





THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH. A TALE OF TWO DAYS.

CHAPTER VII. A NEW ENGLAND SLAVEHOLDER.

The greater the elevation, the deeper the descent in falling. It is proverbial. The philosophy of this axiom, as applied to inner life, seems to be found in the circumstance that those intense susceptibilities, which, when allied with the higher powers, render every man elevated, are, in the same extent, brought down under the influence of the same extent, the condition that they may.

Does it seem as if the balance of distribution were held out of poise, in that one temperament is thus more susceptible than another? Regard it as such; the value of the conquest is just in proportion to the power of the temptation, and a corresponding increase of spiritual force is the compensation. No doubt the highest has chosen the path of selfishness, temporary elevation which beckoned and called to him, would have been the absolute extreme of what he was. A holy Will inspired a very executive temperament.

Do we forsake and doom a cherished friend for one error? All that is tender and noble and just in us errs! Yet seven times the gifted and graceful Margaret repeated her offence; yet the sinless One said that was not the loss of her being, and loved and lifted up the sinner. The "beloved disciple" was selfish and passionate as a boy, yet the Master folded him to his bosom, because he caught the latent mission of the key-note of a life in harmony with his own.

Dear reader, do you feel inclined to chide me for this pro-temple? Lay it down, then, I pray you—another may not. I must write what I think and feel; what my versatile theme suggests to a versatile mind; then, although everybody may not be pleased with everything I say, everybody is likely to respect something I say.

The Herman plantation, as we shall hereafter call it, had been for several generations celebrated for the beauty of its slave-women. Prominent among these, at the time of Mr. Berkeley's decease, was an octogenarian girl of eighteen, whom that gentleman had selected, thus far, from the doom that so often sacrifices its victim in the very dawn of womanhood.

And Adela loved the fair, fascinating Northman—O, how she loved him! She believed his promises of marriage; for she thought, as so many of the enslaved have vainly thought, that New England was the friend of the down-trodden and wronged, every where. Adela loved Edward Herman, as those who have loved to love do on earth. She loved, and trusted, and surrendered all. The struggle was great—the doom, or voluntary death, inevitable—she loved and believed, and so did not prefer death. And thus, while under the influence of this all-controlling sentiment, one sweet life was falling into the morning twilight of eternity in the Valley of the Connecticut, another lamp of being was lighting for time, under the same influence, just outside the eastern wall of the Valley of the Shenandoah.

physical sign of slavery, sin, or even a Southern climate. Hearts have the same hue throughout humanity, and that was all the mother gave of herself. "Another Adela!" exclaimed the enraptured parrot, when the dreadful trial-hour was passed—and he promised freedom and fatherhood.

But faithfulness at the commencement of such a career was not likely to be followed by faithfulness, for that career was death-tainted from the outset. With all the fearful acceleration which circumstances gave the natural velocity of that healing temperament, it wheeled downward, as a comet wheeling from the clear night-heaven of the North into the shrouding mists and vapors of a stormy Southern sky.

The education of Adela lacked system, yet was by no means neglected, her mother being quite competent to direct it; besides which, the frequent visits of Hugh Berkeley, during his school holidays, helped to give practical rigor and directness, no less to her habit of mind than to her attainments. The boy was never happier than when the beautiful child, two years his junior, bent over the same books or joined in the same games with him.

Ab, how knotted and linked are the powers of evil! Admit one, freely, and how shall you exclude the rest! Licentiousness and its lavish wastes soon exhaust the most abundant resource, and the soul's worst madness follows the realization of emptiness thus produced. Enough of sleepless terrors and wasting anxieties had the elder Adela known for two years, in shielding her beautiful first-born from the despot passions of a father! Successful, thus far, she had been, but the end was not yet. Baffled at every point, the direct malice possessed the demonized one. The deadly thralldom, behind his shut teeth, was not wholly crushed to the mother's ear.

Among the somewhat inopportune creditors of the ruined Herman was a Mr. Belmont, from one of the counties on the Appomattox. In his calls of business, he had chanced to see the youthful Adela. From that time, his demands upon his debtor were unceasing and exorbitant, yet he hesitated not to affirm, that a bill of sale of that lovely, innocent girl should cancel all obligations. The proposition was at first indignantly repelled by the father, although not from parental instinct; she should first minister to his unnatural desires, then to his pecuniary needs. Thwarted in the former, at every turn, by the ubiquitous guardianship of the mother, the latter was determined upon with frenzied energy of purpose. The terms of the bargain, and the arrangements for getting possession of the unfortunate girl without any outbreak, were overheard by the mother—it matters not how. The occasion of Christmas festivities on the plantation was to be improved for the accomplishment of this nameless outrage.

