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### Colonization and the Cholera.

In the present number will be found a list of emigrants by the *Clintonia Wright*, which sailed from New Orleans on the 20th April.

This vessel was chartered to accommodate the emigrants from Kentucky and Tennessee, who anticipated going in the January expedition, but on reaching New Orleans, found the cholera prevailing so that they left immediately and returned to their homes. It was our design to postpone entirely that expedition until the cholera should disappear. But there were embarrassments in the way of the *Ross slaves* remaining which rendered it necessary to charter a vessel and send them. Fifteen of them however died of the cholera before they sailed from the mouth of the river.

In March the cholera had much abated in New Orleans, and the emigrants in Kentucky and Tennessee who were waiting, became exceedingly anxious to depart. Arrangements were accordingly made for

them to sail the 10th April from New Orleans. But just as those from Tennessee were about to start from Nashville, such accounts were received of the prevalence of the cholera on the river and in New Orleans, that they and their friends determined that it was inexpedient for them to go, and they therefore went to their old homes again. But then it was too late to stop the expedition. The vessel had been chartered and the purchases made, and the Kentucky emigrants were on their way. So that instead of about *one* hundred emigrants, which we expected, there were but *twenty-one*.

Thus it will be seen that both the expeditions from New Orleans have been rendered much more expensive and less advantageous by the prevalence of the cholera. It does not become us to murmur or complain at this afflictive dispensation. We cannot however but regard it as one of the many events which are designed to try our faith, and lead us

sand years, is, with the Lord, as one day." We cannot doubt that God intends that Christianity shall make a universal conquest, and that the descendants of the lowest portion of the species shall be raised to an elevation far higher than we commonly anticipate.

But, be this as it may, I think there is the highest encouragement to fall in with this great colonization movement, and to labor and pray for poor Africa till Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God. The subject when contemplated in this light, furnishes no occasion for strife. It

solicits only pity for the poor, benefactions for the needy, and the general sway of charity and good will. It is an enterprise requiring no arguments but truth, no warfare but the emulation to excel in good deeds. It promises a rich reward to them who co-operate for its advancement—the reward of seeing happy families rising in affluence, independence, refinement and piety; and the reward of looking back with Mills and Ashmun from their abodes of bliss, and beholding Ethiopia "stretching out her hands unto God."

### Africa.

A MINIATURE POEM—BY T. B. BALCH.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Allusion to Petrarch's Poem on Africa—  
The past renown of Egypt and Carthage—  
Moorish grandeur—Appeals of Cowper and Montgomery, about the Slave Trade—Description of the Sahara Desert—Commerce and its perversion—Mungo Park—Mysteries of the Slave Trade—Return of the Children of Africa to their own continent—Liberia—The future glory of Africa—Conclusion.

The minstrel Petrarch sung of sweet Vauclose,  
And o'er its Fountain spread melodious sounds,  
And then employ'd his lute on Lybian themes.  
We may not hope to touch such music chords  
As Arquis bard: but my inferior song  
Shall freely flow 'mid Afric's antique shrines,  
Or o'er its huts that skirt each arid glade,  
Or Kraals hid beneath her tow'ring palms.  
We sing the land of all those massive works  
Call'd Pyramids, which to the ruby Nile,  
Deep interest lend; but for what use design'd,  
No human tongue can tell, nor will the cloud  
Be soon dispers'd by any Pilgrim's wand—  
The mystic Sphinx—the Temple of the Sun—  
Thebes with its hundred gates—and clueless caves  
That wind beneath the ground—and shafts that mark

Where valor died—or more ignobly fell  
On Pleasure's lap as Hannibal on Capua.  
Mother of Arts and Learning's early nurse  
Who cherish'd Letters from Phœnicia brought,  
Which filled the liberal air of olive Greece  
With Epic thunder and with Lyric song—  
And Commerce there spread out its ornate hand,  
And weary camels came at noon or eve,  
Laden with balm and all Arabian gums—  
Then started back to graze on Eastern hills.

