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CHARACTERISTICS AND CAPABILITIES OF THE NEGRO RACE.

BY WM. H. HOLCOMBE, M. D.

The negro is not a white man with a black skin, but, if not a distinct species, at least a permanent variety of the human race. He has physical, ethical, and psychological peculiarities which differentiate him from all other races of men; and it is by these, and not by *a priori* theories of any kind, that his moral, social, and political status is to be determined.

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES OF THE NEGRO RACE.

The skull of the negro is very thick, dense and strong, resisting injuries and the effect of heat to a wonderful degree. The hair is sometimes so densely matted, that if you wish to apply water to the scalp with any effect you must cut it off. From the physical structure of the head, negroes exhibit an instinctive propensity to butt in fighting, a peculiarity never noticed in any other race. The brain and nervous system of the negro is smaller and more coarsely organized than in the other varieties of man. The brain substance is, on an average, nine cubic inches less in bulk than that of the Caucasian. Negroes with very large, fine heads, may still have very small brains, because the actual capacity of the cranium is encroached upon by the extreme thickness of the bones. The organs of

sense are acute, especially those of hearing and smell—the conformation of the latter approaching the animal type.

Lawrence, one of the greatest British physiologists, and moreover strongly anti-slavery in his sentiments, after enumerating ten peculiarities about the African skull, goes on to say:

“In all the particulars above enumerated, the negro structure approximates unequivocally to that of the monkey. It not only differs from the Caucasian model, but is distinguished from it in two respects: the intellectual characters are reduced, whilst the animal features are enlarged and exaggerated. In such a skull as that represented in the 8th plate, which has indeed been particularly selected because it is strongly characterized, no person, however little conversant with natural history or physiology, could fail to recognize a decided approach to the animal form. This inferiority of organization is attended with corresponding inferiority of faculties; which may be proved not so much by the unfortunate beings who are degraded by slavery, as by every fact in the past history and present condition of Africa.” (*Lectures on Man*, page 246.)

The bones of the pelvis, thorax, and extremities, all approach, in some respects, to those of the ape and monkey

LINES TO THE TYRANT.

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER.

"It may be necessary to put the foot down firmly."

[MR. LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.]

"Tramp—tramp—tramp."

[BURGER'S LEONORA.]

The legion is armed for the battle,
 The charger is hot for the fray,
 The thunders of musketry rattle;
 Yon eagles shall feast on the prey:
 The corslets like diamonds are gleaming,
 The standard of blood is unfurled:—
 Yes, put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world!

The hosts of the West are in motion,
 The North sends a ravenous pack:
 Like waves on a pitiless ocean—
 When the heavens above them are black.
 They surge over mountain and prairie,
 Wild bitlows the tempest has curled:
 Yes, put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world!

Attila, fearful destroyer,
 Merciless Genghis Khan,
 Veiled like the sage of Kassan,
 Utter the truculent ban!
 Bright as St. George in his armour
 And blood-red cross unfurled,
 Trample the insolent dragon,
 Trample it out of the world!

Weak in the clouds like Anteus,
 Strong upon touching the earth,
 Stormy as Castor and Pollux—
 Twins of Olympian birth—
 Blazing with eyes like the lightnings
 Jove at Prometheus hurled;
 Put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world!

What though the land is in sack-cloth,
 What though each minstrel is dumb,
 And through sweet Wyoming's valleys,
 Echoes the roll of the drum;
 What though from city and hamlet,
 Tears and entreaties are poured:—
 Put the foot down Mr. Lincoln,
 Slaughter the dove with the sword!

The stars in their courses are silent,
 The willows in agony weep,
 The wind o'er the wave murmurs sadly,
 Where the ashes of Washington sleep:
 The cypress is shaken with horror,
 The glory-of-morning is furled;
 But—put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world.

In the chambers once vocal with music,
 And drunk with the eloquent word,
 The clarion now screams for the conflict,
 And the terrible tocsin is heard.
 A torrent is chafing its channel,
 Where only a rivulet purled:
 So put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world.

