

POETRY.



FROM THE BOSTON PATRIOT.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the vivid flower,
That lifts its modest head apart,
In some sequestered bow:
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets;
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the spring
Amid the wild alone,
A burning wild, o'er which the wing
Of cloud is seldom thrown;
And blest is he who meets that fount
Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly should his spirit mount!
How pleasant be his way!

A woman's love is like the rock
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves;
And blest is he who knows repose
Within its shade is given;
The world, with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.

AMERICA DEFENDED; Or, English Calumny Rebutted.

FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Faux arrives at Boston, which he calls the grand emporium of Yankee land. How accurate and true his observations are, will appear from a remark, in the journal of the first day.

"As Sunday here vanishes with daylight, I went in the evening to the townhall, to Caucus, a grand political meeting of thousands of the Mobocracy met to deliberate upon the choice of state governor, &c. The orators on the present occasion, being principally well educated federalists, seemed some of them eloquent and ingenious abusers of the democrats, who angrily retorted on their opponents. Thus I found two strong parties, &c.

This, in an account given from distant recollection, might pass for a pardonable slip of the memory. But in a journal, written like this, from day to day, it is downright falsehood. The Quarterly Reviewer, who on another occasion boasts his accurate knowledge of American customs, copies this ridiculous error as to Caucus. But Faux's circumstantial falsehood does not stop here. The owner of the Hamilton, mistaking him for a gentleman, took him home to dinner, which gives our traveller an opportunity of relating what was said at the table, evidently the first with a white cloth upon it, at which he ever sat down. Among the observations, which he ascribes to his host, whom he calls, 'a very strong federalist,' is this: 'the caucus, which you attended on Sunday night, embodies the respectable part of the citizens, federalists and democrats.' This is representing men and things as they are in America!

The true character of this gentleman begins to appear as he leaves Boston.

'I also called on,' says he, 'and bid a final farewell to my friend Mr. — (a friend to whom he brought no letters, and with whom he had no acquaintance, but that formed by an introduction on the Exchange,) who very kindly put into my hand, an introductory letter to his bankers and agents at Charleston, with a liberal purse of dollars, which he thought I should need before I could arrive at my destination. [He was to go by water.] This purse was unasked, and received without absolute necessity on my part, and without giving him any security. I took it principally for the sake of the singular confidence and liberality shown in the circumstance, and for the same reason he recorded it. "Take, Sir," said he, "more money." "O, this is more than enough," replied I. "What enough?" "Take more," &c.

We shall now accompany our author on the way to Charleston, and extract such passages as show his qualifications as a traveller. Intoxicated as he was with the attentions he received in Boston, so much so that he begins one day's journal,—"Seemed pleased with everything and everybody, and everybody with me."—Scarcely hoping to find another Boston,—"he yet has the preposterous impudence to say, "It is no unusual thing for some of the people of this country, on going to Charleston, to take their (1) free negroes with them, and sell them for slaves, by way of turning a penny, or, as they say, making a good spec." He arrived at Charleston about the time when Mr. Monroe was expected there, on his tour through the Southern States. Mr. Faux walked several miles on a dusty, sandy road, under a scorching sun, in expectation of seeing or meeting his Excellency, this morning made his public entry into the city. But he passed by me in the tumultuous crowd quite unobserved."

The real object of Mr. Faux in America, as we have observed, was to hunt up an inheritance from his maternal uncles. On this errand he visits his cousin

ins in the interior of the state, and finds one of them in an establishment consisting of one room, the only one, Mr. Faux informs us, in the house. His his other cousin, Major — a neighbor of this stately mansion, "was not at home, but his wife, a young thoughtful woman, with two babes, received me kindly, and in a patriarchal style found food for me and my guides, and provender for our beasts. [Enough to make any woman thoughtful.] The house has only three rooms: nor any windows of glass.' On his journey from the residence of these well provided cousins, Mr. Faux was overtaken in the forest by a tremendous storm of wind, hail, rain, thunder, and lightning. Huge trees fell around us, houses were unroofed; and we were exposed to all its fury in our chaise under a tree. The air seemed full of thunderbolts, inasmuch that I fancied myself shot through and through.' This unroofing must have been a serious thing indeed to Mr. Faux's cousins, whose houses had neither of them a second story, and one of them but a single room. Next to downright exposure in the open air, we should count the unroofing of a house consisting of one room.

Before accompanying our traveller from Carolina, we shall notice a few of the cases in which he has sinned against truth, probability, and decency, in his account of what he saw in that state. We begin with the gravest article, relative to the murder of a slave, of which the Quarterly reviewer has quoted the essentials, and added to them a false assertion made in his own person. We quote the abstract given of this affair in the Quarterly, as being more concise than that of Faux himself.

