

**REMARKS**

UPON

**A LETTER**

ADDRESSED

BY M. MAZERES, A FRENCH EX-COLONIST, TO  
J. C. L. SISMONDE DE SISMONDI,

CONTAINING

**OBSERVATIONS**

ON THE

BLACKS AND WHITES, THE CIVILIZATION OF  
AFRICA, THE KINGDOM OF HAYTI, &c.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF THE

**BARON DE VASTEY,**

Knight of the Royal and Military order of St. Henry, Secretary to the King, Member of the Privy Council, &c.

BY W. H. M. B.



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TO THE PHILANTHROPISTS OF EVERY  
COUNTRY.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,  
WHICH, IT IS HOPED, WILL NOT BE PERUSED  
WITHOUT INTEREST,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE

**TRANSLATOR.**

*Cape Henry, Hayti, }*  
*26th March, 1817. }*

# ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE PUBLISHER.

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THE following work, with the English version,—was transmitted by the Translator to a friend in this Country, with directions to submit the same to the consideration of a British public.

The Author is one of the Black Proprietors in Hayti; of the number of those whom Christophe, now dignified with the title of King Henry, has raised to the rank of his nobility. The Translator is an Englishman, of a liberal profession, resident in the Island; who appears to have engaged in the task solely with the view of promoting a cause so dear to the interests of freedom and humanity.

The question respecting the diversity of the human race, has for a long time attracted the attention of Philosophers as a subject only of curious speculation ; and so it might still have remained, had it not been for the use which has of late been attempted to be made of it. Ever since the commencement of the efforts for the abolition of the Slave Trade, the abettors of that Traffic have endeavoured to prove, *that the natives of Africa are a species of the human race different from, and inferior, both in body and mind, to the white Inhabitants of Europe.* The result of this enquiry would, however, have been of little importance, had not the advocates for the superiority of the latter, attempted to deduce from it, an argument for the right of oppressing and enslaving those, who, as they contended, *were evidently stamped by nature with the mark of inferiority.* How such a consequence would follow, even from such premises, it is not easy to perceive. Whatever may be the difference between any two individuals of the human race, it surely cannot be admitted, that the stronger has thereby

acquired a right to depress, injure, or destroy the weaker ; yet this is the only ground upon which the decision of this question can in any way be made to favour the pretensions of those, who contend for the continuance of Negro Slavery.

The Author of the following work is not however satisfied with denying the inferences attempted to be drawn from this argument. His object is to remove the grounds of it altogether, and to shew, that with equal advantages and opportunities, the blacks are in no respect inferior to the whites. This he has done with an earnestness which may be taken at least as a proof of his sincerity ; and with a degree of ability, which, it must be admitted, furnishes no inadequate proof of the point for which he contends. There is an elevation in his sentiments which does honour no less to his cause than to himself. He appears to have entered into this debate merely because he has not had an opportunity of vindicating himself and his countrymen against the attack of his opponent in a more effectual manner,—“ *sf.*” says he, “ *in the execution of my*

*task, a momentary pang invade my breast, it will arise from finding myself compelled to wield my pen in place of some more powerful weapon, and in being unable to use more convincing arguments than words to satisfy him that our race is in no respect inferior to his own."*

With respect to the intellectual powers of the natives of Africa, few opportunities have occurred of forming an impartial judgment. The state of slavery to which they are for the most part subjected in their own Country, and the still more degraded condition to which they are reduced by the Slave Trade, carried on for ages, as well by the Moors as the Europeans, the ramifications of which probably extend to the remotest parts of the Country, are alone sufficient to prevent the expansion of those faculties which the bounty of nature may have supplied. Still more unreasonable would it be to expect, that those who are carried away from their native soil, deprived of all the privileges of society, and devoted to perpetual hopeless labour, should exhibit those talents which favourable circumstances

can alone unfold. However bright the gem, its incrustation must be removed before it can be expected to shine. Yet some instances have occurred, in which even these disadvantages could not repress the exertions of native intellect; and the humane and enlightened sentiments of **IGNATIUS SANCHO**, and the elegant poems of **PHILLIS WHEATLEY**, are alone sufficient to shew, that neither good sense nor true taste are irreconcilable strangers to the African breast.

The experiment may therefore be considered as hitherto untried. The little we have seen of African genius has been exhibited under the most unfavourable circumstances; as a specimen of curiosity merely, to shew that the Negro is a rational being. It yet remains to be seen what its character will be in situations that afford an opportunity for the fair exertion of the human faculties. These situations can only be produced by taking a part in the more important and public concerns of mankind; in the struggles for liberty and independence; in the deliberations necessary for civil government; in the cultiva-

tion of science and literature, and in the exercise of the social and domestic affections, unrestrained by those shackles which have hitherto depressed the minds, no less than the limbs, of the unfortunate natives of Africa. In short, *the following is perhaps the first work by a Negro, in which the energies of the mind have been powerfully excited and have found a proper scope for action, where sentiments favourable to freedom and independence could be avowed without the immediate terror of the scourge, the axe, or the gibbet, and where in fact this long oppressed race have been suffered to say a word in their own defence.*

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

—o—o—o—  
 AWARE of the lively interest which every specimen of Haytian Literature is calculated to excite in the generous bosoms of British and American Philanthropists, yet equally aware of his own deficiencies, it is not without the greatest diffidence that the Translator presumes to offer the following pages in an English dress to the public.

As a volunteer he perhaps merits the charge of a presumption in undertaking a task

————— quod ferre recusant  
 Non valent humeri.

But however inadmissible his own claims to indulgence, he trusts the candid reader will not allow himself to form an unfavourable opinion of the merits of the Author from the demerits of his Translator.

The pamphlet now offered to the public is the production of a Nobleman of Hayti, as distinguished for the urbanity and polish of his manners, as for the extent of his understanding and the brilliancy of his wit. It is a reply to a scurrilous production of one of the disappointed ex-colonists, replete with the most idle reasonings, absurd sophisms, and gross mistatements. If in some parts the language of wounded feelings appear too strong, or too acrimonious for English ears, let the reader cast his eye over the latter pages, containing a few specimens of the *humanity* of the ex-colonists, which power was on their side, and he will there find an apology which no feeling heart can hesitate to admit. Let him for a moment imagine himself in the situation of a Haytian, witnessing the barbarities exercised upon a Father,

Mother, Brother, Sister, Wife, or Friend torn to pieces by blood hounds, roasted by fire, thrown alive in sacks into the sea, or smothered in the holds of ships with the vapour of sulphur. Let him figure to his imagination the bleeding form of Maurepas, in reward of his faithful services to the French, nailed alive to the main-mast of the Hamibal, in the presence of his wife and children, and after death, committed along with them, yet living, to the horrors of the deep. Let him call to mind these and a thousand other greater barbarities which cannot be enumerated, and the frown of criticism cannot but be relaxed into a tear—the severity of reproof lost in the overflowing of compassion.

The Translator cannot conclude this short address without once more requesting such of his readers as are unacquainted with the French language, not to ascribe his defects to the Author, or form to themselves an unfair criterion of Haytian intellect, from the imperfections of its English version. But let them continually bear in mind, that whatever they find to approve in the following pages belongs to the Author, while the Translator alone is to be held accountable for their blemishes.

Cape Henry, Haiti, }  
26th March, 1817. }

## REMARKS.

I SHOULD not know the name of Mazères but for a Sugar Plantation situated in the rich and flourishing plain of *Quarter Morin*; but for the remembrance of the crimes and atrocities committed against the unfortunate Blacks by him and by his relatives during the frightful continuance of the colonial regime; and the gift made to him of his life by the unhappy Ogé, at a time when he could have sacrificed it to the manes of our wretched brethren whom he had tortured to death. Under such recommendations has his memory been handed down to the everlasting hatred of the Haytian People. I had reason to believe that, loaded with guilt, he had, like the majority of his contemptible brethren, terminated his hateful existence in a foreign land, till the publication of his letter to M. Sismonde de Sismondi rectified my error: acquainted me that this same Mazères who had so disgraced humanity by his crimes, still dragged on an infamous existence, and convinced me that the misfortunes experienced by the ex-colonists, instead of teaching them a lesson of prudence and moderation, had only rendered them more infuriate and vindictive, and that they still longed for the power of torturing, at will, multitudes of their fellow creatures.

Tormented with an insatiable lust of wealth, and instigated by the most diabolical spirit of revenge, into what an ocean of absurdities, of blasphemies, of calumnies, and of falsehoods, have not these Apostles of Satan precipitated themselves, in their wicked endeavours to justify the traffic and enormities of Sla-

very. What impieties have they not dared to utter for the purpose of undervaluing and degrading the human species. Some have even refused us the name of man, and classed us with the Ourang Outang; while others, pushing their want of principle to the utmost verge of moral turpitude, have not been ashamed to declare, that we *ought to be exterminated, even to children of the sixth year*, and our place supplied by fresh importations of unhappy victims from their natal soil! What! exterminate a whole people!!! Gracious God! who does not shudder at the thought? Exterminate a whole people! because they refuse to bow again beneath the slavish yoke, and submit to be driven to their daily task by the whip like the beasts of the field! Because they wish to enjoy those rights which have been granted them by their Maker, by Nature, and by Justice. But the advocates of such measures are men regardless of all laws human and divine; who brave the opinions of their contemporaries, and disregard the execration and contempt which will accompany their names to the latest posterity. Is it in the 18th century, that dared unblushingly to avow the horrid principle of *exterminating an entire people!* Why is not the general voice of their countrymen raised to silence such impious wretches? How does it happen that in France, so boastful of the progress she has made in civilization, so proud of the enlightened Philosophers she possesses, such *unchristian* doctrines are suffered to be broached? How is it that, at the very instant when the voice of the virtuous is raised in an endeavour to prevent a great evil, and the completion of a horrible crime, this Mazères, this ex-colonist, already drenched in our blood, has dared to insult the virtuous and noble Sismonde, by addressing such a letter to him? Is it on account of the facility with which he commits to paper his extravagant and shallow ideas, that this impious pedant Mazères is suffered to vociferate his atrocious and injurious

falsehoods against the unfortunate race of Africans, and the Haytians their descendants?

The pen of the learned Sismonde stands indeed little in need of my aid to refute the flimsy arguments of Mazères: but, as a party deeply interested in the controversy, it neither accords with my duty nor my inclination to remain a silent and inactive spectator. It is my duty to exert my utmost efforts in conjunction with those who have undertaken the defence of this great cause, to strain every nerve in vindication of my brethren.—And as Mazères has observed of Archimedes, that he wanted only a support to raise the whole physical world, so do I hope that the philanthropic sages of the present day, will find in Hayti a support for their lever, by means of which they may raise the whole moral world in opposition to the foes of Humanity and the Human Race. I hope, I say, that these virtuous men, in reward of their studies and their labours, will find in the gratitude and acknowledgments of the Haytians, a sure indemnity against the injustice of their fellow mortals. Should these generous and benevolent men, persecuted amongst their brethren, seek an asylum amongst us, they will experience in the liberality of a Sovereign great and magnanimous, and a people good and grateful, the recompense due to virtue in distress.

It is proper, before advancing further, to apprise my readers, that I have not had those advantages of study and education which are essential to the polish and accuracy of expression; they will therefore pardon those defects of style and composition which must unavoidably abound in the work of an islander, who has had no instruction but his books, no incentive to writing but his hatred to tyrants. Mazères may perhaps exult in the detection, in my writings, of some proof of that moral inferiority for which he contends, in improper, hard, extravagant and unmeaning expressions. But of what consequence are these, so long as I make myself understood? Though furnished only with the simple gifts of nature, I do



not despair of showing that it is Mazères who is extravagant, and that he is a pedant who, with all his pretensions to wit and learning, is miserably deficient in common sense.

I now proceed to point out, I will not say his errors, for he is too great a criminal to have any, but his moral turpitude, and his unparalleled mendacity. I proceed to exercise the just right of reprisal to defeat this hateful foe; and if, in the execution of my task, a momentary pang invade my breast, it will arise from finding myself compelled to wield my pen in place of some more powerful weapon, in seeking redress for the gross outrages he has committed against us, and being unable to use more convincing arguments than words to satisfy him that our species is in no respect inferior to his own.

The system adopted by our detractors has been to endeavour to materialize the Blacks, by showing a primitive diversity of the human species; to falsify the history of the creation, and from a supposed inferiority on our part to deduce their right to treat us like the brute creation. In replying then to Mazères, I do not answer him alone, but the whole tribe of French ex-colonists: and I will commence my task by clearing away the trash with which our enemies have endeavoured to block up the avenues of Truth. I will retrace things to their source, endeavour to re-establish facts, and strengthen them by the most respectable authorities. I will combat all their objections, and I trust I shall not fail to overthrow, by victorious proofs and unanswerable arguments, the whole of their idle sophisms. Previous to commenting, however, it may not be amiss to transcribe Mazères' confession of faith.

"Consider," says he, "the wide and manifest difference which subsists in external appearance between the Blacks and the Whites. The difference is sufficiently striking even in the hair and the skin, and cannot fail to convince the eyes. With the same senses, the same organs, and a configuration some-

what allied, these traits, when examined in detail, furnish nevertheless essential distinctions. A figure without expression, limbs destitute of grace or harmony, hands skinny and callous, an eye crowded with blood vessels, communicating a sanguine tinge; all together serve to characterize the Negro as manifestly distinct, and belonging to a species altogether different from the White. There is, if you will, a certain degree of affinity to be found between the two species, but I challenge you to produce the remotest proof of identity."

I, on the other hand, will proceed to show, upon the most incontrovertible grounds, the unity of the Human Race.

Mazères, to establish his impious position, immediately has recourse to those absurdities which the blindness of his passion, and his contempt for the Human Race have suggested to him. He accordingly commences his foolish system, by asserting that the Blacks are a species totally distinct from the Whites, and to maintain this childish proposition, he has dared to compare men with asses and with horses, and to reason respecting them by analogies drawn from the brute creation. Let Mazères and his ex-colonist brethren degrade themselves if they please: let them compare and judge of one another by analogies drawn from horses and from asses; I will not prevent them. For myself and my countrymen, however, I maintain that Man is the noblest work of the Creator, endowed with intelligence, formed in the very image of his Maker; ordained to rule over the earth, and all its brute inhabitants: created a peculiar, distinct, unique race, incapable of comparison with any other, and not to be judged of by analogies drawn from asses and from horses.

Mazères and the ex-colonists cannot support their position by any version, authority or evidence, whatever. Here, however, are my proofs, let them overthrow them if they can.