The Mantuan Poet sketch'd Numidia's shores,  
And still his out-line seems to run along  
Its fertile coasts, where the vast sea has wrought  
Its concave bays; and graceful stags there rove,  
And toss their antlers high on mineral sands  
Where glows the orange in its golden coat,  
Mingled with citron groves; and melons ripe,  
Creep o'er the soil—and grapes in clusters huge,  
Suspend themselves on air—and almond trees  
Break out in flowers of pure and stainless hue—  
And barbs majestic range 'mid olives ripe.  
The Epic Muse has warbled round the seat  
Where Carthage stood—from whence a hero went,  
Who kindled Punic fires among the Alps,  
And from their snow-wrapt peaks, his eye surveyed

The Latian fields—and Rome, imperial  
 Rome,  
 In that sublime repose which distance  
 lends  
 Long after this when ages wore away,  
 The Moors in swarms, cross'd intervening  
 waves,  
 And stopp'd 'mid Andalusian hills and  
 plains,  
 Through which the Danes roll'd, and then  
 was heard  
 The hum of men of half-barbaric taste—  
 The Alhambra rose, atode of swarthy  
 Kings  
 And tawny Knights, replete with winding  
 stairs,  
 Whilst in its courts, Granada fountains  
 played  
 From marble mouths of marble lions stern,  
 And where the Xenil frolic'd in its course,  
 All Spanish plumes beneath the Crescent  
 droop'd.  
 But cypress leaves appear in glory's wreath,  
 For spots of darkness veil our noonday  
 lights,  
 And dim eclipse enwraps meridian suns—  
 And Afric's splendor has been long ob-  
 scured.  
 How many harps have chanted Lybian  
 woes—  
 And one was held by Weston's pensive  
 bard,  
 To which a sad response from Sheffield's  
 lute  
 Arrived in time to swell the touching  
 strain,  
 And scatter plaintive sounds o'er tropic  
 sands.  
 We enter here the Great Sahara waste  
 That draws its length of dreary miles and  
 leagues  
 O'er sands and stonies and tracts of deep  
 morass,  
 From where Atlantic waves keep up their  
 moan,  
 To where Dongalas huts of bambo reeds  
 Are drown'd in sleep—a belt of smitten  
 earth  
 Asunder torn—where cribs composed of  
 rock,  
 Refuse to clambering goats a scanty meal,  
 And where its people rush to verdant  
 woods  
 As shipwreck'd men will swim to sea-  
 green isles—  
 O'er all this waste a breathless silence  
 reigns.  
 The Sabbath dawns, but no one hails its  
 light,  
 And no one there holds up the purple cross.  
 Oh tell me not of Windsor's deep retreats,

Its forest glades with social hamlets fill'd,  
 Or Sherwood's pea-green woods and grassy  
 lawns,  
 Or Ettrick's firs or Lulean wilds and rocks,  
 Save for the contrasts sake, for Araby  
 Is here out-done and promptly yields the  
 palm  
 In cheerlessness, to this vast wolfish waste.  
 'Tis Nature's Law that we should inter-  
 change  
 What various climes and various suns  
 produce.  
 We shake the trees of Ceylon's fragrant  
 isle,  
 Or Borneo, or strip the Quito barks,  
 Or pull the Turkish fruits, or fold the  
 shawls  
 Of Cashmere's looms, or glossy Persian  
 silks,  
 Or rifle Russian furs; for rabid men  
 Will traverse seas, or scour the zones for  
 gain—  
 And merchants wind in crowded caravans,  
 O'er desert tracts, to reach commercial  
 marts,  
 And find the bead, the pearl or diamond—  
 Some shell unknown, or rare and curious  
 bird—  
 Some herb or poppy, nut or evergreen,  
 For interchange when homeward they  
 return.  
 But Afric's coasts have seen a commerce  
 new,  
 A trade in men, and that without ex-  
 change—  
 And wives and children bought for zechins  
 few—  
 The woes of which, my pencil cannot  
 paint.  
 Is this because the black man's hair is  
 crisp'd?  
 Then seize that Indian tribe whose heads  
 are flat,  
 Or Chinese take, because their feet are  
 small.  
 'Tis right that men should go in quest of  
 gold  
 Or grain; but 'tis not right that they should  
 sneak  
 From capeto capo in search of guiltless  
 men,  
 With copper rings and heavy iron chains  
 And spikes: to say the least, it is unfair—  
 For when did Afric's skiffs invade Brazil  
 Or lillied France, or Spain, or Portugal,  
 Or western istes, or our own blissful land,  
 To snatch the shepherd from his musing  
 flock,  
 And stow away our blue ey'd bairns in  
 ships.