As I turn to commit to the more ample space of another chapter the details of this Christmas week, I beg leave to assure the reader that the distasteful events, indicated rather than described, in this article, are a fiction or exaggeration, but the wo-fraught spirit of malicious fact.

is proof positive that he was not a negro. He claimed to be a South-American Spaniard, and probably had Indian blood in his veins. Speaking of the death of Langer, the Free Press says: "But he (Faulkner) was got into the prison enclosure unharmed, without a single accident. All would have been well, and the mob would have soon dispersed, had it not been for a wanton and malicious set of certain members of the press, guided toward the exasperated citizens. Without orders from any reliable authority, a number of random shots were fired promiscuously into the crowd, several of them taking effect, and one man, Charles Langer, being instantly killed—shot through the heart. The sight of the bleeding corpse of the dead man, and the groans of half a dozen more who were wounded, kindled the flames of insubordination and frenzy."

Now let me examine this. According to the testimony given at the coroner's inquest, it is true that several of the soldiers fired without orders either from the Sheriff or from the officer in command. This is to be regretted very much. But if the Free Press means, as it undoubtedly does, when it says the set was "wanton and malicious," that the soldiers fired into the crowd without provocation, I can only say it is speaking in its usual manner—totally disregarding facts. According to the testimony, the mob pelted them with stones, clubs and bricks from the City Hall to the jail, a distance of, probably, half a mile; and while standing before the jail, at the time Langer was shot, they were attacked from a blacksmith shop in the vicinity, not only with stones, but with iron! Neither is it true that "the groans of half a dozen more wounded" helped to exasperate the mob. None were hurt in the crowd but Langer. On the contrary, several soldiers were hurt; one, being struck in the head with a stone, had to be carried into the jail-yard, bleeding!

The Free Press next tries to convey the idea that the mob were again "exasperated" by finding the "negroes" armed in the cooper shop which was so barbarously attacked and destroyed. I will not say positively there is no truth in this, but we have no other authority for it than the word of that paper. The damnable scenes which followed have not been too vividly painted by the Free Press, but when it goes on to say that "no force in Detroit would be sufficiently powerful to quell the riot," it attests a palpable falsehood. The fact is that neither the Mayor of the city, nor any of the Aldermen, nor the police, nor the Sheriff of the county, nor the Chief of the fire department, tried to arrest the mob or to extinguish the flames! After the prisoner was lodged in jail, and the provost guard discharged, not a voice nor hand was raised by any of the constituted authorities to restore order, or preserve life or property! On the contrary, though present, individually, in the crowd, they turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of citizens to interpose their authority. Champ, the Chief of the fire department, when appealed to to play on the burning house of a black man, said he would try and preserve the dwellings of whites, but could do no more. The mob was not large, and was composed, as the Free Press said, a day or two subsequently, "of boys of from ten to eighteen years of age." There are facts; the authorities of the city could have prevented any outrage, had they desired to do so. But they were democrats!

In making this sweeping accusation against the police of the city, I have not forgotten, nor do I mean to forget, the gallant Chief of Police, the chivalrous DENNIS K. SULLIVAN. All through the riot, this heroic Irishman braved alike the jeers of his comrades, the threats of the mob, and the silent, cowardly presence of thousands who, instead of encouragement, only threw cold water upon his exertions to restore order. The act of this man alone gives the lie to the acting Mayor and his Copperhead organ, the Detroit Free Press, that there was not force enough in the city to quell the riot; for, when the mob made a rush for the African Methodist Episcopal Church, crying in their frenzy, "Down with the nigger church! death to Abolitionists!" Dennis K. Sullivan, solitary and alone, took his stand upon the porch of that hall-domed building, pistol in hand, and warned the infuriated devil before him that the first man who put hand or foot upon it must die. They knew the man—they heard the warning—the building was saved!

I am afraid I am crowding too much upon your columns; yet I cannot close without saying what all here and in Detroit know to be true, viz: that the outrage of this man upon this girl was not the cause, only the occasion, of the riot. The Free Press has been engaged, ever since the rebellion broke out, to excite the depraved and ignorant to the commission of just such an act! This Abolition has been denounced by this vile sheet as "a nigger war"—and "a war to put negroes above foreigners," inasmuch as the U. S. Attorney General had decided that they were citizens; and, hence, this Copperhead organ truly argued, were "legally eligible to be elected Presidents of the United States," from which office foreigners were constitutionally debarred. No means have been untired by this paper to inflame and foster a prejudice against this truly peaceful people.