*And God said, Let us make man in our image, after*

*our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.* (1)

But however disposed the generality of men may be to admit the authority of this evidence, the ex-colonists doubtless will reject it; proofs must therefore be adduced from other sources than the Holy Scriptures.—Hear then a distinguished Writer.

“There is in nature,” says Buffon, “a general prototype for every species, on which each individual is modelled, but from which he deviates more or less according to circumstances; so that with respect to certain qualities there is a whimsical variation in a succession of individuals: while there is, at the same time, a wonderful conformity throughout the species generally. The first animal, the first horse, for instance, was the exterior model, or internal mould on which all horses subsequently foaled, all which exist at present, and all that may exist hereafter, have been formed; but this model admits of being altered, and rendered more or less perfect, in proportion as copies are made and multiplied from it. But how many shades of difference are observable between the individuals both in the human species, and the vegetable kingdom: in a word, in every thing which is capable of re-production.”

Now, if Buffon thus recognizes a prototype to which each individual originally belonged, how came different varieties of men, of asses, and of horses to exist? This answered, all the violence, the sophistry and absurdities of Mazères fall of themselves. Let him compare the moral and physical powers of the African with those of his brethren of Europe, of Asia, or America. Let him compare the Hottentot with the Laplander, or the Calmuc with the Esquimaux, there is nothing more to the purpose. Let him, if he please, compare the animals, the vegetables,

(1.) Gen. ch. i. verse 26.

and the minerals of America with other productions of the Globe; but, when he presumes to estimate the human faculties, by analogies drawn from the brute creation, he exposes himself to the keenest ridicule, and, in place of blushing, he ought actually to expire with shame, if indeed his gangrened soul is susceptible of such an impression.

I will now give my readers a just idea of the candour of Mazères and the ex-colonists, to enable them the better to appreciate the value of their assertions.

“The more we attend to the operations of nature,” says Mazères, “the more we observe in her works those agreements and harmonies, which St. Pierre has made the subject of his charming book. But when facts fail in establishing a correspondence between the external form, and mental faculties of the Negro, we may perhaps infer it from analogy.”

Can he flatter himself that, when he thus cites St. Pierre, he can persuade the world that this virtuous man has, in his charming book, confirmed his own stupid and erroneous opinions?

Hear now the wise and generous St. Pierre himself, and judge how fairly and appositely Mazères has cited him.

“While Philosophers assign a common origin to all the various species of dogs, others ascribe different origins to man. These last found their opinion upon the varieties of nature and colour in the human species. But neither of these are admitted as specific characteristics by naturalists, who regard the one as an accident, and the other as merely a casual development of form. Difference of species arises from a difference of proportions. Now this characterizes those of dogs. But in the human subject, the proportions are invariable; and the black colour between the tropics is a simple effect of solar heat, which darkens the complexion in proportion as we approach the line. A circumstance this, which, as we see, is one of the blessings of nature.” (2)

(2) Etudes de la Nature, tome 1, page 83.

Let Mazères torture his brain never so much, to prove the affinity of men to beasts, and to show that nature has been less kind to the Blacks than the Whites, he will make few converts, except among ex-colonists, who, like himself, have an interest in believing and propagating his absurd prejudices, for the purpose of maintaining their horrid system of Slavery, and the Slave Trade.

Surely nature has not created for the Blacks an exception to her eternal laws; uniform in her blessings, she has not violated her laws on our account, but has treated us and the Whites with equal favour. "Man," says St. Pierre, "is the centre of all grandeur, movements, and harmony, throughout the world. His stature, his limbs and organs are formed in such just proportions, that nothing is found in nature to excel them; and they are invariably perpetuated after the original model. In a word, Man—Man constitutes a genus in himself, undivided into class or species, and peculiarly deserving of the appellation of the HUMAN RACE."

But why need I accumulate facts, upon a subject decided long since? Were it necessary to cite and report here all the evidence of the virtuous and enlightened Europeans, who have attacked and defeated the calumnies advanced by the ex-colonists, those merchants and traders in human blood, for the purpose of establishing our identity with the Whites, I never should have done. Who, but the ex-colonists, doubt at the present day, the fact of all men being brethren, connected by their origin with the same family? All the absurdities of Mazères and the ex-colonists, have already been refuted by men of the first celebrity. The magnanimous sovereigns, nay, all the nations of Europe, have paid the homage due to God and to humanity by bursting the fetters of Africa! The cause of man has been advocated by the immortal philanthropists of Europe, with all the zeal, the constancy, the ardor, and the talents which the Blacks themselves, had they professed the same

advantages of education, could have displayed. I have been influenced, not so much by my wish to refute the idle sophisms of the foes of humanity, which have been already so successfully combated by our illustrious defenders, as by an anxiety to express my gratitude for their noble and disinterested exertions. It was desirous to contribute my feeble efforts in support of the statements of our friends. The advocate of my own cause, and that of my brethren, I could not resist the desire I felt to cut the Gordian knot, and both morally and physically demonstrate to the ex-colonists by my pen, no less than by my sword, that our species is in no respect inferior to their own: I return to Mazères.

"The Colonists," says he, "in claiming for their European brethren that decided superiority which nature has given them over the Negroes, by no means refuse to these last the name of men, &c." What impudence is it in the ex-colonists to claim for their European brethren a superiority which they do not claim for themselves. What authority has Mazères received for constituting himself the organ of 270 Millions of Europeans, or even of a handful of ex-colonists, disgraced in public estimation by the crimes with which they are stained? What extravagance to dare to assert a claim of superiority, at once so absurd and so impious, and yet they still complain of being unfortunate, not insane. Yet, I will ask, has any one ever witnessed stronger marks of folly or insanity than those exhibited in their ridiculous pretensions? How can they possibly maintain a position so idle, and so absurd! It was indeed with reason that Rousseau observed, that when men began to reason they ceased to think. Mazères has fully demonstrated the truth of this axiom, by his nonsensical rhapsody.

Ex-colonists! be as passionate and inhuman as you please. Europe has totally disclaimed you, and 500 Millions of Black, Yellow, and Red Men, scattered over the Globe, claim from their great Creator those

rights and privileges, of which you would unjustly rob them.

I have discovered such a multitude of absurdities, of falsehoods, and of mis-statements in Mazères's production, that I have been twenty times on the point of throwing down my pen, and abandoning his nonsense to the contempt it inspired. I am a man, I feel it in the whole of my being; I possess the faculties, mental and corporeal, which mark my affinity to a divine original, and I feel humbled at finding myself compelled to enter into a serious refutation of such puerilities, such idle sophisms, to convince men like myself that I am their fellow. My soul, indignant at this excess of irrationality and falsehood, compels me, in my turn, to doubt the claims of those to the appellation of men, who can dare to enter upon the discussion of a question no less impious and immoral than absurd. "But," says Mazères, "if the Beavers are more intelligent than the Asses; if there are varieties of dogs, differing in sagacity; it necessarily follows, that there must be species of men inferior to others." "How foolish!" Rousseau replies, "this argument, drawn from the brute creation, is neither conclusive nor true. Man is neither a dog, nor yet an ass. He has only to establish in his mind the first relationships of society to acquire sentiments of morality unknown to brutes. Beasts have indeed affections and passions; but the heart of Man alone is susceptible of the sacred impressions of virtue and truth; it is therefore the greatest of all possible absurdities, to reason respecting man by analogies drawn from the irrational part of the creation."

He will undoubtedly find among Beavers some possessing a larger portion of instinct than others, and among Asses and Dogs instances of superiority; he will in the same way find among men some that are good and others the reverse; some of superior talents, and some that are dolts and liars. For instance, does Mazères think himself upon a par with

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Buffon, in point of talent and wit; or with Achilles in strength and valour? while he is nothing more than a coxcomb swollen with pride and vanity, and faint-hearted as Therisites. Mazères may draw parallels between himself and asses and dogs, I will not prevent him. Indeed it is not impossible that, upon minute investigation, some analogy may be found actually to subsist between him and these quadrupeds; the Dogs, for example, were the worthy auxiliaries of the ex-colonists, in their endeavours to exterminate the Blacks: hence some degree of sympathy may possibly subsist between them.— But, with these exceptions, I still maintain that Man, that intelligent being, unique as a species, is to be estimated and compared only with his fellow Men; and brute animals with individuals of their own species.

According to the absurd system of Mazères and the ex-colonists, as Sismonde justly observes, the Parisians, building upon the superiority of their knowledge, might suppose themselves a particular species, distinct from, and superior to, the unfortunate peasants of La Vendée. Yet this Mazères and the ex-colonists cannot comprehend how the most savage Hottentot is, in the eyes of eternal wisdom, upon a perfect footing of equality with the sage and learned Buffon.

Mazères observes that "the animal which is best formed, whose breed is raised towards heaven, possesses in General the noblest disposition, the most energy and the most understanding." Well! but what does all this prove? That a horse of a good figure, and elegant proportions might be supposed better than another destitute of equal recommendations. This is a general rule, which experience shows to be not without exceptions; for there are small and even inelegant looking horses, which are notwithstanding excellent. Apply again, if you will, this rule of harmonies and agreements to man; and it will by no means be found that Genius is the

inseparable concomitant of Beauty. Here experience totally overthrows the rule; since men, the most homely in their appearance, have generally been found the most ingenious. Esop the Phrygian, notwithstanding his deformity, had wit. I wish this law prevailed in Poetry as well as in Painting; it is essential to the fine arts, but applies in no respect either to Blacks, to Whites, or to Horses, all of whom vary equally in the proportions and elegance of their forms. How admirably does Virgil characterize a Divinity when he says *“Vera incensu patuit Dea,”* her very gait pointed her out to be a goddess. Granted, yet neither does this prove any thing against the Blacks. When the populace would describe a rogue, they say, *“he has the gallows in his face.”*— I am decidedly of this way of thinking; and if it be true that a certain conformity subsists between our exterior features, and our internal faculties, our inclinations and propensities, our virtues and our vices, what man ought to have a more forbidding aspect than Mazères?

But this is not, as it appears to me, the drift of his puerile sophisms; his real object seems to be to demonstrate some fanciful superiority, which White as a colour, possesses over Black. For this purpose he should have commenced his demonstrations with showing the superiority of white over black horses, white over black dogs, and then of white over black men. This would have been the most natural as well as the most candid course. But then with what embarrassments and difficulties would he not have to contend? For example, a learned Professor at the University of Göttingen observes, that in Guinea, not only the men but the dogs and birds, and above all the barn-door fowl are black, while the bears and other animals in the vicinity of the Frozen Ocean are white. Black being, according to Knight, the characteristic of the primitive race in all animals, he was inclined to regard the Negro, as the prototype of the Human Species. (3) Hunter re-

(3) *Littérature des Nègres*, page 16.

marked that the circumstance of a race of animals becoming white, was a proof of their degenerating; and Buffon wished the race of white footed horses might be exterminated. Yet this, undoubtedly, is far from proving any degeneracy on the part of the white variety of the human species.

Africa likewise produces animals far more formidable than those of Europe; they do not even admit of any degree of comparison. What animal, for instance, can be compared with the Royal Tiger, and Lion of the torrid zone? Is it the white Bear or the Wolf of the arctic circle? Mazères, who judges of men by analogy with horses, had better enquire whether the horses of Europe can sustain a parallel with those of Africa. Hear what Bruce says on this subject in his journey to Abyssinia.

“It was at Hafäia and Agerri,” says he, “that we first met that noble race of horses so justly celebrated throughout the world. They appeared of a species totally different from the Arabian breed which we had seen in the plains of Arabia Petrea. If beauty, the most perfect symmetry of form, size, strength, activity, suppleness of motion, capability of enduring fatigue, docility, and attachment to their masters, constitute the merits of horses, the Abyssinian breed is without exception superior to all others. The most beautiful I ever beheld,” says he, “was that upon which the Sheik Adelan was mounted; this horse was not quite four years old, yet he was sixteen hands high; he was accustomed to kneel down to let his master mount or dismount in full armour.”

The ex-colonists say, we are inferior to the Whites, because we have, according to them, features less agreeable, a black skin and curly hair. I will observe in answer that the same prejudice with respect to the Whites prevails among the Blacks, who think themselves infinitely handsomer, and far more favoured by nature; a prejudice this which is strengthened by frequent instances which fall under their own observation. The Europeans who visit the Tropics, at

first display the vermeil glow of health and strength; but in a few months the roses wither in their cheeks, and their place is supplied by the ghastly paleness of disease. The complexion, so late their pride, becomes haggard, wan, and discoloured; their watery and tender eyes are unable to bear the solar rays; their bodies become feeble and emaciated, and their moral and physical powers destroyed; so that the White man appears, in the eyes of the Black, a mere walking skeleton, disgraced by nature, unable to resist, either the influence of his climate, or inhabit his happy land.

"All those," says the virtuous Gregoire, "who have endeavoured to disinherit the Negro of his rights, have called in the aid of anatomy, and have commenced with observations upon the disparity of colour." But if it appear that Black prevails within the tropics, and that its shades vary with the gradations of temperature; if it be shown that the White is as unable to bear the heat of the torrid, as the Black is to sustain the cold of the frigid zone, what superior advantage will be found to result from a black, yellow, or white complexion.

"The women of Abyssinia," says Bruce, "on beholding the whiteness of my skin, uttered an exclamation of horror, and seemed to regard it as the effect of disease, rather than my natural colour." Other women laughed at the length and sharpness of his nose. No people are without their prejudices.—We esteem a black skin more beautiful than a white one. Our Haysian Painters depict the Deity and Angels black, while they represent the Devils white. As to beauty, it consists in elegance of form, and regularity of features, and in these respects, we think ourselves as much favoured as the Whites. On this subject their own testimony must be allowed some weight, I shall therefore cite several.

Bosman extols the beauty of the Negroesses of Jutcha; Ledyard and Lucas that of the Jafof Negroes; Lobo that of the Abyssinians. "Those of Senegal,"

says Adanson, "are the handsomest men of Nigritia; their form is without blemish, and I never observed an ill-made person among them." Cossigny saw at Goree, Negroesses of great beauty, of imposing aspect, and with Roman features; Ligon speaks of a Negroess of the island of St. Yago, in whom so much beauty and dignity were combined that he never saw any comparable to her. Chasle, author of a Journal of Admiral Dugacne's Voyage, extends this eulogy to the Negro and Mulatto Girls of the Cape Verd Islands. Legual, Ulloa, and Isert give the same testimony respecting the Negroesses they saw, the first in Batavia, the second in the West Indies, and the third in Guinea. (4.)

