guard the ripening Cane!

Destructive, on the upland fugar-groves
The monkey-nation preys: from rocky heights, 35
In filent parties, they defcend by night,
And posting watchful centinels, 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

And thoughtless of to-morrow, on a die He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines On Luxury's fost 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 Liamuiga'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 fagacious, on their footsteps wait.

With these attack the predatory bands;
Quickly the unequal conssist they decline,
And, chattering, sling their ill-got spoils away.

So when, of late, innumerous 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 sled,
And left their spoils and tomahawks behind.

Ver. 46 peculiar peft] The monkeys, which are now so nume rous in the mountainous parts of St. Christopher, were brough thither by the French when they possessed half that instands. 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. Kitt's, destroying many thousand pounds Sterling's worth of the Canes every year.

Nor with less waste the whisker'd verminrace,

A countless clan, despoil the low-land Cane.

These to destroy, while commerce hoists the fail,

Loofe rocks abound, or tangling bushes bloom, 65
What Planter knows?—Yet prudence may reduce.

Encourage then the breed of favage cats,
Nor kill the winding fnake, thy foes they eat.
Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,
Child of the rocky defert, fea-like ftream,
With fludious care, the American preferves
The gallinazo, elfe that fea-like ftream
(Whence traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
Dread alligators would alone poffefs

Thy

Ver. 64. These to destroy,] Rats, &c. are not natives of America, but came by shipping from Europe. They breed in the ground, under lose 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 publickly sold in the markets of Jamaica.

Ver. 69. mangrove-banks] This tree, which botanifts call Rizophora, grows in marfhy foils, and on the fides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow fireams impaffable to boats. Oyfters often adhere to their roots, &cc. The French name of this firange water-shrub is Paltuvier. The species meant here is the red mangrove.

Ver. 74. Dread alligators] This dreadful animal is amphibious, and feldom lays fewer than 100 eggs. These she carefully covers

Thy foes, the teeth-fil'd Ibbos also love; Nor thou their wayward appetite restrain.

Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
Replete with roafted 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.

with fand. 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 its own horrid brood, than these useful birds; for, when Instinct prompts the semale to let her young sy out by breaking the eggs, he never sails 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 sive 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 sound, where alligators are.—Ulloa.

Ver. 75, teeth-fil'd Ibbos] Or Ebbos, as they are commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good flaves when bought young; but are, in general, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls: They also feed on dead mules and horses; whose carcasses, 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 fays 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.

F 3

WITH.

With Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasp'd root,
And form in pellets; these profusely spread 85
Round the Cane-groves, where sculk the vermin-breed:

They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the inviting cates, and fwift devour
Their palatable death; for foon they feek
The neighbouring fpring; and drink, and fwell,
and die.

But dare not thou, if life deserve thy care,
The infected rivulet taste; nor let thy herds
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 fpring; Nor fewest in the best: (thus, oft we find Enormous vices taint the noblest souls!) These let thy little gang, with skilful hand,

Ver. 95. 'Tis fafer 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.

Oft as they spread abroad, and oft they spread; 105. Careful pluck up, so swell thy growing heap Of rich manure. And yet some weeds arise, Of aspect mean, with wond'rous virtues fraught: (And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air?) 110 Such, planter, be not thou asham'd to save 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;

And, if the music of the mountain-dove
Delight thy pensive ear, sweet friend to thought!
This prompts their cooing, and enslames their love.
Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane,
Whose juice worms sly: Ah, dire endemial ill!
How many fathers, fathers pow no more; 121
How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
The cow-itch also save; but let thick gloves

Thine

Ver. 114. the yellow thiftle] The feeds of this plant are an excellent emetic; and almost as useful in dysenteric complaints as ipecacuana. 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 preserable. Its botanical name is Spigelia.

Ver. 123. The cow-itch also save; This extraordinary vine should be permitted to grow in a Cane-piece; for Negroes have been known to fire the Canes, to save themselves from the tor-

Thine hands defend, or thou wilt fadly rue Thy rash imprudence, when ten thousand darts 125 Sharp as the bee-sting, fasten in thy slesh, And give thee up to torture. But, unhurt, Planter, thou may'ft the humble chickweed cull:

And that, which coyly flies the aftonish'd grasp. Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' King; 130

ture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with melasses, it is a safe and excellent vermisuge. Its feeds, which refemble blackish small beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple; and its pods, on which the stinging brown Setza are found, are as large as a full-grown English field-pea.

Ver. 128. Planter, thou may'ft 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 Spamards prettily call the Vergonzoza, the Bashful, and La Donzella, or the Maiden. There are many kinds of this extraordinary plant, which grow every where in the Islands and in South-America. The botanical name of the former is Alfine, and that of the latter Mimofa.

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 fuch 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 poifons do we know at pre-fent, which produce their effects in a different manner? and, from the accounts of authors, we have reason to be persuaded, that the antients were not much behind us in their variety of poisons.

Not the bles'd apple Median climes produce,
Though lofty Maro (whose immortal muse
Distant I follow, and, submiss, adore)
Hath sung its properties, to counteract
Dire spells, slow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl,
Where cruel stepdames poisonous drugs have
brew'd;

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,
Abounds with poison'd fish; whose crimson fins,
Whose teyes, whose scales, bedropt with azure,
gold,

Amuse the fight; 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,

Purple, and green, in all gay Summer's pride,

If, therefore, the King of Pontus had really intended to have deftroyed himself, he could have been at no loss for the means, notwithstanding the daily use of this antidote.

Ver. 131. Not the blefs'd apple Authors are not agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attributes fuch remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed possible they ever should. However, we have this comfort on our side, that our not knowing it is of no detriment to us; for as spells cannot effect us, we are at no lois for antidotes to guard against them.

Ver. 149. For not the coftly root,] Some medical writers have bestowed the high appellation of Donum Dei on rhubarb.

Gather'd by those, who drink the Volga's wave, (Prince of Europa's streams, itself a sea) 151 Equals your potency! Did planters know But half your virtues; not the Cane itself, Would they with greater, fonder pains preserve!

And worse to be subdu'd. The insect-tribe
That, sluttering, 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,

In what recesses are the plunderers hatch'd?
Say, are they wasted in the living gale,
From distant islands? Thus, the locust-breed,

Say, are they wasted 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,
Astonish'd Afric sees her crop devour'd.

166
Or, doth the Cane a proper nest afford,
And food adapted to the yellow sly?—
The skill'd in Nature's mystic lore observe,
Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden
day.

Some reptile life fustains: Thus eochinille

Feeds

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 Lotanical name of the plant

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, 174
To deck the British Wolf; who now perhaps,
(So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph
mounts

Some strong-built fortress, won from haughty Gaul!

And the one plant fuch luscious nectar yields, As yields the Cane-plant; yet, vile paricides!
Ungrateful ye; the parent-cane destroy. 180

Muse! fay what remedy hath skill devis'd To quell this noxious foe? Thy Blacks fend 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 facred 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.
Planter, prefer them now: the rattling shower, 190
Pour'd down in constant streams, for days and
nights,

plant on which the cochinille feeds, is "Opuntia maxima, folio oblongo, majore, fpinulis obtufis, mollibus et innocentibus obfito, "flore, striis rubris variegato."—Sloane.

Not only fwells, with nectar fweet, thy Canes; But, in the deluge, drowns thy plundering foe.

When may the planter idly fold his arms,
And fay, "My foul 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 russian league, assail
Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you
feel,

And pity the poor planter; when the blaft, 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, First pallid, sickly, dry, and withered show; 210 Unseemly stains succeed; which, nearer view'd By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,

Ver. 205. Though seasons] Without a rainy season, the Sugarcane 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 peftilence] It must, however, be confessed, that the blast is less frequent in lands naturally rich, or such as are made so by well-rooted manure,

Dire fraught with reptile-life; alas, too foon They burst their filmy jail, and crawl abroad, 214 Bugs of uncommon shape; thrice hideous show! Innumerous as the painted shells, that load The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-isles! Innumerous as the leaves the plumb-tree sheds, When, proud of her facundity, she shows, Naked, her gold fruit to the God of Noon. 220 Remorfeless to its youth; what pity, say, Can the Cane's age expect? In vain, its pitch With juice nectarious flows; to pungent four, Foe to the bowels, foon its nectar turns: Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears, Alternate rang'd; from these no filial young Shall grateful fpring, to bless the planter's eye. -With bugs confederate, in destructive league, The ants' republic joins; a villain crew, As the waves, countlefs, that plough up the deep, (Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the sky, 231 Whom Rhea bore to the bright God of Day) When furious Auster dire commotions stirs:

Ver. 218. the plumb-tree sheds, This is the Jamaica plumbtree. 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 slowers. The latter is a species of jessamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

Ver. 231. Eurus reigns] The East is the centre of the tradewind 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 aprly be applied to the trade-winds. These wind, by subtle sap, their secret way,
Pernicious pioneers! while those invest,
More firmly daring, in the sace of Heaven,
And win, by regular approach, the Cane.

'GAINST fuch ferocious, fuch unnumber'd bands, What arts, what arms fhall fage experience use?

Some bid the planter load the favouring gale, 240 With pitch, and fulphur's fuffocating fleam : -Unless the vapour o'er the Cane-grove flies, In curling volumes lost; such feeble arms, To man tho' fatal, not the blaft fubdue. Others again, and better their fuccess, Command their flaves each tainted blade to pick With care, and burn them in vindictive flames. Labour immense! and yet, if small the pest; If numerous, if industrious be thy gang; At length, thou may'ft the victory obtain. 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 fwarms Expose, remorfeless, 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

Which happier years and prudence may retrieve; Than risque thine all. As when an adverse storm, Impetuous, thunders on some luckless ship, From green St. Christopher, or Cathäy bound: 265 Each nautic art the reeling seamen try: The storm redoubles: death rides on every wave: Down by the board the cracking masts they hew; And heave their precious cargo in the main.

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 slame, 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 sides; tremendous
fcenes!

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 sides: cause such dissay, Such desolation, Hurricane! as thou; When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow, 285 And all the battles of thy winds engage.

Ver. 265. Cathay] An old name for China,

Soon as the Virgin's charms ingross the sun; And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels; But, chief, while Libra weighs the unsteddy year:

Planter, with mighty props thy dome fupport; 290 Each flaw repair; and well, with maffy bars, Thy doors and windows guard; fecurely lodge Thy flocks and mill-points. — Then, or calms obtain:

Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van; While, o'er the panting ifle, the dæmon Heat 295 High hurls his flaming brand; vaft, diftant 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 fapient of the coming florm, (For beafts partake some portion of the sky,) In troops affociate; and in cold fweats bath'd, Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye feamen, now, Ply to the fouthward, if the changeful moon, 310 Or, in her interlunar palace hid,

Ver. 293. flocks and mill-points.] The fails are fastened to the mill-points, as those are to the stocks. They should always be taken down before the hurricane-season.