When a draft was ordered, the people were told their friends would have to be exposed to hardships and death "for niggers"—and when it was proposed, in Congress, to raise regiments of colored troops, the rabble were again assured that the Abolitionists intended to put "nigger officers" over them. The local columns of this sheet have never failed to slander and vilify this oppressed race; and when, in view of self-defence, one of them has been engaged in a row of any kind, it has invariably been proclaimed by a disseminating capitalist, in the Free Press, "A DISGRACEFUL NIGGER RIOT!"

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS. On January 17, 1863, Earl Russell addressed the following letter to Lord Lyons respecting the President's Emancipation Proclamation: "The President of the United States, in his year's conduct of the discharge of the 21st, appears to be in your strange nature. It professes to emancipate all slaves in places where the United States authorities cannot exercise any jurisdiction, nor make emancipation a reality; but does not decree, or intend, to deliver to any State or parts of States occupied by Federal troops, and subject to United States jurisdiction, and where, therefore, emancipation, if decreed, might have been carried into effect."

There seems to be no declaration of a principle adverse to slavery in this Proclamation. It is a measure of war, and a measure of war is a very questionable one. As President Lincoln has twice appealed to the judgment of mankind in his Proclamation, I venture to say I do not think it can or ought to satisfy the friends of abolition, who look for total and impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave-owner. I am, &c. RUSSELL.

MATTERS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF. Editors of the Boston Traveller. On taking up a copy of the New York Evening Post of the 19th inst. I find accredited to your columns an extract from a business letter of Major General N. P. Banks, one paragraph of which is as follows: "I notice in the papers of the North, that a report that certain regiments, or detachments, of soldiers of my command, have been ordered to permit to stand guard over and to fire the alarm in that department. It gives me pleasure to be able to say that it is without foundation or justification. In fact, in statement and in implication, it is utterly and infamously false."

I am sorry the General does not, with the usual caution of politicians, leave room in his statement for possible facts that might not have come to his knowledge, and to stop the alarm in that department. It gives me pleasure to be able to say that it is without foundation or justification. In fact, in statement and in implication, it is utterly and infamously false. On New Year's day last, Major Harry Robinson, A. A. Q. M. of the Department of the Gulf, and myself, were in the tent of Col. Benedict of the 102d New York, at Camp Parapet—seven or eight miles above Gen. Banks's headquarters. During our stay, that officer, of his own motion, and as a matter of interest, read us a letter from a planter about the camp, in substance as follows: "DEAR COL.—Inasmuch as in our conversation a few days ago, you volunteered to send me some men to aid me in controlling the negroes about the time the report to be freed by the action of the President's Proclamation, should I need any assistance, and because I anticipate trouble with them to-day, I will be obliged to you if you will send me some men for that purpose."

THE NEGRO SOLDIERS. The more I see of our colored regiments, and the more I converse with our soldiers, the more convinced I am that upon the moral and political condition of the present moment of our strength in these latitudes, it is a perfect nonsense for any one to attempt to talk away the broad fact, evident as the sun at noonday, that these men are capable not only of making good soldiers, but of the very best of soldiers. The colored Native Guard, Col. Nelson, are encamped here, and a more orderly, disciplined, robust and effective set of men I defy any one to produce.

WAR IN VIRGINIA. The vote for the Amendment (Emancipation) in this State is not only a majority, but it is quite heavy. Here are the figures: For the Amendment: 294 1 310 3 210 0 240 0 374 1

NEGO-HUNTING WITHIN OUR LINES. Letters from the hospitals at Point Lookout, Md., say that the negro-soldier has recently made his appearance there. Months ago, persons calling themselves masters claimed as their own, negroes who had escaped from Virginia as well as those who had the misfortune to belong to Maryland plantations. But, under General Ord's orders, to deliver to any State or parts of States occupied by Federal troops, and subject to United States jurisdiction, and where, therefore, emancipation, if decreed, might have been carried into effect.