Bruce, on seeing a young girl of Abyssinia, expresses himself thus, "I was struck with her extreme beauty. Her whole dress consisted of a blue robe, reaching to her feet. Although not more than fifteen, her stature was little below the ordinary; and her whole figure was such as a painter would have desired for a model. The women (continues Bruce) soon perceived how much I was taken with her; and the daughter of Adelan said to me, 'have you lived so long in Abyssinia as to admire the Beauties of Abbara, when they say that the Ladies of Europe are so fair as to excel those of all the rest of the world.' "Never," replied Bruce, "was I less of that opinion than at the present moment." He boasts likewise of the beauty of the African princes; "Amba Yasous," says he, "appeared to be from twenty-six to twenty-eight years of age, tall and perfectly well made; his figure was elegant, although his features were small; and his manners were singularly captivating. When I saw the prince with the king and Engedan I think I beheld three of the handsomest men I ever met with."

"The Yolofs," says Park, "are active, strong, and warlike. Their noses are less flattened, and their lips less thick than usual; their skin is of the deepest

black, and the Whites who trade with them for slaves, look upon them as the handsomest Negroes of this part of the continent."

"The Foulahs are of a lighter hue, their hair is silky, and their features agreeable; they love a pastoral and agricultural life, and spread themselves over the neighbouring kingdoms as shepherds and labourers." In this respect they are superior to the Savoyards who swarm in France in the despicable occupations of pedlars and shoeblocks.

Pateron and Vaillant have found in the savage Hottentots, virtues which they sought in vain among civilized nations. "On the evening of the seventh of February," says Pateron, "we discovered a fire on the side of a mountain; and about eight o'clock we fell in with a party of Caffres, who seemed greatly surprised at our appearance, for we were certainly the first white men they ever beheld. They fled instantly and alarmed the village. Nevertheless, true to the laws of hospitality, they came and offered us milk and a fat ox as soon as we arrived."

"The Caffres," says the same traveller, "are in general five feet ten inches high, and well proportioned; their manner of engaging the lion, and other wild beasts, proves their courage. Their colour is jet black, their teeth white as ivory, and their eyes large."

"Do you want authorities in support of my opinion respecting the inferiority of the Negroes?" says Marezès, the ex-colonist, in his general Thesis, "Fontenelle will tell you that the inhabitants of either very hot or very cold countries, are incapable of works of genius. The Abbé Dubos (says he) in his remarks upon Poetry and Painting, will explain and prove to you the truth of this assertion."

Marezès should explain upon his own principles, how it happens that the Swedes, Norwegians, and Russians, who inhabit the coldest, as well as the people of Senegal who inhabit the hottest regions of the globe, furnish examples of men not only formed

with the most exact symmetry, but also capable of the most sublime works of genius. The Abbé Dubos proves nothing, he has drawn his proof from bad sources, Historians, Poets, and Orators. "It is not," observes Montesquieu, "upon works of ostentation that systems should be founded." And I will venture to add, after that great man, that it is not from sophistical subtleties, or the jingle of words, that we should form our judgment of the Human Race.

Marezès calls in the evidence of Montesquieu to justify his Theory of Slavery, and at the same time calumniate the author of *L'Esprit de Loix*.

Montesquieu should not have maintained, in proof of the position that heat enervates courage, that the Negroes constituted a distinct and inferior species to the Whites: since experience, on the contrary, shows that it is the latter who are most affected by warm climates, in which they lose that mental and bodily energy of which he speaks; while the Blacks beneath the Torrid Zone, their native climate, are fierce and full of courage, contrary to Montesquieu's opinion. But we respect the aberrations of this great man. Hear his sentiments respecting the horrid right of Slavery.

"Slavery, properly so called, is the establishment of a right which transfers one man wholly into the power of another, who thereby becomes absolute master of his life and property. It is bad in its nature, and beneficial neither to the master nor to the slave; to the latter, because he has no longer the generous motives to prompt his exertions: to the former, because he acquires, in the midst of his slaves, every depraved habit; accustoms himself to neglect all the moral virtues, and becomes in the end fierce, passionate, severe, choleric, voluptuous, and cruel."

The immortal Montesquieu must have had the ex-colonists in view when he wrote these last words, in which he has comprised their whole character.

He continues: "It is not true that a free man can sell himself, the *sale* implies a *price*, but in selling himself he makes over, not only his person, but likewise the whole of his goods and chattels to his master; (4) the master consequently *will give*, and the slave will *receive* nothing; he will have a *pecuniarium*, it may be said; but this peculium is attached to his person; if he be not permitted to defend his person, because disrobed of his country, he cannot be permitted to sell himself."

On the slavery of the Negroes, Montesquieu speaks thus, "Were I to defend the right we assume to enslave the Negroes, this is what I would say, The people of Europe having exterminated those of America, are bound to enslave those of Africa, for the purpose of continuing the cultivation of the lands."

Were not the ex-colonists so blinded by their passions, they would have felt the full force of this irony.

How can they have the assurance to cite Montesquieu, in justification of their horrid theory? What! because he has said that heat enervates courage, does it follow that all who inhabit warm climates, must of necessity be inferior to, and the slaves of those who live in cold countries? This I maintain to be both a false and absurd theory, every man having received from Nature the complexion adapted to the country and climate of his birth. To convince us that the nature of the Whites is superior to that of the Blacks, it should be proved that the Whites are superior to the influence of climate, and can inhabit the torrid regions of the equator and the eternal ices of the poles without experiencing any other change than complexion; whereas irrefragable facts and authorities show that they are unable to resist the influence of warm climates for three months together without degenerating.

Demanet and Imlay have remarked that the de-

scendants of the Portuguese settled at Congo, on the Coast of Sierra Leone, and other parts of Africa, have become Negroes, which establishes, as the Abbé Gregoire observes, the influence of climate over the complexion and figure.

Have the French so soon forgot the deadly effects of the burning heat of the kingdom of Hayti, and of the icy cold of the Russian empire, that they can talk with such levity? I have seen thousands of French who, in their own country, might have been brave and vigorous soldiers; I have seen them, I repeat, stretched in the dust, and exhibiting the most humiliating picture of human feebleness and misery. Where then is this pretended superiority of the Whites over the blacks? Where this pretended theory of Montesquieu which dooms us to inevitable bondage?

The ex-colonists fall into perpetual contradictions. Where their interests are concerned they have no scruples. When they would prove the superiority of the Whites over the blacks, they maintain that the inhabitants of the torrid zone yield the palm of energy and strength to those of the temperate zones. They even have the effrontery to call the Blacks effeminate, lazy, and voluptuous. "See the Negro," says the brazen faced Mazères, "all his movements are made with labour, and one European porter carries with ease a load which *two* Blacks could hardly lift from the ground." But when he comes to consider the abolition of the Slave Trade and Slavery in the colonies, see how the tone is altered! Hear these wretches now exclaiming, *No Slavery, No Colony*. The Antilles can only be cultivated by Negroes, they are already accustomed in Africa to bear the solar heat; they alone can endure the fatigue of labour, to which the European is altogether unequal, and would soon sink beneath the combined influence of climate and toil!

Do they then remember our painful labours, and the mass of wealth they used to extract from our

(4) *Littérature des Nègres*, page 39.



Blood during the ten years of life and misery which was the estimated term of our existence? Do they call to mind the life we led, the three out of twenty-four hours allotted us for rest, for tacking together a few rags to hide our nakedness, and rearing for our support a few roots cultivated upon the most barren spot of the estate? All is well remembered. On the other hand the colonists calculate the labor which a white man can do for them, the wages to be paid, the hours required for repose, the superior cost of his clothing, the superior quantity and quality of his food, and, what weighs more than all with the Planters, the necessity of treating him with a little more humanity than a Negro, and the impossibility of torturing him at pleasure. All these being equally balanced, and nature weighed, the result is they must have Negroes as slaves, and to obtain them they will stick at no calumny, subterfuge, or falsehood which has a tendency to obscure the truth, and enable them to continue their horrible colonial system.

Thus it is that Mazères, after exhausting all his ingenuity in endeavouring to disprove the identity of the human species, tries to make out the natives of the northern, to be a different species from those of the southern parts of Africa.

Hence, after establishing the identity of the Blacks and Whites, I am next obliged to identify the Africans with the Negroes; and eventually, perhaps, even to identify these with the Haytiens. As for myself, descended from an African stock, I am, I imagine, sufficiently identified with the Africans. I will call upon Mazères to show, whether the inhabitants of the south of Europe are a distinct species from those of the North? Whether the identity of the French and Japanese, the Spaniards and the Russians, is the same? What wretched sophistry! what childish reasoning! Mazères doubtless expects by his subterfuges to escape the objections arising from the ancient civilization of Africa; or as there yet exist nations in Europe, who carry on the odious traffic in

human flesh, and as they cannot make slaves of the inhabitants of Egypt, or of Morocco, it is of little detriment to the ex-colonists to allow these to possess some facilities, and to make out the inhabitants of Senegal, Monomotapa, and Zanguehar, to be a distinct species, which, according to them, are brutes, fit only to be made slaves of.

The enemies of Africa wish to persuade the world that for five out of the six thousand years that the world has existed, Africa has been always sunk in barbarism, and that ignorance is essential to the nature of her inhabitants. Have they forgotten, that Africa was the cradle of the arts and sciences? If they pretend to forget this, it becomes our duty to remind them of it.

I shall merely take a hasty glance at history, for the purpose of collecting the proofs and arguments necessary for the refutation of the ex-colonists; and notwithstanding my not having had, like Mazères, the benefit of a university education, or even of sitting on the sixth form, I believe that the history of man is, with some few exceptions, the same in the eyes of philosophy, throughout all ages and in all regions of the world.

We observe that at the commencement, countries nearest to the birth place of the human race, were the first peopled and civilized: thence, as from a centre, the rays of light progressively diverged. Already do we behold among the primitive nations the meridian blaze of knowledge, whose dawn alone began to glimmer over the adjoining countries, while the deepest night enveloped the rest of the globe, where the very name even of man was unknown. We behold the day of knowledge progressively extending over the face of the earth, rising upon some, and setting to other nations. We see the most powerful empires rising to notice and again sinking in oblivion; nations subdued by nations, and furnishing the most striking example of the instability of human affairs. According to the Septuagint, Europe was still un-

known 1656 years after part of Asia and Africa had been peopled; nor was it till after the deluge that, from the three children of Noah proceeded the several nations who peopled the earth; Shem and his posterity, Asia; Ham, Africa; and Japhet, Europe; according to the annals and traditions of all nations Egypt was the country first civilized; and served as the cradle of science and art in their infancy. "This was the primitive focus," says Mous. Le Sage, whence undoubtedly proceeded that original spark, which, kindling in the lapse of ages, has ultimately produced the blaze of light which in the present day illuminates Europe.

Every body knows that the Greeks, so celebrated for the polish of their manners, and the refinement of their taste, were in a state of the grossest ignorance and barbarity, living, like the beasts, upon herbs and acorns, till civilized by colonies from Egypt; while the rest of Europe was yet unknown, and its inhabitants were certainly as barbarous, ignorant, and as brutal as those of Benin, of Zaogubar, and of Monomotapa can possibly be at the present day.

But Inachus, Cecrops, and Latex, instead of enslaving the Whites, and instructing the Greeks in burning, pillaging and defrauding; instead of furnishing them with arms and warlike stores, or strong liquors to derange their intellects, and induce them to sell one another; instead, I say, of promoting an inhuman traffic, introduced corn, and instructed them in Egyptian agriculture and learning. Instead of inquiring into the moral and physical inferiority of these poor ignorant Greeks, they taught them to imitate themselves in the arts of society, and, in no great time, even to surpass their instructors. Athens, Sparta, and Corinth flourished while all the rest of Europe was sunk in barbarism.

Towards the close of the 9th century before Christ, a Tyrian colony, led by Dido, built Carthage, and

188 years after, Rome, that mistress of the world, was founded by a handful of Robbers: The Romans modelled themselves after the Greeks: the Decemvirs borrowed the laws of the twelve tables, the foundation of Roman jurisprudence, from those of the Athenians. From Italy, learnings spread slowly to the Gauls whom Julius Cæsar subdued in the 696th year of Rome, and 58 years before Christ.

The Gauls, like other Europeans, were at that time still idolaters, plunged in the deepest abyss of ignorance, following barbarous and superstitious customs: yet the world was now nearly 4000 years old, and the people of Europe had not been able to acquire a single spark of knowledge: in vain did a narrow border of civilization skirt its southern shores, the light was unable to penetrate the dark forests of Gaul, and the stupidity of the boorish inhabitants. The Ethiopians, Egyptians, Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans filled the world with the fame of their wisdom, their laws, and their government: while the Gauls lay yet buried in pristine ignorance. Immense forests, lofty mountains, the interruption of lakes and rivers, the rigor of cold climates, and the barbarity of the people, impeded the introduction of learning into the north of Europe, while different causes, yet of a similar nature, prevented the civilization of Southern Africa.

It would have been difficult for the Egyptians or Carthaginians to communicate with the nations of the south of Africa, separated as they were by the vast deserts of Zaïra; the difficulty of crossing the moving sands, which sometimes swallow up whole Caravans, with the want of food and water under a burning sun were obstacles they could not surmount. This it was which induced the Carthaginians to send colonies by water to the sea coasts. Hanno, by order of the senate, distributed 30,000 Carthaginians between the Straights of Gibraltar and Cerné, in the 25th degree of North Latitude, that is to say, as far as Cape

Badajoz, the boundary of the navigation of the ancients in this part of Africa. (5)

"There is," says Montesquieu, "an interesting relic of antiquity in the narrative of Hanno: the style and facts correspond; there is nothing of the marvellous, all that he relates of the climate and soil, the customs and manners of the inhabitants, corresponds so exactly with what we find at this very day on the coast of Africa, that his journal has all the air of that of a modern navigator."

"The Carthaginians," continues Montesquieu, "were on the road to wealth, and had they penetrated to the 4th degree of north latitude, and the 15th of west longitude, they would have discovered the Gold Coast and its neighbouring territories. There they might have carried on a commerce of an importance far different from that of the present day, when America seems to have depreciated the wealth of every other country: they would have found there treasures which the Romans could not have taken away."

The ex-colonists see the contempt in which Montesquieu held the slave trade, which has, as he observes, "depreciated the wealth of every other country." Mazères who has so often appealed to his testimony, cannot surely reject it in the present instance.

(5) Africa, according to Herodotus, was circumnavigated in the time of Nechus, king of Egypt, who, having abandoned his design of connecting the Nile and the Red Sea, by a canal, sent Phoenicians on a voyage of discovery with directions to proceed down the Red Sea and, traversing the Atlantic, return by the columns of Hercules and the Mediterranean to Egypt. These men, having descended the Rêd Sea, and entered the Southern Ocean, landed on the coast of Africa about the antunnal equinox, and having sowed the land, waited the harvest, when, shipping the produce, they sailed again. After spending two years in this voyage they entered the Mediterranean the third year by the pillars of Hercules and returned to Egypt. On their arrival they related a fact, which Herodotus seems to regard as incredible, "that they had the Sun on their right hand as they sailed round the coast."—*Memphense*.