On the rice-fields of fair Carolina,
 The head of the matron is bowed:
 The sire takes down the old flint-lock,
 And tack the old memories crowd.
 He thinks of the glory of Sumter,
 The valour of Marion's men,
 And his heart leaps the gulf in an instant,
 That yawns 'tween the now and the then.
 The daughters of Georgia are weeping,
 Though Ramah's sad voices are stilled;
 For the earliest violets are peeping
 Where their lovers' hearts blood shall be
 spilled.

Her yeomen all chant the bold stanzas
 Of tyrants to infamy hurled:
 But—put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world.
 The rangers of Texas are mounting,
 And will presently scour the plain;
 And brave for their homes and their kin-
 dred,
 Will cover the earth with the slain.
 Marked you the dark-flashing eye-ball,
 The scorn in the lip that was curled?
 Then plant the foot firm, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world!

Soft is thy name Alabama,
 And soft is thy flower-laden gale,
 As it breathes over rustling woodlands,
 And whitens the prospered sail.
 Like yonder stricken wild-fowl,
 With bleeding pinion furled,
 Thy glory is soon to be smitten,
 And trampled out of the world!

Beautiful Louisiana, Queen of the river and
 plain,
 Blooming with verdant savannah,
 Rich with the tropical cane;
 Over thee floats the proud emblem,
 'Now on the breezes unfurled,
 That dares the unfeeling oppressor
 To trample thee out of the world!

Florida, gem of the ocean,
 Bride of the wondering sea,
 Through thy sons ardent devotion,
 Born to be dauntless and free;
 Thy fame is as bright as thy coastland
 With diamond-shell imppearled:
 But—put the foot down, Mr. Lincoln,
 And trample them out of the world!

From thy glad, fertile realm, Mississippi,
 Where cotton is picked by the slave,
 The psalm ascendeth to heaven,
 Of liberty won by the brave:
 As a sound of tumultuous waters,
 Comes the din of the camp and the roar
 Of voices that rise on the tempest,
 Shouting we will be slaves nevermore!

"Virginia, Virginia, where art thou?"
 She wakes like him of old,
 And bursts the green withes that would
 bind her,
 As she shakes her locks of gold:
 Glorious in her raiment,
 The sunshine on her brow,
 Diana, in her slumbers,
 The mailed Minerva—now!
 The day is at hand, Mr. Lincoln,
 Which prophets longed to see,
 When the prison-doors shall open
 And let the oppressed go free:
 When from thy trembling fingers,
 The sceptre shall be hurled,
 And thy foot-prints, vandal sovereign,
 Shall be trampled out of the world!

HAMPTON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC LANDMARKS IN LOWER VIRGINIA."

The topography of the lower part of the Chesapeake Bay is easily understood from a good map. At its South-western corner there is a broad opening, usually considered an arm of the bay, and projecting westward. This is the famous *Hampton roads*. It is in reality an estuary, the mouth of the James, the Nansemond, and the Elizabeth Rivers; and empties into the Chesapeake by the passage between Old Point Comfort and Willoughby's Point. This strait is less than three miles across, and the channel runs nearest to Old Point. Hence, Fortress Monroe, intended to defend Richmond and Norfolk, stands on that point, and Fort Calhoun, (the Rip Rap,) is built on a rocky pile opposite, one thousand nine hundred yards distant. For all

large vessels, therefore, the strait is actually reduced to the width of a long mile, and flanked by these fortifications, its passage is impregnable. *Sewell's Point*, lately become so famous, lies west of Willoughby's Point, towards the mouth of the Elizabeth. *Newport's News* is a cape, at the northwest corner of the Roads, commonly considered the mouth of the James. It is about seven miles from Old Point. If we join by lines Old Point, Sewell's Point and Newport's News, they will form very nearly an isosceles right angled triangle, of which Sewell's Point is the apex.

On the north shore of the Roads, about three miles from Old Point, stands the village of *Hampton*, always a town of historic interest to Virginians, now doubly

* From the Savannah (Ga.) Republican.