Shuns night; or, full-orb'd, in night's forehead glows:

For, fee! the mists, that late involv'd the hill,
Disperse; the mid-day 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, 319
Snatches the golden moon.—Each wind appeas'd,
The North slies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engineries 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

The wind is fpent; and " all the isle below " Is hush as death."

Soon iffues forth the west, with sudden burst;
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives: 330
Rushes the headlong sky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling

ground;

Ver. 314. ftrange 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 taved his own squadron; while another large sleet, whose commander despited his prognostics, put to sea, and was wrecked.

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 fuddenly retire After some furious onset, and, behind Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal, Brooding on flaughter, not repuls'd; for foon 340 Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends, And bloodier carnage mows th' enfanguin'd plain: So the fouth, fallying from his iron caves With mightier force, renews the aerial war; Sleep, frighted, flies; and fee! you lofty palm, 345 Fair nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves, Cleft by the fulphureous bolt! See yonder dome, Where grandeur with propriety combin'd, And Theodorus with devotion dwelt: Involv'd in fmouldering flames. - From every 350 rock,

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 the wind.— Anon the savage East
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave; 355
Now brighter, vaster corruscations slash;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
Earth trembles; ocean reels; and, in her sangs,
Grim desolution tears the shricking isle,

Ere rosy morn possess the ethereal plain, 360 To pour on darkness the full slood of day. —

Nor does the hurricane's all-wasting wrath Alone bring ruin on its founding wing: Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery South Oft reigns a tyrant in those fervid isles: For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes, Europe and Afia's vegetable fons, Touch'd by its tainted 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, faint-hearted, eyes The fails hang idly, noiseless, from the mast. 375 Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of fate Compels to rifque the infufferable beam! A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain To punish finful man, shall fatal feize His wretched life, and to the tomb confign. 380

WHEN fuch the ravage of the burning calm,
On the flout, funny children of the hill;
What must thy Cane-lands feel? Thy late green
fprouts

Nor bunch, nor joint; but, fapless, arid, pine:
Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow
hue,

385

(Symptom

(Symptom of health and strength) foon ruddy fhow:

While the rich juice that circled in their veins, Acescent, watery, poor, unwholesome tastes.

Nor only, planter, are thy Cane-groves burnt; Thy life is threatened. Muse, the manner sing. 300

THEN earthquakes, nature's agonizing pangs,

Oft shake the astonish'd isles: The sociaterre Or fend forth thick, blue, fuffocating steams; Or shoots to temporary flame. A din, Wild, through 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

400 Which shaking, tottering, crashing, bursting fall, The boldest fly; and, on the open plain Appal'd, in agony the moment wait,

homes.

Ver. 392. [olfaterre] Volcanos are called fulphurs, or folfaterres, 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 allum in the folfaterre at Mountferrat. The stream that runs through it, is almost as hot; s boiling wate, and its steams soon blacken silver.

When, with difrupture 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 frighted, woesful, hollow sounds;
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 vext shores refound;)

And yet, more rapid, distant they retire. 420
Vast corruscations 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 slame, forget to live:
Else, fair Theana. — Muse, her sate 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, sur-

Green Eton, foft abode of every Muse.

Each classic beauty soon he made his own;

And soon fam'd Iss saw him woo the Nine,

On her inspiring banks: Love tun'd his song;

For fair Theana was his only theme,

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

Ver. 438. the bending coco's] The coco-nut tree is of the palm genus; there are feveral 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 pleafant; but, if drank too freely, will frequently occafion a pain in the stomach. A falutary 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 Oroonoko. 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 fugar, fruit and ftrong 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 thrub To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he prefented, more nectarious deem'd,—
The fweetest sappadillas oft he brought; 441
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.—
Nor had long absence yet essac'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 selt

fhrub 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 sades, another shoots up in the center, like a pike. The botanical name is Palma Indica, coccifera, angulosa.

Ver. 441. fappadillas] This is a pleafant-tafted 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 showers, 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 sappadillas I ever tasted. The trivial name is Spanish. Botanists call it Cainito.

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, His sire 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 sire 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

Tно' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to ferve; no joys he found. —
Yet fprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the feat of every Mufe, 470
Of freedom, courage; yet Aufonia's clime,
His fteps explor'd; where painting, mufick's
ftrains,

Where arts, where laws, (philosophy's best child), With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.

To his just-judging, his instructed eye,

The all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd

A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:

But, when she spake of love, her voice surpass'd

The harmonious warblings of Italian song,

Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,

Which briefly told him of his father's death.

Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven refign'd,

Soon he reach'd Albion, and as foon embark'd,

Eager to class the object of his love.

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

In Bifcay's flormy feas an armed ship,
Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted sying crew
Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, sir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief, 491
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.

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

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy, Like clouds dim rising in the distant air. 500

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.

Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
Each sail is set to catch the savouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
Strikes the Boneta, or the shark infinares.
The fring'd Urtica spreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged sishes on the shrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently played around.

THOUGH faster than the Tropic-bird they slew, Oft Junio cried, ah! when shall we see land? 510

Ver. 504. the Boneta,] This fish, which is equal in fize 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 defcription; I have seen them from 15 to 20 feet long. Some naturalists call it Canis Carharias. 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. Urtica] 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 slight, 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.

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

Soon

Soon land they made: and now in thought he clafpt

His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.

SHE, no lefs 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 lept 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 slying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:
Consounded, yet unknowing what they meant, 530
He entered hasty

AH! what a fight for one who lov'd fo well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
H 2
Thean

Theana lay; and yet a glimpfe of joy
Played on her face, while with faint, faultering
voice,

535
She thus addreft the youth, whom yet she knew.

" Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!

"Thy fight repays this fummons of my fate:

" Live, and live happy; fometimes think of me:

" By night, by day, you still engag'd my care; 540

4 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.

Buf fay, what strains, what language can express 545
The thousand pangs, which tore the lover's breast? Upon her breathless corfe himself he threw, And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste, Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak; 549
Nor words he found; he class ther in his arms; He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.

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

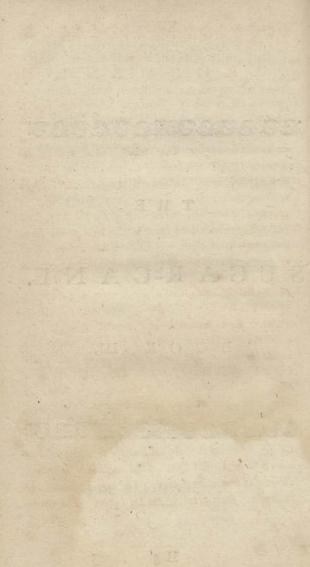
The END of BOOK II.

# BARBAR ARRANGA

THE

# SUGAR-CANE,

BOOK III.



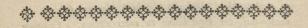


## ARGUMENT.

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 maimed recommended. The tainted Cane should not be ground. Their use. How to preserve the laths and mill-points from fudden squalls. Address to the Sun, and praise of Antigua. A cattle-mill described. Care of mules, &3c. Difeases to which they are subject. A water-mill the least liable to interruption. Common in Guadaloupe 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 veffels 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 effential falt. 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 cheerfulnefs

### ARGUMENT.

fulness 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 sinished. An address to the Creoles, to live more upon their estates than they do. The reasons.





## THE

# SUGAR-CANE.

**警告格棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒棒** 

## BOOK III.

### # ROM fcenes of deep diffress, the hea-# F # venly 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 cheerly 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, eldest birth of time! in other climes,
In the old world, with tempests usher'd in;
While risled nature thine appearance wails,
And savage winter wields his iron mace:

But not the rockiest verge of these green isles,
Though mountains heap'd on mountains brave the
sky,

Dares winter, by his residence, profane.
At times the russian, wrapt in murky state,
Inroads will, sly, attempt; but soon the sun, 20
Benign protector of the Cane-land isles,
Repels 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

Ver. 17. Though mountains heap'd on mountains] This particularly alludes to St. Kitt's; 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 frewer virtues than either sarsaparilla or lignum vitæ. It also grows in China, and many parts of the East-Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, passy, science, so thrustions, and obstinate head-achs: 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.

Charm'd

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

0-

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' folid, gay! 34 Critic, whose head each beauty, fond, admires; Whose heart each error flings in friendly shade! Planter, whose youth fage 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 fong: Nor wilt thou, four, refuse; though other cares, The public welfare, claim thy bufy hour; With her to roam (thrice pleasing devious walk) The ripened cane-piece; and, with her, to tafte (Delicious draught!) the nectar of the mill!

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

YE fwains, to Heaven bend low in grateful prayer,

Worship the Almighty; whose kind-fostering hand

Hath

Hath blest your labour, and hath given the Cane To rise superior to each menac'd ill. 51

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, refound?

What cries of horror startle the dull sleep?
What gleaming brightness makes, at midnight, day,
By its portentous glare? Too well I see
Palæmon's fate; the virtuous, and the wise!
Where were ye, watches, when the slame burst forth?
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 not, ye winds! with your destroying breath,
The spreading vengeance.—They contemn my
prayer.
65

Rous'n by the deafning bells, the cries, the blaze:

From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The Negroes rush; and 'mid the crackling slames,
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:

79
With well-wet blankets guard your cypress-roofs;
And where thy dried Canes in large stacks are pil'd.—

EFFORTS but ferve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appeafe.
Ah, my Palæmon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges, at the noon of night?
What tho' no ills affail'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.

O, may the Cane-isles know few nights, like this!

For now the fail-clad points, impatient, wait The hour of fweet release, to court the gale. The late-hung coppers wish to feel the warmth,

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

Which well-dried fewel from the Cane imparts: 95 The Negro-train, with placid looks, furvey 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; Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light. 101 So from no field, shall flow-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-feen flames, Bursting thro' many a chimney, bright emblaze 106 The Æthiop-brow of night. And fee, they pour (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.

Some bending, of their fapless burden ease 111
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 its branchy spires,
(Food to thy cattle) it resigns; and soon
It's tender prickly tops, with eyes thick set,
To load with suture crops thy long-hoed land. 119
These with their green, their pliant branches bound,
(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 leasy 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 fmall light bundles; load the broad-wheel'd wane.

The mules crook-harnest, and the sturdier crew, With fweet abundance. As on Lincoln-plains 130 (Ye plains of Lincoln, found your Dyer's praise!) When the lav'd fnow-white flocks are numerous. penn'd;

The fenior fwains, with sharpen'd shears, cut off The fleecy vestment; others stir the tar; And some impress, upon their captives sides, 135 Their mafter's cypher; while the infant throng Strive by the horns to hold the struggling ram, Proud of their prowefs. Nor mean while the jest Light-bandied round, but innocent of ill; Nor choral fong are wanting: eccho rings. 140

Nor need the driver, Æthiop authoriz'd, Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip; From fuch dire founds the indignant mufe averts Her virgin-ear, where music loves to dwell: 'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonness of power To lash the laughing, labouring, finging throng.