Compared to this, the ravening lion walks  
On peaceful paths in densest olive woods.  
And tigers' mouths are filled with rows of  
pearl,

And Anaconda folds are but a zone  
Round Beauty's waist; but reasoning  
stops—  
For here, all right consists in power alone.

'Tis eve, and Fancy's pluripresent world  
Is here, and twilight shades o'er Afric's  
woods

Prevail, and skies have lost their copper  
tint—

The palm leaves bend beneath that won-  
drous fan.

The ocean plies, and from unfolded waves,  
Rich breezes spring, and that at evening  
tide

When flowers retire to their delicious cells,  
We call not up some beauteous shepherd  
scene,

Such as occurs among the Grison Alps,  
Where goat-herds live, or on Benacus  
Lake

Which sends the Mincio forth to classic  
Po—

Nor yet where Lapland deer by hundreds  
come,

And gammeward bound—where men their  
antlers hold,

Whilst woman's fingers seize the udders  
full—

But we give such as Afric's coasts present,  
No wintry fire by whose flickering light,  
The tale goes round, but constant torrid  
heat

In which her children play, or break the  
rind

That held in prison all its juicy milk.  
But lo! the white man darts from glade to  
glade,

Intent on prey—not prey of bird or beast,  
But unoffending men who, being drew  
From the same source divine, and wise  
and good.

Oh if the bird lament its ravag'd nest,  
And mother bears bewail their stolen cubs,  
How must that mother feel, whose tender  
heart

For her descendants bleeds, when borne  
away,

She knows not where, to lands and isles  
unknown.

Long days and years elapse, and many a  
moon

Curls round and round the earth, but no  
return.

The time has been when if, in christian  
lands,

The Gipsys stole away some meek ey'd boy  
Or girl with flaxen hair, the Gipsy haunts

Were soon dismantled and asunder torn,  
With inmates left to haggard wintry  
clouds,

Or the cold stars their only canopy.  
But men come home from Afric's ivory  
strand,

And dress their lawns, with classic statues  
crown'd,

And stuff anew their chairs and ottomans,  
Or puff their Turkish pipes, and upward  
send

Full wreaths of scented smoke—and all  
the price

Of rabid deeds which Heaven and Earth  
denounce.

Wide continent where Kings their subjects  
vend

For brittle pipes and toys, and trinket  
beads

And ells of cloth—but in this continent,  
An interest deep is felt: Philanthropy,  
With Argus eyes, has o'er the picturo  
look'd,

On balanced wings, and then the circuit  
made

Of Earth's all central zone, and with a  
heart

Full charged with tenderness, and glow-  
ing tongue,

She spreads abroad in her sweet trumpet  
tones,

To either Pole, this loud and just demand,  
*Redress its wrongs and settle the account—  
The balance strike and restitution make.*

But fearless men have latched the pilgrim  
shoon,

And travell'd forth to Afric's barren sands  
To count her kingdoms, and to notch her  
tribes

Along the Gambia, Zaire and Senegal,  
Where Niger ends and where the Nile  
begins.