How NEGRO SOLDIERS BEHAVE. The Washington Star, hitherto one of the most bitter opponents of the policy of employing negroes as soldiers, editorially said, a few days since: "We learned from Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, on his return from the Department of South Carolina, facts concerning the discipline of the 1st regiment of the kind brought into the field, that prepared us to hear—on a later day—the success of the experiment. Col. Townsend assured us that they were remarkably well drilled, cleanly, and obedient troops. Their conduct in discipline was as good as well for their efficiency before the enemy. Already we have news that they are satisfactorily fulfilling these expectations. So far, their first expedition into the interior has been a complete success, for they had, not only accomplished everything that was expected for at the time from them, and besides, had so conducted themselves in the rebel country as to prove that, so far as they are concerned, the apprehensions entertained by many that, wherever they penetrated, they would commit rapine and murder, and that less non-combatants would attend their footsteps, were utterly groundless. On the contrary, it turns out that the United States have no more orderly and well-conducted troops in the service than this same negro regiment. The facts should be promptly realized by the country at large, as, if successful, the policy must be of great importance in weakening the rebels and strengthening the Union cause. The good conduct of negro soldiers, in the field, is the best answer to the bid for to dissipate popular prejudice against their employment, while they will also be the means of inducing nearly all the able-bodied contrabands to enlist in our service as fast as they escape from the clutches of the rebels."

"DON'T WANT TO BE FREE!" A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, with the Yazoo expedition, says: "The place where our boats are lying is a plantation owned by ex-Senator Owen of California, (now acting as one of the confidential Cabinet members of the President.) The plantation is in Louisiana, and whatever property he owns is vested, for the reason that a large defalcation, while holding office in this State some years ago, renders it unprofitable for him to hold any thing in the right. The plantation presents, of course, a very desolate appearance. The main residence, or manor-house, is dilapidated in the extreme; all the furniture has been removed, and the entire establishment is falling to decay. The negro quarters are all deserted, and not only black legs are a few juvenile specimens, too young to appreciate the blessings of freedom, or claim the benefits of the Act of Emancipation. Speaking of this subject, it is a singular fact, totally disconnected with the history of Louisiana, and every other Cotton State in which I have been during the progress of the war, are of fealty to their masters, even when, as they say themselves, they have been well treated. Every one remembers how the negroes were taken to boxes of the attachment and devotion of their able bodied men; of the impossibility of inducing them to leave those who had taken care of them in sickness and in old age, and whom they regarded as their dearest friends. The negroes of Louisiana, and every other Cotton State in which I have been during the progress of the war, are of fealty to their masters, even when, as they say themselves, they have been well treated. 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TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE:

AN ADDRESS BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

DELIVERED AT NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1853.

(REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have been requested to offer you a sketch, made some years since, of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, the great St. Domingo chief, Toussaint Louverture, an unlearned negro, with no drop of white blood in his veins. My sketch is at once a biography and an argument—a biography, of course very brief, of a negro soldier and statesman, which I offer you as an argument in behalf of the race from which he sprung. I am about to compare and weigh races; indeed, I am engaged to-night in what you will think the absurd effort to convince you that the negro race, instead of being that object of pity or contempt which we usually consider it, is entitled, judged by the facts of history, to a place close by the side of the Saxon. Now, races love to be judged in two ways—by the great men they produce, and by the average merit of the mass of the race. We Saxons are proud of Bacon, Shakespeare, Hampden, Hancock, Washington, the stars we have lent to the galaxy of history; and then we turn with equal pride to the average merit of Saxon blood, since it streams from its German home. So, again, there are three tests by which races love to be tried. The first, the basis of all, is courage—the element which says, here and to-day, "This continent is mine, from the Lakes to the Gulf; let him beware who seeks to divide it!" (Cheers.) And the second is the recognition that force is doubled by progress; liberty regulated by law is the secret of Saxon progress. And the third element is persistency, endurance; first a purpose, then death or success. Of these three elements is made that Saxon pluck which has placed our race in the van of modern civilization. In the hour you lend me to-night, I attempt the Quixotic effort to convince you that the negro blood, instead of standing at the bottom of the list, is entitled by its great men or its masses, either by its courage, its purpose or its endurance, to a place as near ours as any other blood known in history. And, for the purpose of my argument, I take an island, St. Domingo, about the size of South Carolina, the third spot in America upon which Columbus placed his foot. Charmed by the magnificence of its scenery and fertility of its soil, he gave it the fabled names, Hispaniola, Little Spain. His successor, more pious, rebaptized it from St. Domingo, St. Domingo; and when the blacks, in 1803, drove our white blood from its surface, they drove our names with us, and gave it the old name, Hayti, the land of mountains. It was originally tenanted by Arawaks, French and Spanish, of the early commercial epochs, the prizes of that day as of ours. The Spanish took the Eastern two-thirds, the French the Western third of the island; and they gradually settled into colonies. The French, to whom my story belongs, became the pet colony of the mother land. Guarded by peculiar privileges, enriched by the scions of wealthy houses, aided by the unmatched fertility of the soil, it soon was the richest gem in the Bourbon crown; and at the period to which I call your attention, about the era of our Constitution, 1789, its wealth was almost incredible. The effeminacy of the white race rivalled that of the Sybarite of antiquity, while the splendor of their private life outshone Versailles, and their luxury found no mate but in the prodigality of the Caesars. At this time, the island held about 80,000 whites, 20,000 or 30,000 mulattoes, and 600,000 slaves. The mulattoes, as with us, were children of the slaveholders, but, unlike us, the French slaveholder never forgot his child by a bondswoman. He gave him everything but his name—wealth, rich plantations, gangs of slaves; sent him to Paris for his education, summoned the best culture of France for the instruction of his daughters; so that in 1790 the mulatto race held one-third of the real estate and one quarter of the personal estate of the island. But, though educated and rich, he bowed under the same yoke as with us. Subjected to special taxes, he could hold no public office, and, if convicted of any crime, was punished with double severity. His son might not sit on the same seat as a school with a white boy; he might not enter a church where a white man was worshipping; he must, if he reached a town on horseback, dismount and lead his horse by the bridle; and when he died, even his dust could not rest in the same soil with a white body. It was over such a population—that the more keenly his degradation from the very wealth and culture that he enjoyed, the slave, sullen and indifferent, heeding not the quarrels or the changes of the upper air—it was over this population that there burst, in 1789, the thunder-storm of the French Revolution. The first words that reached the island were the motto of the Jacobin Club—'Liberty, Equality.' The white man heard them aghast. He had read of the streets of Paris raving blood. The slave heard them with indifference; it was a quarrel in the upper air, which did not concern him. The mulatto heard them with a welcome which no dread of other classes could quell. Hastily gathered into conventions, they sent to Paris a Committee of the whole body, laid at the feet of the National Convention, the free gift of 6,000,000 of francs, pledged one fifth of their annual rental toward the payment of the national debt, and all they asked in return was, that this yoke of civil and social contempt should be lifted from their shoulders. You may easily imagine the temper in which Mirabeau and Lafayette welcomed this magnificent gift of the free mulattoes of the West Indies, and in which the petition for equal civil rights was received by a body which had just resolved that all men were equal. The Convention listened to express their gratitude for the liberal offer of their fellow-citizens of the Republic, and they issued a decree which commences thus: "All freeborn French citizens are equal before the law." They selected Oge, the friend of Lafayette, a Lieut. Col. in the Dutch service, the son of a wealthy mulatto woman, educated in Paris, the comrade of all the leading French Republicans—to carry the decree and the message of French Democracy to the island. He landed. The decree of the National Convention was laid on the table of the General Assembly of the island. One old planter seized it, tore it in fragments, and trampled it under his feet, swearing by all the saints in the calendar that the island might sink before they would share their rights with bastards. They took an old mulatto, worth a million, who had simply asked for his rights under that decree, and hung him. A white lawyer of seventy, who drafted the petition, they hung at his side. They took Oge, broke him on the wheel, ordered him to be drawn and quartered, and one quarter of his body to be hung up in each of the four principal cities of the island; and they then adjourned. You can conceive better than I can describe the mood in which Mirabeau and Danton received the news that their decree had been torn in pieces and trampled under foot by the petty legislature of an island colony, and their comrade drawn and quartered by the orders of its governor. Robespierre rushed to the tribune and shouted, "Perish the islands before we sacrifice one title of the rights of French citizens!" The Convention reaffirmed their decree, and sent it out a second time to be executed. But it was not then as now, when steam has married the continents. It took months to communicate; and while this news of the death of Oge and the defiance of the National Convention was going to France, and the answer returning, great events had taken place in the island itself. The Spanish on the Eastern section, perceiving these divisions, invaded the town of the Western, and conquered many of his cities. One half of the slaveholders were republicans