WHAT cannot fong? all nature feels its power. The hind's blithe whiftle, as thro' flubborn foils He drives the shining share; more than the goad, His tardy steers impels .- The muse hath seen, 150 When\_ 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 thest 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 slock o'er crags, thro' bogs, and streams, A tedious journey; yet not weary they, Drawn by the enchantment of his artless song. 159 What cannot music?—When brown Ceres asks The reapers sickle; what like magic found, Puff'd from sonorous bellows by the squeeze Of tuneful artist can the rage disarm Of the swart dog-star, and make harvest light?

And now thy mills dance eager in the gale; 165
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!

ARE

Ver. 168. Off the member fnapt] This accident will fometimes 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.

Pere Labat fays, 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 fanction 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 sufficient of such a piece of barbarity leaves a stain; and therefore authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into

Are there, the muse can scarce believe the tale; Are there, who, lost to every feeling sense, 171 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; In feparate parcels, far, the infected fling: Of bad Cane-juice the least admixture spoils The richest, soundest; thus, in pastoral walks, One tainted sheep contaminates the fold. 185

Nor yet to dung-heaps thou refign the canes, Which or the fun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd. Thefe, to fmall junks reduc'd, and in huge casks Steept, where no cool winds blow; do thou fer-

ment: -

into their writings, any infinuation 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 sirft fallies of passion; as by indulgence, passion, like a favourite, will at last grow independently powerful.

Then, when from his entanglements inlarg'd, 190 Th' evafive 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
Consin'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 fail;
200
So here, when fqualy burfts the fpeeding gale,
If thou from ruin wouldft thy points preferve,
Less-bellying canvass to the storm oppose.

YET the faint breeze oft flags on liftless wings,
Nor tremulates the coco's airiest arch,
205
While the red sun darts deluges of fire;
And soon (if on the gale thy crop depend,)
Will all thy hopes of opulence defeat.

"INFORMER of the planetary train!"
Source undiminished of all-cheering light,
Of roseat beauty, and heart-gladd'ning joy!
Fountain of Being, on whose water broods
The organic spirit, principle of life!
Lord of the Seasons! who in courtly pomp

Ver. 192. Amphitryte] A mixture of sea water; it is a real improvement in the distribution of rum.

Lacquay thy Presence, and, with glad dispatch, 215
Pour at thy bidding, o'er the land and sea!
Parent of Vegetation, whose fond grasp
The Sugar-cane displays; and whose green car
Soft-stealing dews, with liquid pearls adorn'd,
Fat-softering rains, and buxom genial airs
220
Attend triumphant! Why, ah why so oft,
Why hath Antigua, sweetly social isse,
Nurse of each art; where science yet finds friends
Amid this waste of waters; wept thy rage?

THEN trust not, planter, to the unsteddy gale; 225 But in Tobago's endless forests fell
The tall tough hiccory, or calaba.
Of this, be forc'd two pillars in the ground,
Four paces distant, and two cubits high:
Other two pillars raise; the wood the same, 230

Ver. 222. Why hath Antigua,] This beautiful island lies in 16 degrees and 14 min. N. lat. It was long uninhabited on account of its wanting fresh-water rivers; but is now more fully peopled, and as well cultivated as any of the leeward islands. In a seasonable year, it has made 30,000 hogsheads of sugar. It has no very high mountains. The soil is, in general, clayey. The water of the body-ponds may be used for every purpose of life. Antigua is well fortified, and has a good militia.

Ver. 227. hiccory,] This is a lofty spreading tree, of very hard wood, excellently adapted to the purposes of the mill-wright. The nut, whose shell is thick, hard, and roughish, contains an agreeable and wholesome kernel. It grows in great abundance in St. Croix, Crab-Island and Tobago.

Ver. 227. calaba.] This lofty tree is commonly called Maffic: it is a hard wood, and is found in the places where the hiccory grows. The flowers are yellow, and are fucceeded by a fruit, which bears a diffant resemblance to a shrub.

Of equal fize and height. The calaba Than steel more durable, contemns the rain, And fun's intenfest beam; the worm, that pest Of mariners, which winds its fatal way Through heart of British oak, reluctant leaves 235 The closer calaba.—By transverse beams Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame, Sink, artist, the vast bridge-tree's mortis'd form Of ponderous hiccory; hiccory time defies: 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 fize, thence aptly Captain nam'd. 245 To this be rivetted th' extended sweeps; And harnefs to each fweep two feafoned mules: They pacing round, give motion to the whole. The close brac'd cylinders with ease revolve On their greas'd axle; and with eafe reduce 250 To trash, the Canes thy negroes throw between. Fast flows the liquour through the lead-lin'd spouts; And, depurated by opposing wires, 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 fix times cool'd his wheels.

Wouldst thou against calamity provide?

Let a well shingled roof, from Raleigh's land, 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, 264 With eyes of love God's whole creation views) To the warm pen; where copious forage strowed, And strenuous rubbing, renovate their strength. So, sewer ails, (alas, how prone to ails!) Their days shall shorten; ah, too short at best!

For not, even then, my friend, art thou secure From fortune: spite of all thy steady care, 271 What ills, that laugh to scorn Machaon's art, Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,

Ver. 259. Raleigh's land, Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of Q. Elizabeth, to the whole of the northeast of North America, which Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, (though others call him a Venetian,) first discovered, A. D. 1497, in the time of K. 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 embarkations were sitted 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 sewer than 100,000 white people of better condition, besides twice as many servants and slaves. The best shingles come from Egg-Harbour.

Joint-

Joint-racking spasms, and cholic's pungent pang, Need the muse tell? which, in one luckless moon, Thy sheds dispeople; when perhaps thy groves, 276 To full persection shot, by day, by night, Indefinent demand their vigorous toil.

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

In Karukera's rich well-water'd ifle! In Matanina! boast of Albion's arms, The brawling Naiads for the planters toil, 284 Howe'er unworthy; and, through folemn fcenes, Romantic, cool, with rock and woods between, Enchant the fenses! but among thy fwains, Sweet Liamuiga! who fuch blifs can boaft? Yes, Romney, thou may'ft boast; of British heart, Of courtly manners, join'd to antient worth: Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right, 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, falfely flattering their Prince, 295 Bold difapprov'd, or by oblique furmife Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd; Indignant, in the fenate, he uprofe,

Ver. 282. Karukera] The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

Ver. 283. Matanina] The Caribbean name of Martinico.—The Havannah had not been taken by the English, when this poem was written.

And,

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; 304
But rear'dst thy banners, sluttering in the wind:
Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marshal'd swains,
To hurl desiance 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 confume
Thy vessels, whether from the martial mine,
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
Of well-siz'd vessels a complete supply:
316
For every hour, thy boilers cease to skim,
(Now Cancer reddens with the solar ray,)
Deseats thy honest purposes of gain.

Nor fmall the rifque, (when piety, or chance, Force thee from boiling to defift) to lave 321

Ver. 312. Thy vessels,] The vessels, wherein the Cane-juice is reduced to Sugar by coction, are made of iron or of copper. Each fort hath its advantages and disadvantages. The teache, or smallest vessels from whence the Sugar is laved into the cooler, is generally copper. When it melts, it can be patched; but, when the large fort of vessels, called iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to do, no further use can be made of them.

Thy

Thy heated furnace, with the gelid stream. The chemist knows, when all-dissolving sire 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 conftant palm?

O'er all thy works let cleanliness preside,

Child of frugality; and as the scum

Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou

The scum that mantles carefully remove.

FROM bloating dropfy, from pulmonic ails, 334
Wouldst thou defend thy boilers, (prime of slaves,)
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; 339
Whose cool perstation, wooed through many a grate,
Dispels the steam, and gives the lungs to play.

The skill'd in chemia, boast of modern arts, Know from experiment, the sire of truth, In many a plant that oil, and acid juice, And ropy mucilage, by nature live:

Ver. 339. Open, and pervious] This also affifts the chrystallization of Sugar.

These, envious, stop the much desir'd embrace Of the essential salts, tho' coction bid The aqueous particles to mount in air.

'Mone falts effential, fugar wins the palm,
For taste, for colour, and for various use:
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,
Muster so strong, as scarce to be subdu'd.

Muse, fing the ways to quell them. Some use Cane,

That Cane whose juices, to the tongue apply'd,
In

Ver. 350. For tafte, 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, wherewith the learned are not commonly acquainted, I shall mention. In some places of the East-Indies, an excellent arrack is made from the Sugarcane: And, in South-America, Sugar is used as an antidote against one of the most sudden, as well as stated possions in the world. Taken by mouth, "pocula morte carent," this possion 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 sish and birds killed by these positoned arrows (in the use of which the Indians are associated as a property 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 emphasically 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 K

In filence lock it, fudden, and conftrain'd, (Death to Xantippe,) with difforting pain.

Nor is it not effectual: but wouldft 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!

365

360

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, 370
Which rich incrusts thy Avon 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,
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,
And in whose strains your praises shall endure,
While to Sabrina speeds your healing stream. 380

Jamaica, in Charles II.'s time, recommends it both by the mouth and externally, in dropfical 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 alcalescent 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.

BRISTOL,

BRISTOL, without thy marble, by the flame Calcin'd to whiteness, vain the stately reed Would swell with juice mellissuent; heat would foon

The strongest, best-hung furnaces, consume. Without its aid the cool-imprison'd stream, 385 Seldom allow'd to view the face of day, Tho' late it roam'd a denizen of air: Would steal from its involuntary bounds, And, by fly windings, fet itfelf at large. But chief thy lime the experienc'd boiler loves, 390 Nor loves ill-founded; when no other art Can bribe to union the coy floating falts, A proper portion of this precious dust, Cast in the wave, (so showers alone of gold Could win fair Danae to the God's embrace;) With nectar'd mufcovado foon will charge 396 Thy shelving coolers, which, feverely press'd Between the fingers, not refolves; and which Rings in the cask; and or a light-brown hue, Or thine, more precious filvery-grey, assumes. 400

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

406

While flows the juice mellifluent from the Cane, Grudge not, my friend, to let thy flaves, each morn, But chief the fick and young, at fetting 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 noon-tide breath?
While to far climes the fell destroyer, Death,
Wings his dark slight. Then seldom pray for rain:
Rather for cloudless days thy prayers prefer; 421
For, if the skies too frequently relent,
Crude slows the Cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's wariest skill: thy Canes will spring
To an unthristy lostiness; or, weigh'd 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,

Ere

Ver. 428. If too foon they ftrike,] When the Cane-juice is granulated fufficiently, which is known by the Sugar's fticking to the ladle, and roping like a fyrup, but breaking off from its edges; it is poured into a cooler, where, its furface being fmoothed, the chrystallization is foon completed. This is called ftriking. The general precept is to temper high, and ftrike low, when the Mufcovado

Ere all the watery particles have fled;
Or lime fufficient granulate the juice:
An heterogeneous, an uncertain mafs,
And never in thy coolers to condense.

