

**ENGLAND IN THE WEST  
INDIES: A NEGLECTED AND  
DEGENERATING EMPIRE**

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England in the West Indies: A Neglected and Degenerating Empire by George Reginald Margetson

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**GEORGE REGINALD MARGETSON**

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# IN THE WEST INDIES

A NEGLECTED AND  
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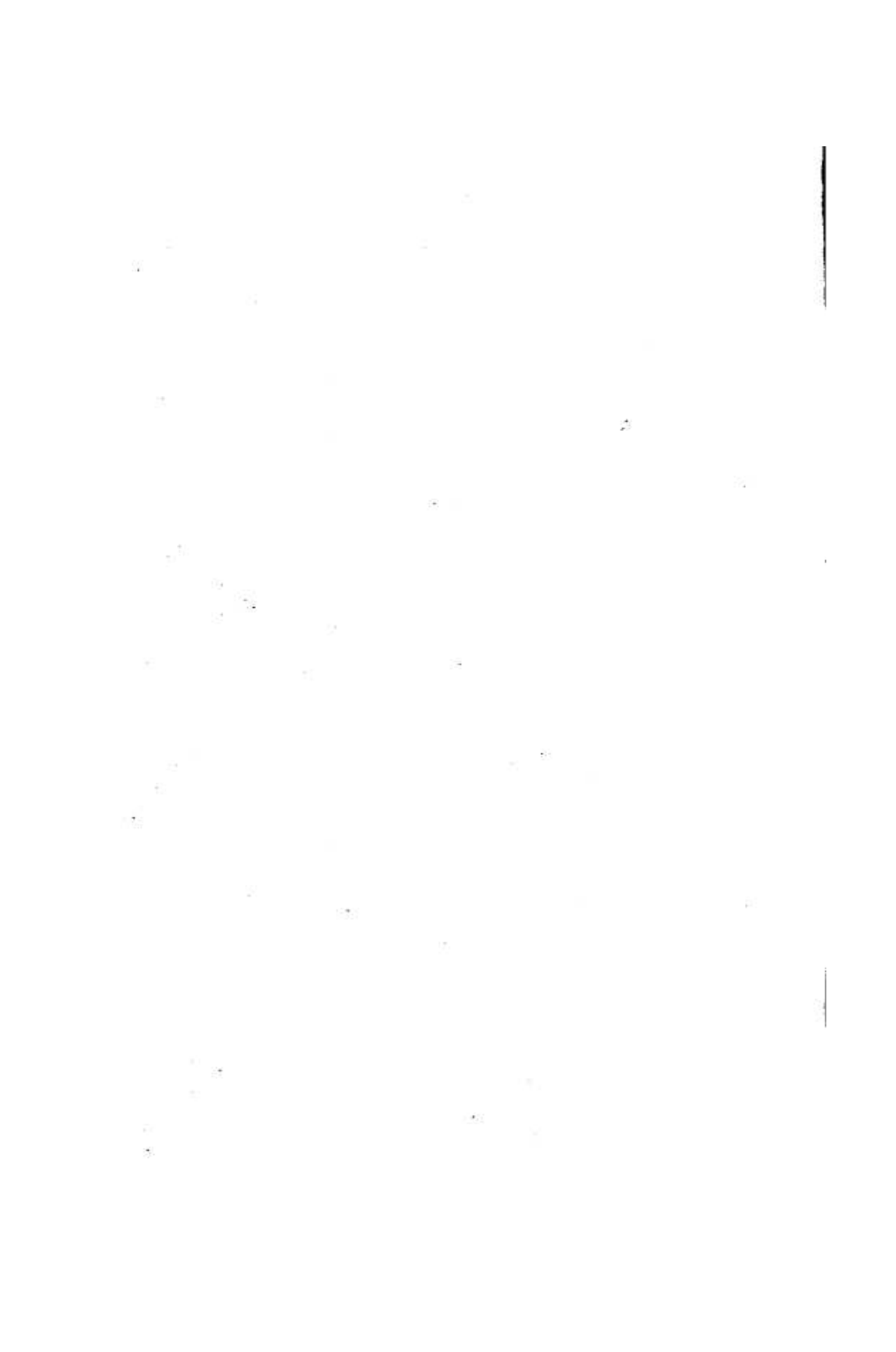
By **George Reginald Margetson**



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"In all my wanderings through this world of care,  
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from waisting by repose:  
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;  
Around my fire a evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:  
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last."

— "The Deserted Village," *Goldsmith*.



## ENGLAND IN THE WEST INDIES

### A NEGLECTED AND DEGENERATING EMPIRE

Old England, dearest motherland beloved!  
Thy right to be unerring time has proved;  
To guide, to govern, and to legislate,  
To train thy sons thy laws to instaurate.

Thou art a power of monarchical birth,  
That typifies God's kingdom here on earth,  
So men may learn Jehovah's praise to sing,  
And spread the truth of the immortal King.

Though skeptics may protest thy designation,  
And eke denounce thy sceptred coronation,  
Yet fate thus formed thee at its rude command,  
And time has reared thee with its fertile hand.

From yonder sacred nook, whence sprung thy birth,  
Far to the nethermost shores of all the earth  
Stupendous piles, romantic ruins lay;  
In vain they fell to check thy giant sway,





ENGLAND IN THE WEST INDIES

When Wellington, Nelson, Roberts—kings of war—  
Forth their volcanic chivalry did pour;  
While bellowing "Britons never shall be slaves,"  
Pillaged and swept the hostile plains and waves.

All tongues and tribes have felt thy goodly might,  
Which thou dost spend to spread the gospel light;  
Thy mighty hand has vanquished piracy  
And stopped the onward march of slavery.

England! as I descry each noble trait,  
My duty shall with conscience it relate;  
And still will I lay bare to thee thy faults,  
E'en though I spy them cloaked in private vaults.

And all the more when that such faults affect  
Thyself, whom 't is thine office to protect;  
And surely he is not an honest friend  
Who doth thy goodly parts alone commend.

For we should know precisely what we are,  
To judge if such another's rights doth mar;  
And we should know likewise what not are we,  
If we would realize what we hope to be.

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