To Benin's Bight and Gondar's mountain  
hill

Where Caffres live and Anthropophagi,  
The dangerous way was led by Mungo  
Park,

Who stretch'd his boyish limbs 'mid hea-  
ther wild,

And cooled his boyish blood in Yarrow's  
wave.

But he relinquish'd juicy hawthorn dales  
And bracken glens and Scotia's green-ey'd  
burns

And mountain marks, and many a hill-top  
view,

For Afric's sultry tracts and cheerless  
realms,

Along his way, that lonely man pulled  
fruit,

And slaked his lip and quench'd his fever-  
ish thirst

At orange boughs—and friendless and unknown,

He heard at night, a woman's dulcimer,  
Which quell'd his fears, for woman's voice  
Call'd him to humble fare and deep repose,  
As sweet an act as when the Douglas took  
And ferried Snowdown's Knight o'er Loch  
Katrine,

And open'd wide her father's rocky hall.  
But Park, a martyr fell, and Afric's air  
Absorb'd his breath; may his oasis grave  
Be rife in pensive, tangled violets,  
And many a summer tale thereon be told.

There are enigmas in the scheme divine—  
Clouds not dispers'd and problems un-  
resolved—

Eclipses too, not taken off—and black  
eclipse

Has been on Afric's sun from ago to age.  
But can the child or full grown peasant  
tell

How science rolls from complex diagrams,  
Most useful truths and even certain light.  
Mysterious 'tis, that distant harmless coasts  
Should pilfer'd be, and that by those who  
live

Where Science, Letters, Law and Taste  
prevail.

No human line can reach this sea profound  
And sea confus'd; but yet its waves may  
roll

O'er grottos deep and wisdom's comblike  
cells;

And Afric's blighted coasts may one day  
hold

The shells of Art and numerous music  
conchs

Of Law and Taste and Christian Poetry—  
And her interior tribes may come in flocks  
And homeward bear the rich alluvial spoil.  
Her sons dispersed to every land remote,  
Where Senates meet, and softest Arts  
prevail,

And Legislation's Halls all open stand,  
And temples rise which Jurisprudence  
rears,

And where the Anvil, Plough and Loom  
are used,

Will learn those Arts, and with those Arts  
return,

When Afric's bugles call her children  
home.

What though these Arts be now but fallen  
crumbs

From that repast which Education spreads,  
Yet to the hungry, meagre crumbs are  
sweet,

And scanty germs when pluck'd from  
Plenty's horn,

Expansion seek: had Rome no corner stone,  
Were Anglia's people never tattooed o'er,

Wore they no copper, tin or ivory rings,  
Or lion skins, around their punctur'd  
waists,

'Til Alfred's lyre expelled victorious Dances,  
But Newton sat where Picts and Scute  
rov'd,

And Cuvier mused where Druid victims  
bied,

And where the Indian yell'd were genius  
rites

By Franklin done: and fire arrived in time,  
Which spared the Priest but sparkled round  
his key,

And Nature's fiery gates wide open flew  
And gave him ingress to her fiery shrines.

I am no scer, and wear no hairy gown  
Nor Prophet's stole: but my thatch'd cot-  
tage stands

Where violet lanes lead out to human  
homes,

And up those lanes the constant ringdoves  
come,

And from the flood of human passions  
bring

In their clasp'd beaks the olive leaves of  
love

For all my race: and interest in that race  
Prompts me to say that bleeding Africa  
Shall yet be healed of all her needless  
wounds—

The slave trade falls—'tis doom'd—aug-  
mented light

A gush of radiance sheds on all its woes—  
For we have sketch'd on Afric's coast a  
line

Liberia call'd: within its hundred leagues  
Are Belial's sons and Mammon's thieves  
expell'd;

To that brown strip how many eyes turned  
In fondest gaze: where schools and churches  
rise—

And no such line can Alpine mountains  
shew,

Nor Quito's plain, nor yet the Blue Ridge  
range—

The sea respects it; and its waves rejoice  
To bear the skiffs which furl their swan-  
like sails