OR, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its stated time; the viscous wave 435
Will in huge slinty masses chrystallize,
Which forceful singers 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 greafe immix'd, The foaming tumult sudden will compose, And force to union the divided grain.

450

covado is of a proper confiftence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogfheads; 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 hogshead 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.

So

So when two fwarms 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 fons, that hoe the ocean-ifles, 455 Mix with their Sugar, loads of worthless fand, Fraudful, their weight of fugar to increase. Far be fuch guile from Britain's honest swains. Such arts, awhile, the unwary may furprife, 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 fordid things, debas'd. One year the fraud succeeded; wealth immense Flowed in upon him, and he bleft his wiles: Then next, the brokers spurn'd the adulterate mass, Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame. 476 BE thrifty, planter, even thy skimmings save:
For, planter, know, the refuse of the Cane
Serves needful purposes. Are barbecues
The cates thou lov'st? 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 fmall quantities indulge the fleed, 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.

Bur fay, 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'd, I quast thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd, 495 Round, golden fruit; where water from the spring, Which dripping coolness spreads her umbrage

with hardest, whitest sugar, thrice refin'd; Dilates my foul with genuine joy; low care I spurn indignant; toil a pleasure seems,

500 For 106 THE SUGAR-CANE. Book III.

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 bleft ebriety, fome tears,

For friends I left in Albion's distant isle, For Johnson, Percy, White, escape mine eyes: For her, fair Auth'ress! whom first Calpe's rocks A sportive infant saw; and whose green years 511 True genius bleft with her benignest gifts Of happiest fancy. O, were ye all here, O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's fon! Long-known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid foul! 515 How would your converse charm the lonely hour? Your converse, where mild wisdom tempers mirth; And charity, the petulance of wit; How would your converse polish my rude lays, With what new, noble images adorn? Then should I scarce regret the banks of Thames,

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

Ver. 510. For her, fair Auth'ress!] Mrs. Lennox.

All as we fat beneath that fand-box fhade;
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 raife their arms.

To quell the fpeeding gale! what fmoke afcends From every boiling house! what structures rise, Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze; With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd! 530 Nor not delightful are those red-built huts, On yonder hill, that front the rising sun; With plantanes, with banana's bosom'd-deep, That slutter in the wind: where frolick goats, Butt the young negroes, while their swarthy sires, With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark, 536 The crop is sinish'd, how they rend the sky!—

Nor, beauteous only shows the cultured foil, From this cool station. No less charms the eye That wild interminable waste of waves: 540

Ver. 522. fand-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, flatted both above and below, and divided into a great number of regular compartments, each of which contains one seed slatted ovularly. The botanical name is shura.

While on the horizon's farthest verge are seen Islands of different shape, and different size;
While fail-clad ships, with their sweet produce fraught,

Swell on the firaining fight; while near yon rock, On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang Their airies build, a water-spout descends, 546 And shakes mid ocean; and while there below, That town, embowered in the different shade Of tamarinds, panspans, and papaws, o'er which A double Iris throws her painted arch, 550 Shows commerce toiling in each crowded street, And each throng'd street with limpid currents lav'd.

What the 'no bird of fong, here charms the fense With her wild minstrelfy; far, far beyond, The unnatural quavers of Hesperion throats! 555 The' the chaste poet of the vernal woods,

Ver. 549. panspans,] See the notes on Book II.

Ver. 549. papaws.] This fingular tree, whose fruits surround its summit immediately under the branches and leaves, like a neck-lace 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 on a spit, will intenerate new killed sowls, &c. a circumstance of great consequence in a climate, where the warmth soon renders whatever meats are attempted to be made tender by keeping, unsit 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 is said, that the guts of hogs would in time be lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe, unpeeled fruit. Its feed is said to be anthelmintic. The botanical name is Papaya.

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 The approach of dawn, and hail her with his fong: Yet not unmufical the tinkling lapfe 561 Of you cool argent rill, which Phæbus 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 unmufical the waves hoarfe found, That dashes, fullen, on the distant shore; Yet mufical those little insects hum, That hover round us, and to reason's ear, Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam 570 Flings on them transient tints, which vary when They wave their purple plumes; yet mufical The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove, That woos to pleafing thoughtfulness the foul; But chief the breeze, that murmurs through you Canes. 575

Enchants the ear with tunable delight.

While fuch fair scenes adom 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, attendar, wait your nod:

While

THE SUGAR-CANE, Book III. 110

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

OR, are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?-Can aught in Europe emulate the pine, Or fruit forbidden, native of your isles? Sons of Apicius, fay, can Europe's feas, Can aught the edible creation yields,

605

Ver. 596. The Man of Norfolk,] The Honourable General George Townshend,

Compare with turtle, boast of land and wave?

Can Europe's seas, in all their finny realms,

Aught so delicious as the Jew-sish show?

Tell me what viands, land or streams produce,

The large, black, semale, moulting crab excel?

A richer slavour not wild Cambria's hills,

611

Nor Scotia's rocks, with health and thyme o'er-spread,

Give to their flocks; than, Ione Barduda, you,
Than you, Anguilla, to your fheep impart.
Even Britain's vintage, here, improv'd, we quaff;
Even Lustanian, even Hesperian wines.

616
Those from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor Rhine!
How have thy banks been died with brotherblood?

Ver. 608. Jew-fish] This, tho' a very large, is one of the most delicate fishes that swim; being preferable to caramaw, king-fish, or camaree: some even chuse it before turtle. The Jew-fish is often met with at Antigna, which enjoys the happiness of having on its coast few, if any, poisonous fishes.

Ver. 613. Barbuda, This is a low, and not large flock-ifland, belonging to the Codrington family. Part of this ifland, 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 30 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 affembly.

Unnatural

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: Leave Europe; there, through all her coyest ways, Her fecret mazes, nature is purfued; 626 But here, with favage loneliness, she reigns On yonder peak, whence giddy fancy looks, Affrighted, on the labouring main below. Heavens! what stupendous, what unnumbered 631 "Stage above stage, in various verdure drest,"

Unprofitable shag its airy cliffs!

Heavens! what new fhrubs, what herbs, with use" less bloom,

Adorn its channel'd fides; and, in its caves, What fulphurs, ores, what earth and stones abound! 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 foon repay. Ah, when will cares The cares of fortune, lefs my minutes claim? 641 Then, with what joy, what energy of foul, Will I not climb you mountain's airiest brow!

The dawn, the burning noon, the fetting fun,

The

Book III. THE SUGAR-CANE.

113

The midnight-hour, shall hear my constant vows To Nature; see me prostrate at her shrine! 646 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, 650 Will swell my raptured bosom? Then, when death Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go; Nor envy conquerors their storied tombs, Though not a stone point out my humble grave.



The Exp of Book III.

THE

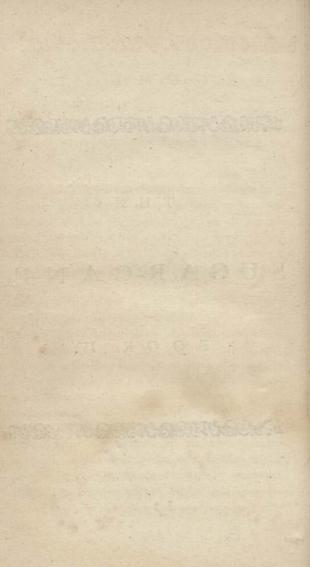
## LEARTHRATER ATTRACT

THE

# SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK IV.





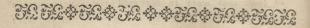


#### ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Address. Negroes when bought should be young. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the house and trades, than for the field. The Gold-Coast, but especially the Papawnegroes, make the best field-negroes: but even these, if advanced in years, should not be purchased. The marks of a found negroe at a negroe fale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fish or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women; thefe are to be preferred to their husbands. The Minnahs make good tradefmen, but addicted to fuicide. The Mundingos, in particular, subject to worms; and the Congos, to dropfical diforders. How falt-water, or new negroes should be feasoned. 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 filver mines in South-America, is not only lefs toilfome, but far more healthy. Negroes should always be treated with humanity. Praife of freedom. Of the dracunculus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the yaws. Might not this difease be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praise of commerce. Of the imaginary diforders of negroes, efpecially those caused by their conjurers or Obiamen, The composition and supposed virtues of a magic-phiol. Field -

#### ARGUMENT.

Field-negroes should not begin to work before fix in the morning, and should leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, should finish before fun-fet. Of the weekly allowance of negroes. The young, the old, the fickly, and even the lazy, muft have their victuals prepared for them. Of negroeground, and its various productions. To be fenced in, and watched. Of an American garden. Of the fituation of Negroe huts. How best defended from fire. The great negroe-dance described. Drumming, and intoxicating fpirits not to be allowed. Negroes should be made to marry in their masters plantation. Inconveniencies arifing from the contrary practice. Negroes to be cloathed 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 fugar colonies. Praise of the river Thames. moon-light landscape and vision.





#### THE

### SUGAR-CANE.

#### BOOK IV.

ENIUS of Afric! whether thou befrid'st

The castled elephant; or at the source,
(While howls the desert searfully around)

Of thine own Niger, fadly 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 Grande, or black Senaga?
Where dauntless thou the headlong torrent brav'st

In fearch of gold, to brede thy woolly locks, 11
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms, and ankles: O attend my fong.
A muse that pities thy distressful state;
Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters bound;
Who wishes freedom to the race of man; 16
Thy nod affenting craves: dread Genius, come!

YET vain thy presence, vain thy favouring nod;
Unless once more the muses, that ere while
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 fun-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'st, And mak'st 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 naught foreign that belongs to man.

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 funny Libyan: from what clime they spring,
It not imports; if strength and youth be their's.

YET those from Congo's wide extended plains.

Through which the long Zaire winds with chryftal ftream,

Where lavish Nature fends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous feeds

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

But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and the ambrofial cane 55
Thou long'ft to fee, with fpiry frequence, fhade
Many an acre: planter, chufe the flave,
Who fails from barren climes; where want alone,
Offspring of rude necessity, compels

To houshold offices: their ductile fouls Will all thy care, and all thy gold repay.

The

The sturdy native, or to plant the soil, Or stem vast rivers for his daily food. 60

80

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 soe'er they fail, 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 Afric reinforce thy gang?—
Let health and youth their every finew firm;
Clear roll their ample eye; their tongue be red;
Broad fwell their cheft; their shoulders wide expand;

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.

YET, if thine own, thy children's life, be dear; Buy not a Cormantee, tho' healthy, young. Of breed too generous for the fervile field; They, born to freedom in their native land, Chuse death before dishonourable bonds: 85
Or, fir'd with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they seize thine unsuspecting watch,
And thine own poniard bury in thy breast.