'Mr. Faux had the misfortune to be present at the digging up of the body of a slave, who had been wantonly whipped to death, and buried privately, by the hands of his master. Indignant at such an atrocious deed, and determined to expose it, he procured all the particulars of the horrid transaction, which he published in a Letter, signed with his name, in the Charleston Courier. The same day he received a message from the Governor, desiring him to wait on the Attorney General, to make an affidavit of the facts he had stated. He accordingly waited on Mr. Attorney General, who, after a short lecture on the imprudent step he had taken, as "staining the character of South Carolina," asked him if he could give personal evidence? Having replied in the negative, the visit ended by the Attorney General promising to get Kelly (the perpetrator of the murder) indicted;—but the learned gentleman has not yet redeemed his promise.—p. 344, 345.

Now we intend on this occasion to show to the dullest observer, not the want of principle of these wretched vagabonds who infest our country, but the disingenuousness and fraud of the Reviewer who quotes them. The simple facts of the case were these. A slave was barbarously whipped to death by one Kelly, near Camden, and, to conceal the crime, was secretly buried. It became, however, known in the neighborhood, a jury of inquest was summoned, and the body dug up, to ascertain the cause of the death. The sagacious Mr. Faux, being on his travels in this quarter, passed at the moment that the body was disinterred; saw it, heard the remarks likely to be made with such an object in sight; and, without waiting for the result of the inquest, continued his journey to Charleston. Arrived there, he immediately published a letter in the Courier, signed by his name, in his own style of Somersetshire eloquence, and relating as facts all that he had heard in riding by the spot where the occurrence took place, accompanied with various phrases, scandalously unjust in their imputation on the humanity of the Carolinians. We make the following extracts from the letter, omitting a few lines too painful to be quoted.

'Sir, On my way to this city, from a short tour through the interior of the state, a few days ago, twenty miles west of Columbia, I was suddenly attracted to a spot of earth, over which a respectable company of citizens were deeply intent on witnessing the exhumation of the body of an animal, costing 1200 dollars; but which its humane owner, (one Kelly,) and three other persons like minded, seized and tied to a tree at midnight, and each in turn wantonly whipped till sunrise, when from excessive lashing—it expired, and was instantly buried in a private corner on Sunday the 23d ult. But, on inquiry, the said animal proved to be a negro, and by some was thought to be of the human species, and stood "guilty of having a skin not colored like our own;" an offence for which those arbiters of life and death doomed it to die.—

'Good God, exclaimed I, where an 17 on the earth, which thou hast created, and did once pronounce blessed, or in the Pandemonium of the heathen? [Query, heathen?] Heaven I knew it could not be, for a cruel task-master had just crossed my path. Is it then, I continued, free America? An asylum for the oppressed and distressed of all other lands; the land of my adopted Washington; the adopted country of my nearest friends; the only country on the huge, cursed earth [profane] where liberty finds an ark, or rest for the sake of his pained foot; and the country to which I came with every fond prejudice and predilection! What! free and yet offer up human sacrifice! Monstrous anomaly! Go! fly these nasty lines through the world, and challenge off-od humanly to produce a spectacle so genuinely hellish or so purely diabolical! Did, Sir, did even a Sabbath sun dawn on a catastrophe so abhorrent to your feelings, as those of Sir, Your most obedient servant? W. FAUX.'

We should suppose, that a manner of

thinking and expressing one's thoughts, so contemptible as this, might have protected from farther notice, what, in any decent man, would have been a criminal interference with the course of public justice. Had some roystering young midshipman taken the thing up, and called Mr. Faux somewhat rudely to account, it would have been quite natural; and if one of those industrious gentlemen, *Vindex*, or *Vexar*, or *Corrector*, had stepped forth in the next day's Courier, with a half column of the same kind of eloquence, the business would have been in a fair and proper train. An atrocious murder of a slave was said to have been committed; the very time and circumstances of the crime were creditable to the state of public feeling in Carolina, as far as anything, in such a connexion, could be creditable. It was committed at midnight, and the slave secretly buried, that it might be concealed. And it is on this score that Faux accuses not one obscure and cruel individual, but the whole country of America, of offering up human sacrifices.

Again, Faux's sole knowledge of the crime was derived from being present at the examination of the facts of the *Jury of Inquest*. In what mode would this wise traveller, or his patron in the Quarterly Review, have a murder, or any other crime pursued? The slave was killed on the 23d at night, and was secretly buried, and on the 29th the jury had discovered the spot, and directed the disinterment of the body in order to collect evidence of the crime. The enlightened editor of the Quarterly may tell us, when he next writes on America, whether he would have the reputed murderer hung without any process, or tried for murder without ascertaining that there had been a murder, or finally, what should have been done? Faux waited not, even to ascertain the verdict of the jury, but on his arrival at Charleston published the silly letter above quoted.