The destruction of Carthage by the Romans, together with the irruption of the Northern Barbarians, was, I am convinced, among the principal impediments to the perfect civilization of Africa.

"It was at the commencement of the 5th century," says Le Sage in his learned work, "that the Barbarian foot for the first time trod upon this land, embellished by ages of civilization. Genseric and his Vandals, pursuing the Romans, fixed his throne upon the very ruins of Carthage. But if the Vandals succeeded in dismembering Africa from the Western Empire, they in their turn were despoiled of it by that of the East, by those exploits which shed a momentary lustre under the renowned but unfortunate Belisarius. This last triumph was but of short duration, and Africa relapsed from civilization beneath the yoke of Barbarians. She bent the first time beneath the tempest of the North, and fell the second time beneath that of the South, under the terrible Saracens whose fanatic valour bore down every obstacle and overpowered every foe."

The establishment of Mahometanism, and the conflagration of the Alexandrian Library by order of the Caliph Omar, completed the overthrow of ancient civilization in Africa: the affrighted muses fled; literature disappeared; monuments were decayed and mutilated; morality extinguished, and the introduction of the Slave Trade, that odious traffic of crimes and blood, put a finishing stroke to the calamities of this unhappy country.

While ignorance spreads her sickly veil over this ancient land of knowledge, Europe, more fortunate, has torn the bandage from her eyes. Aided by the light of christianity, Alfred the Great, and Charlemagne began to polish their subjects. Need I speak of the brilliant epochs of Leo the Great, and the Medici, those immortal protectors of Literature? Again, Peter the Great in the 17th century added Russia to the family of civilized Europe.

Notwithstanding the evidence of History, the

calumniators of the Blacks affirm, in general terms, that ignorance and barbarity are vices inherent in the nature of Africans: they say, that this part of the globe was always a land of Slaves, that this is the indigenous scourge of this land of malediction. These unworthy descendants of Japhet, forgetful of their own history, calumniate their brethren and reproach them with that very state of ignorance and barbarity in which they were themselves plunged upwards of *five thousand* years.

From the remotest antiquity, say they, slaves existed in Africa; but so have they in Europe from time immemorial as well as at the present day: the Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans, indeed all nations were slaves. The miserable condition of the Helots in ancient Greece, furnishes an apposite illustration of our situation in this country, under the abominable colonial system. Why do they reproach the Africans with their barbarity and ignorance? Were not the Europeans equally barbarous and ignorant before their civilization? Nevertheless the assertions of the colonists should be received with great suspicion; those especially of one Fallisot de Beauvois, who unblushingly classes us with the Ourang Outang, and continually calumniate us. It is possible that barbarous and superstitious customs still exist among the African nations. It is possible that the king of Benin sacrifices human victims; and that other nations murder their prisoners: I am far from wishing to lessen the abhorrence of such practices, and my heart grieves for their existence; but these are the result of profound ignorance, and only to be progressively removed by the introduction of civilization.

It is somewhat surprising that they should estimate the African character, from a few traits of superstition and barbarity, when if they cast ever so cursory a glance at history and themselves, they must feel convinced that these are not the peculiar attributes of the Blacks, but belong equally to the Whites. I have detected among the Europeans the very same

practices with which the ex-colonists upbraid the Africans. Is not nearly the same kind of proof with that of the red water of the king of Sherbo, to be found in the Salique law which admits of trial by boiling water, and afterwards by judiciary combat? Is it necessary for an unlettered islander, like myself, perpetually to recal to their memory the history of man?

Offerings in the early ages were simple. "The first men says (Porphyry) sacrificed nothing but herbs; upon the introduction of agriculture these were exchanged for the first fruits of the harvest, and the finest productions of the earth, which were offered as tokens of gratitude to the Deity: in process of time animals were sacrificed; offerings of this nature gradually multiplied, and in times of public calamity the blood of beasts not being deemed of sufficient value, that of men was substituted; and this horrid, and almost universal practice may be traced to the remotest depths of antiquity."

The Gauls, as well as other European nations were addicted to these superstitious and barbarous practices. The most solemn of all the Druidical ceremonies, was the gathering the mistletoe of the oak. I will now relate some of the principal maxims of the Druids on this subject, as preserved by tradition, never having been committed to writing.

"The mistletoe should be gathered with great solemnity; and always if possible on the tenth day of the moon; a golden sickle should be kept for cutting it."

"On extraordinary occasions it is proper to sacrifice a man. Future events may be predicted from the falling of the body, the flowing of the blood, or the opening of the wound."

"Prisoners of war are either to be sacrificed upon the altars, or inclosed in wicker baskets, to be burned in honour of the Gods."

"All fathers of families are kings in their own houses, possessing power of life and death over their wives, children, and slaves."

Such were the horrid maxims of the Gallic priests: they offered human sacrifices to *Esus* and *Tewates*: they slew and burned their prisoners of war in wicker baskets. Fathers of families possessed the dreadful power of life and death over their wives, their children, and their slaves. This degradation into which the Gauls were sunk, is attested by Cæsar, by Tacitus, by Lactantius, and by Lucan. It was under the reign of Claudius, in the both year of Christ, that these horrible customs were first abolished; nor was it till christianity had completely triumphed over Gaulish superstition, that the order of Druids became extinct.

The Northerns, being more slowly civilized, retained these barbarous practices as late as the 9th century, at which period they were yet unacquainted with the arts, which had refined the manners of the Greeks and Romans. They conceived the number *Three* to be peculiarly acceptable to the Gods; and every ninth month, or three times three, they celebrated great festivals, which lasted nine days, when nine victims, either men or beasts were sacrificed.

In time of war the victims were selected from the prisoners: but during peace from among the criminals. Nine persons were sacrificed; the choice being regulated partly by lot, and partly by the will of the assistants. The unfortunate victims upon whom the lot fell, were treated with the greatest respect by those assembled, who were so lavish of their promises for the life to come, that they sometimes even felicitated themselves upon their destiny. Nor did the lot always fall upon plebeian blood: for the more valuable the victim, the more certain they thought themselves of the Divine favour. The history of the north abounds in instances of kings and fathers, who have outraged their tenderest feelings, in compliance with this barbarous custom.

When a man was to be sacrificed, he was laid upon a large stone, where he was either smothered or crushed to death; sometimes they were bled, and

the impetuosity of the stream was one of the most important omens. The body was next opened to consult the entrails, and to read in the heart the will of the Gods, and the good or evil fortune impending. The sad remains were then either burned, or hung up in the sacred wood near the temple; the blood was sprinkled partly over the people and partly over the sacred images; and the ceremony closed with washing the images of the Gods, the altars, the benches, and the walls of the temple within and without.

Close to the temple was a well or deep pit, into which, occasionally, a victim, devoted to Frigg, the Goddess of the earth, was precipitated: and if he reached the bottom quickly, the sacrifice was supposed to be acceptable to the Goddess, and received by her; if the reverse happened she was supposed to have rejected it, and the victim was hung up in the sacred grove. A grove of this description grew near the temple of Upsal, every tree and fruit of which was considered most holy; this, which was called *Odin's Grove*, was filled with the bodies of men and animals that had been sacrificed: these they occasionally took to burn in honour of *Thor* or the sun, and when the smoke rose perpendicularly to heaven, they were satisfied of the burnt offering being well received. When a victim was sacrificed the priest said, "I devote thee to a good harvest; or to Odin; or I devote thee to a good harvest; or to the return of a good season." The ceremony concluded with festivities exhibiting all the splendour of the age. The kings and chief nobility first drank in honour of the Gods, after which each individual drank, making his own private supplications and vows.

Let the ex-colonists Mazeret and Palissot de Beauvois, study the history of their ancestors, whence the foregoing facts have been gleaned, and they will no longer have reason to wonder at the superstitious and barbarous ignorance of the Africans: they will cease to wonder at Jabou, captain of the king of Benin's guards, sacrificing three men at a feast, at

which Palissot de Beauvois assisted. Is it not more than probable, that Palissot himself contributed somewhat to this dreadful sacrifice, by furnishing Jabou with strong liquors to inebriate him, and while his reason was astray, to induce him to furnish him with slaves? I have the strongest grounds for this suspicion from Palissot's saying that Jabou had a great number of slaves, and it could hardly have been with any other intention than that of obtaining some of them, that Palissot visited him. It would at least have been humane to have purchased these three victims, and thus have saved his host the commission of so detestable a crime.

It is seemly in the ex-colonists and traders in human flesh to dwell with pleasure upon recitals of cruelties committed by the ignorant Africans upon their unfortunate slaves, when they themselves who enjoy the blessings of knowledge and civilization, have practised the most unheard of cruelties upon the trembling vassals of their power. Let them only glance at the horrors of the Slave Trade, or the crimes committed by themselves in the colonies and they will see how doubly heinous their conduct appears in criminalising their unfortunate brethren in Africa!—These are the men of blood,—these are the ex-colonists, bathed in iniquity, who dare to calumniate us. These are they who, as the generous Sismonde observes, cast in the teeth of the Africans barbarities originating with themselves, and condemn people for crimes perpetrated at their instigation, and paid for with their money.

Hear the language of the crafty Mazères: "look at Africa," says he, "look at her unalterable, I had almost said, her indelible barbarity. What has she attempted? What has she planned? What has she accomplished, while the light of Europe beamed in brightest splendour upon her Mediterranean shores, and after receiving innumerable rays, through such various channels?"

Has he the assurance to ask what she has done,

while the light of Europe beamed in brightest splendour upon her shores? Here is what she has done, *she has civilized Europe*; and it is to the negro race, at this day enslaved, as Volney observes, that Europeans owe the arts and sciences, even to the art of speech! I in my turn ask what Europe has done towards the civilization of Africa, since her own civilization, and since her becoming the seat of arts and sciences, and illuminated by the doctrines of christianity, which inculcate charity and good will to our neighbours;—what has she done to civilize Africa, that unhappy land, which Mazères does not blush to call the land of malediction!—Here is what Europe has done: she has established that inhuman traffic in men which has corrupted the population of Africa. The progress of social life, of agriculture, of morals and of literature, has been annihilated by this odious traffic; it has occasioned desolation, barbarity, and all the crimes and enormities of which human nature is susceptible. The tears, the blood, and the misery of Africa cry aloud for vengeance, and demand justice from the whole of nature; yet the authors of her misfortunes dare to say, that Africa has equally resisted the instructions of nature, and of man; while the light of Europe beamed in brightest splendour upon her Mediterranean shores, and after she had received innumerable rays through such various channels.

Gracious God! what a light! what a channel of instruction and civilization was the SLAVE TRADE!!!

This daring accumulation of falsehood has roused the indignation of my soul: I check myself; I was on the point of cursing Europe and the inventors of this dreadful trade. Generous Sismonde, Wilberforce, Clarkson, and all you sensible and virtuous Europeans, be assured that the magnitude of our calamities has not rendered us either unjust or ungrateful. I impute our misfortunes only to those ferocious and barbarous men, who are the enemies of the whole

human race: against them only do I direct my pen; too long have they slandered, calumniated, and tortured my brethren. Why then am I not permitted to exercise the just right of reprisal in my endeavours to repel their abominable slanders? Never, no never shall we speak so injuriously of them, or afflict them with the thousandth part of the calamities which they have heaped upon us during ages.

Base calumniators of the Africans! say, what prevents *your* yielding to the instructions of nature and of men! if it be not your shameless avarice, and insatiable cupidity? Are not you the persons who have overthrown the joys of pastoral and agricultural life, substituting for them the most abominable of all abominations? Did nature ever instruct a parent to sell his child, or a child to sell his parents? Can you still have the face to pretend that men can be civilized by instructors who deal in *human flesh and miseries*: instructors who, instead of *moral precepts*, instil into the minds of Africans, *murder, burning, and pillage*; and, instead of *books of education*, furnish them with *strong liquors, arms, and warlike stores to destroy one another*? And yet you have the effrontery to talk of *European* lights shining in brilliant splendour upon the African shores. It was not in this way that *your* barbarous ancestors were civilized. When Europeans, instead of adopting such unworthy methods, shall have introduced learning into Africa, by means of sage professors and skilful artists: when they shall have endeavoured to rouse the dormant spirit of agriculture, of industry and of knowledge, and have experimentally proved the Africans to be incapable of profiting by their instructions, or entering into competition for the palm of civilization, they may with some semblance of justice call us an inferior race of beings, destitute of the same feelings, the same energy, and the same capabilities with the Whites, and we will submit, without a murmur, to the lordship of our lot. But no! what do I say? The deathless glory of civilizing one of

the four quarters of the world, and restoring a *hundred millions* of Africans to European society, this great work which surpasses all the great and glorious exploits of ancient or modern times, which eclipses in splendour every other undertaking, belongs to the magnanimity and generosity of ENGLAND. This grand and truly sublime work has already commenced. Vanish, thou vain glory of conquerors! Be humbled ye destroyers of the human race! your triumphs are fled, and the laurels have faded on your brows, for they were polluted with blood, with tears, and with crimes, and are condemned by posterity: while true glory, the glory of ENGLAND is eternal, and her benevolence will live in grateful recollection to the remotest period of time.

"The Portuguese," says Mazères, "endeavoured to polish Congo by means of christianity, yet Congo is as barbarous at this day, as when the attempt was first made. Abyssinia has indeed received christianity, but it has so degenerated as hardly to admit of being recognised."

Amidst all the calumnies of the ex-colonists, none exceeds this. As christianity civilized Europe, her effects ought to have been similar in Africa or America: but have the Whites acted in conformity to the precepts of *that* gospel, and *that* christianity, by which themselves and Europe were civilized? It was the *mildness*, the *humanity*, and *charity* of religion which softened the manners of barbarian Europe: while the *avarice*, *cupidity*, and above all the *fanaticism* of the Europeans led them to regard us as beasts of burden: and christianity, the religion of a God of peace and charity, was converted into a pretext for exterminating the unfortunate Americans, while *by way of converting them to christianity*, the miserable Africans have been plunged into the most cruel bondage. It is thus that, instead of promoting the progress, they bring the very name of christianity into discredit.

Since the ex-colonists pay such deference to *Mou-*

tesquieu's authority, I will cite his opinion on this subject.