in love with the new constellation which had just gone up in our Northern sky, seeking to be admitted a State in this Republic, plotting for annexation. The other half were loyalists, anxious, desisted as they supposed themselves by the Bourbons, to make alliance with George III. They sent to Jamaica, and entreated its Governor to assist them in their intrigue. He finally sent Gen. Maitland, (afterwards the Admiral who carried Napoleon to St. Helena), who landed with 6000 Englishmen on the North side of the island, and gained many successes. The mulattoes were in the mountains, awaiting events. They distrusted the Government which a few years before they had assisted to put down an insurrection of the whites, and which had forfeited its promise to grant them civil privileges. Deserted by both sections, Blanchelande the Governor had left the capital, and fled for refuge to a neighboring city. In this state of affairs, the second decree reached the island. The whites forgot their quarrel, sought out Blanchelande, and obliged him to promise that he never would publish the decree. Affrighted, the Governor consented to that course, and they left him. He then began to reflect that in reality he was deposed, that the Bourbons had lost the sceptre of the island. He remembered his appeal to the mulattoes five years before to put down an insurrection. Deserted now by the whites, and by the mulattoes, only one way was left him in the island—that was the blacks. They had always remembered with gratitude the code noir, black code, of Louis XIV., the first interference of any power in their behalf. To the blacks Blanchelande appealed. He sent a deputation to the slaves. He was aided by the agents of Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., who was seeking to do in St. Domingo, what Charles II. did in Virginia, (whence its name of Old Dominion,) institute a reaction against the Revolution at home. The two joined forces, and sent first to Toussaint. Nature made him a Metetrich, a diplomatist. He probably wished to avail himself of this offer, foreseeing advantage to his race, but to avail himself of it so cautiously as to provide against failure, riking as little as possible till the intentions of the other party had been tested, and so managing as to be able to go on or withdraw as the best interest of his race demanded. He said, therefore, to the Envoys, "Where are your credentials?" "We have none." "I will have nothing to do with you." They then sought Francois and Blassou, two other slaves of strong passions, considerable intellect, and great influence over the fellow slaves, and said, "Arm, assist the Government, put down the English on the one hand, and the Spanish on the other"; and on the 21st of August, 1791, 15,000 blacks, led by Francois and Blassou, supplied with arms from the arsenal of the Government, appeared in the midst of the colony. It is believed that Toussaint, unwilling himself to head the movement, was still desirous that it should go forward, trusting, as proved the case, that it would result in benefits to his race. He is supposed to have advised Francois in his course—saving himself for a more momentous hour. This is what Edward Everett calls the Inscription of St. Domingo: "Long live the King"; and on the other, "We claim the Old Laws." Singular motives for a rebellion! In fact, it was the *posse comitatus*; it was the only French army on the island; it was the only force that had a right to bear arms; and what it undertook, it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the Governor they had created, "Now, grant us one day in seven; give us one day of labor; we will buy another, and with the two buy a third"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said, "Diarm! Diepre!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you, the right hand that has saved the island for our rights"; and they stood still. (Cheers.) This is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo—the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself. Now, let me stop a moment to remind you of one thing. I am going to open to you a chapter of bloody history—no doubt of it. Who set the example? Who dug up from its grave of a hundred years the hideous punishment of the wheel, and broke Oge, every bone, a living man? Who fared in the face of indignation and astonished Europe the forgotten barbarity of quartering the yet palpitating body? Our race. And if the black man learned the lesson but too well, it does not lie in our lips to complain. During this whole struggle, written, mark you, by the white man—the whole picture from the pencil of the white race—the record is, that for one life the negro took in battle, in hot and bloody fight, the white race took, in the cool malignity of revenge, three to answer for it. Notice, also, that up to this moment, the slave had taken no part in the struggle, except at the bidding of the government; and even then, not for himself, but only to sustain the law. At this moment, then, the island stands thus: The Spaniard is on the east triumphant; the Englishman is on the north-west entrenched; the mulattoes are in the mountains waiting; the blacks are in the valleys victorious; one half the French slaveholding element is republican, the other half royalist; the white race against the mulatto and the black; the black against both; the Spaniard against the English and Spaniard; the Spaniard against both. It is a war of races and a war of nations. At such a moment, Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared. He had been born a slave—as I said, an unlearned black, his father stolen from Africa—on a plantation in the north of the island. He was fifty years old at this time. A kind priest had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods, he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty, he joined the army as a physician. Before he was placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add, that of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family. (Cheers.) Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to praise the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. (Applause.) I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Englishmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen—who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies. The second story told of him is this—About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their Commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, Francois, their General, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulder. If he had been a negro, which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his 25,000 soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their General. Then they went westward, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp,