Unfortunately his quality of stranger, his London clothes, which he mentions, and the southern hospitality, led to the mistake that he was a gentleman, and entitled to the notice of a man of principle. Naturally supposing that there must be something extraordinary in the circumstances of the case, to lead a foreigner to such an extraordinary manifesto, the Governor directed the Attorney General to institute an Inquiry. On this inquiry it appeared, as we have already stated, that Faux knew nothing of what he had published with his name, except as he had transiently heard it from those collected about the jury of inquest, whose verdict he did not stay to hear. Thus far we have merely laid open a scene of impertinence. What now follows will probably be thought by our readers, something worse than impertinent; though the burden of the offence falls not on the shoulders of Faux, but of his Reviewer, who had been so indiscreet as to assert, in his own person, what Faux does not say; what the Reviewer could not know to be true; and what is actually false. Faux, at the close of his tale, represents the Attorney General as saying, 'that he will write to the district attorney and get Kelly indicted,' and adds, 'there is no evidence that the learned gentleman redeemed his promise here given.' And pray what evidence would Mr. Faux require that the Attorney General did thus write? However, this is of no consequence. Our readers shall now hear the Quarterly Reviewer, who does not quote Faux, but condenses his narrative, in his own person. 'The visit ended,' says the Reviewer, 'by the Attorney General promising to get Kelly (the perpetrator of the murder) indicted; but the learned gentleman has not redeemed his promise.' The reader will observe, that whether the Attorney General had or had not redeemed his promise, was wholly unknown to Faux, who had therefore the prudence to say, 'there is no evidence of that fact;' that is, Mr. Faux on his dagghill at Somersham, hath received no proof that the Attorney General of South Carolina wrote to the solicitor to procure Kelly to be indicted. This no doubt was true, and was also prudent. But this did not satisfy the Reviewer, who asserts what is neither prudent nor true, that 'the learned gentleman has not yet redeemed his promise.' For it so happens, that the Attorney General did forthwith write to the solicitor, (for the crime was not committed in his own district,) to urge the indictment of Kelly, and that he and those concerned with him in the murder were indicted, convicted, and punished. And now what will the Quarterly Reviewer say? He avers, (not quoting Faux, who does not so state,) that the Attorney General did not use his influence to procure the indicting of the murderer. We say he did; that he communicated Faux's testimony, through it amounted to nothing,

to the solicitor of that district; and he to the attorney of the circuit; and that the offenders were all brought to justice.

Our readers will call to mind one parallel case. The journeyman stocking weaver, Fearon, in his travels, gave an account of a vessel employed in transporting German redemptioners to this country, which he averred to be an American ship, and her captain an American, with circumstances of great particularity. The Quarterly Review, for May, 1819, in an article probably from the same pen to which the world is indebted for that on Faux, quotes this passage from Fearon, and adds from his own authority, 'the infamous traffic is confined exclusively to American vessels.' And yet, not only was the ship in question a vessel from Sunderland in England, navigated on English account, and her crew, and her captain, William Garterell by name, British; but the majority of all the vessels employed in this business in 1816 and 1817 was foreign, and of these foreign ships, (ten in number,) five were British, in British employment. But the Quarterly Reviewer could assert, on his own authority, and for the purpose of vilifying America, that 'this infamous traffic is exclusively in American hands.'

But to revert to the topic of American slavery, on which the Quarterly Reviewer is not yet silenced. He tells us, 'Though many of the planters treat their slaves well, and allow them as much indulgence as is consistent with their situation, yet negroes being, in the eye of the American law, a degraded class, and denied the enjoyment of equal rights, their well being is entirely dependent on the personal character of their owner; and however humane their treatment may be, we cannot agree with Farmer Faux in his conclusion, which, after the terrible stories of more than brutal cruelty, which he had laid before us, we should rather have expected from Mr. Tell Harris, or Miss Wright, that their condition in any, much less many respects, "is much better than many of the papers in his native land." p. 343.

The Reviewer, after adding a few more lines in this strain, extracts Faux's monstrous fabrication about training large dogs to hunt negroes. In other parts of his Review, he quotes other tales and calumnies relative to the existence of slavery in America. We accordingly repeat what we stated in a former number, and what we shall reiterate, whenever we have occasion to notice the calumnies of the English ultra press on this subject. First, that slavery in America is a British institution, established by British laws, and for the benefit of British traders. Secondly, that the American colonists early made attempts to prevent the farther introduction of slaves, which attempts were resisted and defeated by the English ministers at the instigation of English traders. So well known was this, that Mr. Burke, in his speech on the conciliation of America, recognises 'her refusal to deal any more in the inhuman traffic of the negro slaves, as one of the causes of her quarrel with England.' Thirdly, a generation before the slave trade was abolished by the British parliament, it was abolished by several of the American states, and eighteen years before its abolition by Great Britain, the provision was made for its abolition throughout America in the year 1808. In addition to these facts, we may add, that America has set to England the example of the only effectual measure of destroying this traffic, that of declaring it to be piracy; and, finally, that the amelioration of the condition of the British slaves in the West Indies is owing to the example of North American masters.

