

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

A Historical Romance.

BY

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."—ECCLESIASTES, ix. 15.

"Thou hast led captivity captive."—PSALM lxxviii. 13.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS TO VOL. I.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. WAITING SUPPER	1
II. THE EXCLUSIVES	18
III. WHAT TO DO!	56
IV. WHETHER AWAY?	69
V. GRIEFS OF THE LOYAL	94
VI. THE HOUR	119
VII. THE ACT	152
VIII. BREDA AGAIN	175
IX. THE MAN	187
X. A MORNING OF OFFICE	202
XI. L'ETOILE AND ITS PEOPLE	265
XII. A NIGHT OF OFFICE	308

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

WAITING SUPPER.

THE nights of August are in St. Domingo the hottest of the year. The winds then cease to befriend the panting inhabitants; and while the thermometer stands at 90°, there is no steady breeze, as during the preceding months of summer. Light puffs of wind now and then fan the brow of the negro, and relieve for an instant the oppression of the European settler; but they are gone as soon as come, and seem only to have left the heat more intolerable than before.

Of these sultry evenings, one of the sultriest was the 22nd of August 1791. This was one of five days appointed for rejoicings in the town of Cap Français,—festivities among the French and Creole

inhabitants, who were as ready to rejoice on appointed occasions as the dulness of colonial life renders natural, but who would have been yet more lively than they were if the date of their festival had been in January or May. There was no choice as to the date, however. They were governed in regard to their celebrations by what happened at Paris; and never had the proceedings of the mother-country been so important to the colony as now.

During the preceding year, the white proprietors of St. Domingo, who had hailed with loud voices the revolutionary doctrines before which royalty had begun to succumb in France, were astonished to find their cries of Liberty and Equality adopted by some who had no business with such ideas and words. The mulatto proprietors and merchants of the island innocently understood the words according to their commonly received meaning, and expected an equal share with the whites in the representation of the colony, in the distribution of its offices, and in the civil rights of its inhabitants generally. These rights having been denied by the whites to the free-born mulattoes, with every possible manifestation of contempt and dislike, an effort had been made to wring from the whites

by force what they would not grant to reason, and an ill-principled and ill-managed revolt had taken place, in the preceding October, headed by Vincent Ogé and his brother, sons of the proprietress of a coffee-plantation, a few miles from Cap Français. These young men were executed, under circumstances of great barbarity. Their sufferings were as seed sown in the warm bosoms of their companions and adherents, to spring up, in due season, in a harvest of vigorous revenge. The whites suspected this; and were as anxious as their dusky neighbours to obtain the friendship and sanction of the revolutionary government at home. That government was fluctuating in its principles and in its counsels; it favoured now one party, and now the other; and on the arrival of its messengers at the ports of the colony, there ensued sometimes the loud boastings of the whites, and sometimes quiet, knowing smiles and whispered congratulations among the depressed section of the inhabitants.

The cruelties inflicted on Vincent Ogé had interested many influential persons in Paris in the cause of the mulattoes. Great zeal was exercised in attempting to put them in a condition to protect themselves by equal laws, and thus to restrain the

tyranny of the whites. The abbé Gregoire pleaded for them in the National Assembly; and on the 15th of March, was passed the celebrated decree which gave the mulattoes the privileges of French citizens, even to the enjoyment of the suffrage, and to the possession of seats in the parochial and colonial assemblies. To Europeans there appears nothing extraordinary in the admission to these civil functions of free-born persons, many of whom were wealthy and many educated; but to the whites of St. Domingo the decree was only less tremendous than the rush of the hurricane.

It arrived at Cap Français on the 30th of June, and the tidings presently spread. At first, no one believed them but the mulattoes. When it was no longer possible to doubt, when the words of Robespierre passed from mouth to mouth, till even the nuns told them to one another in the convent garden,—“Perish the colonies, rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!” the whites trampled the national cockade under their feet in the streets, countermanded their orders for the fête of the 14th of July (as they now declined taking the civic oath), and proposed to one another to offer their colony and their allegiance to England.

They found means, however, to gratify their love of power, and their class-hatred, by ~~means~~ short of treason. They tried disobedience first, as the milder method. The governor of the colony, Blanchelande, promised that when the decree should reach him officially, he would neglect it, and all applications from any quarter to have it enforced. This set all straight. Blanchelande was pronounced a sensible and patriotic man. The gentlemen shook hands warmly with him at every turn; the ladies made deep and significant curtseys wherever they met him; the boys taught their little negroes to huzza at the name of Blanchelande; and the little girls called him a dear creature.—In order to lose no time in showing that they meant to make laws for their own colony out of their own heads, and no others, the white gentry hastened on the election of deputies for a new General Colonial Assembly. The deputies were elected, and met, to the number of a hundred and seventy-six at Léogane, in the southern region of the island, so early as the 9th of August. After exchanging greetings, and vows of fidelity to their class-interests, under the name of patriotism, they adjourned their assembly to the 25th, when they were to meet at Cap Français.

It was desirable to hold their very important session in the most important place in the colony, the centre of intelligence, the focus of news from Europe, and the spot where they had first sympathised with the ungrateful government at home, by hoisting, with their own white hands, the cap of liberty, and shouting so that the world might hear, "Liberty and equality!" "Down with tyranny!"

By the 20th, the deputies were congregated at Cap Français; and daily till the great 25th were they seen to confer together in coteries in the shady piazzas, or in the Jesuits' Walk, in the morning, and to dine together in parties in the afternoon, admitting friends and well-wishers to these tavern dinners. Each day till the 25th was to be a fête day in the town and neighbourhood; and of these days the hot 22nd was one.

Among these friends and well-wishers were the whites upon all the plantations in the neighbourhood of the town. There was scarcely an estate in the Plaine du Nord, or on the mountain steeps which overlooked the cape, town, and bay, on all sides but the north, which did not furnish guests to these dinners. The proprietors, their bailiffs, the clergy, the magistrates, might all be seen along the roads,

in the cool of the morning; and there was a holiday air about the estates they left behind. The negroes were left for this week to do their work pretty much as they liked, or to do none at all. There was little time to think of them, and of ordinary business, when there were the mulattoes to be ostentatiously insulted, and the mother-country to be defied. So the negroes slept at noon, and danced at night, during these few August days, and even had leave to visit one another to as great an extent as was ever allowed. Perhaps they also transacted other affairs of which their masters had little suspicion.

All that ever was allowed was permitted to the slaves on the Breña estate, in the plain, a few miles from Cap Français. The attorney, or bailiff of the estate, M. Bayou de Libertas, was a kind-hearted man who, while insisting very peremptorily on his political and social rights, and vehemently denouncing all abstract enmity to them, liked that people actually about him should have their own way. While ransacking his brain for terms of abuse to vent on Lafayette and Condorcet, he rarely found anything harsh to utter when Caton got drunk and spoiled his dinner; when Venus sent up

his linen darker than it went down to the quarter, or when little Machabée picked his pocket of small coin. Such a man was, of course, particularly busy this week ; and of course, the slaves under his charge were particularly idle, and particularly likely to have friends from other plantations to visit them.

Some such visitor seemed to be expected by a family of these Breda negroes, on the Monday evening, the 22nd. This family did not live in the slave-quarter. They had a cottage near the stables, as Toussaint Breda had been M. Bayou's postilion ; and, when he was lately promoted to be overseer, it was found convenient to all parties that he should retain his dwelling, which had been enlarged and adorned so as to accord with the dignity of his new office. In the piazza of his dwelling sat Toussaint this evening, evidently waiting for some one to arrive ; for he frequently put down his book to listen for footsteps, and more than once walked round the house to look abroad. His wife, who was within, cooking supper, and his daughter and little boy who were beside him in the piazza, observed his restlessness ; for Toussaint was a great reader, and seldom looked off the page for a moment

of any spare hour that he might have for reading either the books M. Bayou lent him, or the three or four volumes which he had been permitted to purchase for himself.

“Do you see Jean?” asked the wife from within.

“Shall we wait supper for him?”

“Wait a little longer,” said Toussaint. “It will be strange if he does not come.”

“Are any more of Latour’s people coming with Jean, mother?” asked Génifrède from the piazza.

“No; they have a supper at Latour’s to-night; and we should not have thought of inviting Jean, but that he wants some conversation with your father.”

“Lift me up,” cried the little boy, who was trying in vain to scramble up one of the posts of the piazza, in order to reach a humming-bird’s nest which hung in the tendrils of a creeper overhead, and which a light puff of wind now set swinging, so as to attract the child’s eye. What child ever saw a humming-bird thus rocking,—its bill sticking out like a long needle on one side, and its tail at the other, without longing to clutch it? So Denis cried out imperiously to be lifted up. His father set him on the shelf within the piazza, where the calabashes were kept,—a station whence he could

see into the nest, and watch the bird, without being able to touch it. This was not altogether satisfactory. The little fellow looked about him for a calabash to throw at the nest; but his mother had carried in all her cups for the service of the supper table. As no more wind came at his call, he could only blow with all his might, to swing the tendril again; and he was amusing himself thus when his father laid down his book, and stepped out to see once more whether Jean was approaching.

“Lift me down,” said the boy to his sister, when his head was giddy with blowing. Génifrède would fain have let him stay where he was out of the way of mischief; but she saw that he was really afraid of falling, and she offered her shoulders for him to descend upon. When down, she would not let him touch her work; she took her scissors from his busy hands, and shook him off when he tried to pull the snow-berries out of her hair; so that there was nothing left for the child to play with but his father’s book. He was turning it over, when Toussaint re-appeared.

“Ha! boy! a book in your hands already! I hope you may have as much comfort out of that book as I have had, Denis.”

“What is it? what is it about?” said the boy, who had heard many a story out of books from his father.

“What is it? Let us see. I think you know letters enough to spell it out for yourself. Come and try.”

The child knew the letter E, and, with a good deal of help, made out, at last, Epictetus.

“What is that?” asked the boy.

“Epictetus was a negro,” said Génifrède, complacently:

“Not a negro,” said her father, smiling. “He was a slave; but he was a white.”

“Is that the reason you read that book so much more than any other?”

“Partly; but partly because I like what is in it.”

“What is in it—any stories?” asked Denis.

“It is all about bearing and forbearing. It has taught me many things which you will have to learn by-and-by. I shall teach you some of them out of this book.”

Denis made all haste away from the promised instruction, and his father was presently again absorbed in his book. From respect to him, Génif-

frède kept Denis quiet by signs of admonition ; and for some little time nothing was heard but the sounds that in the plains of St. Domingo never cease—the humming and buzzing of myriads of insects, the occasional chattering of monkeys in a neighbouring wood, and, with a passing gust, a chorus of frogs from a distant swamp. Unconscious of this din, from being accustomed always to hear more or less of it, the boy amused himself with chasing the fire-flies, whose light began to glance around as darkness descended. His sister was poring over her work, which she was just finishing, when a gleam of greenish light made both look up. It came from a large meteor which sailed past towards the mountains, whither were tending also the huge masses of cloud which gather about the high peaks previous to the season of rain and hurricanes. There was nothing surprising in this meteor, for the sky was full of them in August nights ; but it was very beautiful. The globe of green light floated on till it burst above the mountains, illuminating the lower clouds, and revealing along the slopes of the uplands the coffee-groves, waving and bowing their heads in the wandering winds of that high region. Génifrède shivered at

the sight, and her brother threw himself upon her lap. Before he had asked half his questions about the lights of the sky, the short twilight was gone, and the evening-star cast a faint shadow from the tufted posts of the piazza upon the white wall of the cottage. In a low tone, full of awe, Génifrède told the boy such stories as she had heard from her father of the mysteries of the heavens. He felt that she trembled as she told of the northern-lights, which had been actually seen by some travelled persons now in Cap Français. It took some time and argument to give him an idea of cold countries; but his uncle Paul, the fisherman, had seen hail on the coast, only thirty miles from hence; and this was a great step in the evidence. Denis listened with all due belief to his sister's description of those pale lights shooting up over the sky, till he cried out vehemently, "There they are! look!"

Génifrède screamed, and covered her face with her hands; while the boy shouted to his father, and ran to call his mother to see the lights.

What they saw, however, was little like the pale, cold rays of the aurora borealis. It was a fiery red which, shining to some height in the air, was covered in by a canopy of smoke.

“Look up, Génifrède,” said her father, laying his hand upon her head. “It is a fire,—a cane-field on fire.”

“And houses too,—the sugar-house, no doubt,” said Margot, who had come out to look. “It burns too red to be canes only. Can it be at Latour’s? That would keep Jean from coming.—It was the best supper I ever got ready for him.”

“Latour’s is over that way,” said Toussaint, pointing some distance further to the south-east. “But see! There is fire there too! God have mercy!”

He was silent, in mournful fear that he knew now too well the reason why Jean had not come, and the nature of the conversation Jean had desired to have with him. As he stood with folded arms, looking from the one conflagration to the other, Génifrède clung to him, trembling with terror.—In a quarter of an hour, another blaze appeared on the horizon; and, soon after, a fourth.

“The sky is on fire,” cried Denis, in more delight than fear. “Look at the clouds!” And the clouds did indeed show, throughout their huge pile, some a mild flame-colour, and others a hard crimson edge, as during a stormy sunset.

“ Alas! alas! this is rebellion,” said Toussaint; “ rebellion against God and man. God have mercy! The whites have risen against their king; and now the blacks rise against them, in turn. It is a great sin. God have mercy!”

Margot wept bitterly. “ O, what shall we do?” she cried. “ What will become of us, if there is a rebellion?”

“ Be cheerful, and fear nothing,” replied her husband. “ I have not rebelled: and I shall not. M. Bayou has taught me to bear and forbear,— yes, my boy, as this book says, and as the book of God says. We will be faithful, and fear nothing.”

“ But they may burn this plantation,” cried Margot. “ They may come here, and take you away. They may ruin M. Bayou: and then we may be sold away: we may be parted—— ”

Her grief choked her words.

“ Fear nothing,” said her husband, with calm authority. “ We are in God’s hand; and it is a sin to fear his will.—But see! there is another fire, over towards the town.”

And he called aloud the name of his eldest son, saying he should send the boy with a horse to meet his master. He himself must remain to watch at home.

Placide did not come when called, nor was he at the stables. He was gone some way off, to cut fresh grass for the cattle,—a common night-labour on the plantation.

“Call Isaac, then,” said Toussaint.

“Run, Génifrède,” said her mother. “Isaac and Aimée are in the wood. Run, Génifrède.”

Génifrède did not obey. She was too much terrified to leave the piazza alone; though her father gently asked when she, his eldest daughter, and almost a woman, would leave off being scared on all occasions like a child. Margot went herself; so far infected with her daughter's fears as to be glad to take little Denis in her hand. She was not long gone. As soon as she entered the wood, she heard the sound of her children's laughter above the noise the monkeys made; and she was guided by it to the well. There, in the midst of the opening which let in the starlight, stood the well, surrounded by the only grass on the Breda estate that was always fresh and green: and there were Isaac and his inseparable companion Aimée, making the grass greener by splashing each other with more than half the water they drew. Their bright eyes and teeth could be seen by the mild

light, as they were too busy with their sport to heed their mother as she approached. She soon made them serious with her news. Isaac flew to help his father with the horses, while Aimée, a stout girl of twelve, assisted her mother in earnest to draw water, and carry it home.