At home, the men, in many a fylvan realm,
Their rank tobacco, charm of fauntering minds, 90
From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
For prey the forest; or, in war's dread ranks,
Their country's foe's affront: while, in the field,
Their wives plant rice, or yams, or losty maize,
Fell hunger to repel. Be these thy choice: 95
They, hardy, with the labours of the Cane
Soon grow familiar; while unusual toil,
And new severities their husbands kill.

THE flaves from Minnah are of stubborn breed: But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect; 100 They soon perfection reach. But sly, with care, The Moco-nation; they themselves destroy.

WORMS lurk in all: yet, pronest they to worms
Who from Mundingo sail. When therefore such
Thou buy'st, for sturdy and laborious they, 105
Straight let some learned leach strong medicines
give,

Till food and climate both familiar grow.

Thus, the from rife to fet, in Phæbus' eye,

They toil, unceasing; yet, at night, they'll sleep,

M Lap'd

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Lap'd in Elyfium; and, each day, at dawn, 110 Spring from their couch, as blithfome as the fun.

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

Wouldst thou secure thine Æthiop from those ails,

Which change of climate, change of waters breed, And food unufual? let Machaon draw From each fome blood, as age and fex require; And well with vervain, well with fempre-vive, Unload their bowels .- Thefe, 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 fea-worn appetites. Let gentle work, Or rather playful exercise, amuse The novel gang: and far be angry words; Far ponderous chains; and far disheartening blows -

From fruits restrain their eagerness; yet if

135 The The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholesome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou may'st their appetite indulge.
Their arid skins will plump, their features shine:
No rheums, no dysenteric ails torment:
141
The thirsty hydrops slies.—'Tis even averr'd,
(Ah, did experience fanctify the fact;
How many Lybians now would dig the soil,
Who pine in hourly agonies away!)
145
This pleasing fruit, if turtle joins its aid,
Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,
'The loathsome leprofy's infectious bane.

THERE are, the muse hath oft abhorrent seen,
Who swallow dirt; (so the chlorotic fair 150

Ver. 137. cherries,] The tree which produces this wholesome fruit is tall, shady, and of quick growth. Its Indian name is Acajou; hence co ruptly called Cashew by the English. The fruit has no resemblance to a cherry, either in shape or fize; 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 rinds is contained a highly caustic oil; which, being held to a candle, emits bright saline sparks, 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 sunburning; but the pain they necessarily suffer makes its use not very frequent. This tree also produces a gum not inserior to Gum-arabic; and its bark is an approved altringent. 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.

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Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates:)
Such, dropfy bloats, and to sure death consigns;
Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food,
By soothing words, by menaces, by blows:
Nor yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words,
Perfect their cure; unless thou, Pæan, deign'st 156
By medicine's power their cravings to subdue.

To eafy labour first inure thy slaves;
Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search,
Let them fit graffy provender collect 160
For thy keen stomach'd herds.—But when the

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.

Non, negroe, at thy destiny repine,

Though doom'd to toil from dawn to setting sun.

How far more pleasant is thy rural task,

Than their's who sweat, sequester'd from the day,

In dark Tartarean caves, sunk far beneath

The earth's dark surface; where sulphureous

slames,

Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild,
To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep,
And in dread ruin all its inmates whelm?

Ver. 163. the conch] Plantations that have no bells, affemble their Negroes by founding a conch-shell,

127

Nor fateful only is the bursting slame;
The exhalations of the deep-dug mine, 175
Tho' slow, shake from their wings as sure as 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 seeble limbs
Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave, 181
Trace silver's sluent 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 de-

fpis'd!

See, in the mineral bosom of their land, 190

How hard they toil! how foon their youthful limbs

Feel the decrepitude of age! how foon

Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon

Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame! 194

Yet scarce, even then, are they allow'd to view

The glorious God of Day, of whom they beg,

Ver. 181. rocky Drave, A river in Hungary, on whose banks are found mines of quickfilver.

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With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!

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 201
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. 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 in their kind, Whom blows, alas! could win alone to soil. 210

YET, planter, let humanity prevail.—
Perhaps thy negroe, in his native land,
Poffeft large fertile plains, and flaves, and herds:
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richest filks, 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 fold for crimes; ye polish'd, fay!

225

Ye, to whom learning opes 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

Of rigid justice, with her lenient hand.

O, did the tender muse possess the power,
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse;
'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 isses.

Say, shall the muse the various ills recount,
Which Negroe-nations feel? Shall she deferibe

245
The worm that subtle winds into their sless.

The worm that fubtle winds into their flesh, All as they bathe them in their native streams?

There,

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There, with fell increment, it foon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill,
And proper circumspection are employed,
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 infects, which the vifual ray
Scarcely difcerns, their fable feet and hands
Oft penetrate; and, in the fleshy nest,
Myriads of young produce; which soon destroy 260
The parts they breed in; if affiduous care,
With art, extract not the prolific soe.

OR, shall she sing, and not debase her lay, The pest peculiar to the Æthiop-kind,

Ver. 257. winged infects, These, by the English, are called Chigoes or Chigres. They chiefly perforate the toes, and sometimes the singers; occasioning an inching, which some people think not unpleasing, and are at pains to get, by going to the copperholes, or mill-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 bursting, by means of a needle, and filling up the place with a little snuff; it soon heals, if the person have a good constitution. One species of them is supposed to be positionous; 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 fores. The South-Americans call them Miguas.

The yaw's infectious bane?-The infected far 265 In huts, to leeward, lodge; or near the main. With heartning food, with turtle, and with conchs; The flowers of fulphur, and hard niccars burnt, The lurking evil from the blood expel, And throw it on the furface: there in spots 270 Which caufe no pain, and fcanty 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 paufe: then let the learned leach 275 Give, in due dose, live-filver from the mine; Till copious spitting the whole taint exhaust .-Nor thou repine, tho' half-way round the fun, This globe, her annual progrefs shall revolve; Ere, clear'd, thy flave from all infection shine. Nor then be confident; fuccessive crops 281 Of defædations 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 fons of Guinea, might not skill ingraft

Ver. 268. niccars] 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 farmaceous nut, of admirable use in seminal weaknesses. They are also given to throw out the yaws.

(Thus, the fmall-pox are happily convey'd) This ailment early to thy negroe-train?

YET, of the ills which torture Libya's fons, 290 Worms tyrannize the worst. They, Proteus-like, Each fymptom of each malady affume; And, under every malk, the affaffins kill. Now, in the guife of horrid spafms, they writhe The tortur'd body, and all fense o'er-power. 295 Sometimes, like Mania, with her head down-cast, 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 dropfy's bloated mask they steal; Or, " melt with minings of the hectic fire." 305

Say, to fuch various forms of mimic 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 Melaffes, from their dens expel, 310 Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.—
A powerful vermifuge, in skilful hands,

Ver. 309. Cow-itch] See notes on Book II.

The worm-grafs proves; yet even in hands of fkill,

Sudden, I've known it dim the vifual ray
For a whole day and night. There are who use
(And sage experience justifies the use)
The mineral product of the Cornish mine;
Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoyed,
The polish'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
In their swift ships convey'd to foreign realms:
The sun by day, by night the northern star,
Their course conducted.—Mighty commerce, hail!
By thee the sons of Attic's sterile land,
A scanty number, laws impos'd on Greece,
Nor aw'd they Greece alone; vast Asia's King, 325
Though girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their

Felt his heart wither on his farthest throne.

Perennial fource of population thou!

While scanty peasants plough the slowery plains

Ver. 317. The mineral product of the Cornish mine;] Tinfilings are a better vermifuge than tin in powder. The western parts of Britain, and the neighbouring isles, have been famous for this useful metal from the remotest antiquity; for we find from Strabo, that the Phænicians made frequent voyages to those parts (which they called Cassiterides from Kassi 72900 stannum) in quest of that commodity, which turned out so beneficial to them, that a pilot of that nation stranded his vessel, rather than show a Roman ship, that watched him, the way to those mines. For this public-spirited action he was amply rewarded, says that accurate writer, upon his return to his country. The Romans, however, soon made themselves masters of the secret, and shared with them in the profit of that merchandize.

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Of purple Enna; from the Belgian fens, 330 What fwarms 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 334 Of Spain's infulting King; on whose wide realms, The fun 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. Plunge to the center, and thro' nature's wiles, (Led on by skill of penetrative foul) Her following close, her secret treasure find. To pour them plenteous on the laughing world. On thee, Sylvanus, thee each rural god, 345 On thee, chief Ceres, with unfailing love And fond distinction, emulously gaze. In vain hath nature pour'd vast seas between Far-distant kingdoms; endless storms in vain With double night brood o'er them; thou dost throw, 350

O'er far-divided nature's realms, a chain
To bind in fweet fociety 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,
Acknowledg'd now sole empress of the main.

Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
There may'ft thou ever fix thy wandering steps;
While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic soam! 359
By thee, thy favourite great Columbus sound
That world, where now thy praises I rehearse
To the resounding 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 wifest 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 fnake-mark'd ftaff hath ftruck!

They mope, love filence, every friend avoid; They inly pine, all aliment reject; Or infufficient for nutrition take: Their features droop; a fickly yellowish hue 374

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 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 generally 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,

Their

Their skin deforms; their strength and beauty sly. Then comes the feverish fiend, with firy eyes, Whom drought, convulsions, and whom death furround,

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 sons
Of sable Afric 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.

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,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er these the leach
Mutters strange jargon, and wild circles forms,

Or this possess, each negroe deems himself
Secure from poison; for to poison they
Are infamously prone: and arm'd with this, 395
Their sable country dæmons they defy,
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them mischief. This, diseases sly;

Difeafes

Diseases follow: fuch 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 flaves were ever of the pilfering kind, 404 This from detection screens; - so conjurers swear.

TILL morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell Call forth thy negroes from the rushy couch: And ere the fun with mid-day fervour glow, 409 When every broom-bush opes her yellow flower; Let thy black labourers from their toil defift: Nor till the broom her every petal lock, Let the loud bell recal them to the hoe. But when the jalap her bright tint displays, When the folanum fills her cup with dew, 415

Ver. 410. broom-brush] This small plant, which grows in every pasture, may, with propriety, be termed an American clock; 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 fix in the evening, which that again as foon 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 a purple-coloured flower.

Ver. 415. folanum] So fome authors name the fire-weed, which grows every where, and is the Datura of Linnaus; whose virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about fun-fet.

And

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And crickets, snakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil,
(For even the best must sometimes urge their gang)

With double nutriment reward their pains. 420

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

Nor less inhuman, than unthrifty those;
Who, half the year's rotation round the sun,
Deny subsistence to their labouring slaves.
But wouldst 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 slour;
A35
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempestuous round the Scotian isse!

