

After we had fully gratified ourselves with viewing the miniature representation of old Scotia, we descended again into the road, and returned to Lear's. We passed numbers of men and women going towards town with loads of various kinds of provisions on their heads. Some were black, and others were white—of the same class whose huts had just been shown us amid the hills and ravines of Scotland. We observed that the latter were barefoot, and carried their loads on their heads precisely like the former. As we passed these busy pedestrians, the blacks almost uniformly courtesied or spoke; but the whites did not appear to notice us. Mr. C. inquired whether we were not struck with this difference in the conduct of the two people, remarking that he had always observed it. It is very seldom, said he, that I meet a negro who does not speak to me politely; but this class of whites either pass along without looking up, or cast a half vacant, rude stare into one's face, without opening their mouths. Yet this people, he added, veriest ragga-muffins as they are, despise the negroes, and consider it quite degrading to put themselves on terms of equality with them. They will beg of blacks more provident and industrious than themselves, or they will steal their poultry and rob their provision grounds at night; but they would disdain to associate with them. Doubtless these *sans culottes* swell in their dangling rags with the haughty consciousness that they possess *white skins*. What proud reflections they must have, as they pursue their barefoot way, thinking on their

high lineage, and running back through the long line of their illustrious ancestry, whose notable badge was a *white skin*! No wonder they cannot stop to bow to the passing stranger. These sprouts of the Caucasian race are known among the Barbadians by the rather ungracious name of *Red Shanks*. They are considered the pest of the island, and are far more troublesome to the police, in proportion to their numbers, than the apprentices. They are estimated at about eight thousand.

The origin of this population we learned was the following: It has long been a law in Barbadoes, that each proprietor should provide a white man for every sixty slaves in his possession, and give him an acre of land, a house, and arms requisite for defence of the island in case of insurrection. This caused an importation of poor whites from Ireland and England, and their number has been gradually increasing until the present time.

During our stay of nearly two days with Mr. C., there was nothing to which he so often alluded as to the security from danger which was now enjoyed by the planters. This was manifestly prized as an invaluable blessing. As he sat in his parlor, surrounded by his affectionate family, the sense of personal and domestic security appeared to be a luxury to him. He repeatedly expressed himself substantially thus: "During the existence of slavery, how often have I retired to bed *fearing that I should have my throat cut before morning*, but *now* the danger is all over—I don't fear any violence now."

Sunday used to be the day for the negroes to work on their grounds; now it is a rare thing for them to do so. Sunday markets also prevailed throughout the island, until the abolition of slavery.

Mr. C. continued to speak of slavery. "I sometimes wonder," said he, "at myself, when I think how long I was connected with slavery; but self-interest and custom blinded me to its enormities." Taking a short walk towards sunset, we found ourselves on the margin of a beautiful pond, in which myriads of small gold fishes were disporting—now circling about in rapid evolutions, and anon leaping above the surface, and displaying their brilliant sides in the rays of the setting sun. When we had watched for some moments the happy gambols of those tiny creatures, Mr. C. turned around and broke a twig from a bush that stood behind us; "*there is a bush,*" said he, "*which has committed many a murder.*" On requesting him to explain, he said, that the root of it was a most deadly poison, and that the slave women used to make a decoction of it and give to their infants to destroy them; many a child had been murdered in this way. Mothers would kill their children, rather than see them *grow up to be slaves.* They were of course careful to do the deed secretly, so as not to be detected. But this evil is now done away. "I assure you it is not one evil alone that abolition has removed, *but a thousand.*" "Ah," he continued, in a solemn tone, pausing a moment and looking at us in a most earnest manner, "I could write a book about

the evils of slavery. I could write a book about these things."

What a volume that would indeed be, full of blackness and blood!*