They found Génifrède crouching alone in a corner of the piazza. In another minute Toussaint appeared on horseback, leading a saddled horse.

“I am going for M. Bayou myself,” said he; adding, as he glanced round the lurid horizon, “It is not a night for boys to be abroad. I shall be back in an hour. If M. Bayou comes by the new road, tell him that I am gone by Madame Ogé’s. If fire breaks out here, go into the wood. If I meet Placide, I will send him home.”

He disappeared under the limes in the avenue; and his family heard the pace of the horses quicken into a gallop before the sound died away upon the road.

CHAPTER II.

THE EXCLUSIVES.

THE party of deputies with whom M. Bayou was dining, were assembled at the great hotel, at the corner of Place Mont Archer, at Cap Français. Languidly though gladly did the guests, especially those from the country, enter the hotel, overpowering as was the heat of the roads and the streets. In the roads, the sand lay so deep, that the progress of horsemen was necessarily slow, while the sun seemed to shed down a deluge of flame. In the streets, there was the shelter of the piazzas; but their pillars, if accidentally touched, seemed to burn the hand; and the hum of traffic, and the sound of feet, appeared to increase the oppression caused by the weather. Within the hotel, all was comparatively cool and quiet. The dining and drawing rooms occupied by the guests adjoined each other, and presented none but the most welcome images.

The *jalousies* were nearly closed; and through the small spaces that were left open, there might be seen in one direction the fountain playing in the middle of the Place, and in the other, diagonally across the Rue Espagnole, the Jesuits' Walk, an oblong square laid down in grass, and shaded in the midst by an avenue of palms. Immediately opposite the hotel was the Convent of Religieuses, over whose garden wall more trees were seen: so that the guests might easily have forgotten that they were in the midst of a town.

The rooms were so dark that those who entered from the glare of the streets could at first see nothing. The floor was dark, being of native mahogany, polished like a looking-glass. The walls were green, the furniture green—everything ordered in counteraction of light and heat. In the dining-room, more was visible; there was the white cloth, spread over the long range of tables, and the plate and glass, glittering in such light as was allowed to enter; and also the gilded balustrade of the gallery, to be used to-day as an orchestra. This gallery was canopied over, as was the seat of the chairman, with palm branches and evergreens, intermixed with fragrant shrubs, and flowers of all

hues. A huge bunch of peacocks' feathers was suspended from the lofty ceiling; and it was waved incessantly to and fro, by strings pulled by two little negroes, at opposite corners of the room, causing a continual fanning of the air, and circulation of the perfumes of the flowers. The black band in the orchestra summoned the company to dinner, and entertained them while at it by playing the popular revolutionary airs which were then resounding through the colony like the hum of its insects, or the dash of its waterfalls. As they took their seats to the air of the "Marseillaise Hymn," more than one of the guests might be heard by his next neighbour singing to himself,

" Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

Before politics, however, there was dinner to be attended to; and the first-fruits of the eloquence of the meeting was bestowed on the delicate turtle, the well-fattened land-crabs, and the rich pasties,—on the cold wines, the refreshing jellies, and the piles of oranges, figs, and almonds, pomegranates, melons, and pine-apples. The first vote of compliment was to Henri, the black cook from St.

Christophe, whence he had been brought over by the discerning hotel-keeper, who detected his culinary genius while Henri was yet but a lad. When the table was cleared, a request was sent up to the chairman from various parties at the table, that he would command Henri's attendance, to receive the testimony of the company respecting the dinner he had sent up, and to take a glass of wine from them.

Dr. Proteau, the chairman, smilingly agreed, saying that such a tribute was no more than Henri's professional excellence and high reputation deserved; and Henri was accordingly summoned by a dozen of the grinning black waiters, who ran over one another in their haste to carry to the kitchen the message of these, the highest gentry of the land. The waiters presently poured into the room again, and stood in two rows from the door, where Henri appeared, not laughing like the rest, but perfectly grave, as he stood, white apron on, and napkin over his arm, his stout and tall figure erect, to receive the commands of his masters.

“ Was your father a cook or a gourmand, Henri? Or are you all good cooks at St. Christophe?” asked a deputy.

“If it is the air of St. Christophe that makes men such cooks as Henri, the knights of St. John of Malta had a goodly gift in it,” said another.

“Can one get such another as you for money, Henri?” asked a third.

“How many boys has your wife brought you, Henri? We shall bid high for them, and make your master’s fortune, if he trains them all to your profession,” said a fourth.

“Tell your master he had better not part with you for any sum, Henri. We will make it worth his while to refuse more for you than was ever offered yet.”

“Your health, Henri! May you live out all the turtle now in St. Domingo, and the next generation after them.”

Amidst all these questions and remarks, Henri escaped answering any. He stood looking on the ground, till a glass of champagne was brought to him, bowed to the company, drank it off, and was gone.

“How demure the fellow looks!” said M. Papalier, a planter, to Bayou, his neighbour in the plain, who now sat opposite to him; “what an air of infinite modesty he put on! At this moment, I dare say he is snapping his fingers, and telling the

women that all the money in St. Domingo won't buy him."

"You are mistaken there," said Bayou. "He is a singular fellow, is Henri, in more ways than his cookery. I believe he never snapped his fingers in his life, nor told anybody what his master gave for him.—I happen to know Henri very well, from his being an acquaintance of my overseer, who is something of the same sort, only superior even to Henri."

"The fellow looked as if he would have given a great deal more than his glass of wine to have staid out of the room," observed M. Leroy. "He has nothing of the mulatto in him, has he? Pure African, I suppose."

"Pure African:—all safe," replied Bayou. "But observe! the music has stopped, and we are going on to the business of the day. Silence, there! Silence all!"

Everybody said "Silence!" and Dr. Proteau rose.

He declared himself to be in a most remarkable situation,—one in which he was sure every Frenchman present would sympathise with him. Here he stood, chairman of a meeting of the most loyal,

the most spirited, the most patriotic citizens of the empire,—chairman of an assemblage of members of a colonial parliament, and of their guests and friends,—here he stood, in this capacity, and yet he was unable to propose any one of the loyal toasts by which it had, till now, been customary to sanction their social festivities. As for the toast, now never more to be heard from their lips,—the health of the king and royal family,—the less that was said about that the better. The times of oppression were passing away; and he, for one, would not dim the brightness of the present meeting, by recalling from the horizon, where it was just disappearing, the tempest cloud of tyranny, to overshadow the young sunshine of freedom. There had been, however, another toast, to which they had been wont to respond with more enthusiasm than was ever won by despotic monarchy from its slaves. There had been a toast to which this lofty roof had rung again, and to hail which every voice had been loud, and every heart had beat high. Neither could he now propose that toast. With grief which consumed his soul, he was compelled to bury in silence,—the silence of mortification, the silence of contempt, the silence of detestation,—the

name of the National Assembly of France. His language might appear strong; but it was mild, it was moderate, it was, he might almost say, cringing, in comparison with what the National Assembly had deserved. He need not occupy the time of his friends, nor harrow their feelings, by a narrative of the injuries their colony had sustained at the hands of the French National Assembly. Those around him knew too well, that in return for their sympathy in the humbling of a despot, for their zeal in behalf of the eternal principles of freedom, the mother-country had, through the instrumentality of its National Council, endeavoured to strip its faithful whites in this colony of the power which they had always possessed, and which was essential to their very existence in their ancient prosperity,—the exclusive power of making or enforcing laws for their own community. The attempt was now made, as they too well knew, to wrest this sacred privilege from their hands, by admitting to share it a degraded race, before whose inroads would perish all that was most dear to his fellow-citizens and to himself,—the repose of their homes, the security of their property, the honour of their colour, and the prosperity of the colony. He rejoiced to see around

him, and from his heart he bade them welcome, some fellow-labourers with himself in the glorious work of resisting oppression, and defending their ancient privileges, endeared to them by as many ages as had passed since distinctions of colour were made by an Almighty hand. He invited them to pledge themselves with him to denounce and resist such profane, such blasphemous innovations, proposed by shallow enthusiasts, seconded by designing knaves, and destined to be wrought out by the agency of demons—demons in human form. He called upon all patriots to join him in his pledge; and in token of their faith, to drink deep to one now more deserving of their homage than was ever king or National Assembly,—he need not say that he alluded to the noblest patriot in the colony—its guardian, its saviour—Governor Blanchelande.

The gentleman who rose, amidst the cheers and jingling of glasses, to say a few words to this toast, was a man of some importance in the colony as a member of its Assembly, though he otherwise held no higher rank than that of attorney to the estate of M. Gallifet, a rich absentee. Odeluc was an old resident, and (though zealous for the privileges of the whites) a favourite with men of all colours, and

therefore entitled to be listened to by all with attention, when he spoke on the conflicting interests of races. However his opinions might please or displease, all liked to look upon his bright countenance, and to hear his lively voice. Vincent Ogé had said that Odeluc was a worse foe to the mulattoes than many a worse man,—he always so excited their good-will as to make them forget their rights.

As he now rose, the air from the peacock-fan stirring the white hair upon his forehead, (for in the heats of St. Domingo it was permitted to lay wigs aside,) and the good wine animating yet further the spirit of his lively countenance, Odeluc was received with a murmur of welcome, before he opened his lips to speak.

“ I must acknowledge, my fellow-citizens,” said he, “ I never was more satisfied with regard to the state of our colony than now. We have had our troubles, to be sure, like the mother-country, and like all countries where portions of the people struggle for power which they ought not to have. But we have settled that matter for ourselves, by the help of our good governor, and I firmly believe that we are at the commencement of a long age of peace.”

Here some applauded, while two or three shook their heads. Odeluc continued,

“ I see some of my friends do not altogether share my hopes. Yet are these hopes not reasonable? The Governor has himself assured me that nothing shall induce him to notice the obnoxious decree, till he has, in the first place, received it under all the official forms ;—in the next place, written his remonstrance to the government at home; and, in the third place, received an answer. Now, all this will take some time. In three days, we deputies shall begin our session ; and never were the members of any assembly more united in their will and in their views, and therefore more powerful. We meet for the express purpose of neutralising the effects of this ill-judged decree ; we have the power,—we have the will,—and who can doubt the results ? The management of this colony has always succeeded well in the hands of the whites ; they have made its laws, and enforced them,—they have allowed the people of colour liberty to pursue their own business, and acquire property if they could, conscious of strength to restrain their excesses, if occasion should arise : and, as for the negro population, where in the world were affairs ever on a better footing between

the masters and their force than in the colony of St. Domingo? If all has worked so well hitherto, is it to be supposed that an ignorant shout in the National Assembly, and a piece of paper sent over to us thence, can destroy the harmony, and overthrow the prosperity which years have confirmed? I, for one, will never believe it. I see before me in my colleagues men to whom the tranquillity of the colony may be safely confided; and over their heads, and beyond the wise laws they are about to pass for the benefit of both the supreme and subordinate interests of our community, I see, stretching beyond the reach of living eye, a scene of calm and fruitful prosperity in which our children's children may enjoy their lives, without a thought of fear, or apprehension of change. Regarding Governor Blanchelande as one of the chief securities of this our long tenure of social prosperity, I beg to propose, not only that we shall now drink his health, but that we shall meet annually in his honour on this day. Yonder is Government-House. If we open our jalousies wide enough, and give the honours loudly enough, perhaps our voices may reach his ears, as the loyal greeting that he deserves."

“Do not you smell smoke?” asked Bayou of his neighbour, as the blinds were thrown open.

“What a smell of burning!” observed the chairman to Odeluc at the same moment.

“They are burning field-trash outside the town, no doubt,” Odeluc answered. “We choose the nights when there is little wind, you know, for that work.”

There was a small muster of soldiers round the gates of Government-House, and several people in the streets, when the honours were given to the Governor's name. But the first seemed not to hear, and the others did not turn their heads. The air that came in was so hot, that the blinds were immediately ordered to be closed again. The waiters, however, seemed to have lost their obsequiousness, and many orders and oaths were spent upon them before they did their duty.

While the other gentlemen sat down, a young man remained standing, his eyes flashing, and his countenance heated, either by wine, or by the thoughts with which he seemed big.

“My fellow-citizens,” said M. Brelle, beginning in a very loud voice, “agreeing as I do in my hopes for this colony with M. Odeluc, and, like

him, trusting in the protection and blessing of a just Providence, which will preserve our rights, and chastise those who would infringe them;—feeling thus, and thus trusting, there is a duty for me to perform. My friends, we must not permit the righteous chastisements of Providence to pass by unheeded, and be forgotten. The finger of Providence has been among us, to mark out and punish the guilty disturber of our peace. But, though dead, that guilty traitor has not ceased to disturb our peace. Do we not know that his groans have moved our enemies in the National Assembly,—that his ashes have been stirred up there, to shed their poison over our names? It becomes us, in gratitude to a preserving Providence, in fidelity to that which is dearer to us than life—our fair fame,—in regard to the welfare of our posterity, it becomes us to mark our reprobation of treason and rebellion, and to perpetuate in ignominy the name of the rebel and the traitor. Fill your glasses, then, gentlemen, and drink,—drink deep with me,—Our curse on the memory of Vincent Ogé!"

Several members of the company eagerly filled their glasses; others looked doubtfully towards

the chair. Before Dr. Proteau seemed to have made up his mind what to do, M. Papalier had risen, saying, in a rather low and conversational tone,—

“My young friend will allow me to suggest to him the expediency of withdrawing his toast, as one in which his fellow-citizens cannot all cordially join. We all unite, doubtless, in reprobating treason and rebellion in the person of Ogé; but I, for one, cannot think it good, either in taste or in policy, to curse the memory of the dead in the hearing of those who desire mercy for their fallen enemies (as some here present do), or of others who look upon Ogé as no criminal, but a martyr;—which is, I fear, the case with too many outside.” He pointed to the windows as he spoke, where it now appeared that the jalousies had been pushed a little open, so as to allow opportunity for some observation from without. M. Papalier lowered his tone, so as to be heard, during the rest of his speech, only by those who made every effort to catch his words. Not a syllable could be heard in the orchestra outside, or even by the waiters ranged against the wall; and the chairman and others at the extremities of the table were obliged

to lean forwards to catch the meaning of the speaker, who proceeded :—

“ No one more heartily admires the spirit and good-humour of our friend, M. Odeluc, than myself : no one more enjoys being animated by the hilarity of his temper, and carried away by the hopeful enthusiasm which makes him the dispenser of happiness that he is. But I cannot always sympathise in his bright anticipations. I own I cannot to-day. He may be right. God grant he be so ! But I cannot take M. Odeluc's word for it, when words so different are spoken elsewhere. There are observers at a distance,—impartial lookers-on, who predict (and I fear there are signs at home which indicate) that our position is far from secure,—our prospects far other than serene. There are those who believe that we are in danger from other foes than the race of Ogé : and facts have arisen——but enough. This is not the time and place for discussion of that point. Suffice it now that, as we all know, observers at a distance can often see deeper and farther than those involved in affairs ; and that Mirabeau has said,—and what Mirabeau says is, at least, worth attention,—Mirabeau has said of us, in connexion with the events of last

October, 'They are sleeping on the margin of Vesuvius, and the first jets of the volcano are not sufficient to awaken them.' In compliment to Mirabeau," he concluded, smiling, and bowing to M. Brelle, "if not in sympathy with what he may think my needless caution, I hope my young friend will reserve his wine for the next toast."