they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown (cheers)—he could preach as well as fight—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside." And he saved fifteen hundred lives. (Applause.) I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time and the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their General, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of his prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French, in return, named him General-in-Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*, said one of this man makes an opening everywhere—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, the opening. This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember that Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the desplicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, 100,000 of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, desplicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered (cheers); at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put him under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. (Applause.) Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity. Further—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state than the ship steered with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen," and twelve years of unmingled success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;" and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that the negro would never break, and the right arm that never shortened, of a victorious slave. (Cheers.) Again, Carlyle has said: "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies—poor, ill-clad and half-starved—and said to them: "Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only here. And they went. The French Admiral, who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants. This was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1848, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesman dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1848 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfeathered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the Committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the Chapter of Commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." (Cheers.) With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this Committee of elite white proprietors and one mulatto—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes. Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal Oath, when every State in the Union except Rhode Island was full of the inextinguishable bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet, Roger Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his Committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution, that I know no difference between religious beliefs." (Applause.) No, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of University routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will breathe a laurel wreath as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons, anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right—and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo. (Cheers.) It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the whole world was gathered in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Guadaloupe

and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council: "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Gregoire: "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins." Col. Vincent, who had been Private Secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sir, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races met under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue, if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked: "I have 80,000 idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the face of 80,000 Republican soldiers; I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the aristocrats of Paris had christened Toussaint, the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter—"The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you that the present Napoleon, when the Epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles, *Souloguerie*, from the name of Soulogues, the Black Emperor, deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush him, from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance—which was very close—they were very much alike, and they were very French: French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vain-glorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him not to go to France in his frigate: "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me." Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the gray coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could wear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French Lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divinced his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro, and so, in him, they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the North in a carriage, he would be on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some Saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. (Cheers.) He had that in common to all great commanders, which makes his way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white—where is the black; what are you afraid of?"—When people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he kept the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?" "No, Sir." "What I want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!" Then again, like Napoleon—like genius always— he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, and said, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, his soldiers shouting, "Vive l'Empereur!" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that two of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms and said, "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" and the blacks fell on their knees, praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecency in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and on its verdict ordered his own nephew to be shot; sternly Roman in this keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to Gen. Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes. Holland lent sixty ships, England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. (Loud and long-continued applause.) England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshalled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. (Laughter.) Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread had shaken Europe more than any foot had done so since the Caesars—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banner on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, said, "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; all is lost." And he then recognized the only mistake of his life—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army. Retaining, he issued the only proclamation that bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France consents to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make!" and he was obeyed. (Applause.) When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshalled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of despair. It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man's dignity accompanied his infamous attempt to reduce France to slavery with every bloody and cruel device that litter and senseless hairs could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocracy. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invader with a vengeance as

terrible as their own; though even now he refused to be cruel. Leclerc sent word to Christophe, that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is Governor of the island. I will send him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes." Leclerc landed. Christophe took 2000 white men, women and children, carried them to the mountains in safety, and then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. (Cheers.) Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the Marseilles. And it was not till their officers ordered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Bordered in the field, the French then took to flight. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They chased every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit, and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French General gazed along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours." (Cheers.) He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him, the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shamefully to cheat the negro. Knight errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, You lie. Of Toussaint, Hermosa, the Spanish General, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul that God ever put into a body." Of his history says, "He never broke his word." Maitland was travelling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint. Toussaint showed him two letters—one from the French General, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was: "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." (Cheers.) Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has a reason to be proud of such a record? But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the government would have doubted him—would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly; and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords, and told him he was prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, and seemed very sad." They put him on a shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You thank you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep, that all France can never root it up." (Cheers.) Arrived in Paris, he was thrust into jail, and Napoleon sent his Secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "It is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." Then he sent him to the Castle of St. Joux; to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is deep with water. In this living tomb, the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus: "Sir, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sir, of your mercy grant me justice." Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only 86,000 a month, stopped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quite enough. This dungeon was a tomb. The story told of it, that in Josephine's time, a young French Marquis was placed in it, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress, and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, "Take it away—it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sir, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was placed, but he did not die quite enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his tomb at St. Helena by that same Maitland whom Toussaint had conquered, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and tiles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Pitarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon! From the moment he was betrayed, the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Mauraupes deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Mauraupes to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountains saw it, and selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons, hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's camp; and born, as I was, in sight of Bunker Hill, I have not yet found reason to think that he did wrong. (Cheers.) They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment, that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband, who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men, carried the next thousand prisoners he took, and sacrificed them on his grave. The French exhausted every form of torture. The negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot—others sunk with cannon balls tied to their feet—some smothered with sulphur fumes—others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted; sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands—others in marshes, and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Re-chambers sent to Cuba for bloodhounds. When they arrived, the young girls were thrown to the wharf, docketed the bounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks; and, seated in the amphitheatre, the women clapped their hands to see a negro thrown to