On this point we are luckily able to quote an unsuspecting authority, that of the *Quarterly Review*. In the very same number, which contains this mainly attack on America, is an article very ably written, of which the real object is to vindicate the policy of holding slaves, and to disparage that of the abolitionists and emancipators. In this article we read as follows: 'It was about half a century ago, (says the Committee of Assembly in Jamaica, in their report of 1815,) that the treatment of our negroes began to receive a visible amelioration; the import of new recruits was checked by the war, and on the separation of the American colonies from the mother country, a number of suffering loyalists removed to our sugar island, bringing with them negroes of a more intelligent character than those in the West Indies. A milder system of treatment was thus gradually introduced, &c. This is the Quarterly Review; now let us hear the Westminster Review, a journal, it is true, of very opposite character, but still a British journal; nay, which relates as true, and commands as creditable, Faux's ridiculous and impertinent behavior in the case of the Camden slave murder.

'The portions of the British dominions in which slavery is still established, being severed by the ocean from those in which the population is free, the opinions entertained in Great Britain on the subject of slave treatment are almost a matter of indifference to the Jamaica planters, and the obvious result is that horrid, as is the

condition of the slave in Carolina, in the West Indies he is subjected to an extremity of misery and degradation a thousand fold more frightful. This is put out of all doubt by the testimony of Mr. Cooper, who was sent out three years ago by Mr. Hibbert, an eminent planter, with a view to inquire into, and if possible ameliorate, the condition of the slaves on the estate of that gentleman. From this fact alone, it is evident, that Mr. Hibbert is a man generous and humane in no ordinary degree; it may therefore be presumed that the treatment experienced by slaves on his estate affords at least a fair specimen of their condition throughout the West Indies. Yet, what is the statement?

'During the sugar harvest, which lasts for about five months, the manufacture of sugar is continued without intermission either day or night, except for about eighteen hours from midnight on Saturday to Sunday evening. The slaves are for the most part divided into two gangs, which, besides being fully occupied in the labors of the plantation during the day, are engaged the whole of the night on alternate nights. In the execution of this labor no difference is made between men and women.

'The men employed in carrying the canes from the field to the mill have no regular time to rest, except half an hour for breakfast, and two hours' interval in the middle of the day, but it seldom happens that they get a whole night's rest at one time. The whole of Sunday they are obliged to employ in the cultivation of their provision ground, in bringing thence the food requisite for their sustenance during the week, and in keeping market. The punishment of the whip is inflicted on all occasions at the discretion of the driver or overseer. The law which limits the number of strokes to thirty nine is perfectly disregarded, and the wretched victims are frightfully mangled and excoriated by every execution. When the lacerations produced by one flogging are sufficiently healed, a second is frequently inflicted; and while the sores are unhealed, maggots often bred in the lacerated flesh. These numbers, as might be expected, annually decrease; and suicide, by dirt eating and otherwise, is not unfrequently resorted to as the only escape from misery; or, (as the perverted intellects of West Indian writers will have it,) out of an ill-disposition to their masters! pp. 113, 114.

Well does this candid writer proceed to remark,

'After this, and a thousand corroborating statements, how childishly absurd is the tone of triumphant reproach with which British writers, Whig as well as Tory, assail the American republic for permitting the existence of slavery, as if no such evil existed in the British dominions, or as if the influence of property or the prejudices of education were to be overcome in an instant by the breath of the republican legislator? p. 114.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORAL.

CONSOLATION.

The life of man on earth is doomed to be clouded with various evils. Throughout all ranks the afflicted form a considerable proportion of the human race; and even they who have a title to be called prosperous, are in some periods of their life, obliged to drink from the cup of bitterness. The Christian religion is particularly entitled to our regard, by accommodating itself with great tenderness to the distressed condition of mankind. It is not to be considered merely as an authoritative system of precepts. The same voice which enjoins our duty, utters the words of consolation and relief to mankind, under their temporal and spiritual distresses.

INFIDELITY.

A servant, who had made the improvement that might be expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for this infamous behavior, "Sir," said he, "I heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but," replied the master, "had you no fear of that death which the laws of your country inflict upon that crime?" "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "what's that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You have removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the best?"

Bishop Horne.

Many who pretend to wisdom and philosophy will study every thing but theology. They will digest Newton; but never think of Him who made both Newton and the orb whose path he pointed out, and whose motions he explained. Yet Newton himself, the greatest of all modern philosophers, unlike many among his *minute* successors, studied theology together with philosophy, and while he made a revelation of nature, loved, revered, and faithfully believed, the revelation of grace.

ESAY.—Envious people are doubly miserable in being afflicted with others prosperity, and their own adversity.