M. Brelle bowed, rather sulkily. No one seemed ready at the moment to start a new subject. Some attacked M. Papalier in whispers for what he had said; and he, to defend himself, told, also in whispers, facts of the murder of a bailiff on an estate near his own, and of suspicious circumstances attending it, which made him and others apprehend that all was not right among the negroes. His facts and surmises went round. As, in the eagerness of conversation, a few words were occasionally spoken aloud, some of the party glanced about to see if the waiters were within earshot. They were not. There was not a negro in the apartment. The band had gone out unnoticed;—to refresh themselves, no doubt.

Odeluc took the brief opportunity to state his confidence that all doubts of the fidelity of the negroes were groundless. He agreed with M.

Papalier that the present was not the time and place for entering at large into the subject. He would only just say that he was now an old man, that he had spent his life among the people alluded to, and knew them well, if any man did. They were revengeful certainly, upon occasion, if harshly treated; but, otherwise, and if not corrupted by ignorant demagogues and designing agents, they were the most tractable and attached people on earth. He was confident that the masters in St. Domingo had nothing to fear.

He was proceeding; but he perceived that the band was re-entering the orchestra, and he sat down abruptly.

The chairman now discovered that it had grown very dark, and called out for lights. His orders were echoed by several of the party, who hoped that the lights would revive some of the spirit of the evening, which had become very flat.

While waiting for lights, the jalousies were once more opened, by orders from the chair. The apartment was instantly pervaded by a dull, changeful, red light, derived from the sky, which glowed above the trees of the Jesuits' Walk with the reflexion of extensive fires. The guests were

rather startled too by perceiving that the piazza was crowded with heads; and that dusky faces, in countless number, were looking in upon them, and had probably been watching them for some time past. With the occasional puffs of wind, which brought the smell of burning, came a confused murmur, from a distance, as of voices, the tramp of many horses in the sand, and a multitude of feet in the streets. This was immediately lost in louder sounds. The band struck up, unbidden, with all its power, the Marseillaise Hymn; and every voice in the piazza, and, by degrees, along the neighbouring streets and square, seemed to join in singing the familiar words,

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

The consternation of the deputies and their guests was extreme. Every man showed his terror in his own way; but one act was universal. Each one produced arms of one sort or another. Even Odeluc, it appeared, had not come unarmed. While they were yet standing in groups about the table, the door burst open, and a negro, covered with dust and panting with haste, ran in and made

for the head of the table, thrusting himself freely through the parties of gentlemen. The chairman, at sight of the man, turned pale, recoiled for a moment, and then, swearing a deep oath, drew the short sword he wore, and ran the negro through the body.

“O master!” cried the poor creature, as his life ebbed out in the blood which inundated the floor.

The act was not seen by those outside, as there was a screen of persons standing between the tables and the windows. To this accident it was probably owing that the party survived that hour, and that any order was preserved in the town.

“Shame, Proteau! shame!” said Odeluc, as he bent down, and saw that the negro was dying. Papalier, Bayou, and a few more, cried “Shame!” also; while others applauded.

“I will defend my deed,” said Proteau, struggling with the hoarseness of his voice, and pouring out a glass of wine to clear his throat. His hand was none of the steadiest as he did so. “Hush that band! There is no hearing oneself speak. Hush! I say; stop!” and swearing, he passionately shook his fist at the musicians, who were still making the air of the Marseillaise peal through

the room. They instantly stopped, and departed.

"There! you have sent them out to tell what you have done," observed a deputy.

"I will defend my deed," Proteau repeated, when he had swallowed the wine. "I am confident the negroes have risen. I am confident the fellow came with bad intent."

"No fear but the negroes will rise, anywhere in the world, where they have such as you for masters," said Odeluc.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Proteau, laying his hand on the hilt of his dripping sword.

"I mean what I say. And I will tell you, too, what I do not mean. I do not mean to fight to-night with any white; and least of all, with one who is standing in a pool of innocent blood, of his own shedding." And he pointed to Proteau's feet, which were indeed soaked with the blood of his slave.

"Hush! hush! gentlemen!" cried several voices.

"Here is more news!"

"Hide the body!" said Bayou; and as he spoke, he stooped to lift it. M. Brelle made shorter work. He rolled it over with his foot, and kicked it under the table. It was out of sight

before the master of the hotel entered, followed by several negroes from the plain, to say that the "force" had risen on several plantations, had dismantled the mills, burned the sugar-houses, set fire to the crops, murdered the overseers, and, he feared, in some cases, the proprietors.

"Where?" "Whose estates?" "What proprietors?" asked every voice present.

"Where did it begin?" was the question the landlord applied himself first to answer.

"It broke out on the Noé estate, sir. They murdered the refiner and his apprentice, and carried off the surgeon. They left another young man for dead; but he got away, and told the people on the next plantation; but it was too late then. They had reached M. Clement's by that time, and raised his people. They say M. Clement is killed; but some of his family escaped. They are here in the town, I believe."

Some of the deputies now snatched their hats, and went out to learn where the fugitives were; and thus to get information, if possible, at first hand.

"All is safe in our quarter, at present, I trust," said Papalier to Bayou: "but shall we be gone?"

Your horse is here, I suppose. We can ride together."

"In a moment. Let us hear all we can first," replied Bayou.

"Do you stay for that purpose, then, and look to our horses. I will learn what the Governor's orders are, and come here for you presently;" and Papalier was gone.

When Bayou turned to listen again, Odeluc was saying,—

"Impossible! incredible! Gallifet's force risen! Not they! They would be firm if the world were crushed flat. Why, they love me as if I were their father!"

"Nevertheless, sir, you owe your safety to being my guest," said the landlord, with a bow as polite as on the most festive occasion. "I am happy that my roof should—"

"Who brought this report?" cried Odeluc. "Who can give news of Gallifet's negroes?" And he looked among the black faces which were clustered behind the landlord. No one spoke thence; but a voice from the piazza said,—

"Gallifet's force has risen. The canes are all on fire."

“I will bring them to their senses,” said Odeluc, with sudden quietness. “I have power over them. The Governor will give me a handful of men from the town-guard, and we shall set things straight before morning. The poor fellows have been carried away, while I was not there to stand by them,—but making speeches here, like a holiday fool! I will bring them to their senses presently. Make way, friends,—make way.”

And Odeluc stepped out among the blacks on the piazza,—that being the shortest way to Government-House.

“I hope he is not too confident,” whispered a town deputy to a friend from the south; “but this is bad news. Gallifet’s plantation is the largest in the plain, and only eight miles off.”

A sort of scream, a cry of horror, from one who stood close by, stopped the deputy.

“Boirien! what is the matter?” cried the deputy, as Boirien hid his face with his arms upon the table, and a strong shudder shook his whole frame.

“Do not speak to him! I will tell you,” said another. “O, this is horrible! They have murdered his brother-in-law on Flaville’s estate, and

carried off his sister and her three daughters into the woods. Something must be done directly. Boirien, my poor fellow, I am going to the Governor. Soldiers shall be sent to bring your sister into the town. We shall have her here before morning; and you must bring her and her family to my house."

No one could endure to stay to hear more. Some went to learn elsewhere the fate of those in whom they were interested. Some went to offer their services to the Governor; some to barricade their own houses in the town; some to see whether it was yet possible to entrench their plantations. Some declared their intention of conveying the ladies of their families to the convent; the place always hitherto esteemed safe, amidst all commotions. It soon appeared, however, that this was not the opinion of the sisters themselves, on the present occasion, nor of the authorities of the town; for the muffled nuns were seen hurrying down to the quay, under the protection of soldiers, in order to take refuge on board the vessels in the bay. All night long, boats were plying in the harbour, conveying women, children, plate, and money, on board the ships which happened to be in the roads.

The landlord would have been glad of the help of any of his guests in clearing his house; but they had no sympathy to spare,—no time to think of his plate and wines. As the whites disappeared from the room, the blacks poured in. They allowed the landlord to sweep away his plate, but they laid hands on the wines; and many a smart speech, many a light laugh, resounded within those walls till morning, while consternation reigned without. When these thoughtless creatures sauntered to their several homes in the sunrise, they found that such of their fellow-servants as they had been accustomed to look up to, as abler and more trusted than themselves, had disappeared, and no one would tell whither they were gone,—only that they were quite safe.

When M. Papalier returned to the hotel, from his cruise for information, he found his neighbour Bayou impatiently waiting on horseback, while Henri, still in his white apron, was holding the other horse.

“Here, sir—mount, and let us be off,” cried Bayou. “We owe it to my friend Henri, here, that we have our horses. The gentlemen from the country very naturally took the first that

came to hand to get home upon. They say Leroy is gone home on a dray-mule. I rather expect to meet Toussaint on the road. If he sees the fires, he will be coming to look after me."

"He cannot well help seeing the fires," replied Papalier. "They are climbing up the mountain-side, all the way along the Haut du Cap. We shall be singed like two porkers, if we do not ride like two devils; and then we shall be lucky if we do not meet two thousand devils by the way."

"Do you suppose the road is safe, Henri?" asked Bayou. "I know you will tell me truth."

"Indeed, master, I know nothing," replied Henri. "You say you shall meet Toussaint. I will ride with you till you meet him, if you will. Our people all know him and me."

"Do so, Henri. Do not wait to look for another horse. Jump up behind me. Mine is a strong beast, and will make no difficulty, even of your weight. Never mind your apron. Keep it for a flag of truce, in case we meet the enemy."

They were off, and presently emerged from the comparative darkness of the streets into the light of the fires. None of the three spoke, except to urge

on the horses up the steep, sandy road, which first presented an ascent from the town; and then a descent to the plain, before it assumed the level which it then preserved to the foot of the opposite mountains, nearly fifty miles off. No one appeared on the road; and the horsemen had, therefore, leisure to cast glances behind them, as they were slowly carried up the ascent. The alarm-bell was now sending its sullen sounds of dismay far and wide in the air, whose stillness was becoming more and more disturbed by the draughts of the spreading fires, as the canes caught, like torches, up the slopes to the right. Pale twinkling lights, sprinkled over the cape and the harbour,—lights which looked like glow-worm tapers amidst the fiery atmosphere, showed that every one was awake and stirring in the town, and on board the ships; while an occasional rocket, mounting in the smoky air, from either the Barracks or Government-House, showed that it was the intention of the authorities to intimate to the inhabitants of the remoter districts of the plain, that the Government was on the alert, and providing for the public safety.

On surmounting the ridge, Henri stretched out his hand, and pulled the bridle of M. Bayou's horse

to the left, so as to turn it into a narrow green track which here parted from the road.

“What now, sir?” cried Papalier, in a tone of suspicion, checking his horse, instead of following.

“You may, perhaps, meet two thousand devils, if you keep the high road to the plain,” answered Henri, quietly. To M. Bayou he explained that Toussaint would probably choose this road, through Madame Ogé’s plantation.

“Come on, Papalier; do not lose time. All is right enough,” said Bayou. “The grass-tracks are the safest to-night, depend upon it.”

Papalier followed, in discontented silence. In a few moments, Henri again pulled the bridle—a decided check this time—stopping the horse.

“Voices,” he whispered. Bayou could hear none. In a moment, Henri continued,

“It is Toussaint. I thought we should meet him hereabouts.”

The next turn of the path brought them upon Toussaint, who was advancing with the led horse from Breda. Not far behind him was Madame Ogé’s house, the door standing wide, and, seen by the light within, a woman in the door-way. Toussaint pulled up, Henri leaped down, and ran to

shake hands with his friend. Papalier took the opportunity to say, in a low voice, to Bayou,

“You must send your fellow there on board ship. You must, there is no doubt of it. The Governor, and all the householders in Cap, are doing so with their cleverest negroes; and if there is a clever one in the colony, it is Toussaint.”

“I shall do no such thing,” said Bayou. “I have trusted Toussaint for these thirty years; and I shall not distrust him now,—now when we most need those we can best confide in.”

“That is exactly what M. Clement said of his postilion: and it was his postilion that struck him to the heart. You must send Toussaint on board ship: and I will tell you how”

Papalier stopped, perceiving that the two negroes were not talking, but had their eyes fixed on him.

“What is that?” said Henri. “Is Toussaint to go on board ship?”

“No, no; nonsense,” said Bayou; “I am not going to send anybody on board ship.—All quiet at Breda, I suppose, Toussaint?”

“All quiet, sir, at present.—M. Papalier,—on board ship I will not go.”

"As your master pleases. It is no concern of mine, Toussaint," said Papalier.

"So I think," replied Toussaint.

"You see your faithful hands, your very obedient friends, have got a will of their own already," whispered Papalier to Bayou, as they set their horses forward again; Henri turning homewards on the tired horse which had carried double, and Bayou mounting that which Toussaint had brought.

"Will you go round, or pass the house?" Toussaint asked of his master. "Madame Ogé is standing in the doorway."

Bayou was about to turn his horse's head, but the person in the doorway came out into the darkness, and called him by his name. He was obliged to go forward.

"Madame," said he, "I hope you have no trouble with your people. I hope your people are all steady."

"Never mind me and my people," replied a tremulous voice. "What I want to know is, what has happened at Cap. Who have risen? Whose are these fires?"

"The negroes have risen on a few plantations: that is all. We shall soon . . ."

“The negroes!” echoed the voice. “You are sure it is only the negroes?”

“Only the negroes, madam. Can I be of service to you? If you have any reason to fear that your force . . .”

“I have no reason to fear anything. I will not detain you. No doubt you are wanted at home, M. Bayou.”

And she re-entered her house, and closed the doors.

“How you have disappointed her!” said Papalier. “She hoped to hear that her race had risen, and were avenging her sons on us. I am thankful to-night,” he continued, after a pause, “that my little girls are at Paris. How glad might that poor woman have been, if her sons had staid there! Strange enough! Paris is called the very centre of disorder; and yet it seems the only place for our sons and daughters in these days.”

“And strangely enough,” said Bayou, “I am glad that I have neither wife, son, nor daughter. I felt that, even while Odeluc was holding forth about the age of security which we were now entering upon—I felt at the moment that there must be something wrong; that all could not be

right, when a man feels glad that he has only himself to take care of. Our negroes are better off than we, so far. Hey, Toussaint?"

"I think so, sir."

"How many wives and children have you, Toussaint?" asked Papalier.

"I have five children, sir."

"And how many wives in your time?"

Toussaint made no answer. Bayou said for him,

"He has such a good wife that he never wanted more. He married her when he was five-and-twenty,—did not you, Toussaint?"

Toussaint had dropped into the rear. His master observed that Toussaint was rather romantic, and did not like jesting on domestic affairs. He was more prudish about such matters than whites fresh from the mother-country. Whether he had got it out of his books, or whether it really was a romantic attachment to his wife, there was no knowing; but he was quite unlike his race generally in family matters.

"Does he take upon himself to be scandalised at us?" asked Papalier.

"I do not ask him. But if you like to consult

him about your Thérèse, I do not doubt he will tell you his mind."

"Come, cannot we get on faster? This is a horrid road, to be sure: but poor Thérèse will think it is all over with me, if she looks at the red sky towards Cap."