YET fome there are fo lazily inclin'd, And fo neglectful of their food, that thou,

Wouldst

Wouldst thou preserve them from the jaws of death;

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 flave affign 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.

Ver. 449. cassada] To an ancient Caribbean, 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 Pigeon-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,

There let the bonavist, his fringed pods Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears Aloft his flimy 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 fpring in order meet, With Indian cale, and foodful calaloo:

Ver. 456. bonavist] This is the Spanish name of a plant, which produces an excellent bean. It is a parafitical plant. There are five forts of bonavist, the green, the white, the moon-shine, the small or common; and, lastly, the black and red. The flowers of all are white and parilionaceous; except the last, whose bloffoms are purple. They commonly bear in fix 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 feeds in partitional cells.

Ver. 457. ochra] Or Ockro. This shrub, which will last for years, produces a not less agreeable, than wholesome pod. It bears all the year round. Being of a flimy and balfamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal aliment in dyfenteric complaints. It is of the Malva species. It rises to about four or five feet high, bearing, on and near the fummit, many yellow flowers; fucceeded by green, conic, flessy pods, channelled into several grooves. There are as many cells filled with small round feeds, as there are channels.

Ver. 150. potatos] I cannot politively fay, whether these vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their fructification, they differ from potatoes 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 pleatant cool drink; and being distilled, yield an excellent spirit.

Ver. 461. eddas] See notes on Book I. The French call this plant Tayove. 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,

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and Europe's cover

While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer herbs,
Shoot gladfome forth, nor reprobate the clime.

THIS tract fecure, 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 burfts' 470 On rocky foils.-The coffee also plant; White as the skin of Albion's lovely fair, Are the thick fnowy fragrant blooms it boafts: Nor wilt thou, coco, thy rich pods refuse; Tho' years, and heat, and moisture they require, Ere the stone grind them to the food of health. Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various forts, And that kind sheltering tree, thy mother nam'd. With crimfon 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,

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

Ver. 466. the shapely tree] The orange tree.

Ver. 478 thy mother nam'd,] See Book I. p. 41.

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His loaded gun, and cutlafs, guard the whole: Elfe negroe-fugitives, who fkulk 'mid rocks 485 And fhrubby wilds, in bands will foon deftroy Thy labourer's honest wealth; their loss and your's.

PERHAPS, of Indian gardens I could fing, Beyond what bloom'd on blest Phæacia's isle, Or eastern climes admir'd in days of yore: How Europe's foodful, culinary plants; How gay Pomona's ruby-tinctured births; And gawdy Flora's various-vefted 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") With their vast umbrage the noon's fervent rav. Thee, verdant mammey, first, her fong 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 ratassa stavour, and therefore the French call them Les Apricos de St. Domingue: accordingly, l'Eau des Noiaux, 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. 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

Thee, the first native of these Ocean-isles, 504 Fell anthropophagi, still facred held; And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abstain'd, 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 520 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 fcent the ambient air: 515 While thy long pods, full fraught with nectared fweets,

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 slavour, wilt thou coy resule

520

Thy fragrant shade to beautify the scene.

But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian-groves,

name is Indian. The English commonly call it Mammey-sapota. There are two species of it, the sweet and the tart. The botanical name is Achras.

Ver. 509. tamarind ] See Book I. p. 43-

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

Thee, fair palmeto, should her fong resound: What fwelling columns, form'd by Jones or Wren, Or great Palladio, may with thee compare? 525 Not nice-proportioned, but of fize immenfe, Swells the wild fig-tree, and fhould claim her lay: For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed A filial train, stupendous as their fire, In quick fuccession; and o'er many a rood, 530 Extend their uncouth limbs; which not the bolt Of heaven can fcathe; nor yet the all-wasting rage Of Typhon, or of hurricane, destroy. Nor should, tho' small, the anata not be fung:

Thy

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 feed 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 sact 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, fufficiently supplies the table with that esculent. I never ride past the charming vifta of royal palms on the Cayon-estate of Daniel Mathew, Eig; 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.

Ver. 534. anata] Or Anotto, or Arnotta; thence corruptly called Indian Otter, by the English. The tree is about the fize of an ordinary apple-tree. The French call it Rocou; and fend the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpose the tree is cultivated

Thy purple dye, the filk and cotton fleece 535 Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes Of Northern-Ind, a fierce and wily race, Carouse, affembled; and with it they paint Their manly make in many a horrid form, To add new terrors to the face of war. The muse might teach to twine the verdant arch, And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn, With ponderous granadillas, and the fruit Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taste: 544 Nor should she not pursue the mountain-streams, But pleas'd decoy them from their shady haunts, In rills, to vifit 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, Arife thro' fculptur'd stone, or breathing brass .-

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. granadillas,] This is the Spanish name, and is a species of the passifiora, or passion-shower, called by Linnæus, 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 honeysuckle, as it is named, being parastictal 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. Plumer calls it Granadilla. Latefolia, Fructu Maliformi. It grows best in shady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

But I'm in haste to furl my wind-worn fails, And anchor my tir'd vessel on the shore.

Ir much imports to build thy negroe-huts,
Or on the founding margin of the main, 555
Or on fome dry-hills gently-floping fides,
In ftreets, 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 stems ærial 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 enormous; of impurpled hue
Its frequent clusters glow. And there, if thou 565
Wouldst make the sand yield salutary food,
Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,

Let-

Ver. 563. bay grape,] Or fea-fide grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and fhady tree, (the leaves being broad, thick, and almost circular;) and succeeds best in fandy places. It bears large clusters of grapes once a year; which, when ripe, are not disagreeable. The stones, feeds, or acini, contained in them, are large in proportion; and being reduced to a powder, are an excellent aftringent. The bark of the tree has the same property. The grape, steep d in water and fermented with sugar, make an agreeable wine.

Ver. 567. Indian millet] Or maize. This is commonly called Guinea-corn, to diffinguish it from the great or Indian-corn, that grows in the Southern parts of North-America. It foon 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

Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholefome nutriment bananas yield, 570
And fun-burnt labour loves its breezy shade.
Their graceful screen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans shiver in the breeze;
So slames design'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall spread no ruin to the neighbouring roof. 575

YET nor the founding margin of the main,
Nor gently floping fide of breezy hill,
Nor ftreets, at diffance due, imbower'd in trees;
Will half the health, or half the pleafure yield,
Unless fome 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 aukwardly 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 fing;

people, make many (not unfavory) diffnes with them. It is also called Turkey wheat. The turpentine tree will also grow in the fand, and is most useful upon a plantation.

Ver. 584. banshaw] This is a fort of rude guitar, invented by the negroes. It produces a wild, pleasing, melancholy found.

While those distinguish'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the center, and fantastic twine. 591
Mean while some stripling, from the choral ring,
Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, bestows
On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
And whose slush'd beauties have inthrall'd his
foul, 595

A filver token of his fond applause.

Anon they form in ranks; nor inexpert

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 foothing arts, Thy flaves to wed their fellow flaves at home; So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy, By distant journeys, at untimely hours, When mussled midnight decks her raven hair 610 With the white plumage of the prickly vine.

WOULDST

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 Wythe Apple, and others, with more propriety, Mountain Strawberry. But though

Wouldst thou from countless ails preserve thy gang;

To every negroe, as the candle-weed Expands his bloffoms to the cloudy fky, 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 servours of the burning day.

The truly great, tho' from a hostile clime, 620 The facred 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 samine sed: 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!

Dip fuch, in these green isles which Albion claims, 630

Did fuch obtain; the muse, at midnight-hour,

though it resembles the large Chili-strawberry in looks and fize; yet being inelegant of taste, it is seldom eaten. The botanical name is Cereus scandens minor. The rind of the fruit is here and therestudded with tusts of small sharp prickles.

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 a diurctic, but this I do not know from experience.

### 150 THE SUGAR-CANE. Book IV.

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

All hail, old father Thames! tho' not from far Thy springing waters roll; nor countless streams, Of name conspicuous, swell thy watery store; Tho' thou, no Plata, to the fea devolve Vast humid offerings; thou art king of streams: Delighted Commerce broods upon thy wave; 640 And every quarter of this fea-girt globe To thee due tribute pays; but chief the world By great Columbus found, where now the muse Beholds, transported, slow vast fleecy clouds, Alps pil'd on Alps romantically high, Which charm the fight with many a pleafing form. The moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole, And tips you tamarinds, tips you cane-crown'd vale With fluent filver: 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 drowfy murmurings breaks upon the shore!

An me, what thunders roll! the fky's on fire!
Now fudden darkness muffles up the pole! 655
Heavens! what wild scenes, before the affrighted fense,

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

Imperfect

Imperfect fwim!—See! in that flaming fcroll
Which Time unfolds, the future germs bud forth,
Of mighty empires! independent realms!——

And must Britannia, Neptune's favourite queen, Protect'ress of true science, freedom, arts; Must she, ah! must she, to her offspring crouch? Ah, must my Thames, old Ocean's favourite son, Refign his trident to barbaric streams; His banks neglected, and his waves unfought, 665 No bards to fing them, and no fleets to grace?-Again the fleecy clouds amuse the eye, 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, Her winged navies! bade her fcepter'd fons Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!-She shall not crouch; if these Cane ocean-isles, Isles which on Britain for their all depend, 676 And must for ever; still indulgent share Her fostering smile: and other isles be given, From vanquish'd foes .- And, see, another race! A golden æra dazzles my fond fight! That other race, that long'd-for æra, hail! THE BRITISH GEORGE NOW REIGNS, THE PATRIOT KING! BRITAIN SHALL EVER TRIUMPH O'ER THE MAIN

The END of the LAST BOOK.

Contraction was standing to the second of the second secon

## \*AUGUETUETUETUE\*

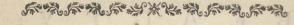
# BEAUTY:

A

# POEM.

[By the same Author.]





#### ARGUMENT.

Invocation to Florinda. The force of Beauty. Its happy effects; and the pleasures attendant on Love. Advice to the Fair Sex. The importance of Virtue.
Sensual Pleasure to be avoided. Youthful recreations
to be innocently enjoyed. The baleful consequences of
Deceit and Persidy. Science recommended; its advantages. Against semale vanity. A Tale. The
delights assorbed by innocent Love and Marriage. To
the Author's Mistress. A Wish.





### BEAUTY:

A

### POEM.

OME, fair Florinda, and, while Beauty glows
Warm on thy lovely cheek, auspicious come.

or an an

And animate my fong! O may I gaze
On ev'ry charm, and from each shining grace
Catch inspiration: let thy genius aid 5
My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verse
The slow harmonious, while th' enchanted Muse
Relates the charms, which, o'er the yielding heart,
Perpetual reign, and hold resistless sway.