"It amuses me to hear that religion authorizes her followers to reduce those who do not profess her to bondage, for the purpose of facilitating her propagation. Such was the idea which encouraged the destroyers of America to persevere in their crimes; such the basis whereon they found their right of making slaves; for those robbers felt the necessity of cloaking their enormities beneath the garb of PIETY."

"Louis XIII. objected greatly to the law for making slaves of the Negroes in the colonies; but when they had satisfied him that this was the most certain method of converting them to christianity, he consented." Hence we may presume that similar motives at first prevented Louis XVIII. in our own days, from abolishing the SLAVE TRADE.

I will now submit to the ex-colonists facts which they cannot deny, and show them how wicked and perverse men have made religion subservient to their unbridled passions, and cruel propensities.

In Hayti, for example, had we not under the horrible colonial system, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman priests in every parish, yet were we not as ignorant as the Congoes and Abyssinians can possibly be?—Why then, notwithstanding our profession of Christianity, did we continue rude and unpolished? Because these priests were mere instruments employed by the ex-colonists to retain us in subjection, and prevent our throwing off the yoke of bondage; these priests constantly inculcated in their sermons, that the Whites were of a superior order: they preached to us patience, submission, and humanity towards the Whites: they consoled us under our sufferings, by telling us it was necessary we should endure them in this world, in order to obtain happiness in the next. Thus they fashioned our necks to the yoke, and accustomed us to submit without repining to all the hardships of our condition. The ex-colonists did not contradict the truth of these assertions, they well

knew the power of the priests, and the advantages derived from it, for they have constantly proposed in their writings an infallible method of rivetting our chains anew, to send priests to entice us again, beneath the respectable cloak of religion into the abyss of bondage; but let them know that we have burst the fetters of Superstition along with those of Slavery, and that our minds can no longer be made the instruments of bodily subjection.

In countries in which the priests met opposition to their claims of dominion, they became intolerant. These fanatics, throwing aside the gospel morality of our blessed Saviour, sowed dissention in families, and created civil wars in kingdoms. To attain the power they sought, the people were exterminated; while others, more fortunate, exhausted by the persecution of these bigoted fanatics, have driven them from their country. Ex-colonists! this is the manner in which America, Congo, Abyssinia, China and Japan have received the light of christianity. All the affections of humanity are the work of men who, not content with creating them, have the impiety to calumniate the author of nature by laying them to his charge.

Christianity, then, must be introduced into Asia, Africa, and America as it was into Europe, in the same spirit of peace, of charity, and humanity, which the gospel prescribed to men; we should be regarded as brethren, and not as beasts of burden condemned to pine beneath a rayless servitude worse than death. Then christianity, instead of disappearing, in countries in which she had taken deepest root, and instead of degenerating in others so as to be no longer capable of being recognised, will spread over the whole habitable globe, and become a blessing to the human race.

"Never could any one believe," says Montesquieu, "that it was compassion which gave birth to slavery in the days of paganism, and can any one suppose it was for the purpose of converting them to christianity



ty; that the Europeans massacred and enslaved the inhabitants of America and Africa?"

In the present day it is no longer compassion for pagans, nor the fanaticism of christians which sanctions the horrid right of slavery; but, according to the ex-colonists, it is *Prudence, Equity, and Humanity*. "The sudden abolition of the trade," says Palissot de Beauvois, "without modification or qualification, is contrary to the social compact." Such are the horrid maxims which this perfidious man is not ashamed to promulgate, and which his base flatterer Mazerès does not blush to cite as respectable evidence. Thus compassion, religion, humanity, the most amiable sentiments are made subservient to the passions, the pride, the rapacity, and the villainy of men.

To complete my refutation of the calumnies of Mazerès, I shall now take a slight sketch of the situation of Africa: and I hope, from the evidence of the very travellers he has cited, to make good my charge of misrepresentation.

Here I feel the deepest regret at not having studied English, since the want of an acquaintance with that language deprives me of the power of corroborating my arguments by the respectable authority of such distinguished men as Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, and in general of the host of virtuous philanthropists of Britain, who have directed their talents, their studies, and their labours to the happiness and improvement of their fellow creatures.

The statements of Sismonde are founded, not merely on the universal testimony of travellers, but likewise on his profound knowledge of men and things. Hence they merit more consideration than those of most Europeans, whose knowledge of the Africans, and the Haytiens their descendants, is extremely imperfect.

Yes, I maintain with Sismonde, that, "Africa is inhabited by a numerous race of men, active, industrious, and accustomed to commerce."

Mazerès is amazed and cannot understand the reason of the non-existence of flourishing towns along the coasts of Senegal and Guinea: he also pretends ignorance of the brazen wall, interposed between this mysterious country and the curiosity of philosophers or cupidity of traders: he is overwhelmed with astonishment, and fancies himself in a dream. "But what," says he, "is the brazen wall of which you speak, but a degree of barbarity which resists all example or instruction, and repels knowledge from every opening by which she could possibly enter?"

Had Mazerès read the works of the travellers whose names he cites, or had his mind been less warped by his passions, and more capable of reasoning and of reflection, he might have discerned without difficulty the impediments to the existence of flourishing towns on the coasts of Senegal and Guinea, and have understood what the brazen wall is, which separates the philosophers and traders from this mysterious country, which holds out to the one the promise of gold-dust and ivory, and to the other the secrets of antiquity.

Towns are prevented from existing along the coast of Senegal and Guinea by the spirit of avarice and cupidity, which, while they tempt Europeans to traverse the vast waste of waters, in search of new and undiscovered lands, have fixed them upon the shores of Africa, where they turn their attention to the acquisition of gold-dust and ivory, and, above all, of unfortunate slaves. There they think of obtaining those miserable wretches at any price, regardless of the crimes, and intent only upon the profit. They feel little interest in the proceedings of the interior, which holds out but doubtful profits, with certain danger and fatigue. Were they obliged personally to go in quest of the wretched victims of their cupidity, no terrors could appal, no difficulties could restrain them. The crimes of the Slave Trade, the usurpations and enormities of the Europeans, have compelled the natives to bury themselves in the in-

terior of the country. Hence the coasts, once so populous, have been deserted, and have relapsed into barbarity, while civilization has retired into the interior. The dread entertained by the Africans lest the Europeans should penetrate the interior, and thus spread the same desolation as upon the coasts, has rendered them suspicious, and jealous of permitting travellers to enter their country. Add to all this, the profession of Mahometanism by the majority, and their abhorrence of the christian name, and you will see what the brazen wall is, which prevents the exploring this mysterious country. Europeans, discovering, have traversed part of this extensive continent. Brown penetrated to Darfour, Bruce to Abyssinia, as far as the source of the Nile. Park travelled three hundred leagues into the interior, from the banks of the Gambia to those of the Niger. Paterson and Vaillant visited the countries of the Hottentots and Caffres. An infinite number of other travellers have explored Africa. Can we, however, fairly conclude that persons who merely passed through the country, and were ignorant even of the language of the natives, were competent to the introduction of knowledge and civilization?

Is it just, because the unfortunate Houghton and Park fell victims to their curiosity, to condemn the whole population of Africa, from these instances of barbarity? Are travellers never murdered by banditti, even in the polished countries of Europe? Did not the Cartouches and the Mandrins exist in France? Have not the French of the present day shown themselves capable of rivalling in ferocity the most savage tribes? But are we justified in concluding from hence that France is not civilized, or that barbarity is inherent in her soil and inseparable from the nature of her inhabitants?

Should we not rather wonder that, among a people like the Africans, filled with hatred and mistrust of white persons, but few out of so many travellers

should have lost their lives? Should we not wonder I say, at their suffering their country to be traversed by Europeans, of whom they had such just cause to be suspicious, but towards whom on the contrary, notwithstanding the calumnious assertions of the ex-colonists, they behaved according to the strictest laws of hospitality.

"Were I," says Rousseau, "king of any of the nations of Nigritia, I declare I would erect upon my frontiers a gibbet, upon which I would hang every European detected in entering, and every subject who attempted to depart."

Does Mazères hope to introduce himself into Hayti, like Dauxion, Lavyssac, and Medina, to obtain a knowledge of our internal situation? Should he entertain such an idea, I here give him fair warning, if he come, it will be at his peril.

Were the Africans as barbarous as this traducer endeavours to represent them, could these travellers have reached the interior of their country? Could an unarmed individual travel with wares, considered, from their variety, as of inestimable value, without being robbed? when we see travellers murdered by robbers, for the sake of their property in the most civilized parts of Europe—nay, even in the city of Paris itself.

But it is time to strengthen my assertions by the authority even of travellers; yes, I maintain, with Sismonde, "that civilization has made a remarkable progress in the centre of Africa, while the coasts have relapsed into absolute barbarity. Great commercial and manufacturing towns exist in the centre of the African continent; they are the capitals of powerful kingdoms, where the arts, manufactures, and commerce attest the progress of social life. Property is secure, life safe, justice administered with wisdom, and the government respected."

"I ask of all men," says Mazères, "to declare without prejudice whether it is not a total violation of nature, and an exhibition of false colours, to draw

such a picture of Africa? If you were speaking of Paris, or London; of Lyons, or of Manchester; and wished to characterise the effects of the British Constitution, or French Charter, what more could you say? Since you cite Park, I here adjure his numerous readers to tell me whether it is not pushing prejudice to the utmost verge of folly, to represent Africa under the same colors as those with which an Englishman or a Frenchman would depict the blessings of his happy and illustrious country?"

Well! out of this same Park will I answer Mazères, and by his evidence prove the malice and falsehood of my opponent. I therefore adjure Park's numerous readers to decide upon the credibility of Mazères.

Arrived on the banks of the majestic Niger, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, Park speaks thus:—"Sego the capital of Bambarra consists of four towns, of which the two on the north are called *Sego Koro* and *Sego Bou*; the two on the south, *Sego-soukorro* and *Sego see-korro*. They are surrounded by large earthen walls: the houses are built of argl, square with flat roofs; some of two stories; and many white washed. Besides private dwellings, mosques built by the Moors occur in every direction. The streets are narrow and wheel-carriages unknown. The population is estimated at about thirty thousand. The king of Bambarra always resides at Sego see-korro, and employs a large number of slaves in ferrying the inhabitants across the river, the money thus collected forms a considerable revenue. The canoes employed in this service are singularly constructed, being formed of the trunks of two trees united by their ends, so that the joining is precisely in the middle; they have neither decks nor masts, but are of an ample size. I have seen them cross the river with four horses and many other passengers."

"On reaching the ferry, the crowd viewed me in silence: I observed among them with regret, a num-

ber of Moors. I seated myself on the bank to wait my turn for crossing, and I contemplated this large town, its numerous canoes, active population, and well cultivated lands of great extent, bespeaking wealth and civilization."

"I waited above two hours. King Mansong was informed I had come to see him, and presently sent me word that I could not be admitted into his presence till he was informed of my business in his country, forbidding my crossing the river. The bearer of this order advised me to seek a lodging for the night in a village, which he pointed out, promising to bring me fresh instruction on the morning."

Do not Park's own words prove that Sismonde has advanced nothing more than what this traveller has seen and narrated? "I contemplated," says he, "this large town, its numerous canoes, active population, and well-cultivated lands of great extent, bespeaking wealth and civilization."

Mansong's prohibiting Park's passing the river till the just suspicions which the Africans have of Europeans; the just suspicions which will naturally last till they have nothing more to apprehend from European injustice, robbery, and usurpation; and this is so true, that next morning a messenger brought Park a bag of five thousand cowries, as a present from the king, who at the same time requested him to quit Sego, the messenger having orders to conduct him as far as Sansanding, if it was his intention to proceed to Jenné. "I could not," says Park, "divine the motives of this conduct." Yet I cannot see any difficulty in divining them. What could this stranger want in Bambara, ought Mansong to say, what could be his projects? What could induce a White man to travel so far, and amidst such dangers? I cannot receive this christian; neither can I violate the laws of hospitality with respect to him. I will therefore send him back, and by making him a present, and furnishing him with a guide, I shall at once secure

the welfare of my people, and discharge the rights of hospitality. Such, doubtless, were the motives which regulated Mansong's conduct; but, as the majority of Whites always put the most unjust and prejudiced construction upon our actions, they cannot bring themselves to believe us susceptible of generous sentiments: though, had Mansong designed to treat Park ill, what was to prevent him?

With similar sentiments of hatred and prejudice, does Mazères speak of those humane and charitable old Negro women, who entertained Park so hospitably when he was in danger of perishing with hunger, or being devoured with wild beasts. Listen to Park's own account, and then judge for yourself how far the malignity of an ex-colonist's heart can lead him.

"Towards evening," says the traveller, "I resolved to climb a tree, in order to pass the night in safety from the wild beasts; already had I turned my horse loose to feed, when a woman, returning from the fields, stopped to observe me. She made herself acquainted with my situation, which I explained in a few words; when, with an air of commiseration, she took up my saddle and bridle, and made me a sign to follow her; she then led me to her hut, where she lighted a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me I might pass the night there; but observing me to be hungry, she instantly went out to procure me food. She returned presently with a fine fish, half of which she broiled on the coals, and gave me for supper: then pointing to my mat, my kind benefactress told me I might sleep without fear. The domestics kept their eyes fixed upon me: she recalled them to their work, which was spinning cotton. As a diversion during their employment they began to sing, and even made an impromptu respecting myself. Only one sung at first, the others repeating the chorus. The air was soft and plaintive, and the words nearly these:

"The winds roared, and the rains fell, the poor

white man, weary and exhausted, came and sat beneath our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, nor wife to grind him corn."

Chorus, "Let us pity the poor white man; he has no mother, &c. &c. &c."

"These details, too minute perhaps for the reader, will afford some idea of my cruel situation. Moved by kindness so touching and unexpected, I could not close my eyes. In the morning I gave my generous hostess two out of the four brass buttons remaining upon my coat, being the only remuneration I had to offer."

Sensible souls! who have not yet resigned yourselves to the dominion of unjust prejudices, do you not feel an abhorrence for the calumniator of these hospitable women?

But let us proceed; it is by the evidence of Park himself that I mean to confute Mazères.

"I left the village," says our traveller, "on the 24th in company with my guide, and passed, after about eight hours march, a large town called *Kabba*, situated in the midst of a beautiful and well-cultivated country, more resembling the interior of England than of Africa." I ask all men to tell me without prejudice, in what other terms Park could have described England, or any other civilized country of Europe?