There were reasons enough for alarm about M. Papalier's safety, without looking over towards Cap. When the gentlemen arrived at Arabie, his plantation, they found the iron gates down, and lying on the grass,—young trees hewn down, as if for bludgeons,—the cattle couched in the cane-fields, lapped in the luxury of the sweet tops and sprouts,—the doors of the sugar-house and mansion removed, the windows standing wide, and no one to answer call. The slave-quarter also was evidently deserted.

Papalier clapped spurs to his horse, and rode round, faster than his companions could follow him. At length Bayou intercepted his path at a sharp turn, caught his bridle, and said,—

"My dear fellow, come with me. There is nothing to be done here. Your people are all gone; and if they come back, they will only cut your throat. You must come with me; and under the

circumstances, I cannot stay longer. I ought to be at home."

"True, true. Go, and I will follow. I must find out whether they have carried off Thérèse. I must, and I will."

Toussaint pricked his horse into the court-yard, and after a searching look around, dragged out from behind the well a young negress who had been crouching there, with an infant in her arms. She shrieked, and struggled till she saw Papalier, when she rushed towards him.

"Poor Thérèse!" cried he, patting her shoulder. "How we have frightened you! There is nobody here but friends. At least, so it seems. Where are all the people? And who did this mischief?"

The young creature trembled excessively; and her terror marred for the time a beauty which was celebrated all over the district—a beauty which was admitted as fully by the whites as by people of her own race. Her features were now convulsed by fear, as she told what had happened,—that a body of negroes had come, three hours since, and had summoned Papalier's people to meet at Latour's estate, where all the force of the plain was to unite

before morning,—that Papalier's people made no difficulty about going, only stopping to search the house for what arms and ammunition might be there, and to do the mischief which now appeared ;—that she believed the whites at the sugar-house must have escaped, as she had seen and heard nothing of bloodshed ;—and that this was all she knew, as she had hidden herself and her infant, first in one place, and then in another, as she fancied safest, hoping that nobody would remember her,—which seemed to have been the case, as no one molested her till Toussaint saw her, and terrified her as they perceived. She had not looked in his face, but supposed that some of Latour's people had come back for her.

“Now you will come with me,” said Bayou to Papalier, impatiently.

“I will, thank you. Toussaint, help her up behind me, and carry the child, will you? Hold fast, Thérèse, and leave off trembling as soon as you can.”

Thérèse would let no one carry the infant but herself. She kept her seat well behind her master, though still trembling when she alighted at the stables at Breda.

Plácide and Denis were on the watch at the stables.

“Run, Denis!” said his brother. And Denis was off to tell his mother that Toussaint and M. Bayou were safe home.

“Anything happened, Placide?” asked Bayou.

“Yes, sir. The people were sent for to Latour’s, and most of them are gone. Not all, sir. Saxe would not go, till he saw father; nor Casius, nor Antoine, nor—”

“Is there any mischief done? Anybody hurt?”

“No, sir. They went off very quietly.”

“Quietly, indeed! They take quietly enough all the kindness I have shown them these thirty years. They quietly take the opportunity of leaving me alone to-night, of all nights, when the devils from hell are abroad, scattering their fire as they go.”

“If you will enter, M. Bayou,” said Toussaint, “my wife will get you supper; and the boys and I will collect the people that are left, and bring them up to the house. They have not touched your arms, sir. If you will have them ready for us”

“Good, good! Papalier, we cannot do better. Come in. Toussaint, take home this young woman.

Your girls will take care of her.—Eh ! what's the matter ? Well, put her where you ~~will~~—only let her be taken care of—that is all.”

“ I will speak to Jeannette, sir.”

“ Ay, do. Jeannette will let Thérèse come to no harm, Papalier. Come in, till Toussaint brings a report of how matters stand with us poor masters.”

CHAPTER III.

WHAT TO DO !

THE report brought by Toussaint was astounding to his hearers, even after the preparation afforded by the events of the evening. It was clear that the negroes had everything in their own hands, and that the spirit roused in them was so fierce, so revengeful, as to leave no hope that they would use their power with moderation. The Breda estate, and every one near it, was to be ravaged when those on the north side of the plain were completely destroyed. The force assembled at Latour's already amounted to four thousand; and no assistance could be looked for from the towns at all adequate to meet such numbers, since the persons and property of the whites, hourly accumulating in the towns as the insurrection spread, required more than all the means of protection that the colony afforded. The two gentle-

men agreed, as they sat at the table covered with supper, wine, and glittering arms, that to remain was to risk their lives with no good object. It was clear that they must fly.

Toussaint suggested that a quantity of sugar from the Breda estate was now at Port Paix, lying ready for shipment. There was certainly one vessel, if not more, in that port, belonging to the United States. If the gentlemen would risk the ride to the coast with him, he thought he could put them on board, and they might take with them this sugar, intended for France, but now wanted for their subsistence in their exile. Bayou saw at once that this was the best plan he could adopt. Papalier was unwilling to turn his back so soon, and so completely, on his property. Bayou was only attorney to the Breda estate, and had no one but himself to care for. Papalier was a proprietor, and he could not give up at once, and for ever, the lands which his daughters should inherit after him. He could not instantly decide upon this. He would wait some hours at least. He thought he could contrive to get into some town, or into the Spanish territory, though he might be compelled to leave the plain. He slept for this night with

his arms at hand, and under the watch of Placide, who might be trusted to keep awake and listen, as his father vouched for him. Bayou was gone presently, with such little money as he happened to have in the house ; and in his pockets, the gold ornaments which Toussaint's wife insisted on his accepting, and which were not to be despised in this day of his adversity. He was sorry to take her necklace and ear-rings, which were really valuable ; but she said, truly, that he had been a kind master for many years, and ought to command what they had, now that they were all in trouble together.

Before the next noon, M. Bayou was on board the American vessel in the harbour of Port Paix, weary and sad, but safe, with his sugar, and pocketful of cash and gold trinkets. Before evening, Toussaint,* who rode like the wind, and seemed incapable of fatigue, was cooling himself under a tamarind-tree, in a nook of the Breda estate.

He was not there to rest himself, while the world seemed to be falling into chaos around him. He was there for the duty of the hour,—to meet by appointment the leader of the insurgents, Jean François, whom, till now, he had always supposed

to be his friend, as far as their intercourse went,—though Jean had never been so dear to him as Henri. He had not sat long, listening for sounds of approach amidst the clatter of the neighbouring palm-tree tops, whose stiff leaves struck one another as they waved in the wind, when Jean appeared from behind the mill.

“You have stopped our wheel,” said Toussaint, pointing to the reeking water-wheel. “It will be cracked in the sun before you can set it going again.”

“Yes, we have stopped all the mills,” replied Jean. “Every stream in the colony has a holiday to-day, and may frolic as it likes.—I am afraid I made you wait supper last night?”

“You gave me poison, Jean. You have poisoned my trust in my friends. I watched for you as for a friend: and what were you doing^t the while? You were rebelling, ravaging, and murdering!”

“Go on,” said Jean. “Tell me how it appears to you; and then I will tell you how it appears to me.”

“It appears to me, then, that if the whites are to blame towards those who are in their power,—if they have been cruel to the Ogés and their party,—

if they have oppressed their negroes, as they too often have, our duty is clear,—to bear and forbear, to do them good in return for their evil. To rise against them cunningly, to burn their plantations, and murder them,—to do this, is to throw back the gospel in the face of Him who gave it !”

“ But you do not understand this rising. It is not for revenge.”

“ Why do I not understand it? Because you knew that I should disapprove it, and kept me at home by a false appointment, that I might be out of the way. Do you say all this is not for revenge? I look at the hell you have made of this colony between night and morning, and I say that if this be not from revenge, there must be something viler than revenge in the hearts of devils and of men.”

“ And now, hear me,” said Jean, “ for I am wanted at Latour’s, and my time is short. It was no false appointment, last night. I was on my way to you, when I was stopped by some news which altered our plans in a moment, and made us rise sooner, by three days, than we expected. I was coming to tell you all, and engage you to be one of our chiefs. Have you heard that the Calypæ has put into port at the other end of the island ? ”

“ No.”

“ Then you do not know the news she brought. She has a royalist master, who is in no hurry to tell his news to the revolutionary whites. The king and all his family tried to escape from France in June. They were overtaken on the road, and brought back prisoners to Paris.”

Toussaint, who always uncovered his head at the name of the king, now bent it low in genuine grief.

“ Is it not true,” said Jean, “ that our masters are traitors? Do they not insult and defy the King? Would there not have been one shout of joy through all Cap last night, if this news had been brought to the deputies after dinner with their wine ? ”

“ It is true. But they would still have been less guilty than those who add ravage and murder to rebellion.”

“ There was no stopping the people when the messengers from the Calypse crossed the frontier, and sent the cry, ‘ Vive le Roi! et l’ancien régime,’ through the negro quarters of every estate they reached. The people were up on the Noé plantation at the word. Upon my honour, the glare of

the fire was the first I knew about it. Then the spirit spread among our people, like the flames among our masters' canes. I like murder no better than you, Toussaint; but when once slaves are up, with knife and firebrand, those may keep revenge from kindling who can—I cannot.”

“ At least, you need not join—you can oppose yourself to it.”

“ I have not joined. I have saved three or four whites this day by giving them warning. I have hidden a family in the woods, and I will die before I will tell where they are. I did what I could to persuade Gallifet's people to let Odeluc and his soldiers turn back to Cap: and I believe they would, but for Odeluc's obstinacy in coming among us. If he would have kept his distance, he might have been alive now. As it is . . . ”

“ And is he dead?—the good Odeluc? ”

“ There he lies; and half-a-dozen of the soldiers with him. I am sorry, for he always thought well of us; but he thrust himself into the danger. One reason of my coming here now is, to say that this plantation and Arabie will be attacked to-night, and Bayou had better roost in a tree till morning.”

“ My master is safe.”

“ Safe? Where? ”

“ On the sea.”

“ You have saved him. Have you—I know your love of obedience is strong—have you pledged yourself to our masters, to oppose the rising—to fight on their side? ”

“ I give no pledges but to my conscience. And I have no party where both are wrong. The whites are revengeful, and rebel against their king; and the blacks are revengeful, and rebel against their masters.”

“ Did you hear anything on the coast of the arrival of the Blonde frigate from Jamaica? ”

“ Yes: there again is more treason. The whites at Cap have implored the English to take possession of the colony. First traitors to the king, they would now join the enemies of their country. Fear not, Jean, that I would defend the treason of such; but I would not murder them.”

“ What do you mean to do? This very night your estate will be attacked. Your family is almost the only one remaining on it. Have you thought what you will do? ”

“ I have; and your news only confirms my thought.”

“ You will not attempt to defend the plantation?”

“ What would my single arm do? It would provoke revenge which might otherwise sleep?”

“ True. Let the estate be deserted, and the gates and doors left wide, and no mischief may be done. Will you join us then?”

“ Join you! no! Not till your loyalty is free from stain. Not while you fight for your king with a cruelty from which your king would recoil.”

“ You will wait,” said Jean, sarcastically, “ till we have conquered the colony for the king. That done, you will avow your loyalty.”

“ Such is not my purpose, Jean,” replied Toussaint, quietly. “ You have called me your friend; but you understand me no more than if I were your enemy. I will help to conquer the colony for the king; but it shall be to restore to him its lands as the King of kings gave them to him,—not ravaged and soaked in blood, but redeemed with care, to be made fair and fruitful, as held in trust for him. I shall join the Spaniards, and fight for my king with my king’s allies.”

Jean was silent, evidently struck with the thought. If he had been troubled with speculations as to what he should do with his undisciplined

half-savage forces, after the whites should have been driven to entrench themselves in the towns, it is possible that this idea of crossing the Spanish line, and putting himself and his people under the command of these allies, might be a welcome relief to his perplexity.

“And your family,” said he: “will the Spaniards receive our women and children into their camp?”

“I shall not ask them. I have a refuge in view for my family.”

“When will you go?”

“When you leave me. You will find the estate deserted this night, as you wish. The few negroes who are here will doubtless go with me; and we shall have crossed the river before morning.”

“You would not object,” said Jean, “to be joined on the road by some of our negro force,—on my pledge, you understand, that they will not ravage the country.”

“Some too good for your present command?” said Toussaint, smiling. “I will command them on one other condition,—that they will treat well any white who may happen to be with me.”

“I said nothing about your commanding them,”

said Jean. "If I send men, I shall send officers. But whites! what whites? Did you not say Bayou was on the sea?"

"I did: but there may be other whites whom I choose to protect, as you say you are doing. If, instead of hiding whites in the woods, I carry them across the frontier, what treatment may I expect for my party on the road?"

"I will go with you myself, and that is promising everything," said Jean, making a virtue of what was before a strong inclination. "Set out in two hours from this time. I will put the command of the plain into Biasson's hands, and make a camp near the Spanish lines. The posts in that direction are weak, and the whites panic-struck,—if indeed they have not all fled to the fort. Well, well," he continued, "keep to your time, and I will join you at the cross of the four roads, three miles south of Fort Dauphin. All will be safe that far, at least."

"If not, we have some strong arms among us," replied Toussaint. "I believe my girls (or one of them, at least) would bear arms where my honour is at stake.—So our king is a prisoner!—and we are free!—Such are the changes which Heaven sends!"

“ Ay, how do you feel, now you are free ?” said Jean. “ Did you not put your horse to a gallop when you turned your back on your old master ?”

“ Not a word of that, Jean. Let us not think of ourselves. There is work to do for our king. He is our task-master now.”

“ You are in a hurry for another master,” said Jean. “ I am not tired of being my own master yet.”

“ I wish you would make your people masters of themselves, Jean. They are not fit for power. Heaven take it from us, by putting all power into the hand of the king !”

“ We meet by star-light,” said Jean. “ I have the business of five thousand men to arrange first ; so, more of the king another time.”

He leaped the nearest fence, and was gone. Toussaint rose and walked away, with a countenance so serious that Margot asked if there was bad news of M. Bayou.

When the family understood that the Breda estate was to be attacked this night, there was no need to hasten their preparations for departure. In the midst of the hurry, Aimée consulted Isaac about an enterprise which had occurred to her, on

her father's behalf; and the result was, that they ventured up to the house, and as far as M. Bayou's book-shelves, to bring away the volumes they had been accustomed to see their father read. This thought entered Aimée's mind when she saw him, busy as he was, carefully pocket the Epictetus he had been reading the night before. M. Papalier was reading, while Thérèse was making packages of comforts for him. He observed the boy and girl and when he found that the books they took were for their father, he muttered over the volume he held,

“ Bayou was a fool to allow it. I always told him so. When our negroes get to read like so many gentlemen, no wonder the world is turned upside down.”

“ Do your negroes read, M. Papalier ?” asked Isaac.

“ No, indeed ! not one of them.”

“ Where are they all, then ?”

Aimée put in her word.

“ Why do they not take care of you, as father did of M. Bayou ?”

WHITHER AWAY?

CHAPTER IV.

WHITHER AWAY?

M. PAPALIER did not much relish the idea of roosting in a tree for the night; especially as, on coming down in the morning, there would be no friend or helper near, to care for or minister to him. Habitually and thoroughly as he despised the negroes, he preferred travelling in their company to hiding among the monkeys; and he therefore decided at once to do as Toussaint concluded he would,—accompany him to the Spanish frontier.