DIFFUSIVE Nature, who, with lib'ral hand, 10 Scatters her bounties round, and decks the fpring In all its gay attire, the virgin's cheek Flushes with beauty, and adorns her brow With charms attractive; shapes her faultless form With skill unerring, on her breast bestows 15 The fnowy hue, while, o'er her shining neck, In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair Dishevell'd, graceful; and her sparkling eyes Dart kindling flame: majestic on she moves, 19 Conscious of native worth, and smiling love Alluring .- Hither, ye! whose hard'ned hearts Ne'er felt a lover's pangs, ah! hither come, To feel the force of Beauty: here furvey, In radiant luftre, the bewitching grace, 24 Which from the dawn of time o'er Nature held Her foft domain. Since first the vital spark Awak'd the human breast, and man arose To conscious being, the fair female form Dazzled his eye, and through his panting breaft Shot beauty's ray: when in primæval fpring Life, uncorrupted, roll'd its golden hours, Free from the attacks of vice; as yet unfour'd With pain corroding: nor Difease had rear'd Her fnaky creft to blaft their blooming days: Then beauty reign'd, and form'd the facred tye 35 Connubial. Oft, amid the green retreat, Where fanning zephyrs play'd, the joyous hour Fled on the wings of love: here Innocence,

And fweetest Concord, and all-soothing Bliss,
By Beauty heighten'd, o'er the human pair
Forth spread their downy wings. Nor Beauty less,
Thro' long succeeding ages, o'er the heart
Her conquest held; devoted Man attests
The pleasing truth, while at the syren voice
Of Music, thrilling the enchanting note,
He prostrate falls, the fond distracted prey
Of passions raging through th' ensever'd heart.

So Nature wills; and while encreasing strength Braces the nerves, and through the fwelling veins The blood fierce boiling flows, fubduing love 50 Still reigns in Man, to polish and refine His barb'rous mind; nor, till the foothing flame Have feiz'd his heart, and thaw'd his frozen foul, Ere can he relish the sublime delight Of focial transport, nor confenting feel The fympathetic blifs, nor tafte the fweets Of hallow'd friendship, nor affected hear The voice of Woe, as oft she vents her moan In wailings loud. The foft relenting heart, 60 Kind Pity's tear, the all-profusive hand Of Charity, the gen'rous flow of Soul, These are not his, who never yet has felt The pangs of love, o'er whom the enchanting

Of Beauty never reign'd, whose fullen breast

Ne'er glow'd with transport, and the anxious throbs

Which panting Lovers know; but all his foul Is folitary gloom, untaught to pour The friendly fervour, and, with heart enlarg'd, To breathe the warm benevolence of love.

Come ye, who now your gayest moments pass, 70 And graceful flourish 'midst the shining throng, While life flies joyous, and your youthful years Roll placed on; before the radiant throne Of Beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breaft With noble purpose, what informs the heart To melt, and mould you into focial Man, Is Beauty's pow'r. From her poetic heat Harmonious flows, and taught by her oft paints -The visionary scene, and touches all The Springs of Passion; her's each winning Grace, And comely Gesture her's: enfrozen'd age, Bending to earth beneath the weight of years, With wrinkled front, and venerable hair, Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood Run thro' his wither'd veins, erect he lifts His hoary head, and on his aged brow Unufual gladness smiles, while his cold heart, Warm'd into fervour glows: her kindling voice, All rural Nature hears, and ftarts amaz'd To polish'd life. Thus when the rustic swain

Saw fleeping beauty, on the graffy bank,

Reclin'd at ease, and careless beaming round
Her charms attractive, while upon her face
Play'd all the laughing loves; surpris'd he gaz'd,
And selt a thousand transports shoot along
His shiv'ring nerves: now his unfeeling heart,
Unus'd to pant, with soft emotion heaves;
He trembling view'd, and all his soul was love.

AND ye, fair offspring of the bounteous hand Of nature, ye array'd in all the charms Of vernal youth, flush'd on your comely cheek By Beauty's balmy breath, while yielding Man To you refigns his heart, and eager fighs Low at your feet, and tells the moving tale Of plaintive love: how, fleepless, on his couch 105 He drags the tedious hours, and oft-times starts With fancy'd visions, which delusive swim Before his eyes; how bufy fancy paints Your beauteous figure, in resplendent robes Luxuriant floating, as you graceful wave 110 In all the airs of love; and while he grafps Th' imagin'd form, how lost in empty air. The fair illusion slies: how taste forgets The poignant relish, and the spicy gale To him no odours wafts: with cheerless air 115

Ver. 91. beauty,] Alluding to Dryden's beautiful fable of Cymon and Iphigenia.

He

He wanders pensive to the lonely shade, To blend his moanings with the whifpering breeze, While fympathetic glides the weeping rill In mazy currents by, and there to thought Devotes the gloomy hour, complaining oft, 120 In tender strains, how fair Florinda fcorns His melting heart, and thrills the mournful notes Of fond, despairing love; nor there can long Indulge his woe, but reftless with the croud Impatient mingles, folace there to find, Amidst the tumult of a madd'ning world: Still haunts the phantom, still his bosom burns With unremitted pain, and love refumes His tyrant empire: how his alter'd looks, Meagre, and pale, speak the distracting fiend 130 Which on his vitals preys; how ftrength forfakes His quivering limbs; how, wrapt in awful gloom, Frail fick'ning nature pines away in woe .-O gently then, ye lovely conqu'rors! use Your unrefisted sway; forth stretch your arms, 135 To raise from abject plight the fainting slave, And on his tortur'd foul, propitious, pour The balm of hope; and now, delighted, tafte Love's fond delights, while passion eager pants In ev'ry vein, and warms your glowing breafts 140 With fairy prospects of transporting joys.

Nor, gay Amanda, though, with fighs, to you The plaintive Damon kneels, and vents his foul

In foftly swelling strains: yet let not these Dilate your heart; nor look with fcornful air 145 On the gay rivals, who for you contest Fair beauty's prize, and vie, fupreme, to shine 'Midst the foft circles, where indulgent flow The foothing hours; where music gently wakes, Symphonious, every passion, and attunes The foul to rapture, while diffusive joy Spreads thro' the melting throng. For Beauty still By taste is prov'd; by her capricious law, It blooms or withers. Ye! who long have held The willing Strephon, o'er th' obdurate heart 155 Of Damon never reign'd; while he, fubdu'd By bright Amanda, fighs his foul away In unavailing moan. Far from your breaft Be banish'd Pride; the high assuming air Ill fuits the brow, where tenderness, and love, 160 Should dwell diftinguish'd; nor can reason judge Whose charms superior shine: some dazzling grace, Still nameless, flashes on th' admiring eye.

BEYOND description, fairer than her sex,
To me, Florinda seems: how darts her eye 165
Its soul-dissolving fires! how, o'er her neck,
Gracefully careless, falls her auburn hair!
Her mien how soft! can the pure mountain snow,
With her warm bosom rising to the throbs
Of undissembled love, compare its white? 170
The rose its red with her's? Nor Strephon less
Adores his blooming bride; she fairer, she

Is

Is beauty's felf, and, as she gently moves,
Her limbs, proportion'd with unerring skill,
A thousand radiant graces in her train 175
Alluring dance. Each nameless charm is her's;
And love, and joy, and virtue, sit enthron'd
In ev'ry look and smile. Not varied more
The human face, with diff'rent features stampt
By nature's forming hand, than taste which views,
In objects diff'rent, various beauties glow. 181

O WHILE ye glory in your youthful prime, And yield attention to the fyren voice Of praise; in that foft season, when the breast A strange enchantment feels; when pleasure pants In ev'ry vein; and sparkles in the eye 186 Superfluous health; then guard your heart's Against seducing love. Suspend, ye fair! These softer cares, and listen, while the Muse Rifes superior to the fading glare 190 Of mortal charms, and now essays to touch The heart, and open to the enraptur'd foul More lasting Beauty, moral and divine, Which grows in age, nor at the pale approach Of death decays; but with unblasted grace For ever blosoms. Hail! bright Virtue, hail! Propitious come, inspire my glowing breast To fing of thee! without thee, what are all Life's gayest trappings, what the fleeting show 199 Of youth, or charms, which for a moment spread Their Their visionary bloom, but with'ring die, Nor leave remembrance of their fancy'd worth!

SEE, how adorn'd in heav'n's alt-glorious pomp Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train Ten thousand beauties wait: behold, she comes, To fill the foul with never-ceafing joy! Attend her voice, fweet as the folemn founds Of cherubs, when they strike their golden harps In facred concert, while the fky refounds Symphonious. Hence, ye fond delusive dreams Of fleeting pleafure! fhe the heart diftends 211 With more enduring blifs: kindled by her, The gen'rous bosom breathes the focial fire, And beats responsive to the woes of man.

Now native peace, and harmony divine, Dwell in the foul; to reason's powerful law Each passion yields; and her resistless sway Struggling corruption owns, nor dares affault A heart confirm'd by her; and now the fame Of nature conquer'd by the informing voice 220 Of Reason, thro' celestial mansions slies On wings angelic; thro' the winding paths Of life, fair Prudence guides, and points the road To happiness and peace; while in the breast Untainted Innocence and Freedom reign. 225

THESE are the Charms of Virtue, these will bloom When time shall cease: e'en Beauty's self by these More P 2

More lovely feems, she looks with added grace, And smiles seraphic: nor shall hoary age Their bloffoms wither, but perpetual fpring Here shed her influence; while a showy world, Its varnish losing, shall deceive no more; And nature, fick'ning at approaching fate, Shall fink beneath its doom. Whate'er adorns The female breaft, whate'er can move the foul With fervent rapture, ev'ry winning grace 236 And mild endearment, tenderness and love In fair Aspasia shine; 'tis her's to charm With elocution fweet, and all the flow Of foft perfuation, while the fenfual heart 240 Refines, and feels fair Virtue dawning there.

Nor ye, gay glittering tribe! who oft-times drink Of Circe's poison'd cup, and down the stream Of soothing pleasure all resistless flow Enervate, deem unworthy of your wish 245 The Charms of Virtue. While ye restless seek The phantom Pleasure, where Indulgence plays Her midnight gambols, o'er unstable paths Ye heedless wander: as she points the way Thro' her enchanting maze, th' illusive form 250 Conceals destruction. While with eager hope, And mad impatience, in a fond embrace

Ver. 238. Afpasia] See this perfect character in Mr. Johnson's

Ye grasp her panting, lo! the fore'ress darts

Her latent venom thro' your tortur'd nerves. 254

Then wakes remorse; and, see! on yonder throne,
With woes surrounded, fell disease displays

Her snaky crest, and o'er your guilty heads

Shakes all her horrors: anguish, downcast shame,
Succeed, and on the discontented brow

Satiety sits pale. The feeble knee, 260

Each nerve unbrac'd, beneath the fabric bends!

The tott'ring fabric falls! the shades of death

Now quench those orbs that beam'd impure desire!