Park directed his route towards Tombuctoo, which he ought to have gained, to crown the success of his expedition: he passed Sansanding, Sibili, Nyara, Nyamee, Mauzzan, and Silla, all towns more or less considerable, well peopled, and much frequented by Moors, who bring salt, glass ware, and coral; these they exchange for gold-dust and cotton cloth, which they re-sell to advantage at Burob, in the country of the Moors. Silla was the extremity of Park's inundation; sickness, fatigue, and the danger of traversing a country under the influence of Moors, who abominated christians, all concurred to induce him to retrace his

steps, and return to the Gambia by the road he had already travelled.

Before his departure from Silla, he enquired about the further course of the Niger, the situation and extent of the kingdoms it waters, together with some account of Jenné, Tombuctoo, and Houssa, the largest towns in Africa, but with which Europeans are to this day wholly unacquainted.

Having again reached the environs of Sugo, he determined to reascend the Niger, with a view of ascertaining the extent to which it is navigable in that direction.

He continued to reascend the Niger, passing through a populous and well cultivated country. He passed Kamalia, a walled town, without halting: he next crossed Samée, a great mart for cattle, cloth, and grain; he then came to Sai, a large town, which excited his curiosity: it was surrounded by two very deep fosses, about 100 toises from the walls; along the trenches were a multitude of square towers, exhibiting all the appearance of a regular fortification.

At sun set, on the 20th, he entered Kouli Korro, a large town, and a great market for salt. On the 21st of August, after passing the villages of Kayou and Toulombou, he reached Marrabou, a town famous for its salt trade. On the 23rd, he was at Bammakou, a town of middle rank, with wealthy inhabitants.

Near Sibidoulou, he was pillaged by robbers, of which on reaching the town he made a complaint to the Mansa or Governor. Hear Park's own narrative of the transaction.

"I had hardly finished, when, taking his pipe from his mouth, he shook with indignation the sleeve of his garment. 'Be seated,' said he, 'every thing shall be restored, I have sworn it.' Then addressing himself to his servant, 'Give,' said he, 'that white man a draught of water, at the first dawn of day go to the mountains, and inform the Douy [Judge] of Bonmakow, that a poor white man, the king of Bam-

barra's stranger, has been robbed by the subjects of the king of Fouladon."

The Mansa then invited Park to remain with him till the return of the messenger. He had him conducted to a lodging and sent him victuals: but the crowd collected to see him, compassionating his loss, and cursing the Foulahs for robbing him, prevented his sleeping before midnight. Park, unwilling to trespass on the generosity of the Mansa, asked permission to depart. The Mansa persuaded him to go to Wonda, where he promised him tidings of his property.

"Wonda, which I reached on the 30th," says Park, "is a small town with a mosque, close to a high mountain. The Mansa, who was a Mahometan, filled the double function of chief magistrate, and schoolmaster. He kept school in an open building which I took up my lodging. I had been troubled with attacks of fever, which increased during my sojourn at Wonda. My host, observing this, was much troubled, being obliged from my state of indisposition, to watch me with the closest attention, till my doom for life or death was decided."

On the 6th of September, two persons from Sibidoulou, brought Park back his horse, clothes, and compass, of which he had been robbed by the Foulahs. On the 8th, as he was going away, the Mansa gave him, as a token of remembrance, his lance, and a leathern bag for his clothes. "I converted," says he, "my boots into sandals, and I marched with more ease."

I ask Park's numerous readers whether, in this recital, they can discover any of that stupidity, ferocity, and barbarity, with which Mazères paints the Africans? In what part of Europe, where the police is more experienced, could the robbers have been compelled to disgorge their plunder, or where could an unfortunate traveller experience more hospitality?"

Is not Mazères plainly convicted of falsehood and calumny, and is not Sismonde fully justified in his

statement of Africa being inhabited by a numerous race of men, active, industrious, and accustomed to trade? Is it not evident that in a country where there are such large towns, so contiguous to each other, the population must be considerable? Is it not proved, that in all countries in which the lands are in a high state of cultivation, industry, activity, and commerce must necessarily exist?

A few extracts more, and my refutation of Mazères's falsehoods will be completed.

The Mandingoes are the most numerous inhabitants of the districts Park traversed. Their language is spoken, or at least understood, over all this part of the continent.

"They are supposed to be called Mandingoes in consequence of their ancestors coming from Manding in the centre of Africa. But instead of imitating the republican government of their paternal land, they have formed nothing but monarchical establishments, near the Gambia. Nevertheless, the royal power is not unlimited: their kings being obliged, in all affairs of importance, to call a meeting of the old men to assist them with advice; nor can they, without the consent of this council, declare war, or conclude peace."

"There is in all the large towns an Alcaide, whose post is hereditary. He preserves order, collects the duties imposed upon travellers, and presides over the administration of justice."

"The legislature is composed of old men of free condition, whose meeting is called a palaver. Their sittings are held in the open air, and with great solemnity. In these assemblies causes are tried with freedom, witnesses publicly examined, and the decisions of the judges almost invariably received with general approbation. The Negroes having no written laws, trials are conducted according to ancient usages; but with the progress of Islamism, many of the civil, no less than the religious institutions of the prophet have been introduced: and when the Koran

is not sufficiently explicit, they have recourse to a commentary intitled *al scharra*, which contains a complete and systematic exposition of the civil and criminal laws of Islamism."

Sismonde asserted then with truth, that property was safe, life secure, justice administered with prudence, and the government respected. And Mazères uttered a base and unfounded falsehood, when he declared the Africans stupid and ferocious, and pronounced barbarity to be inherent in their country.

There is no doubt of the Africans being infinitely more civilized than the Indians of America, or the natives of the north and east of Europe.

The Mexicans calculate indeed by means of *quipos*, a kind of hieroglyphics which serve to measure time, in the same way that the Romans were long accustomed to mark their lustrums by nails; but the Mexicans neither understood writing, cyphering, nor even the use of iron, while the Africans are not only masters of writing and cyphering, but also manufacture iron, cloths, tar, hides, and are, in a word, far beyond the aborigines of America in knowledge and civilization. (6)

"There is nothing in Africa," says Mazères, "to compare with the causeway constructed in the lake of Mexico." Granted; neither is there any thing among the Iroquois, and Esquimaux to match the large towns, police, and agriculture of Africa. And as to the ruins of Mexico, I question their bearing competition with those celebrated ones of Egypt, and Carthage. Why does he draw his parallel between the most intelligent people of America and the most ignorant of Africa? Why not compare the Mexicans with the Egyptians, and the Iroquois and Esquimaux with the people of Zanguebar and Monomotapa, who are savages considerably resembling each other?—Why does he always compare objects perfectly des-

(6) The Africans employ the Arabic characters and figures, these figures are in use all over Europe.

titute of resemblance or affinity, in support of his sophistical arguments? Do not these attempts furnish the most convincing proof of the perfidy of the ex-colonists?

I will not speak of the people of the North, as the Laponese and Samoyades; or of the east, as the Mingrelians, Moguls, and Tartars of Bessarabia. The whole world knows that their progress towards civilization is not greater than that of the people of Zanguebar, of Congo, or of Nigritia. Yet the inhabitants of the north and the east, of whom Mazères is silent, are white. The world is nearly six thousand years old, and yet they have continued stationary in their ignorance; do they therefore constitute an inferior species, or is barbarism inseparable from their soil?

Not only are the Africans actually more civilized than the Mexicans were, when America was first discovered, but even much more than the French in the sixth century. "To conclude," says M. de Chateaubriand, in his *Genius of Christianity*, "are we not a striking example of the rapidity with which a whole nation can civilize itself? Little more than twelve centuries have rolled by, since our ancestors were as barbarous as the Hottentots; and yet at the present day we surpass, in all the refinements and elegancies of taste, of luxury and of the arts, even Greece herself." (7)

Is it not surprising that before the total subsidence of that unparalleled revolution, which terrified the world by its convulsions, and brought France to the verge of ruin,—is it not astonishing, I say, that the French should so uniformly treat with levity those great calamities, which have in every age afflicted the world?

Had the allied powers of Europe destroyed Paris, as the Romans did Carthage; had their invasion resembled that of the cloud of Goths, Huns, and Van-

dals; had the French found, instead of magnanimous sovereigns, only ferocious conquerors, like Alaric, Genseric, and Attila, they would, at the present day, have been infinitely more circumspect, nor would they have discoursed so lightly and so frivolously respecting the human race.

Thebes, Memphis, Babylon, Athens, those celebrated towns are no more. Hardly do traces remain to attest their existence, or the ruins of those monuments upon which they prided themselves. These proud and opulent cities have fallen beneath the assaults of barbarians, the revolutions of nations and the decay of time. Paris! presumptuous town, does she flatter herself, that she alone is to enjoy exemption? Yet the day may come in which the traveller will in vain seek along the margin of the Seine some vestiges of the spot on which she stood; when, instead of monuments, he will only meet shattered fragments of her architecture buried beneath the briars. How far will these remains be from rivaling the celebrated monuments of Egyptian grandeur; and what an imperfect idea will they give the traveller of the knowledge and power of France.

When Europe, exhausted by age, shall relapse from knowledge and civilization into a state of nature, barbarity, and ignorance, until time and a concurrence of circumstances have reunited to form new elements for recalling her again to civilization; it is possible that Africa, animated and revived, after her long slumber, will have sufficiently recovered her strength and resources, to fill a scene in the great drama of the world, darting forward anew, and with perhaps still more vigour than before, in the career of knowledge and improvement.

The supreme arbiter of the Universe, has set bounds to the duration of empires, no less than men; at their appointed time, in the fulness of their age, and exhaustion of their strength, they shall fall, and, like the productions of nature, be raised again to existence and eminence.

(7) Surely the ex-colonists will not reject the testimony of M. de Chateaubriand, *Chambréin* to the King of France, &c. &c.

It is not the same empires or men that revive, but always the same succession of empires and men. This truth will be rendered more manifest, by considering the existence, duration, and succession of the nations, who have in turn transmitted knowledge and power as an inheritance, the possession of which was transferable to others. The Greek empire lasted nearly eleven centuries; the Roman, the most powerful that ever existed, near five centuries; while that of Alexander terminated with his life. Yet the French monarchy has subsisted 1400 years. Already has France passed the zenith of her glory and gradually declines into the shades of ignorance: is it not time then for her to resign to others the empire she inherited from the Romans.

I have, I think, sufficiently refuted the sophisms, absurdities, and falsehoods of Mazères, respecting the Blacks and Whites, and the civilization of Africa. I ask all impartial men what he deserves for his foolish reasoning, his calumnies, his falsehoods, and endeavours to vilify and degrade the human species? What, but everlasting reproach? But what cares an ex-colonist for shame and infamy? What effect can the contempt both of the present and future ages have upon monsters who openly glory in not being philanthropists, and are uninfluenced by any feelings of general benevolence towards mankind? What do these pests of society value corrupting every source of morality, by calumnies and the most atrocious falsehoods, provided they can insnare their brethren, and can obtain Blacks, and extract gold from their blood, in sufficient abundance to satiate their avarice and cupidity?

It rouses my indignation to see a presumptuous upstart ex-colonist, like Mazères, assume a tone of insult, of irony, and of menace, towards philanthropists. But what impression can the sarcasms and vituperations of this imprincipled advocate of villainy and slavery, make upon these virtuous men? Philanthropy and Philosophy have in all ages been in-

separable companions, and have, in common with the happiness and liberty of men, been the objects of hatred and persecution to tyrants. I see Socrates drinking hemlock as a reward for instructing the Athenians in their moral duties. I see the veins of Seneca and Thraseas opened, because they had the hardihood to stem the torrent of corruption; yet, not withstanding all the efforts of tyrants, I behold the sacred spirit of Philosophy perennial and unsubdued; the love of useful knowledge, and that which is subservient to the wants of our fellow creatures, is innate in the heart of man.

Generous Sismonde! virtuous Philanthropist, be consoled: you can, like the martyrs of Philosophy, brave the menaces and insults of the ex-colonists! Yes, this is a noble catalogue, illustrious and worthy of you who plead the cause of the whole human race. With your pre-eminent talents and generous disposition you can powerfully promote the success of the great cause of humanity.

Of what consequence is it what country you inhabit, or to what nation you belong? the chief thing is that you are men, and as such belong to the human species and to God." "Whoever," says St. Pierre, "does not refer himself to his country, his country to the human race, and the human race to God, knows no more of political relations, than he, who making a new system of Physics for himself, and separating his personal relationship from the elements, the earth and the sun, would know of the laws of nature."

It was with similar sentiments, though with dissimilar abilities, that I commenced with defending the cause of the Africans, from whom I am descended, previous to discussing the rights of the Haytiens, my countrymen. I have dared to follow the steps of the benevolent and distinguished men, in support of the great cause of humanity and of my brethren, so long degraded and calumniated. Doubtless, unless the human heart be steeled against every sentiment of justice and humanity, feeble as my voice is, it will



be heard : and my appeal to the humanity, the justice, and the benevolence of Europeans will not have been in vain.

I now proceed to my own country : to the consideration of an unfortunate people, that groined above 150 years beneath the most barbarous bondage, and have at length by their perseverance, their resolution and their valour, accomplished their liberty and independence. What subject more sublime, more ample, more prolific, or more honourable, can call forth the pen of the patriot ?

Hail to thee, happy land ! land of my choice ! Hail to thee, Hayti, my country ! Sole asylum of liberty, where the black man can lift his head to behold and participate in the bounties dispensed by the universal Father of Man.

Witness of what I am about to relate. I shall have no occasion to borrow the testimony of others, or ransack the narratives of travellers in support of my statement, I shall reply in my character of a Haytian, and the descendant of an African, to the infamous calumnies uttered by Mazères against my august Sovereign, compatriots, and country.

“ After speaking of Africa,” says Mazères, to Sismonde, “ as you would of the most civilized and polished parts of Europe, you proceed to notice St. Domingo in a still higher strain of admiration. Ever the sport of a credulity, which would be inexplicable in a man like you, unless totally blinded by prejudice, you form from gazettes fabricated in London, by the agents of Christophe [the king.] the elements of a theory, whose foundation is altogether hypothetical, if not false.”

Does not this passage betray the same spirit of animosity and prejudice, which, having first directed the pen of Mazères against the Africans, now inflames it with yet greater violence against the Haytians ? Does not this show the greatest possible disregard for truth, and furnish full proof of the villainy and baseness of the ex-colonist's disposition.