The river Massacre, the boundary at the north between the French and Spanish portions of the island, was about thirty miles distant from Breda. These thirty miles must be traversed between sunset and sunrise. Three or four horses, and two mules which were left on the plantation, were sufficient for the conveyance of the women, boys, and

girls; and Placide ran, of his own accord, to M. Papalier's deserted stables, and brought thence a saddled horse for the gentleman, who was less able than the women to walk thirty miles in the course of a tropical summer's night.

"What will your Spanish friends think of our bringing so many women and children to their post?" said Papalier to Toussaint, as soon as they were on their way. "They will not think you worth having, with all the incumbrances you carry."

"I shall carry none," said Toussaint.

"What do you mean to do with your wife and children?"

"I shall put them in a safe place by the way.—For your own sake, M. Papalier, I must ask you what you mean to do in the Spanish post;—republican as you are. You know the Spaniards are allies of the king of France."

"They are allies of France, and will doubtless receive any honourable French gentleman," said Papalier confidently, though Toussaint's question only echoed a doubt which he had already spoken to himself. "You are acting so like a friend to me here, Toussaint, that I cannot suppose you will

do me mischief there, by any idle tales about the past."

"I will not; but I hear that the Marquis d'Hermona knows the politics of every gentleman in the colony. If there have been any tales abroad of speeches of yours against the king, or threats, or acts of rebellion, the Marquis d'Hermona knows them all."

"I have taken less part in politics than most of my neighbours; and Hermona knows that, if he knows the rest. But what shall I do with Thérèse, if your women stop short on the way? Could you make room for her with them?"

"Not with them, but——"

"My good fellow, this is no time for fancies. I am sorry to see you set your girls above their condition and their neighbours. There is no harm about poor Thérèse. Indeed, she is very well educated; I have had her well taught; and they might learn many things from her, if you really wish them to be superior. She is not a bit the worse for being a favourite of mine; and it will be their turn soon to be somebody's favourites, you know.—And that before long, depend upon it," he continued, turning on his saddle to look for Génifrède and Aimée-

"They are fine girls,—very fine girls for their age."

When he turned again, Toussaint was no longer beside his horse. He was at the head of the march.

"What a sulky fellow he is!" muttered the planter, with a smile. "The airs of these people are curious enough. They take upon them to despise Thérèse, who has more beauty than all his tribe, and almost as much education as the learned Toussaint himself."

He called to the sulky fellow, however, and the sulky fellow came. What Papalier wanted to say was:—

"You seem to know more of these Spaniards than I. What will become of Thérèse, if I take her among them; which, you see, you oblige me to do?"

"I proposed to her," said Toussaint, "to leave her with some of our people near Fort Dauphin."

"Fort Egalité, you mean. That is its present name, you know. So you asked her! Why did not you speak to me about it? It is my affair, not hers."

"I thought it her affair. She will not remain

behind, however. She begged me to say nothing to you about her leaving you."

"Indeed! I will soon settle that." And the planter immediately overtook the horse on which sat Thérèse, with her infant on her arm. Thérèse smiled as she saw him coming; but the first few words he said to her covered her face with tears. Blinded by these tears, she guided her horse among the tough aloes which grew along the border of the bridle-path, and the animal stumbled, nearly jerking the infant from her arm. Her master let her get over the difficulty as she might, while he rode on in the midst of the green track.

Placide disdained to ride. He strode along, singing in a low voice, with a package on his shoulders, and his path marked by the fire-flies, which flew round his head, or settled on his woollen cap. Isaac had made Aimée happy, by getting on her mule. Génifrède heard from the direction in which they were, sometimes smothered laughter, but, for the most part, a never-ending, low murmur of voices, as if they were telling one another interminable stories. Génifrède never could make out what Isaac and Aimée could be for ever talking about. She wondered that they could talk now,

when every monkey-voice from the wood, every click of a frog from the ponds, every buzz of insects from the citron-hedge, struck fear into her. She did not ask Placide to walk beside her horse; but she kept near that on which her mother rode, behind Denis, who held a cart-whip, which he was forbidden to crack—an accomplishment which he had learned from the driver of the plantation.

It soon became clear that Jean had made active use of the hours since he parted from Toussaint. He must have sent messengers in many directions; for, from beneath the shadow of every cacao grove, from under the branches of many a clump of bamboos, from the recess of a ravine here—from the mouth of a green road there, beside the brawling brook, or from their couch among the canes, appeared negroes, singly or in groups, ready to join the travelling party. Among all these, there were no women and children. They had been safely bestowed somewhere; and these men now regarded themselves as soldiers, going to the camp of the allies, to serve against their old masters on behalf of the King. “Vive le Roi, et l’ancien régime!” was the word, as each detachment joined;—a word most irritating to Papalier, who thought to himself

many times during this night, that he would have put all to hazard on his own estate, rather than have undertaken this march, if he had known that he was to be one of a company of negroes, gathering like the tempest in its progress, and uttering at every turning, as if in mockery of himself, "Vive le Roi, et l'ancien régime!" He grew very cross, while quite sensible of the necessity of appearing in a good mood to every one—except, indeed, poor Thérèse.

"We are free—this is freedom!" said Toussaint more than once, as he laid his hand on the bridle of his wife's horse, and seemed incapable of uttering any other words. He looked up at the towering trees, as if measuring with his eye the columnar palms, which appeared to those in their shade as if crowned with stars. He glanced into the forests, with an eye which, to Margot, appeared as if it could pierce through darkness itself. He raised his face in the direction of the central mountain-peaks, round which the white lightning was exploding from moment to moment; and Margot saw that tears were streaming on his face—the first tears she had known him shed for years. "We are free—this is freedom!" he repeated, as he took off his

cap; "but, thank God! we have the King for our master now."

"You will come and see us," said she. "We shall see you sometimes while you are serving the king."

"Yea." He was called away by another accession of numbers, a party of four who ran down among them from a mountain path. Toussaint brushed away his unwonted tears, and went forward, hearing a well-known voice inquire for Toussaint Breda.

"Here I am, Jacques!" he exclaimed, in some surprise, as he addressed himself to a short, stout-built young negro. "You are the first townsman among us, Jacques. Where is old Dessalines?"

"Here is my master," said Jacques.

"Not the better for being a master," said the old tiler, who was himself a negro. "I found myself no safer than Jacques in the town; so I came away with him, and we have been among the rocks all day, tired enough."

"Have not you a horse for him?" asked Jacques. Toussaint stepped back, to desire Aimée and Isaac to give up their mule to Dessalines; but before it was done, Dessalines was mounted on Papalier's horse. Jacques had told Papalier, on finding that he had not been walking at all, that his horse was

wanted, and Papalier had felt all the danger of refusing to yield it up. He was walking moodily by the side of Thérèse, when Toussaint offered him the mule, which he haughtily declined.

When Dessalines was mounted, Jacques came running forward to Toussaint, to ask and to tell much concerning their singular circumstances.

“Your party is too noisy,” said he. “The whole country is up: and I saw, not far off, two hours ago, a party that were bringing ammunition from Cap. There may be more; and, if we fall in their way, with a white in company—”

“True, true.” And Toussaint turned back to command silence. He told every one that the safety of all might depend on the utmost possible degree of quietness being observed. He separated Isaac from Aimée, as the only way of obtaining silence from them, and warned the merry blacks in the rear that they must be still as death. He and Jacques, however, exchanged a few more words in a low whisper, as they kept in advance of the party.

“How do they get ammunition from Cap?” asked Toussaint. “Have they a party in the town? I thought the town negroes had been sent on board ship.”

“The suspected ones are. They are the silly and the harmless who have still wit and mischief enough to give out powder and ball slyly for the plantation negroes. Once over the river, what will you do with your party?”

“My wife and children will be safe with my brother Paul;—you know he fishes on the coast, opposite the Seven Brothers. I shall enter the Spanish ranks; and every one else here will do as he thinks proper.”

“Do not you call yourself a commander, then? Why do you not call us your regiment, and take the command as a matter of course, as Jean has done?”

“If it is desired, I am ready. Hark!”

There was evidently a party at some distance, numerous and somewhat noisy, and on the approach from behind. Toussaint halted his party, quickly whispered his directions, and withdrew them with all speed and quietness within the black shade of a cacao plantation, on the left of the road. They had to climb an ascent; but there they found a green recess, so canopied with interwoven branches that no light could enter from the stars, and so bedged in by the cacao plants, growing twelve feet

high among the trees, that the party could hardly have been seen from the road in broad daylight. There they stood crowded together in utter darkness and stillness, unless, as Génifrède feared, the beating of her heart might be heard above the hum of the mosquito, or the occasional rustle of the foliage.

The approaching troop came on, tramping, and sometimes singing and shouting. Those in the covert knew not whether most to dread a shouting which should agitate their horses, or a silence which might betray a movement on their part. This last seemed the most probable. The noise subsided ; and when the troop was close at hand, only a stray voice or two was singing. They had with them two or three trucks, drawn by men, on which were piled barrels of ammunition. They were now very near. Whether it was that Thérèse, in fear of her infant crying, pressed it so close to her bosom as to awaken it, or whether the rumbling and tramping along the road roused its sleeping ear,—the child stirred, and began what promised to be a long shrill wawl, if it had not been stopped. How it was stopped, the trembling, sickening mother herself did not know. She only knew that

a strong hand wrenched the child from her grasp in the black darkness, and that all was still, unless, as she then and ever after had a shuddering apprehension, there was something of a slight gurgle which reached her strained ear. Her own involuntary moan was stopped almost before it became a sound,—stopped by a tap on the shoulder, whose authoritative touch she well knew.

No one else stirred for long after the troop had passed. Then Toussaint led his wife's horse down into the road again, and the party resumed their march, as if nothing had happened.

“My child!” said Thérèse, fearfully. “Give me my child!” She looked about, and saw that no one seemed to have the infant.

“I will not let it cry,” she said. “Give me back my child!”

“What is it?” asked Papalier, coming beside her horse. She told her grief, as she prepared to spring down.

“No, keep your seat! Don't get down,” said he, in a tone she dared not disobey. “I will inquire for the child.”

He went away, and returned—without it.

“This a sad thing,” said he, leading her horse

forward with the rest. "No one knows anything about the poor thing. Why did you let it go?"

"Have you asked them all? Who snatched it from me? O, ask who took it! Let me look for it. I will,—I will——"

"It is too late now. We cannot stop or turn back. These sad accidents will happen at such times."

"Leave me behind—O, leave me in the wood! I can follow when I have found it. Leave me behind!"

"I cannot spare you, my dear. I should never see you again, and I cannot spare you. It is sad enough to have lost the child."

"It was your child," said she, pleadingly.

"And you are mine too, my dear. I cannot spare you both."

Thérèse had never felt before. All that had moved her during her yet short life—all emotions in one were nothing to the passion of this moment—the conditional hatred that swelled her soul;—conditional—for, from moment to moment, she believed and disbelieved that Papalier had destroyed her child. The thought sometimes occurred that he was not the only cruel one. No one seemed to pity

or care for her—not even Margot or the girls came near her. She more than once was about to seek and appeal to them: but her master held her bridle, and would not permit her to stop or turn, saying occasionally that the lives of all depended on perfect quiet and order in the march. When they arrived at the cross, at the junction of four roads, they halted, and there she told her story, and was convinced that the grieved women knew nothing of her loss till that moment. It was too late now for anything but compassion.

Jean Français soon appeared with a troop so numerous, that all necessity for caution and quiet was over. They could hardly meet an equal force, during the remainder of the march, and might safely make the forests and ravines echo to their progress. Jean took off his cocked hat, in saluting Toussaint, and commended his punctuality and his arrangements.

“Jean always admires what my husband does,” observed Margot to her acquaintance Jacques. “You hear how he is praising him for what he has done to-night.”

“To be sure. Everybody praises Toussaint Breda,” replied Jacques.

The wife laughed with delight.

“Everybody praises him but me,” pursued Jacques. “I find fault with him sometimes; and to-night particularly.”

“Then you are wrong, Jacques. You know you have everybody against you.”

“Time will show that I am right. Time will show the mischief of sending away any whites to do us harm in far countries.”

“O, you do not blame him for helping away M. Bayou!”

“Yes, I do.”

“Why, we have been under him ever since we were children—and a kind youth he was then. And he taught my husband to read, and made him his coachman; and then he made him overseer; and he has always indulged the children, and always bought my young guinea-fowl, and—”

“I know that. All that will not prevent the mischief of helping him away. Toussaint ought to have seen that if we send our masters to all the four sides of the world, they will bring the world down upon us.”

“Perhaps Toussaint did see it,” said the man himself, from the other side of his wife’s horse.

“ But he saw another thing too—that any whites who staid would be murdered.”

“ That is true enough: and murdered they ought to be. They are a race of tyrants and rebels that our warm island hates.”

“ Nobody hated M. Bayou,” said Margot.

“ Yes, I did. Every one who loves the blacks hates the whites.”

“ I think not,” said Toussaint. “ At least, it is not so with Him who made them both. He is pleased with mercy, Jacques, and not with murder.”

Jacques laughed, and muttered something about the priests having been brought in by the whites for a convenience; to which Toussaint merely replied that it was not a priest, nor an ally of white masters, who forgave his enemies on the cross.

“ Father,” said Placide, joining the group, “ why is Jean commanding your march? He speaks to you as if you were under him.”

“ Because he considers it his march.”

“ He praised your father,—very much, Placide,” said his mother.

“ Yes,—just as if my father was under him,—as if the march were not ours. We began it.”

“ I command those who began it,—that is, my

own family, Placide. I command you to obey Jean, while you are with him. On the other side the river, you shall be commander, all the way to your uncle's house. You will follow his lead, Margot?"

"O! yes, if he leads straight. Jean is a commander, Placide. Look at his cocked hat."

"And he calls himself commander-in-chief of the armies of France."

"In St. Domingo. Well, so he is," said Toussaint, smiling, and pointing to the troop. "Here are the armies of the king of France in St. Domingo; and here Jean commands."

At this moment, Jean made proclamation for Toussaint Breda; and Toussaint joined him, leaving his wife saying, "You see he wants my husband at every turn. I am sure he thinks a great deal of my husband."

"Toussaint," said Jean, "I shall introduce you to the Marquis d'Hermona, and I have no doubt he will give you a command."

"I shall introduce myself to him, Jean."

"But he will be expecting you. He will receive you according to my report,—as a man of ability, and a most valuable officer. I sent messengers

forward to tell him of my approach with reinforcements ; and I gave a prodigious report of you."

" Still I shall speak for myself, Jean."

" What I now have to ask of you is, that you will dress like an officer,—like me. The uniform is, on the whole, of no great consequence at this season, when the whites wear all the linen, and as little cloth as they can. But the hat, Toussaint—the hat ! You will not show yourself to the Marquis d'Hermona in a cap ! For my sake, do not show yourself till you have procured a cocked hat."

" Where did you get yours, Jean ?"

Jean could only say that it was from one who would never want it again.

" We will go as we are," said Toussaint. " You look like a commander, as you are ;—and I look like what I am, Toussaint Breda."

" But he will not believe what I shall say of you, if he sees a mere common negro."

" Then let him disbelieve, till I have shown what I am.—We shall find daylight on the other side this ridge."