these bounds, previously starved to rage. But the negroes bestrided this very city so closely, that these same girls, in their misery, at the very bounds they had welcomed. Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The bones of those who, whose husband flattered when Nero ordered him to kill himself, seized the dagger, and so bravely wounding her own body, cried, "I fear it is not hard to die." The world records it with proud tears. Just in the same spirit when a negro Colonel was ordered to execution, and trembled, his wife seized his sword, and giving herself a death-wound, said, "Husband, death is sweet when liberty is gone." The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed their footsteps. What the sword did not devour, the fever did. Leclerc died. Pauline carried her body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying, "I gave you an army—you bring me back another." Rochambeau—the Rochambeau of our history—led in command of 8,000 troops, sent word to Dessalines: "When I take you, I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will give you a death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from the field to battle field, from fort to fort, and finally about him up in Samana. Hearing cannon-balls hit and destroy his fleet, Dessalines heated cannon-balls in the bogs of the British Admiral permission to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered him to do it. Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to 50,000 graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to its splendid museum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the 6,000 graves of Frenchmen who kicked home under the English flag, and ask them, And if that does not satisfy you, come home again if it had been October, 1809, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage. You may also remember this, that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America, melted away their chains. Spartacus in Italy led the slaves of Rome against the Emperors of the world. She murdered him and crucified them. There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one; and that was the black race of St. Domingo. God grant that the wise vigor of our Government may avert that necessity from our land; may raise to peaceful liberty the four million committed to our care, and show, under democratic institutions, arm-in-arms as far-sighted as that of England, as true as the negro of Hayti! So much for the courage of the negro. Now let us turn to his endurance. In 1803, he said to the white man: "This island is ours; not a white foot shall tread it." Side by side with him stood the South American Republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could see the daguerreotype their crumbling fragments as you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. It is said that at first, with rare patriotism, the Haytian Government ordered the destruction of all sugar plantations remaining, and discouraged in culture, deeming that the temptation which led to French back again to attempt their enslavement. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, cut every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every vestige of education from her soil, let her be peopled with nothing but her hands to begin the world again, how much could she do in sixty years? And Empress, would you lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the result of the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust to she as willingly as they do our own. Thus she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious stratagems of Columbus. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work, she was grouped around him a score of great men, of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war, and skilful in civil affairs, but like him remarkable for their rare greatness, and in qualities which alone makes true greatness, and success to end leadership among men, otherwise almost equals. Toussaint was indissolubly attached to his equals. Toussaint was indissolubly attached to his equals. Courage, purpose, endurance—these are the son. He did plant a State so deep that all the world is not been able to root it up. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. A *NOBILITATION* was his great motto, and the rule of his life, and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; I mingled; forget that France murdered your father; I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him to his grave. I would call him Washington, but he was a great Virginian held slaves. This man raised the empire rather than permit the slave trade in the fairest village of his dominions. You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, George Washington as the bright American summa flower of our earlier civilization, and in front the ripe fruit of our noon-day (thanks to our applause), then, dipping her pen in the sands of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture. (Loud-continued applause.)

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE BY WORDS WORTH. Toussaint, the most unhappy Man of Men! Whether the whistling Rustic tread his plough Within thy hearing, or thy head be bowed, Pile-d'ou in some deep dungeon's coolsten den— O miserable Christophe! where art thou? Will thou rest painless? Ye do not: do thou Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow; Than fallen thyself, then, for thou hast but led a Live, and take comfort. Powers that will wreathe thee, These last led by thee, There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee; thou hast great allies: Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and Man's unconquerable mind. Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb, Beneath Benaco's alien sky, Dark Hayti!—for the time shall come, Yes, even now, it is nigh— When, every where, thy name shall be Redoubted from one's infancy: And men shall learn thee to speak of thee, As one of earth's great spirits born. In servitude, and wroth and ire, Casting along the weary weight And fetters of the low estate, In such strong majesty of soul, That, which knows no power, tongue, or crime, Which still hath spurned the base control Of tyrants through all time!