

**POEMS ON THE
ABOLITION OF
THE SLAVE TRADE**

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Poems on the abolition of the slave trade by James Montgomery & James Grahame & E. Benger

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JAMES MONTGOMERY & JAMES GRAHAME & E. BENDER

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ON
THE ABOLITION
OF THE
SLAVE TRADE;

WRITTEN BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY; JAMES GRAHAME,
AND
E. BENGER.

Embellished with Engravings
FROM
PICTURES PAINTED BY R. SMIRKE, ESQ. R. A.

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1809.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting this volume to the Public, the Proprietor feels it incumbent on him to state, that it has originated in his own earnest, but he trusts not unparticipated solicitude, to see a late illustrious act of the British Legislature popularly commemorated by a tribute of national genius.

He has therefore engaged in his cause the allied arts of Poetry and Painting, and hopes that the selection he has made of Authors, to assist his views, will meet with the approbation of the Public.

Of the part which the Proprietor has taken in the conduct of the work, it is not necessary to offer any farther information; the same feelings which impelled him to undertake it cannot but render him particularly anxious for its success. He trusts he may, without presumption, indulge the hope, that it will not be unworthy of public patronage; but under any circumstances of discouragement, he would still possess a source of satisfaction in the reflection, that he had at least made an effort to procure an honourable commemoration of that great legislative event which exalts the character of his age and country, which forms an epoch in the history of civilization, which vindicates our religion and our laws, and is not only connected with the dignity of the British Empire, but ultimately extends its influence to the best, dearest, and universal interests of mankind.

1870

Received of the
Hon. Secy of the
Interior
the sum of \$1000
for the purchase of
land in the
State of Texas
for the purpose of
settling the
claims of the
State of Texas
under the
Act of March 3rd
1877

Lines explanatory of the Vignette in the Title-page.

PROMETHEUS DELIVERED.

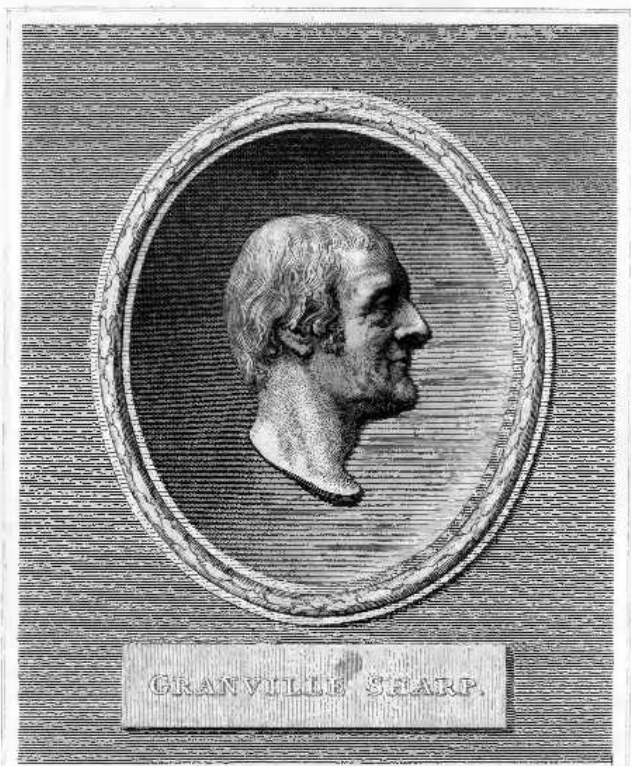
By Milton

‘ COME, Outcast of the human race,
‘ Prometheus, hail thy destined place!
‘ This rock protects the dark retreat,
‘ Unvisited by earthly feet;
‘ We only shall thy mansion share,
‘ Who haunt the chamber of despair!
‘ The vulture, here, thy loathed mate—
‘ Rapacious minister of fate!
‘ Compels life’s ruddy stream to part
‘ With keenest torture from thy heart.
‘ Yet not to perish art thou doomed,
‘ Victim unspared, but unconsumed;
‘ Death shall not sap thy wall of clay,
‘ That penal being mocks decay;
‘ Live, conscious inmate of the grave,
‘ Live, outcast, captive, victim, slave!’

The Furies ceased; the wrathful strain
Prometheus hears, and, pierced with pain,
Rolls far around his hopeless gaze,
His realm of wretchedness surveys;
Then maddening with convulsive breath,
He moans or raves, imploring death.

Thus hours on hours unnumbered past,
And each more lingering than the last ;
When lo ! before his glazed sight,
Appears a form, in dauntless might.
'Tis he ! Alcides, lord of fame !
The friend of man, his noblest name !
Swift from his bow the arrow flies,
And prone the bleeding vulture lies.
He smites the rock, he rends the chain,
Prometheus rises man again !

Such, Africa, thy suffering state !
Outcast of nations, such thy fate !
The ruthless rock, the den of pain,
Were thine—oh long deplored in vain,
Whilst Britain's virtue slept ! at length
She rose in majesty and strength ;
And when thy martyr'd limbs she view'd,
Thy wounds unhealed, and still renewed,
She wept ; but soon with graceful pride,
The vulture, Avarice, she defied,
And wrenched him from thy reeking side ;
In Britain's name then called thee forth,
Sad exile, to the social hearth,
From baleful Error's realm of night,
To Freedom's breath and Reason's light.



Engr. by F. Kneller del. Scul. by J. Nolle

W. H. Sturton sculp.

From a Medal in the Collection of the British Museum.