• They had been for some time ascending the ridge which lies north and south between Fort

Dauphin and the river Massacre, the Spanish boundary. In the covert of the woods which clothed the slope, all was yet darkness; but when the travellers could catch a glimpse upwards through the interwoven branches, they saw that the stars were growing pale, and that the heavens were filling with a yellower light. On emerging from the woods on the summit of the ridge, they found that morning was indeed come, though the sun was not yet visible. There was a halt, as if the troops now facing the east would wait for his appearance. To the left, where the ridge sank down into the sea, lay Mancenille Bay, whose dark grey waters, smooth as glass, they rolled in upon the shore, began to show lines of light along their swell. A dim sail or two, small and motionless, told that the fishermen were abroad. From this bay, the river Massacre led the eye along the plain which lay under the feet of the troops, and between this ridge and another, darkly wooded, which bounded the valley to the east; while to the south-east, the view was closed in by the mass of peaks of the Cibao group of mountains. At the first moment, these peaks, rising eight thousand feet from the plain, appeared hard, cold, and grey, between

the white clouds that encumbered their middle height and the kindling sky. But from moment to moment their aspect softened. The grey melted into lilac, yellow, and a faint blushing red, till the stark, barren crags appeared bathed in the hues of the soft yielding clouds which opened to let forth the sun. The mists were then seen to be stirring,—rising, curling, sailing, rolling, as if the breezes were imprisoned among them, and struggling to come forth. The breezes came, and, as it seemed, from those peaks. The woods bent before them at one sweep. The banyan-tree, a grove in itself, trembled through all its leafy columns, and shook off its dews in a wide circle, like the return shower of a playing fountain. Myriads of palms which covered the uplands, till now still as a sleeping host beneath the stars, bowed their plumed heads as the winds went forth, and shook off dews and slumber from the gorgeous parasitic beauties which they sustained. With the first ray that the sun levelled among the woods, these matted creepers shook their flowery festoons, their twined green ropes, studded with opening blossoms and bells, more gay than the burnished insects and gorgeous birds which flitted among their tangles. In the

plain, the river no longer glimmered grey through the mists, but glittered golden among the meadows, upon which the wild cattle were descending from the clefts of the hills. Back to the north the river led the eye, past the cluster of hunters' huts on the margin,—past the post where the Spanish flag was flying, and whence the early drum was sounding,—past a slope of arrowy ferns here, a grove of lofty cocoa-nut trees there, once more to the bay, now diamond-strewn, and rocking on its bosom the boats, whose sails were now specks of light in contrast with the black islets of the Seven Brothers, which caught the eye as if just risen from the sea.

“No windmills here! No cattle-mills!” the negroes were heard saying to one another. “No canes, no sugar-houses, no teams, no overseers' houses, no overseers! By God, it is a fine place, this! So we are going down there to be soldiers to the king! Those cattle are wild, and yonder are the hunters going out! By God, it is a fine place!”

In somewhat different ways, every one present, but Papalier and Thérèse, was indulging the same mood of thought. There was a wildness in the scene which made the heart beat high with

the sense of freedom. For some the emotion seemed too strong. Toussaint pointed out to his boys the path on the other side of the river which would lead them to the point of the shore nearest to Paul's hut, instructed them how to find or make a habitation for their mother and sisters till he could visit them, gave his wife a letter to his brother, and, except to bid his family a brief farewell for a brief time, spoke no more till he reached the Spanish post, and inquired for the general.

Jean stepped before him into the general's presence, taking possession of the centre of the green space before the tent, where the Marquis d'Hermona was enjoying the coolness of the morning. After having duly declared his own importance, and announced the accession of numbers he was likely to bring, Jean proceeded to extol Toussaint as one of the valuables he had brought. After apologising for his friend's want of a cocked hat, he proceeded to exhibit his learning, declaring that he had studied Plutarch, Cæsar's Commentaries, Epictetus, Marshal Saxe's Military Reveries, . . .

Here he was stopped by the grasp of Toussaint's hand upon his arm. Toussaint told the general that he came alone, without chief and without

followers; the few men who had left Breda with him having ranged themselves with the force of Jean Français. He came alone to offer the strength of his arm, on behalf of his king, to the allies of royalist France.

The Spanish soldiers, who glittered all around in their arms and bright uniform, looked upon the somewhat gaunt negro, in his plantation-dress, dusty with travel, and his woollen cap in hand, and thought, probably, that the king of France would not be much aided by such an ally. It is probable; for a smile went round, in which Jean joined. It is probable that the Marquis d'Hermona thought differently; for he said,

“The strength of your arm! Good! And the strength of your head too, I hope. We get more arms than heads from your side of the frontier. Is it true that you have studied the art of war?”

“I have studied it in books.”

“Very well. We want officers for our black troops,—all we can raise, in the present crisis. You will have the rank of colonel in a regiment to be immediately organised. Are you content?”

Toussaint signified his assent, and orders were given for a tent to be prepared for his present

repose. He looked around, as if for some one whom he did not see. On being asked, he said that if there was at the post a priest who spoke French, he could wish to converse with him.

"Laxabon understands French, I think," said the marquis to a gentleman of his staff. The aide assented.

"Your excellent desire shall be gratified," said the general. "I doubt not Father Laxabon will presently visit you in your tent."

Father Laxabon had heard rumours of the horrors perpetrated in the French colony within the last two nights. On being told that his attendance was eagerly desired by a fugitive negro, he recoiled for a moment from what he might have to hear.

When he entered the tent, he found Toussaint alone, on the ground, his bosom bursting with deep and thick-coming sobs.

"How is this, my son?" said the priest. "Is this grief, or is it penitence?"

"I am free," said Toussaint, "and I am an oppression to myself. I did not seek freedom. I was at ease, and did not desire it, seeing how men abuse their freedom."

“You must not, then, abuse your freedom, my son,” said the priest, wholly relieved.

“How shall I appear before God,—I who have ever been guided, and who know not whether I can guide myself,—my master gone,—my employment gone,—and I, by his will, a free man, but unprepared, unfit?—Receive my confession, father, and guide me from this time.”

“Willingly, my son. He who has appointed a new lot to you, will enable me to guide you in it.”

The tent was closed; and Toussaint kneeled to relieve his full heart from its new sense of freedom, by subjecting himself to a task-master of the soul.

CHAPTER V.

GRIEFS OF THE LOYAL.

MARGOT doubted much, at the end of the first week, and at the end of every following week, whether she liked freedom. Margot had had few cares during the many years that she had lived under the mild rule of M. Bayou,—her husband faithful and kind, and her children provided for without present anxiety on her part. Thoughts of the future would, it is true, occasionally trouble her, as she knew they weighed heavily on her husband's mind. When she saw Génifrède growing up, handsome in her parents' eyes, and so timid and reserved that her father sometimes said he wondered whether any one would ever know her mind better than her own family did,—when Margot looked upon Génifrède, and considered that her lot in life depended on the will of M. Bayou, she shuddered to think what it might be. When M. Bayou told

Génifrède that she was well coiffée, or that he wished she would show the other girls among the house-negroes how to make their Sunday gowns sit like hers, Génifrède invariably appeared not to hear; and often walked away in the midst of the speech; and then her mother could not but wonder how she would conduct herself whenever the day should come that must come, when (as there was no one on the Breda estate whom Génifrède liked, or would associate with) M. Bayou should bring some one to their cottage, and desire Génifrède to marry him. When Margot looked upon her sons, and upon Aimée, now so inseparable from Isaac, and considered that their remaining together depended not only on M. Bayou's will, but on his life, she trembled lest the day should be at hand when Placide might be carried away northward, and Isaac eastward, and poor Aimée left desolate. Such had been the mother's passing cares in the situation in which nothing had been wanting to her immediate comfort. Now, amidst the perplexities of her new settlement, she was apt to forget that she had formerly had any cares.

Where to house the party had been the first difficulty. But for old Dessalines, who, being no

soldier, had chosen to hide himself in the same retreat with them, they would hardly have had good shelter before the rains. Paul had received them kindly; but Paul's kindness was of a somewhat indolent sort; and it was doubtful whether he would have proceeded beyond looking round his hut, and lamenting that it was no bigger; if his spirited son Moyse, a fine lad of sixteen, had not been there to do something more effectual, in finding the place and the materials for the old tiler to begin his work. It was Moyse who convinced the whole party from the plain that a hut of bamboo and palm-leaves would fall in an hour before one of the hail-storms of this rocky coast; and that it would not do to build on the sands, lest some high tide should wash them all away in the night. It was Moyse who led his cousins to the part of the beach where portions of wrecks were most likely to be found, and who lent the strongest hand to remove such beams and planks as Dessalines wanted for his work. A house large enough to hold the family was soon covered in. It looked well, perched on a platform of rock, and seeming to nestle in a recess of the huge precipices which rose behind it. It looked well, as Dessalines could obtain neither of

his favourite paints to smear it with. It stood, neither red nor blue, but nearly the colour of the rocks, against which it leaned, and thatched with palm-leaves, which projected so far as to throw off the rains, even to a depth below.

Paul provided fish—as much as his relations chose to have: but the young people chose to have many other things, under the guidance of Moÿse; and here lay their mother's daily care. She believed that both boys and girls ran into a thousand dangers, and no one would help her to restrain them. Paul had always let Moÿse have his own way; and Dessalines, when he had brought in drift-wood for her fires, which he daily chose to do, lay down in the sun, when the sun shone, and before the fire when the clouds gathered, and slept away the hours Paul wanted help in his fishing; and it was commonly Isaac who went with him; for Isaac was more fond of boating than rambling. Where Isaac was, there was Aimée. She gave no contemptible help in drawing in the nets; and when the fish was landed, she and Isaac sat for hours among the mangoes which bordered the neighbouring cove, under pretence of cleaning the fish, or of mending the nets, or of watching the cranes which stalked about

the sands. Sometimes, in order to be yet more secure from disturbance, the brother and sister would put off again, when they had landed Paul with his prize, and get upon the coral reef, half a mile off—in calm weather collecting the shell-fish which were strewed there in multitudes, and watching the while the freaks and sports of the dolphins in the clear depths around; and in windy weather sitting in the midst of the spray, which was dashed over them from the heavy seas outside. Many times in a morning or evening did Margot look out from her door-way, and see their dusky forms upon the reef, now sitting motionless in talk, now stooping for muscles and crabs, and never till the last moment in the boat, on their way home. Sometimes Denis was with them—sometimes with her—but oftener with the party led by Moyse.

Moyse had first enticed Génifrède up the rocks behind their dwelling, to get grass for hammocks, and to make matting for the floors. Almost from the first day, it appeared as if Génifrède's fears all melted away in the presence of Moyse; and her mother became sure of this when, after grass enough had been procured, Génifrède continued to accompany Placide and Moyse in their almost daily ex-

peditions, for sporting and pleasure. They brought guanas, tender young monkeys, and cocoa-nuts from the wood, wild kids from the rock, delicate ducks from the mountain-ponds, and sometimes a hog or a calf from the droves and herds which flourished in the rich savannahs on the southern side, on which they looked down from their ridge. In the joy of seeing her children home again, gladsome as they were, and feeling that they brought plenty and luxury into her cottage, Margot kept her cares to herself, from day to day, and did not interfere with their proceedings. She sometimes thought she was foolish, and always was glad to see them enjoying their freedom; but still, she felt doubtful whether she herself had not been happier at Breda. The only time when her heart was completely at ease and exulting was when Toussaint came to see his family, to open his heart to his wife, and to smile away her troubles. Her heart exulted when she saw him cross the ridge, with a mounted private behind him, urge his horse down the ascent, gallop along the sands to the foot of the rocks, throw the bridle to his attendant, and mount to the platform, looking up as he approached, to see whether she was on the watch. She was always on the watch.

She liked to admire his uniform, and to hear his sword clatter as he walked. She liked to see him looking more important, more dignified, than Bayou or Papalier had ever appeared in her eyes. Then, her heart was always full of thoughts about their children, which he was as anxious to hear as she to tell: and he was the only one from whom she could learn anything of what was going on in the world, or of what prospects lay before themselves. He brought news from France, from Cap and the plain, and, after a while, from America—that M. Bayou was settled at Baltimore, where he intended to remain till, as he said, the pacification of the colony should enable him to return to Breda. There was no fear, as Toussaint always found, but that Margot would be looking out for him.

The tidings he brought were never very joyous, and often sad enough. He said little of his personal cares; but Margot gathered that he found it difficult to keep on good terms with Jean. Once he had resigned his rank of Colonel, and had assumed an office of which Jean could not be jealous,—that of physician to the forces,—an office for which he was qualified by an early and extensive acquaintance with the common diseases of the country, and

the natural remedies provided by its soil. When the Marquis d'Hermona had insisted upon his resuming his command, as the best officer the negro forces could boast, Jean had purposed to arrest him on some frivolous charge, and the foolish act had only been prevented by a frank and strong remonstrance from his old friend. All this time, Toussaint's military successes had been great: and his name now struck such awe into the lawless forces of the insurgent blacks, that it was unnecessary for him to shed their blood. He held the post of Marmalade, and from thence was present with such unheard-of rapidity of march, wherever violence was expected, that the spirit of outrage throughout the colony was, at length, kept in check. This peaceful mode of standing by the rights of the king was more acceptable to the gentle Toussaint than the warfare by which he had gained his power over his own race; but he knew well that things could not go on as they were,—that order of some kind must be established,—order which could be reached only through a fierce final struggle: and of what nature this order was to be, depended wholly upon the turn which affairs took in Europe.

He rarely brought good news from abroad. His

countenance always grew sad when Margot asked what ships had arrived from France since his last visit. First, he had to tell her that the people of Paris had met in the Champ de Mars, and demanded the dethronement of the king; then, that Danton had audaciously informed the representatives of France that their refusal to declare the throne vacant would be the signal for a general insurrection. After this, no national calamity could surprise the loyal colonists, Toussaint said; for the fate of Louis as a king, if not as a man, was decided. Accordingly, there followed humiliations, deposition, imprisonment, during which little could be known of the mind, and even of the condition of the king: and those who would have served him remained in anxious suspense.

It happened, one warm day in the spring, when every trace of the winter hail-storms had passed away, that the whole party were amusing themselves in trying to collect enough of the ripening sea-side grape for a feast. The bright round leaves were broad and abundant; but the clusters of the fruit were yet only of a pale yellow, and a berry here and there was all that was fit for gathering. The grape-gathering was little more than a pre-

tence for basking in the sun, or for lounging in the shade of the abundant verdure, which seemed to have been sown by the hurricane, and watered by the wintry surf, so luxuriantly did it spring from the sands and the salt waves. The stately manchineel overhung the tide; the mangroves sprang out of the waters; the sea-side grape overspread the sands with a thick green carpet, and kept them cool; so that as the human foot sought the spot, the glittering lizards forsook it, and darted away to seek the hot face of the rock. For full half a mile this patch of verdure spread; and over this space were dispersed Margot and her household, when Toussaint crossed the ridge, on one of his frequent visits. As he descended, he heard laughter and singing; and among the singing voices the cracked pipe of old Dessalines. Toussaint grieved to interrupt this mirth, and to think that he must leave dull and sad those whom he found so gay. But he came with bad news, and on a mournful errand, and there was no help for it.

As he pricked on his horse towards the party, the young people set up a shout, and began to run towards him, but stopped short on seeing how unusually large a train he brought. Five or six

mounted soldiers, instead of one, followed him this time, and they led several horses.