The opinion of Sismonde respecting Hayti, far from being founded, as this impostor pretends, upon hypothetical or false grounds, rests upon the most certain facts, correct truth, and living examples. We appeal to the testimony of the strangers who frequent our parts, and visit the interior, to decide whether we are not organised upon the model of the most civilized nations of Europe ? Have we not a firm monarchical government, constitutional charter, laws, and regulations ? Is not justice impartially administered ? Are not our troops numerous and orderly ; are they not in point of discipline equal to the first in the world ? Have we not built impregnable citadels, constituted according to the strictest rules of art, in inaccessible places, where the greatest obstacles were to be surmounted, in completing works worthy of the Romans ? Have we not erected palaces and public edifices, which are at once the glory of our country and the admiration of strangers ? Have we not manufactures of saltpetre and gunpowder ? Is not the mass of our population devoted to agriculture and commerce ? Are not our sailors able to cross the vast expanse of ocean, and do they not navigate with ease the largest ships along our coasts ?

We write, we print ; while yet in infancy, our nation can already boast her writers and her poets, who have defended her cause, and celebrated her glory. There will not indeed be found amongst them the pen of a Voltaire, a Rousseau, or a De Lillie : but then we have not, like their nation, been civilized upwards of a thousand years. Have we not, then, every reason not to despair ? We have also made essays in the fine arts, and are convinced that proper masters are alone wanting to enable us shortly to produce our Lepoussins, our Mignards, our Rameaux, and our Gretrys. In a word, experience has demonstrated to the world, by the astonishing progress we have made in learning and in civilization, that the capacity of Blacks and Whites for the acquiring of the arts and sciences is equal. Read the history of man ;

never was a similar prodigy seen in the world. Let the enemies of the Blacks show a single instance of a people situated as we found ourselves, who have achieved greater things, and this in less than the quarter of a century. Not only have the Haytiens acquired along with their immortal rights, the admiration of the universe and of posterity; but they have acquired still stronger claims to glory, by raising themselves from ignorance and slavery to the height of splendour and prosperity, which they have already attained.

It is not, then, from a spirit of prejudice, neither is it from gazettes fabricated in London, as this deceitful Mazères pretends, that the virtuous Sismonde has derived the ground work of his opinion respecting the Haytiens; but from facts sufficiently notorious; from pieces written and printed at Hayti, by Haytiens: these are facts known to the whole civilized world, and it is only the ex-colonists who entertain a doubt; so completely do they yield submission to their unbridled passions and prejudices.

I will not waste my time upon the scurrilities vented by Mazères in his rage against my august sovereign, my fellow-citizens and my country. I could easily repay him in his own coin; scurrility for scurrility; the field is vast and fertile, his own sovereign, and his own nation furnish sufficient food for ridicule; his burlesque phrenzy and vulgar language, manifest the baseness of his soul, and merit from me the most profound contempt. I again declare, that in defending the cause of my countrymen, so long trampled upon and oppressed by the enemies of humanity, I shall abstain, as much as possible from reviling, without the greatest provocation, any but ex-colonists, overwhelmed, like Mazères, with crimes and infamy. Therefore I shall proceed, without noticing his invective to the completion of my task.

"After twenty years of errors and insurrection," says Mazères, "what a pretty exhibition do the affairs of Hayti make!"

Yes, Mazères, the most agreeable and the most worthy of the regard and the consideration of Philosophers.

The pride, the prejudices, and the avarice of the planters, have made the Black man a peculiar and distinct species from the White; our race reviled and degraded by them, was made to rank with the Orange Outang. Trying our strength and crushing us by forced labours, they contended by the most absurd and sophistical reasoning that we are inferior to them in moral and physical faculties, and, upon this pretended inferiority, founded the barbarous right of reducing us to perpetual slavery, and treating us like the vilest brutes. What event was more glorious! What more worthy of fixing the attention of the world, than that which has overthrown, by facts and by living examples, the whole of that superstructure of crime and falsehood, which had been raised for ages against the human species? Almighty God! how great are thy works! It was in the bosom of a hand of slaves, that thy power formed the materials necessary for avenging thy slighted laws. Thou kindest in our hearts the sacred flame of liberty: instantly our chains were broken; our oppressors vanished, and their pride and prejudice were overthrown for ever!

Ex-colonists, be proud and haughty if you will, recognize, nevertheless, in the Revolution of Hayti, the divine and omnipotent arm, which chastises your crimes. Humble yourselves, then, and bend your knees in contrite submission to the decrees of that universal Father, whom you have so long forgotten and abused.

But no; their pride is untameable! like the infernal spirits in their horrible assemblies, such as the immortal Milton has described them after their fall, the ex-colonists, though vanquished, thunderstruck, and precipitated into the abyss, still struggle by every method their villainy can suggest to recover the empire of which a just and retributive God has for ever deprived them.

"You are forward," says Mazères, the Beelzebub colonist, "to acknowledge as legitimate, a ridiculous sovereign whom no European power has recognized. You declare with the greatest gravity that the colony of St. Domingo is as independent in right as it is in fact; and you consecrate at once in favour of a fortunate marauder the loss sustained by France, the legitimate sovereign of the colony, and this maxim so subversive of the repose of the world."

Le premier qui fut Roi fut un soldat beureux ;

To which I will take the liberty of adding the sequel of the sentence omitted by Mazères.

Qui sert bien son pays n'a pas besoin d'yeux.

In the first place, I answer that, "that maxim so subversive to the repose of the world," is neither Siamondé's nor the Comité de Limonadé's, but that of a greater man, whom Mazères has cited in proof of the Whites, the Blacks, the Albinoes, the Hot-tentots, the Chinese, and the Americans, being all distinct species. Out of respect to Voltaire, I shall not combat his error; but it appears reasonable that Mazères after employing his evidence against us, should at least respect his political maxims; for if he reject his testimony when in our favour I have an equal right to do the same when it is against us; but this is only one specimen of want of just inference, which I willingly pass over in this ex-colonist: it will however be proper to recollect that Voltaire has expressed elsewhere, and nobly, the same philosophic opinions, and was not always in favour of pride.

Cet aigle insensé se vit sous l'herbe ;  
Cet aigle audacieux qui plane au haut du ciel,  
Rentrent dans le néant aux yeux de l'éternel ;  
Les mortels sont égaux ; ce n'est point la naissance,  
C'est la seule vertu qui fait leur différence ;  
Il est de ces mortels favorisés des cieux,  
Qui sont tout par eux-mêmes, et rien par leurs yeux.

Without either adopting or rejecting these opinions, I think that a sovereign, like his majesty Henry I. King of Hayti, placed upon his throne by the unanimous choice and love of his people, who has constantly fought for their liberty and independence, who has vanquished his foes, and reigns with wisdom and glory; I think, I say, that such a monarch is in no respect ridiculous, as this Mazères pretends; and I think him, at least, as legitimate and as illustrious as a sovereign who is destitute of all personal merit, and whose claims to respect centre in the tombs of his ancestors. If Mazères means to make merry at our expense by insulting our august sovereign, I can easily retort upon him by certain allusions which certainly will not leave the laughers on his side. I can tell him that King Henry is one of the best men in the new world; that he is a model for soldiers, frank, generous, temperate, active, indefatigable, and intrepid, uniting in himself the qualities of the soldier, the wisdom of a legislator, and all the virtues of a good and great monarch. Religion without bigotry, he well knows that men can adore God, each after his own manner, without ceasing on that account to be good and faithful citizens. Such is his patriotism, that his whole time and thoughts are devoted to the welfare of his people and kingdom; and King Henry the first bears no resemblance to \*\*\*\*\*, but I check myself, my respect for crowned heads forbids my proceeding.

It will again perplex Mazères to enter into a discussion with him to prove the fact of our independence; yet, whatever his incredulity may be, no doubt exists with respect to this *fatal truth*; the fact then being known in despite of them, it only remains to settle the question of *right*; and if justice and equity determine this, the decision cannot fail to be in our favour. If injustice, perfidies, and the cruelties of every description bestow rights on those against whom they have been practised, what people ever possessed a stronger claim to independence than the Haytians?

I might here draw a melancholy picture, of the deplorable situation in which we were plunged under the horrible colonial system, by a mere catalogue of the innumerable crimes of the ex-colonists ; but this would lead me too far. I must therefore refer my readers to "*The colonial system exposed*," in which I have already treated this horrible subject. Alas ! with every desire of being faithful to the truth, and useful to the cause of humanity, can I depict to my readers the horrors of slavery in their true colours ? Shall I exhume the bodies of my unfortunate brethren, who were buried alive, to question their shades, and make humanity shudder at the horrible recitals of the crimes of these monsters ? But where is the necessity of retracing these horrors ? Is Mazeret, himself an ex-colonist, ignorant of them ?—Does he, who himself practised them in his more advanced age ; *he*, who was accustomed from his very cradle to torture the little Blacks upon his plantation ; *he* who learned with his mother's milk, to steel his heart against every feeling of compassion ; does *he* require that I should describe the horrible punishments he and his fellows were in the habit of inflicting on their unfortunate slaves ? Surely there is no need. He understands these things far better than I do ; and his flinty heart, impervious to remorse, glories yet in the recollection of these barbarities.

Often have I asked myself this question :—By what right the ex-colonists took upon themselves to torture their unfortunate slaves ?—What ! is there in this world as well as the next, a race of executioners ordained to torture men ? Are the ex-colonists on earth what the devils are in hell ? But I say to myself : is it not the wicked who should be condemned to eternal flames ? While on the contrary it is the innocent who are doomed here below to endure through life the most dreadful punishments. Yet again, I say, is not this calumniating a God just, good, and beneficent ? Is it not the height of impiety to ascribe our cruel misfortunes to the Father of all ?

Slavery is the creation of wicked and corrupt men : it is the greatest curse that ever afflicted humanity : it is the usurpation of the stronger over the weaker, the more crafty over the more simple.

But if one set of men arrogate to themselves the right of reducing another to a state of slavery, have not these last an equal right to burst their bonds ? What ! can you deprive me of liberty, the most valuable earthly possession ! Can I, your brother, and disgraceful fetters ? and am not I, your brother, and fellow-creature, permitted to reclaim those rights which I derive from God alone, and of which none have a right to rob me : am I not to be allowed, I say, to burst my fetters, and crush you beneath their weight ! What abominable logic ! What frightful morality ! that would endeavour to prove slavery a blessing, and liberty a misfortune ; and would endeavour to persuade men, that one set of them have a right to reduce the other to perpetual bondage, without these last being allowed the right of power of making an effort to throw off the yoke.

The ex-colonists never will make adepts among us in the science of slavery. Whom do they hope to persuade that slavery is a blessing ! Is it us who have experienced all its horrors ! If their declarations be sincere, why not put themselves in our place ! their example will have a far more powerful effect than all the absurd reasoning they can employ.

I will even, if it please him, give up the universal right to liberty which men inherit from their birth.

The Haytiens found themselves in a very peculiar situation, which must for ever fix the justice, and goodness of their cause.

All the world knows that Republican France proclaimed liberty in this Island. After having for ten years enjoyed this blessing under the laws, after having fought and bled for France, and given the strongest proofs of zeal, fidelity, and gratitude for the benefits we had received, these vile republicans without any visible motive, endeavoured to rob us

of that liberty which they had themselves granted; as if man, a mere butt for the caprice of his tyrants, was to lay aside, and resume his bonds, at their pleasure. Not content with employing force to bring us again under the yoke, they had recourse to art and chicanery: every engine was employed to seduce and deceive us. They told us, we were *all brethren, and all equal in the sight of God, and the Republic*. [7] Yet, while making this profession with their lips, they meditated in their hearts the horrible design of either reducing us to slavery, or, if that was found impracticable, *totally exterminating us*.

Confiding in their fair promises, the majority of the inhabitants, having long considered themselves as French, submitted without striking a blow or firing a musket. But we were soon strangely undeceived. No sooner did the French think themselves strongest, than they commenced their system of proscription, and openly proclaimed the revival of slavery.

Mazères, who wishes the world to judge of the Africans by the crimes they have committed, may judge of his countrymen from the slight sketch I shall give of the dreadful atrocities of which the French have been guilty towards us. O! horrible recollection! which fills our hearts with sorrow, hatred and revenge.

We have seen our fellow citizens, friends, relatives, brothers, men, women, children, aged; without distinction of years or sex, dragged by these monsters to the most cruel punishment; some *burned to death*, others gibbeted, and left as food for birds of prey; some *thrown to dogs* to be devoured, while others, more fortunate, perished beneath the poignard and the bayonet. In the places evacuated by the French, thousands of Haytiens who had fought in their defence, were so simple as to trust to their generosity; unwilling to abandon the French in the hour of dis-

(7) See Bonaparte's proclamation, in the "Haytian papers," and "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire d'Hayti."

gress, they followed them and embarked on board their vessels, with their wives, their children, and such property as they had been able to preserve from pillage; but hardly were these unfortunate wretches arrived on board, before they were loaded with chains, and put down into the hold of the vessel, to be reserved for the most cruel punishments. Every evening these barbarians made some hundreds of victims mount upon the bridge, were they were bound and put into large sacks, often along with children, as though God would in that state interfere for their deliverance: they were then poisoned through the sacks, and thrown into the sea as food for the sharks.

At other times they made republican marriages, like those of *La Vendée*: a man and woman being bound together, with a cannon ball fastened to their necks, and then thrown into the sea, amidst the acclamations of joy and exultation uttered by these monsters! Hundreds of victims crammed into the holds of the ships were suffocated by the fumes of sulphur: day dawned upon the horrors of the night. Our shores, covered with the murdered corpses of our unfortunate countrymen, bore testimony to the crimes of the French, and gave a fatal warning of the melancholy lot which awaited us. Were I to recount all the arts of cruelty and injustice committed by the French, I should fill volumes: I shall therefore confine myself to a few of the principal, to enable my readers to form some judgment of the barbarity with which we were treated.

Eye and ear witness of the facts I relate, who can question their veracity?

Three men were **BURNED ALIVE** in the *Place Royale, Cape Henry*, (formerly Cape François.) On the morning of this event, the rumour circulated through the town. An immense crowd repaired to the spot, to view the preparations for this horrible *auto da fé*: some attracted by unfeeling curiosity, others to convince themselves with their own eyes, how far the barbarity and cruelty of our tyrants would

lead them. I followed among these last, with a heart mourning the dreadful proceeding about to take place. On reaching the *Place Royale*, I saw two stakes fixed, one of which had two iron rings, and the other one, for receiving the necks of the three victims. The heaps of wood were artfully arranged about the stakes, with the addition of pitch, tar, and shavings, to render it more combustible. A vast crowd surrounded the pile; of whom some hung their heads, not daring to direct their eyes towards the fearful preparations; while others, the ex-colonists and their partizans, were unable to disguise their joy.

