

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The original of the following heroic epistle was found, among other despatches, in a French frigate lately captured in the West-Indies. Poetical epistles from one great potentate to another, are not without precedents, of which the one addressed by the late Kien Long, Emperor of China, to his Majesty George III, affords a remarkable example.

A free translation of the above mentioned curious work is now offered to the public, through the medium of your paper. I remain, &c. BRITANNICUS.

An Heroic Epistle from JAQUES I, Emperor of Hayti, To NAPOLEON I, Emperor of the French.

O thou! enthron'd in state, who, like a god,  
Rul'st prostrate millions by thy awful nod,  
Hail!....by those names which best thine ear allure,  
Gen'ral, Grand-Consul, Ali, Empeur!  
From realms where Hayti's genius wades in blood,  
Where late the pride of \*tropic cities stood,  
(Whose smoking ruins now proclaim afar  
The glories of exterminating war.)  
Where the proud whites our negro vengeance feel  
In tortures on the agonizing wheel,  
Whilst, in death's bitter pangs, the mothers hear  
Their infants wailing on the bloody spear;....  
WE, JAQUES the first, send greeting to our brother,  
For one great Emperor should greet another.

Alike in fortune, and alike in fame,  
I too, with thee, a kindred country claim,  
To Afric's burning clime I owe my birth,  
(Afric the source of every plague on earth,)  
Thy natal spot an obscure island boasts,  
Which sprung, they say, from Afric's torrid coasts.  
For once, when mighty earthquakes rent the world,  
This rocky isle from Lybian wastes was hurl'd,  
And ever since, unclaim'd and shunn'd, it stands  
The little Afric of surrounding lands.  
No verdant pastures its brown hills adorn,  
Nor wave its arid vales with golden corn,  
Sterility o'er the swart mountains reigns,  
And bogs and sands deform its barren plains;  
No aromatic flow'rs bedeck the fields,  
The lurid herbage bitter honey yields,  
Round its rough rocks the waves incessant roar,  
And ships sheer off from †Corsica's bleak shore.

Most like the rugged soil its sons we find,  
Sprung from the scourgings of corrupt mankind,  
What time imperial Rome across the waves  
Exil'd her cut-throats, thieves, and useless slaves.  
No race more fam'd e'er rose from Thebes or Troy,  
Nor e'en from mine....illustrious Domahoy!  
Whose kings regale on plantains and palm-wine,  
And then permit all other kings to dine.

Obscure distress hung o'er our primal day,  
Both, by like means have gain'd imperial sway;  
That we are friends our hearts have long confest,  
Our foes are Frenchmen, whom we both detest.  
Thus link'd by fortune, how can I repine,  
If thy great deeds have yet exceeded mine?  
Rous'd by thy fame, if haply I aspire  
To pillage countries, and set towns on fire,  
To wade to glory through a crimson flood,  
And murder helpless prisoners in cold blood,....  
If thus I act,....yet still unskill'd and rude,  
One gift of thine I want....Ingratitude!

I kill'd my master, mistress, nor would save  
A white man's child,....but then I was a slave;  
Rous'd from short slumbers by the cow-skin's crack,  
Which mark'd with whelk indelible my back,  
Each day my blood and sweat manur'd the soil,  
Each cursed day renew'd my bitter toil.

\* Cape Francois. For a description of the former prosperity of this once fine city, and of its recent, though not its latter, devastations, see Bryan Edwards' History of the West-Indies, Vol 3. Translator.

† It is certain that Corsica was once an appendage of the African empire of Carthage. Its traditional origin may be allowed, if not in history, at least in poetry. The emperor Jaques, by drawing a just picture of the island, appears rather to wish to excite sympathy by similitude than by flattery. T.

My foe to murder I should never start,  
I'd broil his liver, and devour his heart!  
Revenge is sweet; but e'en to gain my ends,  
I can't betray my patrons, kill my friends;  
To thy superior soul alone 'tis given  
To outrage nature and to laugh at heaven;  
You sul'd your king and friend, abjur'd your God,  
And rul'd your allies with an iron rod.

But one great deed exceeds my utmost aim,  
Damn'd as it is to everlasting fame.  
Near Acre's battered tow'rs, with shame I tell,  
Where Sidney sent your ruffian bands to hell,  
Whilst, Vulture like, Flight, Famine, Shame, and  
Fear,

Scream'd at your van, and hover'd o'er your rear;  
Your valiant friends, who, urg'd by Honour's laws,  
Ne'er shrunk from danger, whatso'er the cause,  
By grievous wounds were forc'd to keep the bed,  
(For you they conquer'd, and for you they bled!)  
What then? Unable now to fight or fly,  
You coolly doom'd the wretched men to die.  
Eager, with quivering lips, and panting breath,  
They suck'd the poison'd bowl, and slept in death.  
Thrown on the sands unburied they remain,  
Their blasted corse's blacken all the plain,  
Whilst screaming Vultures eye afar the ground,  
And packs of famish'd Jackalls yelp around.