“O, you are come to take us home!” cried Margot, joyfully, as she met him.

He shook his head as he replied,

“No, Margot, not yet. But the time may come.”

“I wish you could tell us when it would come,” said Dessalines. “It is all very well gathering these things, and calling them grapes, for want of better; but give me the grapes that yield one wine. I wonder who has been gathering the grapes from my trellis all this time, while the whole rainy season through, not a drop did I taste? I wish you had left your revolutions and nonsense till after my time, that I might have sat under my own vine, and my own fig-tree, as the priest says, till the end of my days.”

“Indeed, I wish so too, Dessalines. But you shall have some wine.”

“Ay, send us some. Jacques will tell you what I like. Don't forget, Toussaint Breda. They talk of palm-wine in the season; but I do not believe we shall get any worth drinking from the palms hereabouts.”

“What is the matter with our palms?” cried Moyses, firing up for the honour of the northern coast. “I will get you a cabbage for dinner every day for a month to come,” he added, moderating his tone under his uncle’s eye,—“every day, till you say that our palms, too, are as good as any you have in the plain: and as for palm-wine, when the season comes—”

“No, let me,—let me cut the cabbage!” cried Denis. “I can climb as quick as a monkey now,—a hundred feet in two minutes. Let me climb the palmeto, Moyses.”

“First take back my horse to those soldiers, my boy,” said his father, setting Denis upon his horse, “and then let us all sit down here in the shade.”

“All those horses,” said Margot, anxiously; “what is to be done with them to-day? There are so many!”

“They will return presently,” replied her husband. “I am not going to stay with you to-day. And, Margot, I shall take the lads with me, if they are disposed to go.”

“The lads! my boys!”

“Yes,” said Toussaint, throwing himself down in the shade. “Our country and its people are

orphaned ; and the youngest of us must now make himself a soldier, that he may be ready for any turn of affairs which Providence may appoint. Do you hear, my boys ?”

“ Yes, father,” answered Placide, in an earnest tone.

“ They have then murdered the king !” asked Margot ; “ or did he die of his imprisonment ?”

“ They brought him to trial, and executed him. The apes plucked down the evening-star, and quenched it. We have no king. We and our country are orphaned.”

After a pause, Paul said :—

“ It is enough to make one leave one's fishing, and take up a gun.”

“ I rejoice to hear you say so, brother,” said Toussaint.

“ Then, father, you will let me go,” cried Moyse. “ You will give me your gun, and let me go to the camp.”

“ Yes, Moyse : rather you than I. You are a stout lad now, and I know nothing of camps. You shall take the gun, and I will stay and fish.”

“ Leave your father his gun, if he chooses to

remain, Moyse. We will find arms for you. Placide ! Isaac !” he continued, looking from the one to the other of his sons.

“ And Denis,” cried the boy, placing himself directly in his father’s eye, as he returned breathless from the discharge of his errand.

“ Yes, my boy, by-and-by, when you are as strong as Placide. You shall come to the camp when we want you.”

“ I will go to-day, father,” said Placide.

“ What to do ?” said Isaac. “ I do not understand.”

Other eyes besides Aimée’s were fixed on Tous-saint’s face, in anxiety for his reply.

“ I do not know, my son, what we are to do next. When the parent of a nation dies, it may take some time to decide what is the duty of those who feel themselves bereaved. All I now am sure of is, that it cannot but be right for my children to be fitted to serve their country in any way that they may find to be appointed. I wish to train you to arms, and the time has come. Do not you think so ?”

Isaac made no direct reply, and Aimée had strong hopes that he was prepared with some wise,

unanswerable reason for remaining where he was. Meantime, his father proceeded,—

“In all that I have done, in all that I now say, I have the sanction of Father Laxabon.”

“Then all is right, we may be sure,” said Margot. “I have no doubt you would be right, if you had not Father Laxabon to consult; but if he thinks you right, everything must be done as you wish. My boys,” pursued the tearful mother, “you must go with your father: you hear Father Laxabon thinks so.”

“Do you think so?” whispered Aimée to Isaac.

He pressed her arm, which was within his, in token of silence, while his father went on:

“You heard the proclamation I sent out among our people a few weeks ago.”

“Yes,” said Placide; “that in which you tell them that you prefer serving with Spaniards who own a king, than with French who own none.”

“Yes. I have had to make the same declaration to the two commissaries who have arrived at Cap under orders from the regicides at Paris. These commissaries have to-day invited me to their standard by promises of favour and consideration.”

“What do they promise us?” asked Margot eagerly.

“Nothing that we can accept. I have written a letter in reply, saying that I cannot yield myself to the will of any member of the nation, seeing that, since nations began, obedience has been due only to kings. We have lost the king of France; but we are beloved by the monarch of Spain, who faithfully rewards our services, and never intermits his protection and indulgence. Thus, I cannot acknowledge the authority of these commissaries till they shall have enthroned a king. Such is the letter which, guided by Father Laxabon, I have written.”

“It is a beautiful letter, I am sure,” said Margot. “Is it not, Paul?”

“I don’t doubt Father Laxabon is right,” said Dessalines; “only, I do not see the use of having a king, if people are turned out of house and home for being loyal,—as we all are. If we had not cared anything about the king’s quarrel, we might have been under our vines at home, as I have often said before.”

“And how would it have been with us here?” said Toussaint, laying his hand on his breast

“Put your hand a little lower, and I say it would have been all the better for us,” said the old negro, laughing, “for we should not have gone without wine all this time.”

“What do you think?” Aimée, as usual, asked Isaac.

“I think it was good for my father to be loyal to the king, as long as the king lived. I think it was good for us to be living here free, with time to consider what we should do next. And I think it has happened very well that my father has shown what a soldier he is, which he could not so well have done if we had stayed at Breda.—As for Dessalines, he is best where the vines grow thickest, or where the cellars are deepest. It is a pity he should have taken upon him to be loyal.”

“And what do you think of going to the camp with my father? Look at Moyses,—how delighted he is!”

Moyse certainly did look possessed with joy. He was rapidly telling all his warlike intentions to Génifrède, who was looking in his face with a countenance of fear and grief.

“You think nothing of us,” she cried at length, giving way to a passion of tears. “We have been

so happy here, all together ; and now you are glad to go, and leave us behind. You will go and fight, without caring for us,—you will be killed in this horrid war, and we shall never see you again,—we shall never know what has become of you.”

Moyse's military fire was instantly quenched. It immediately appeared to him the greatest of miseries to have to leave his cousins. He assured Génifrède he could not really intend to go. He had only been fancying what a war with the white masters would be. He hated the whites, heartily ; but he loved this place much more. Placide and Isaac might go, but he would stay. Nothing should part him from those he loved best.

Toussaint was not unmindful of what was passing. Génifrède's tones of distress, and Moyse's protestations, all reached his ear. He turned, and gently drew his daughter towards him.

“ My child,” said he, “ we are no longer what we have been,—slaves, whose strength is in the will of their masters. We are free ; and to be free requires a strong heart, in women as well as in men. When M. Bayou was our master, we rose and slept every day alike, and went out to our work, and came in to our food, without having to think of

anything beyond. Now we are free, and God has raised us to the difficult duties which we have always revered in the whites. We men must leave our homes to live in camps, and, if necessary, to fight: and you, women and girls, must make it easy for us to do our duty. You must be willing to see us go,—glad to spare us,—and you must pray to God that we may not return till our duty is done.”

“I cannot. I shall not,” Génifrède muttered to herself, as she cast down her eyes under her father’s compassionate gaze. He looked towards Aimée, who answered, with tearful eyes,

“Yes, father. They must go; and we will not hinder them; but they will soon be back, will not they?”

“That depends on how soon we can make good soldiers of them,” said he, cheerfully. “Come, Moyses, have you changed your mind again? or will you stay and plait hammocks, while my boys are trained to arms?”

“I shall not stay behind, if the others go. But why should not we all go together? I am sure there is room enough in yonder valley for all the people on this coast.”

“Room enough: but my family are better beside your father than among soldiers and the hunters of the mountains. Stay with them, or go with me. Shoot ducks, and pick up shell-fish here, or go with me, and prepare to be General Moyse, some day.”

Moyse looked as if he would have knocked his uncle down, at the supposition that he would stay to pick up shell-fish. He could not but laugh, however, at hearing himself greeted as General Moyse by all the boys: and even Génifrède smiled.

Margot moved sighing towards the rocks, to put up for her boys such comforts as she could muster, and to prepare the meal which they must have before they went. Her girls went with her, and Denis shouted after them, that he was to get the cabbage from the palmeto, adding, that if they gave him a good knife, he would take it off as neatly as the Paris people took off the king. His father grasped his arm, and said,

“Never name the king, my boy, till you feel grieved that you have lost him. You do not know what you say. Remember,—never mention the king unless we ask you.”

Denis was glad to run after his cabbage. His father remembered to praise it at dinner. No one else praised or liked anything. Margot and Aimée were tearful; Génifrède was gloomy. The lads could think of nothing but the new life before them, which yet they did not like to question their father about, till they should have left the tears behind. No sooner were they past the first turn up the ridge, than they poured out their inquiries as to life in the camp, and the prospects of the war. Their eager gestures were watched by those they left behind; and there was a feeling of mortification in each woman's heart, on seeing this evidence that home was already forgotten for busier scenes. They persuaded themselves, and believed of each other, that their grief was for the fearful death of the king; and they spoke as if this had been really the case.

“We have no one to look up to now,” said Margot, sobbing; “no one to protect us. Who would have thought, when I married, how desolate we should be one day on the sea-shore,—with our master at Baltimore, and the king dead, and no king likely to come after him! What will become of us?”

“But, Margot,” interposed Dessalines, “how should we be better off at this moment, if the king were alive and flourishing at Paris?”

“How!” repeated Margot, indignantly. “Why, he would have been our protector, to be sure. He would have done some fine thing for my husband, considering what my husband has done for him. If our beloved king (on his throne) knew of my husband’s victory at Plaisance, and of his expedition to St. Marc, and of his keeping quiet all these plantations near Marmalade, and of the thousands that he has brought over from the rebels, do you think a good master like the king would have left us to pine here among the rocks, while Jean Français is boasting all day long, as if he had done everything with his own hand? No, our good king would never have let Jean Français’ wife dress herself in the best jewels the white ladies left behind, while the wife and daughters of his very best officer are living here in a hut, on a rock, with no other clothes to wear than they brought away from Breda. No, no; as my husband says, in losing the king we are orphans.”

“I can get you as good clothes as ever Jean’s wife wore, Margot,” said Paul, whose soft heart

was touched by her grief. "I can run my boat along to a place I know of, where there are silks and trinkets to be had, as well as brandy. I will bring you and the girls some pretty dresses, Margot."

"No, Paul, not here. We cannot wear them here. And we shall have no pleasure in anything, now we have lost the only one who could take care of us. And who knows whether we shall ever see our boys again?"

"Curse the war!" muttered Paul, wiping his brows.

"Mother," said Aimée, in a low voice, "have we not God to protect us still? One master may desert us, and another may die; but there is still God above all. Will not he protect us?"

"Yes, my dear. God takes care of the world; but then he takes care of our enemies as well as of us."

"Does he?" exclaimed Denis, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; ask your father if Father Laxabou does not say so. The name of God is for ever in the mouths of the whites at Cap: but they reviled the king; and, true enough, the king was altogether on our side,—we had all his protection."

“All that is a good deal changed now, I hear,” said Paul. “The whites at Cap are following the example of the rebels at Paris, and do not rely upon God, as on their side, as they used to do.”

“Will God leave off taking care of them, then?” asked Denis, “and take care only of us?”

“No,” said Aimée. “God is willing, Isaac says, to take care of all men, whether they serve him or not.”

Denis shook his head, as if he did not quite approve this.

“Our priest told Isaac,” continued Aimée, “that God sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. And do not you know that he does? When the rains come next month, will they not fall on all the plantations of the plain, as well as in the valley where the camp is? Our waterfalls will be all the fresher and brighter for the rains, and so will the springs in Cap.”

“But if he is everybody’s master, and takes care of everybody,” said Denis, “what is all this fighting about? We are not fighting for him, are we?”

“Your father is,” said Margot; “for God is always on the side of kings. Father Laxabon says so.”

The boy looked puzzled, till Aimée said:—

“ I think there would be none of this fighting if everybody tried to please God and serve him, as is due to a master,—as father did for the king. God does not wish that men should fight. So our priest at Breda told Isaac.”

“ Unless wicked rebels force them to it, as your father is forced,” said Margot.

“ I suppose so,” said Aimée, “ by Isaac’s choosing to go.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUR.

THE lads found some of the details of military training less heroic and less agreeable than they had imagined—scarcely to be compared, indeed, under either aspect, to the chase of the wild goats and search for young turtle, to which they had been of late accustomed. They had their pleasures, however, amidst the heats, toils, and laborious offices of the camp. They felt themselves men, living among men: they were young enough to throw off, and almost to forget the habits of thought which belong to slavery; and they became conscious of a spirit growing up within them, by which they could look before and after, perceive that the future of their lives was in their own hands, and therefore understand the importance of the present time. Their father looked upon them with mixed feelings of tender pride in them, and regret for his own lost

youth. The strong and busy years on which they were entering had been all spent by him in acquiring one habit of mind, to which his temperament and his training alike conduced—a habit of endurance. It was at this time that he had acquired the power of reading enough to seek for books : and the books that he had got hold of were Epictetus, and some fragments of Fénelon. With all the force of youth, he had been by turns the stoic and the quietist ; and, while busied in submitting himself to the pressure of the present, he had turned from the past, and scarcely dreamed of the future. If his imagination glanced back to the court of his royal grandfather, held under the palm shades, or pursuing the lion-hunt amidst the jungles of Africa, he had hastily withdrawn his mind's eye from scenes which might create impatience of his lot ; and if he ever wondered whether a long succession of ignorant and sensual blacks were to be driven into the field by the whip every day in St. Domingo, for evermore, he had cut short the speculation as inconsistent with his stoical habit of endurance, and his Christian principle of trust. It was not till his youth was past that he had learned anything of the revolutions of the world—too late to bring them

into his speculations and his hopes. He had read, from year to year, of the conquests of Alexander and of Cæsar: he had studied the wars of France, and drawn the plans of campaigns in the sand before his door till he knew them by heart; but it had not occurred to him that while empires were overthrown in Asia, and Europe was traversed by powers which gave and took its territories, as he saw the negroes barter their cocoa-nuts and plantains on Saturday nights—while such things had happened in another hemisphere, it had not occurred to him that change would ever happen in St. Domingo. He had heard of earthquakes taking place at intervals of hundreds of years, and he knew that the times of the hurricane were not calculable; but, patient and still as was his own existence, he had never thought whether there might not be a convulsion of human affections, a whirlwind of human passion, preparing under the grim order of society in the colony. If a master died, his heir succeeded him: if the “force” of any plantation was by any conjuncture of circumstances dispersed or removed, another negro company was on the shore, ready to re-people the slave-quarter. The mutabilities of human life had seemed to him to be appointed to

whites—to be their privilege and their discipline; while he doubted not that the eternal command to blacks was to bear and forbear. When he now looked upon his boys, and remembered that for them this order was broken up, and in time for them to grasp a future, and prepare for it—that theirs was the lot of whites, in being involved in social changes, he regarded them with a far deeper solicitude and tenderness than in the darkest midnight hours of their childish illnesses, or during the sweetest prattle of their Sabbath afternoons, and with a far stronger hopefulness than can ever enter the heart or home of a slave. They had not his habitual patience; and he saw that they were little likely to attain it; but they daily manifested qualities and powers—enterprise, forecast, and aspiration of various kinds, adorning their youth with a promise which made their father sigh at the retrospect of his own. He was amused, at the same time, to see in them symptoms of a boyish vanity to which he had either not been prone, or which he had early extinguished. He detected in each the secret eagerness with which they looked forwards to displaying their military accomplishments to those with whom they were always exchanging

thoughts over the ridge. He foresaw that when they should have improved a little in certain exercises, he should be receiving hints about a visit to the shore, and that there would then be such a display upon the sands as should excite prodigious admiration, and make Denis break his heart that he must not go to the camp.