At three in the afternoon, the French General Claparede, commander of the Cape, repaired with a numerous staff to the *Place Royale*. The three victims waited the hour of execution in an adjoining guard house. Claparede ordered them to be led to the pile; they arrived amidst the sound of martial music, as though in a triumphal march. The infamous Collet, captain of Gendarmerie, preceded them, with joy and ferocity depicted in his countenance. Each of the victims bore a sugar cane in his hand: they were mounted upon the pile, and fastened to the stakes by the iron rings. All was ready, the sacrifice was about to commence. A death-like silence pervaded the spectators, Claparede ordered fire to be piled; instantly the flames crackled, and began to envelope the feet of the sufferers; already might one fancy that he heard their cries, and saw them struggling amidst these dreadful torments. But Oh! stifling courage! O! brave intrepidity! they did not stir so much as a foot, but remained immovable, and with their attention fixed, set at defiance both their executioners and the flames which devoured them: they were quickly enveloped in flames; their bodies burst; the fat ran upon the pile, and a dense smoke, accompanied with a smell of roasted flesh, mounted to the sky. Terror seized the spectators; their hair stood on end; a cold sweat bedewed their bodies; they fled singly or dispersed, filled with horror;

hated and vengeance rankling at their hearts. The executioners alone remained; nor did they quit the spot till their victims were completely reduced to ashes.

Cau I give my readers any adequate description of the punishment of my countrymen, who were devoured by Dogs! Can my untutored pen describe with any thing like accuracy so horrible a picture? The imagination and understanding of my readers must supply the deficiency of my narration.

The first who were devoured by Dogs were at the Cape, at a convent of *religious* and in the house of the French general Boyer, chief of Rochambeau's staff.

The theatre of these horrors was afterwards transferred to the Plantation Charrier at Haut-du-Cap, whither the blood-hounds were conducted; and to increase their thirst for human blood, they were fed from time to time on human flesh. The day upon which there were any of these victims to be devoured was one of festivity to these butchers. Collet, Fossier, Teissert, Laurent, and Darac, commissaries of the police of the Cape, (all French, all ex-colonists,) dressed themselves in full uniform, and put on their principal scarves, for the purpose of attending the execution, and accompanied by a crowd of *biped blood-hounds*, eager to aid the dreadful carnage made by their *quadruped brethren*, a thousand times less savage than themselves. Many days in advance they took the precaution of making the dogs fast, and to whet their appetite, a victim was occasionally shown to them, and withdrawn just as they were about to dart upon it. At last the fatal moment arrived, when some unfortunate wretches were to be definitely given up to them; the unhappy beings were fastened to stakes in the presence of the commissaries, so as effectually to deprive them of the power of saving or of defending themselves.

The dogs are loosed, and fly at their prey. In an instant, their victims are stripped of their flesh, their

palpitating muscles, hang down in ribbands, while the blood gushes from every pore; nothing can be heard but the screams of the sufferers. The victims, at their last gasp implore the mercy of these monsters: in vain do they solicit death as the last favour;—prayers are superfluous;—nothing can move the hearts of these tigers, divested of every feeling of humanity; they answer only by a convulsive grin, while they spirit on the dogs to their work of horror. At length the voice of the victims fails, their groans are no longer to be heard, while their mangled bodies still continue to palpitate. The dogs panting, pause to rest; they are surfeited with human flesh and blood, in vain the executioners encourage them anew; they refuse to continue their horrible carnage, and return to their kennels, leaving these monsters in human shape to complete with the poignant the yet unfinished work of death.

Similar cruelties were perpetrated by the French from one end of the island to the other.

Toussaint Louverture voluntarily resigned his authority, and laid down his arms; he retired to his plantation divested of all his splendour; and, like the illustrious Roman, cultivated with his hands the fields he had defended with his arms. He engaged us both by example and persuasion, to imitate his conduct, labouring and living peaceably in the bosom of our families. Contrary to the faith of treaties, the French drew him into a snare, arrested and loaded him with irons. His wife, his infant children, his whole family, his officers, shared his cruel fate.—Embarked in French vessels they were carried to terminate their wretched career, by poison, in prison, and in irons.

Generals James Maurepas and Charles Belair, died under their punishments. Maurepas was *narrated alive* to the main-mast of the Hannibal, *in the presence of his wife and children*, along with whom his corpse was consigned to the deep. The unfortunate Belair was shot along with his intrepid spouse; this heroine

consoled him before her death, encouraging him to follow her example and die like a man. Thomany, Donage, Lamatoiere, and a whole crowd of officers and citizens of rank, died the death of felons; while those who escaped the gibbet or the assassin, fell by poison: such was the fate of Generals Villatte, Lévêillé, and Gautard; others were transported for sale to the Spanish main, or sent to France where they finished their career in the Gallies.

Our forbearance being exhausted by a repetition of such crimes and villainies, we flew to arms; measured swords with our oppressors; beat them corps by corps, man for man, fighting with stones, and sticks shod with iron, for the preservation of our liberty, our existence, and that of our wives and children; after beholding torrents of our blood mingled with that of our tyrants, we remained masters of the field of battle.

Let Mazerès, this savage and perfidious ex-colonist, who not only witnessed, but instigated the several refinements of cruelty adopted by his countrymen, recall these scenes to his imagination; let him reflect how many victims he either sacrificed with his own hands, or had slaughtered by his order; and his conscience will then remind him of our claims to that independence which we have attained at the expense of so much blood, and so many sacrifices.

Without attempting to discuss the claims that others have to independence, I do not hesitate to assert, without fear of contradiction, that none ever possessed one more unexceptionable than the Haytiens.

In whatever point of view this grand and important question is considered, the result must be always in our favour. Whether the deplorable condition in which we were, under the colonial system, be considered, or the chain of events which led us to liberty and from liberty to independence; the cruelties and injustice of every kind which we endured; our sufferings and misfortunes; whether the prudence of our

conduct since we became independant, in enacting laws and establishing a firm monarchical government, be taken into account ; or our living continually on good terms with our neighbours and all other powers ; our uniform demonstration, as well by our fundamental laws as our general conduct, of the sincerity of our intention never to meddle, directly or indirectly in matters foreign to our Island ; to maintain the most perfect neutrality ; and occupy ourselves solely in works of internal improvement, in promoting agriculture, and protecting commerce ; in straining every nerve to advance civilization, and introduce literature, science, and arts ; or whether the vast expanse of ocean rolling between us and our oppressors be considered : in fine, our moral, political, and geographical situation, all concur in giving us the most incontestible claim to independance ; to rob us of which inestimable blessing : setting aside the injustice and inhumanity of the attempt, it will be necessary to exterminate us to the last man.

It is respecting men who have given such proofs of wisdom, of virtue, of energy, and of courage, that Mazères has dared to publish his most idle absurdities : it is he who does not blush to affirm that "the negro is only a grown child, shallow, light, fickle, thoughtless, neither keenly sensible of joy or of sorrow, improvident without resources in his spirits, or his soul. Careless like other sluggards ; rest, singing, his women and his dress form the contracted limits of his taste. I say nothing of his affections, for affections, properly so called are too strong for a soul so soft, so inactive as his."

Surely he must be a blockhead, or utterly blinded by his passions, to have an assurance to publish such falsehoods. Had Mazères the ability to reflect, he would have seen that he had degraded himself and his ex-colonist brethren to the lowest rank of humanity since "these grown children, shallow, light, who have no resources in their spirits or their soul," have defeated them in battle, execrate them and vow

implacable hatred to them and also have a soul differently tempered, and possessing a courage different from that of the soul of these snivelling and pitiful ex-colonists. These liars must invent more plausible tales to impeach the justice of our cause ; they never can get rid of what has existed, and do yet exist in Hayti. Their falsehoods never will convince posterity that we have not vanquished them in battle, and in spite of all their efforts, erected ourselves into a civilized, free, and independant nation.

But still he has the boldness to maintain, that we never can introduce public instruction into Hayti : "and this," says he, "for a most simple reason, because there cannot be found throughout the dominions of Christophe [King Henry] ten men who can read fluently ; and there certainly cannot be found one sufficiently learned to comprehend the meaning of the words *military tactics*, *geography*, *mathematics*, *fortification*, &c."

The gross impositions of Mazères are refuted by positive facts, by the actual situation of the kingdom of Hayti, and by our own works : our generals, our engineers, our writers will always be ready to disprove by facts, Mazères' assertions. When the French feel disposed to try their strength with us, our generals will show them what *facilities* they are ; here they will find Wellingtons, Bluchers, and Platows ; our formidable redoubts and citadels will convince them, that our Haytian engineers are no strangers to the art of *fortification*, and the science of *mathematics* ; while our historians and our poets will prove themselves equally capable of defending their rights, and celebrating the glories of their country, and of those heroes who have fought and conquered in her cause.

The happy time is not yet come in which our men of letters can call themselves truly learned, for our present pretensions are undoubtedly inferior to those of even Mazères : yet, even in this infancy of our knowledge, after maintaining that we have no resources either in our spirit or our soul, and affirming



that we cannot even read fluently, he enters into a literary dispute with the Comte de Limonade, and detects in fourteen lines, *three gross mistakes, two improper expressions, one expression harsh, extravagant, assuming, and a kind of pleonasm*. What a pity I am not a critic like this ex-colonist, since in that age I should have taken the trouble to dissect his style, and have perhaps succeeded in showing the world the faults of which he is guilty, at the very time that he is quarrelling with us about words. But we are rejoiced to find the ex-colonists reduced to so cruel an extremity. We despair of nothing: they will shortly enter, without a blush, into a discussion of the most abstract questions with men to whom they deny the possession of common understanding. How do pride and prejudice blind men! How is it possible for Mazères not to discover that his calumnies recoil upon himself; and that, however pardonable trifling defects of language may be, the want of good sense is perfectly inexcusable.

Hurried away by the fury of his passion, Mazères falls into a terrible delirium, he raves, and becomes irrational, he makes it a subject of *grave reproach* to the Comte de Limonade, that he has used the figurative expression of *idolize* to denote his attachment to the Royal Family, as though it was a crime to *idolize* our kings: surely we may *idolize*, without being on that account *idolaters*. I grant, however, that the idea of adoring one's sovereign may be strange to a *Frenchman*. The Comte de Limonade may reply to Mazères, as the Scythian Philosopher did to the Athenian who insulted him: "I honour my country by my sentiments whilst thou dishonourest thine."

In proportion as Mazères observes our progress in civilization, his rage kindles: in the impatience of his vengeance, and his ability to bathe himself anew in our blood, he vents his passion in the most vulgar abuse: the meanest and most tasteless expressions fall from the pen of a man who boasts of his *polite-*

ness; and he is not ashamed to employ the epithets of *Jocrisse* and *Patilasse* of Henry the Fourth, to insult us, as if it were necessary for him to go back as far as the days of Henry the Fourth, for *Jocrisse* and *Patilasses*, when they are even now to be found in Paris, and even in the bosom of his own family.

I will explain to my readers the true cause of these rhodomontade fits, and horrible convulsions into which Mazères falls: he has dared to publish and affirm that "the Blacks are incapable of any great works of genius, are inferior to the Whites, and are only grown children, light, fickle, thoughtless, and destitute of mental resources."

Does he not, on the contrary, see these grown children planning the construction of impregnable fortresses, building palaces, calculating almanacks, possessing black writers, poets, and ministers of state? How unfortunate! what a disappointment for an ex-colonist! Here, then, behold the true cause of his violence and his passion: and judge what degree of credit is to be attached to his charges against Messrs. De Sismondi and De Limonade.

Patience! M. Mazères, have patience pray: moderate your heat; leave us time to establish our national schools properly upon the Lancasterian system: permit us to found colleges; give us time to form men instructed in English principles, language, and literature: for it is proper to acquaint you that we wish to renounce the very language of France. We will then, and the time is perhaps nearer than you imagine, produce specimens of Haytian literature, which will convince you still better than the Royal Almanack, that the Blacks are not destitute of all mental resources. But what will become of you then! These specimens will, I fear, have much the same effect upon you as Medusa's head: for if the sight of a simple almanack has produced such a nervous attack, and thrown you into such convulsions, I fear greatly, I say, that such a demoniac as you are, will at first fall into an epilepsy, and afterwards close your ignominious career with an apoplexy.

Mazères employs our civil wars as an engine of calumny against the government of King Henry, and the Haytiens ; to show that we cannot live in peace among ourselves, and that we cut each other's throats. Here the ex-colonists reproach us with their own misdeeds ; they and their abettors pray that we might slay one another, and have they now the assurance to upbraid us with doing so ? They act in this just as they did with respect to the Slave Trade, when they blamed the Africans for crimes *instigated* and *rewarded* by themselves ; after having excited civil wars among us, they now unblushingly cast them in our teeth.

But what is their language in private conversations, when they hear of a sanguinary battle among the Haytiens ? "Leave them alone," they say, "let them have their fill of fighting among themselves ; let them slaughter each other ; we shall have sport in the end ; leave them to themselves till they have exterminated each other."

Ex-colonists ! is not this your language, and favourite plan ? We know it well, and should be the blindest and most stupid of mortals, were we to become the instruments of your destructive projects.

Mazères and the ex-colonists have exerted their utmost skill in detracting from the virtues and splendid qualifications of King Henry, but they never can succeed ; the more he is the object of *their* hatred and abuse, the more we love him, and the more noble does he appear in *our* eyes ; it is always creditable to be calumniated by such people as the ex-colonists, who are destitute both of faith and law, and regulate themselves only by the rule of interest, and those passions which overcome them ; let them reserve their praises for Pétion, he is worthy the adoration of monsters like himself.

Wherefore should I extend my refutation of the falsehoods of Mazères ? Have I not said enough to convince the most incredulous ? Have I not shown satisfactorily, that the Blacks are in *no* respect infe-

rior to the Whites, but that under circumstances equally favourable, their faculties are alike.

I now close these remarks, upon which I entered with a zeal and ardour superior to my talents and education. Often have I felt my inability, (not however, of the kind which Mazères imputes to me) to do justice to so noble a cause ; happy, should my efforts contribute to the overthrow of those prejudices which have oppressed us for ages, and thus promote the happiness and prosperity of my brethren.

Mazères defends the cause of the ex-colonists, that class of men whose dreadful system, and unheard of crimes, made nature shudder. "The cause which I have advocated is that of Humanity at large. Whites, Mulattoes and Blacks, we are all brethren, all children of the same eternal Father ; all interested in this cause.

O MAN ! whatever be the colour of thy skin ; whatever thy nation or religion, thou art interested in the triumph of the Haytiens, unless thy heart be steeled against those feelings of justice and humanity, which the Deity has implanted in us all. Unless thou art dyed in the same guilt with the ex-colonists, thou canst not put the interests of a race of men overwhelmed with crimes, in competition with the general interests of the Human Species.

FINIS.

F. B. Wright, Printer, Liverpool.]