By Machivalian lore from conscience freed,  
No desperate means shall e'er our views impede,  
For thy, who dare our sovereign will deride,  
No powers shall screen them, and no place shall  
hide;

Drag'd from amidst their friends in open day,  
Their lives for their presumptuous thoughts shall  
pay,

Or starv'd in dungeons, or by cord or steel,  
Abroad, at home, our vengeance they shall feel.  
So Kleber, Pichegru, D'Engghien, and Toussaint,  
Thus fell....who dar'd dispute your right to reign.  
And yet the world prefers to me or you  
Simple Toussaint, and confident Pichegru;  
The prating public, curse its tongue and pen,  
Says, these were greater captains, better men.

Success is all; the dogs have had their day,  
And we, the Lions, hold imperial sway,  
To distant ages shall our actions bloom,  
Beyond the proudest boasts of Greece and Rome,  
No ancient, or no modern name can shine  
In sets of blood, compar'd with yours and mine:  
For cruel Sylla to our fame must yield;  
Or Caesar, in Pharsalia's sanguine field;  
Or mad Caligula, who wish'd to find  
A speedy mode to guillotine mankind;  
Or Nero, reeking from his mother's blood,  
Or dreadful Alaric, 'the scourge of God';  
Or sainted \*Charles, on Bartlemies great day;  
Or gloomy †Philip, at Auto da Fè;  
Or ‡Kouli, at Delhi a gentle guest;  
Or holy §Muley, in his saffron vest;

\* Charles IX of France, who, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, amused himself with shooting his protestant subjects as they fled under his palace windows in attempting to escape their murderers.

† Philip II, of Spain. ‡ Thoemas Kouli, called also Nadir, sultan of Persia. In the year 1739, he invaded India at the head of four hundred thousand Persians and Tatars. Mohammed Shak, the great mogul, received him as a guest, but while Kouli was smoking a pipe on the misud with the too credulous Shak, he gave the signal for pillaging Delhi. It is computed that two hundred thousand innocent victims were sacrificed to the cruelty and avarice of this merciless barbarian.

§ Muley Ishmael, Emperor of Morocco, was a prophet lineally descended from Mahommed. Whenever he proposed to dismiss his subjects to Paradise with his own hand, he appeared at the levee in a yellow silk dress; upon which the imperial princes, the grand chancellor, the grand constable, the grand admiral, the grand judge, and the foreign ambassadors, scampered off as fast as they could—the hindmost carrying off the imperial javelin struck through his body. After having murdered, with his own hand, 20,000 persons, this imperial ruffian, after having enjoyed a long and prosperous reign, died in his bed! T.

Or he, your first great tutor and compeer,  
Tho' last, not least, the illustrious Robespierre!  
Such are the deeds assign'd to us by fate,  
And such the heroes whom we emulate.

And yet I dread!...the skies affect to lower,  
And something bars us from unbounded power,  
There is an island, wash'd by western waves,  
Britannia call'd, whose sons were never slaves,  
They beat your vet'ran bands, your navies burn,  
Block up your ports, and laugh your threats to  
scorn.

Sink the proud isle! or your imperial crown  
Will totter on your head, and tumble down.

Arise, great Emperor! be greater still,  
Make all things stoop to your imperial will;  
Till humbled at your foot-stool Britain cowers,  
Then the wide world, the universe is ours!  
'And while along the stream of time....thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;  
Say shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?'

I the great eastern hemisphere resign,  
Contented that the humbler west be mine,  
No more shall Independence rouse mankind,  
Or prying Science e'er illumine his mind;  
Low in the dust proud Freedom shall be hurl'd,  
Whilst you and I divide the conquer'd world!

(Signed)

JAQUES, Empeur D'Hayti.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE,

Not performed before the President and the ministerial members of both houses of Congress, on the 4th of March, 1805, being the anniversary of the election of the present chief magistrate.

Ah! see where fallen from on high  
Columbia's prostrate glories lie;  
Her laurels torn, her vigour fled,  
Sedition's plume dark-waving o'er her head.

Behold her on her funeral pile  
Divested of each sparkling smile,  
Whilst round her dance a traitor band  
The scourge and terror of the land.

Shall dark delusion's magic spell,  
Created by the powers of hell,  
Maintain its empire o'er each breast,  
And lull our senses to lethargic rest?

Shall Faction's pois'nous breath destroy  
A nation's pride, a nation's joy,  
O'er Order's wreck her banners wave,  
And doom our well-earn'd honour's to the grave?

Wake, Columbians, wake and see  
Your native land no longer free;  
Sedition's bloody flag's unfurled,  
And waves triumphant o'er a slumbering world.

Dare to resist, and hurl the foe  
Headlong to the powers below;  
There let them form the darkling spell,  
And place dire Anarch on the throne of hell.

Wrest from their impious hands the helm,  
Preserve the bark they would o'erwhelm,  
And let admiring nations see,  
While life exists, Columbians will be free.

U.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON SORROW.

Tho' check'd by time the storm may feebler grow,  
Which toss'd erewhile the turbid stream of woe;  
Sorrows there are, which, tho' they seem to sleep,  
Till life's sad sigh their wonted channel keep,  
Still fresh they flow from many a latent wound,  
More calm indeed, but not the less profound.