And, deeper yet, the gloom of black despair—

A darkness to be felt!—involves the soul! 265

O, dread this complicated curse! and turn

With holy horror, from the paths of vice!

Non think, ye fair, the pensive Muse forbids
The joys of youth; she, with complacent smile,
Views ye light fluttering; she the social band 270
Joins cheerful, and benevolent implore
Diffusive nature on your heads to shed
Her gay profusion, lavish all her grace,
And in your bosoms pour the soul of love.

Lo! rosy youth holds forth her pictur'd scene 275
With garlands crown'd; and tow'ring Fancy now
Her gay creation paints: high swells the breast
With emulation, and joy-teeming life
Its gay allurements shows. Forth by your side, 279
In glitt'ring grandeur, walks the enraptur'd swain:
With graceful ease, attemp'ring conscious pride,
He

He fpreads his glories to th' admiring eye.

Awak'd by love, and by the fubtle Flame
Of Beauty kindled, with affiduous care,
And fond fubmiffion, to the cheerful haunts 285
Of Mirth he leads you, and while wand'ring o'er
Enchanted ground, oft tells the pleafing tale
Perfuafive: gently flow the fmiling hours,
In focial converse, innocently gay.

COME, nature, best informer! kindly lead 290 Along the flow'ry walk, trod by the feet Of youthful pleasure; guide our heedless steps, And fafe conduct us to the Bow'r of Blifs! Supreme directress! she the breast instructs To breathe Love's purer flame, graceful improves Each varied motion, beams th' expressive eye, 296 And gives to Beauty all her pow'r to charm. O! let her influence fill the diff'rent scenes Of Joy and Love-whether we careless ftray 299 Along the painted mead, where fragrance blends Her thousand sweets; or tread the lengthen'd walk, While Music cheers the foul, and viftas green Rise to the view, and pour their fresh delights On the bewilder'd eye; or if we move Along the hall, refulgent with the blaze 305 Of India's stores, and ev'ry measure trace Or flow or sprightly, while the lover feels Unufual transports rush upon his foul In admiration loft. Ah! here, ye fair, Your gayest moments pass: as to the touch 310

Ye

Ye yield your hand, with palpitations quick The fnowy bosom heaves, and unreserv'd Breathes the warm wish of kind consenting Love.

FAR from the bosom of the tender fair, Where Love alone should dwell, fly base deceit, Nor stain with perfidy the facred shrine. Who's fhe that looks with high imperious mien, In yonder walk, amidst her rivals, deck'd In yellow robes resplendent? how she moves 319 With practis'd air, and darts her meaning glance Amidst the throng! thrown prostrate at her feet The lover pleads, nor she the lover hears; But, swoln with pride of conquest, scornful smiles. Yet if arous'd, and conscious of his wrongs, He bids the last adieu, she yet in store 325 Has thousand winning wiles: the blood forsakes Her blooming cheek, and on her coral lip Steals paleness; while adorn'd in all the charms Of weeping Beauty, she resistless holds The lover still her own. With streaming eyes 330 Again he views her, and his yielding heart Melts with returning Love. - Inconstant still, She, nor by Pity mov'd, nor Gratitude, Nor awful Virtue, to the fighing flave Refigns her heart - there vanity still dwells, 335 'Midst her fantastic joys enthron'd, and plans Unnumber'd conquests o'er admiring Man. Love is not her's, she never tastes the sweets Of mutual rapture, mutual fond esteem,

Nor knows the charms of truth; her bosom beats With other throbs. Anxieties and fears, 341 Ambition's train! vex her aspiring soul, And disappointment leaves its baleful sting. Be this her portion! let her still possess. The dear deceits!—Awake, delusive thoughts, 345 Self-adulation come, and in her breast Your soft enchantments pour! life's glories raise The splendid scene, and deck th' exulting fair In all your fancied pomp!—Nor envy her, Ye faithful sew, whom the celestial grace 350 Of Truth inspires! for, while she eager grasps The slatt'ring forms, they faithless all elude Her fond embrace, and sleet in empty air.

THE fair Amanda knows no practis'd guile To captivate the foul: fweet Innocence 355 And Truth are her's, and Beauty unadorn'd, Save when diffusive steals the glowing blush, And shews her bright in ev'ry virgin charm. Her eyes no conquests seek, nor beats her breast With anxious throbs; she affectation's wiles Nor practifes nor knows: stranger to these, She, only conscious of her virgin worth, Heaves nature's fighs, and, dreft in nature's grace, All lovely feems, and moves attractive on Amidst admiring swains: at her approach 365 Each bosom flutters, while the lovely maid Nor fcornful looks, nor with confenting smile Bids admiration all its incense pour

To her bewitching charms: yet on her brow
Modest reserve oft sits, forbidding all 370
Love's wanton hopes. The fair Amanda thus
Resistless empire holds; while aw'd we gaze
On ev'ry charm, and at a distance sigh.

YET while the feafon of your blooming youth Glides gently on, and lib'ral nature show'rs 375 Her gayest blessings, peaceful, on your heads; O! then let Science on your eafy hours Serenely steal: oft when the bufy scene Of meddling Care, and fond officious Love Sits on your eyes, and Solitude invites 380 To Meditation, let her mind infuse Her fweet instruction: she the foul exalts To dignity; for when, with Knowledge bless'd, Fair Beauty fmiles upon the blufhing brow. Her foft persuasion wins the yielding heart 385 Refiftless, each with glowing ardour hears Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow Of fweetest periods, warbling from the lips Where raptures hang: the captivated foul, While Beauty triumphs, owns her boundless sway.

Of T let me wander thro' the green retreat,
Where Meditation dwells, and rofes shed
Their mild perfumes wak'd by the genial breath
Of May, while gently by the purling stream
Its crystal waters rolls: to crown my bliss
Let sweet Ardelia come, on her attends

Each

Each mild engaging grace, each nameless charm Alluring; Nature, bounteous, on her brow Beams all its beauties, and the foul by her Is charm'd to rapture, she the mind informs 400 With knowledge, which from her perfuafive tongue Alluring streams; while Music lends its voice Melodious, and the Sapphic Muse awaits Soft in her train, to breathe into her breaft Th' inspiring Genius; fhe in melting lays, 405 Sweet as herfelf, in the warm bosom wakes The fond delights of Love. Here let us join To fing of Nature, as we pleas'd furvey The beauteous landscape round, or frequent turn The moving page, where glows poetic flame 410 And harmony; with nature's Shakespear rove Thro' all his fairy regions, or oft fly With Milton, boundlefs, through ethereal worlds. Let raptur'd fancy feel the circling year Roll o'er our heads, and mark the changing scenes Of nature, dreft in his immortal lays, 416 Who fung the Seafons. Thus may gentle hours In fweet improvement pass, and still return Auspicious; for with thee, the beating heart Feels fond emotion, and the foul diffolves 420 In speechless transport of encreasing joy.

YE lovely fair, while flow'ry chaplets bind Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths

Ver. 417. Seasons.] Written by Mr. Thomson.

Of gently gliding life; ye graceful fweep,
Array'd in purple pride; as on your breaft

The diamond fhines, and in your floating train
The ruby glows, and emeralds around
Befet the flying robe; while dazzling thus
In orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muse,
In moralizing ftrains, essays to draw

43°
The ev'ning veil o'er all the glitt'ring show.

VAIN is their blaze, which, like the noon-tide day,

Dazzles the eye: fo flaunt the gawdy flow'rs In vernal glory, wide diffusing round Their odoriferous sweets, and shoot profuse Their bloffoms forth, and flourish in their May, In nature's livery clad; but when the fun Beams in his pride, they droop their blushing heads, Their bloffoms wither, and their varied tints Fade with his fultry rays. Behold, ye fair, 440 Your gay delufions, read in nature's book Their transitory life; how quickly fleets The dream of pleasure, at the pale approach Of death, grim, blafting all your pictur'd hopes. So fell Amynta in her bloom of days. 445 Joy flush'd her brow, and expectation swell'd Her beating bosom; Love its tribute paid To her bewitching charms, about to taste Connubial transports, and in Damon's arms To share the licens'd bliss; while virtue's self 450 Beheld complacent the indulging pair.

ELATED

ELATED thus, the fair Amynta felt The pangs of love; her wishes wing'd their flight To future periods; in idea all Life's foftest bleffings revel'd in her heart, 455 Oft did the lovers court the lonely shade, Reclusely happy, there to mingle fighs In nature's warmth: thrown on the flow'ry lap Of the fresh earth, where roses blush around, They breath'd their mutual vows, and tafted all 460 Th' endearing fweets of uncorrupted love. Dear hapless fair, amidst her warmest hopes, When fancy figur'd all the tender fcene Of mutual rapture, she devoted fell The mournful victim of the conqu'ring hand 465 Of unrelenting death: he dread approach'd, And nature trembled at his ghaftly mien. Her Damon now, in moving strains, laments, And fadly penfive to her facred tomb He oft repairs, there drops a lover's tear; 470 While fond remembrance opens all the scene Of past delight, calls forth his beauteous bride In visionary bloom, once more to blaze In all-attractive charms, till loft again The phantom glides in air: all nature wears 475 To him a face of woe, the valleys round Re-eccho doleful to his moving moan.

So Beauty fades, fo fleets its showy life, As droops the lily, clad in all its pride Of rich array. Yet while the pensive Muse

To

Touches the springs of grief, may no dark gloom O'erwhelm your fouls, for innocence furvives To bloom eternal: and while life invites To view its gayer scenes, amidst the pemp Of radiant courts, still cheerful move along 485 Its flow'ry walks, and lead with jovial heart The laughing moments on; for Beauty shines First in the gaudy circles, and commands Fond admiration. - As Britannia's fons Excel in every virtue, manly brave 490 Amidst the alarms of fate, gen'rous, fincere; By glory kindled, may her virgins too, Supremely fair, 'midst beauty's brightest blaze In foft perfections shine! may Hymen wave His purple wings, and o'er the facred couch His azure mantle spread, as down ye fink In wedlock's chafte embrace, and oft renew The hallow'd rapture: thus may peaceful life Flow undisturb'd, nor jarring feud invade Your happy hours. And, ye gay circles, now 500 Forgive the Muse, who daring thus hath sung Of Beauty's Triumphs, tho' unequal far To the delightful theme; yet Beauty charm'd My foul, and pour'd into my glowing breast Her fascination, led me thro' the maze 505 Of love: nor unambitious of applause She courts your fmiles, your's is her pleafing fong, To you she warbles, and devoted pays Her fond oblation to your radiant charms. But

But chief indulgent, 'midst the shining throng 510 Will fair Florinda smile; she sirst inspir'd My heart with love, to her my early Muse Her insant raptures pour'd; happy is now Sweet slow my numbers on her judging ear, And steal persuasive to her virgin breast. 515



FINIS.

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