Within its coves: for oft that sea has  
moaned

When ruffian men have borne their spoil  
away—

For bind the coast with more than Chinese  
walls

And Tartar men will quickly break them  
down—

On marble pillars hang your gates of brass,  
But what is brass to human catamounts,  
That prow for gain; and long from hu-  
man bones

To eke their lucre out; and strike a vein

Of gold in well-proportioned human forms:  
But if you want a wall of moral fire,  
Then plant colonial men around that coast,  
And thieves will then be scorch'd and turn'd  
we hope

To ashes pale: and galleries may be rear'd  
To whisper right about enacted wrongs,  
So that in future time when boys are pull'd  
From tamarind trees, or girls from cocoa  
groves,

Or when the cradles cease to feel the babes  
That rode therein and smiled and wept at  
times—

The thing may soon be known, and  
woman's shriek

Be heard—from Cape de Verds to Mozam-  
bique,

And all the mouths of Nile shall tell that  
deed,

And Nubia's lions shall avenge that shriek,  
And Africa's tropic snakes by thousands  
move

To sting that robber down to blazing Hell.

All blessings rest upon that marble urn  
Which holds my sire's remains: the cor-  
ner-stone

Was in his presence laid of this great  
scheme—

And his all-beaming eye itself out-beam'd,  
When Christian Patriots in a circle stood  
And leagued both hand and heart, and then  
resolv'd

And re-resolv'd, that something must be  
done:

He served this scheme through thunder,  
rain and snow,

And opposition's blast and witting sneers,  
And satire keen and all sardonic grins—

And taught me to revere the noble men  
His comrades in the plan: and for this  
scheme

Have we not rode and toiled, and quaff'd  
the springs

That leap from hill to vale 'mid Blue  
Ridge heights—

And travell'd down to where Virginia capes  
Pass out to sea, that boisterous waves may  
kiss

Their graceful necks and die at Beauty's  
feet.

But bards imagine what may never be,  
Yet we hope on, that Disappointment's  
wing

May never brood along Liberia's shore,  
To shade the moral lights which just begin  
To throw their lustre on each thriving  
town

And furtive stream, where happy Kroomen  
sing,

Not Tasso's verse but Christian hymns and  
Psalms,

That cheer the men who traverse Ocean's  
waves,

Who there arrive at morning, noon and  
night

From those blue tops and gaps the sea  
creates—

And in some future day or coming age  
May Dante's verse and Homer's strains be  
sung—

And Science there its milky way unfold,  
And roll her orbs in sight: Liberia's sons

May wield the busy staff of Pilgrimage  
O'er Africa: and from Timbuctoo or the  
Nile

Bring her wild scenes or softer beauties  
home—

This time will come: the Earl of Lister  
stopp'd

His clocks at Kenilworth; but could he stop  
The heavenly orbs that measure time for  
man—

Oh Earth, thou art one mighty traveller,  
Winding thy zodiack path from year to  
year

And age to age around the orb of day—  
The sweetest hues that evening ever  
wrought

Break not thy flight, nor stay thy wond-  
rous course:

On thee are lost all links in Beauty's chain,  
That pass from cloud to cloud when vesper  
stars

Invite the Shepherd home; and pilgrim  
feet

Are turn'd to mountain inns; but who has  
heard

That weary Earth has ever asked repose—  
But yet the time will come, when the  
round Earth

Shall cease to move, and her elliptical ring  
Its rider miss; and animation cease

Where constellations viewed the wondrous  
race,

But not 'til Africa shall be redeem'd  
And first of all touch Earth's millennial goal.

Rise then, ye men of Legislative might,  
And hasten on that grand auspicious day

When kings and queens shall use enchant-  
ed wands

To break asunder Africa's heavy yoke,  
And Christian States wear sackcloth at  
her feet,

And all her sons shall Gilead's mountain  
find,

And all her woes be like forgotten tales  
Told ages since in Persia's mulberry dales.

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RINGWOOD COTTAGE, VA.