Meantime, he amused them in the evenings, with as many of his officers as chose to look on, by giving them the history of the wars of Asia and Europe, as he had learned it from books, and thoroughly mastered it by reflection. Night after night was the map of Greece traced with his sword's point on the sand behind his tent; while he related the succession of the conflicts with Persia, with a spirit derived from old Herodotus himself. Night after night did the interest of his hearers arouse more and more spirit in himself, till he became aware that his sympathies with the Greeks in their struggles for liberty had hitherto been like those of the poet born blind, who delights in describing natural scenery—thus unconsciously enjoying the stir within him of powers whose appropriate exercise is forbidden. Amidst this survey of the regions of history, he felt, with humble wonder, that

while his boys were like bright-eyed children sporting fearlessly in the fields, he was like one lately couched, by whom the order of things was gradually becoming recognised, but who was oppressed by the unwonted light, and inwardly ashamed of the hesitation and uncertainty of his tread. While sons, nephew, and a throng of his officers, were listening to him as to an oracle, and following the tracings of his sword, as he showed how this advance and that retreat had been made above two thousand years ago, he was full of consciousness that the spirit of the history of freedom was received more truly by the youngest of his audience than by himself—that he was learning from their natural ardour something of higher value than all that he had to impart.

As he was thus engaged, late one spring evening—late, because the rains would soon come on, and suspend all out-door meetings—he was stopped in the midst of explaining a diagram by an authoritative tap on the shoulder. Roused by an appeal to his attention now so unusual, he turned quickly, and saw a black, who beckoned him away.

“Why cannot you speak?—Or do you take me for some one else? Speak your business.”

“ I cannot,” said the man, in a voice which, though too low to be heard by any one else, Toussaint knew to be Papalier’s. “ I cannot speak here—I must not make myself known. Come this way.”

Great was the surprise of the group at seeing Toussaint instantly follow this black, who appeared in the dusk to be meanly clothed. They entered the tent, and let down the curtain at the entrance. Some saw that a woman stood within the folds of the tent.

“ Close the tent,” said Papalier, in the same tone in which he had been wont to order his plate to be changed at home. “ And now, give me some water to wash off this horrid daubing. Some water—quick! Pah! I have felt as if I were really a negro all this day.”

Toussaint said nothing; nor did he summon any one. He saw it was a case of danger, led the way into the inner part of the tent, poured out water, pointed to it, and returned to the table, where he sat down, to await further explanation.

Papalier at length reappeared, looking like himself, even as to his clothes, which Thérèse must have brought in the bundle which she carried.

She now stood leaning against one of the tent-poles, looking grievously altered,—worn and wearied.

“Will you not sit down, Thérèse?” said Tous-saint, pointing to a chair near his own, Papalier having seated himself on the other side of the table.

Thérèse threw herself on a couch at some distance, and hid her face.

“I must owe my safety to you again, Tous-saint,” said Papalier. “I understand General Hermona is here at present.”

“He is.”

“You have influence with him, and you must use it for me.”

“I am sorry you need it. I hoped you would have taken advantage of the reception he gave you, to learn the best time and manner of going to Europe. I hoped you had been at Paris long ago.”

“I ought to have been there. If I had properly valued my life, I should have been there. But it seemed so inconceivable that things should have reached a worse pass than when I crossed the frontier! It seemed so incredible that I should not be able to preserve any wreck of my property

for my children, that I have lingered on, staying month after month, till now I cannot get away. I have had a dreadful life of it. I had better have been anywhere else. Why, even Thérèse," he continued, pointing over his shoulder towards the couch, "Thérèse, who would not be left behind at Fort Egalité the night we came from Breda,—even Thérèse has not been using me as she should do. I believe she hates me."

"You are in trouble, and therefore I will not speak with you to-night about Thérèse," said Toussaint. "You are in danger from the determination of the Spaniards to deliver up the enemies of the late king to—"

"Rather say to deliver up the masters to their revolted slaves. They make politics the pretence; but they would not be sorry to see us all cut to pieces, like poor Odeluc and Clement, and fifty more."

"However that may be, your immediate danger is from the Spaniards,—is it?"

"Yes, I discovered that I was to be sent over the line to-morrow; so I was obliged to get here to-day, in any way I could; and there was no other way than——pah! it was horrid."

“No other way than by looking like a negro,” said Toussaint, calmly. “Well, now you are here, what do you mean to do next?”

“I mean, by your influence with General Hermona, to obtain protection to a port, that I may proceed to Europe. I do not care whether I go from St. Domingo, or by St. Iago, so as to sail from Port Plate. I could find a vessel from either port. You would have no difficulty in persuading General Hermona to this.”

“I hope not, as he voluntarily gave you permission to enter this territory. I will ask for his safe-conduct in the morning. To-night you are safe, if you remain here. I request that you will take possession of the inner apartment, and rely upon my protection.”

“Thank you. I knew my best way was to come here,” said Papalier, rising. “Thérèse will bring me some refreshment: and then I shall be glad of rest, for we travelled half last night.”

“For how many shall the safe-conduct be?” asked Toussaint, who had also risen. “For yourself alone, or more?”

“No one knows better than you,” said Papalier, hastily, “that I have only one servant left,”

pointing again to the couch. "And," lowering his voice, so that Thérèse could not hear, "she, poor thing, is dreadfully altered, you see,—has never got over the loss of her child, that night." Then, raising his voice again, he pursued, "My daughters at Paris, will be glad to see Thérèse, I know; and she will like Paris, as everybody does. All my other people are irrecoverable, I fear; but Thérèse goes with me."

"No," said Thérèse from the couch, "I will go nowhere with you."

"Hey-day! what is that?" said Papalier, turning in the direction of the voice. "Yes, you will go, my dear. You are tired to-night, as you well may be. You feel as I do,—as if you could not go anywhere, to-morrow or the next day. But we shall be rested and ready enough, when the time comes."

"I am ready at this moment to go anywhere else,—anywhere away from you," replied Thérèse.

"What do you mean, Thérèse?" asked her master, sharply.

"I mean what you said just now—that I hate you."

"O! silence!" exclaimed Toussaint. He then

added in a mild tone to Thérèse, "This is my house, in which God is worshipped and Christ adored, and where therefore no words of hatred may be spoken." He then addressed himself to Papalier, saying, "You have then fully resolved that it is less dangerous to commit yourself to the Spaniards, than to attempt to reach Cap?"

"To reach Cap! What! after the decree? Upon my soul, Toussaint, I never doubted you yet: but if . . ."

He looked Toussaint full in the face.

"I betray no one," said Toussaint. "What decree do you speak of?"

"That of the Convention of the 4th of February last."

"I have not heard of it."

"Then it is as I hoped;—that decree is not considered here as of any importance. I trusted it would be so. It is merely a decree of the Convention, confirming and proclaiming the liberty of the negroes, and declaring the colony henceforth an integrant part of France. It is a piece of folly and nonsense, as you will see at once; for it can never be enforced. No one of any sense will regard it; but just at present it has the effect, you see, of

making it out of the question for me to cross the frontier."

"True," said Toussaint, in a voice which made Papalier look in his face, which was working with some strong emotion. He turned away from the light, and desired Thérèse to follow him. He would commit her to the charge of one of the sutlers' wives for the night.

Having put on the table such fruit, bread, and wine as remained from his own meal, (Papalier forbidding further preparation, for fear of exciting observation without,) Toussaint went out with Thérèse, committed her to safe hands, and then entered the tent next his own, inhabited by his sons, and gave them his accustomed blessing. On his return, he found that Papalier had retired.

Toussaint was glad to be alone. Never had he more needed solitude; for rarely, if ever, in the course of his life, had his calm soul been so disturbed. During the last words spoken by Papalier, a conviction had flashed across him, more vivid and more tremendous than any lightning which the skies of December had sent forth to startle the bodily eye; and amidst the storm which those words had roused within him, that conviction continued to glare forth

at intervals, refusing to be quenched. It was this : —that if it were indeed true that the revolutionary government of France had decreed to the negroes the freedom and rights of citizenship, to fight against the revolutionary government would be henceforth to fight against the freedom and rights of his race. The consequences of such a conviction were overpowering to his imagination. As one inference after another presented itself before him, —as a long array of humiliations and perplexities showed themselves in the future,—he felt as if his heart was bursting. For hour after hour of that night he paced the floor of his tent ; and if he rested his limbs, so unused to tremble with fear or toil, it was while covering his face with his hands, as if even the light of the lamp disturbed the intensity of his meditation. A few hours may, at certain crises of the human mind and lot, do the work of years ; and this night carried on the education of the noble soul, long repressed by slavery, to a point of insight which multitudes do not reach in a lifetime. No doubt, the preparation had been making through years of forbearance and meditation, and through the latter months of enterprise and activity ; but yet, the change of views and

purposes was so great as to make him feel, between night and morning, as if he were another man.

The lamp burned out, and there was no light but from the brilliant flies, a few of which had found their way into the tent. Toussaint made his repeater strike: it was three o'clock. As his mind grew calm under the settlement of his purposes, he became aware of the thirst which his agitation had excited. By the light of the flitting tapers, he poured out water, refreshed himself with a deep draught, and then addressed himself to his duty. He could rarely endure delay in acting on his convictions. The present was a case in which delay was treachery; and he would not lose an hour. He would call up Father Laxabon, and open his mind to him, that he might be ready for action when the camp should awake.

As he drew aside the curtain of the tent, the air felt fresh to his heated brow, and, with the calm starlight, seemed to breathe strength and quietness into his soul. He stood for a moment listening to the dash and gurgle of the river, as it ran past the camp—the voice of waters, so loud to the listening ear, but so little heeded amidst the hum of

the busy hours of day. It now rose above the chirpings and buzzings of reptiles and insects, and carried music to the ear and spirit of him who had so often listened at Breda to the fall of water in the night hours, with a mind unburdened and unperplexed with duties and with cares. The sentinel stopped before the tent with a start which made his arms ring at seeing the entrance open, and some one standing there.

“ Watch that no one enters,” said Toussaint to him. “ Send for me to Father Laxabon’s, if I am wanted.”

As he entered the tent of the priest—a tent so small as to contain only one apartment, all seemed dark. Laxabon slept so soundly as not to awake till Toussaint had found the tinder-box, and was striking a light.

“ In the name of Christ, who is there?” cried Laxabon.

“ I, Toussaint Breda; entreating your pardon, father.”

“ Why are you here, my son? There is some misfortune, by your face. You look wearied and anxious. What is it?”

“ No misfortune, father, and no crime. But my

mind is anxious, and I have ventured to break your rest. You will pardon me?"

"You do right, my son. We are ready for service, in season and out of season."

While saying this, the priest had risen, and thrown on his morning-gown. He now seated himself at the table, saying,

"Let us hear. What is this affair of haste?"

"The cause of my haste is this—that I may probably not again have conversation with you, father; and I desire to confess, and be absolved by you once more."

"Good. Some dangerous expedition;—is it not so?"

"No. The affair is personal altogether. Have you heard of any decree of the French Convention, by which the negroes—the slaves—of the colony of St. Domingo, are freely accepted as fellow-citizens, and the colony declared an integrant part of France?"

"Surely I have. The General was speaking of it last night; and I brought away a copy of the proclamation consequent upon it. Let me see," said he, rising, and taking up the lamp, "where did I put that proclamation?"

“ With your sacred books, perhaps, father ; for it is a gospel to me and my race.”

“ Do you think it of so much importance ?” asked Laxabon, returning to the table with the newspaper containing the proclamation, officially given. “ The General does not seem to think much of it, nor does Jean Français.”

“ To a commander of our allies the affair may appear a trifle, father ; and such white planters as cannot refuse to hear the tidings may scoff at them ; but Jean Français, a negro and a slave,—is it possible that he makes light of this ?”

“ He does : but he has read it, and you have not. Read it, my son, and without prejudice.”

Toussaint read it, again and again.

“ Well !” said the priest, as Toussaint put down the paper, no longer attempting to hide with it the streaming tears which covered his face.

“ Father,” said he, commanding his voice completely, “ is there not hope, that if men, weakened and blinded by degradation, mistake their duty when the time for duty comes, they will be forgiven ? ”

“ In what case, my son ? Explain yourself.”

“ If I, hitherto a slave, and wanting, therefore,

the wisdom of a free man, find myself engaged on the wrong side,—fighting against the providence of God,—is there not hope that I may be forgiven on turning to the right?”

“How the wrong side, my son? Are you not fighting for your king, and for the allies of France?”

“I have been so pledged and so engaged; and I do not say that I was wrong when I so engaged and so pledged myself. But if I had been wise as a free man should be, I should have foreseen of late what has now happened, and not have been found, when last night’s sun went down (and as to-morrow night’s sun shall not find me), holding a command against the highest interests of my race,—now, at length, about to be redeemed.”

“You—Toussaint Breda—the loyal! If Heaven has put any of its grace within you, it has shown itself in your loyalty; and do you speak of deserting the forces raised in the name of your king, and acting upon the decrees of his enemies? Explain to me, my son, how this can be. It seems to me that I can scarcely be yet awake.”

“And to me it seems, father, that never till now have I been awake. Yet it was in no vain dream

that I served my king. If he is now where he can read the hearts of his servants, he knows that it was not for my command, or for any other dignity and reward, that I came hither, and have fought under the royal flag of France. It was from reverence and duty to him, under God. He is now in heaven ; we have no king ; and my loyalty is due elsewhere. I know not how it might have been if he had still lived ; for it seems to me now that God has established a higher royalty among men than even that of an anointed sovereign over the fortunes of many millions of men. I think now that the rule which the free man has over his own soul, over time and eternity,—subject only to God's will,—is a nobler authority than that of kings ; but, however I might have thought, our king no longer lives ; and, by God's mercy, as it seems to me now, while the hearts of the blacks feel orphaned and desolate, an object is held forth to us for the adoration of our loyalty,—an object higher than throne and crown, and offered us by the hand of the King of kings.”

“ Do you mean freedom, my son ? Remember that it is in the name of freedom that the French rebels have committed the crimes which—which it would consume the night to tell of, and

which no one knows better, or abhors more, than yourself."

"It is true: but they struggled for this and that and the other right and privilege existing in societies of those who are fully admitted to be men. In the struggle, crime has been victorious, and they have killed their king. The object of my devotion will now be nothing that has to be wrenched from an anointed ruler, nothing which can be gained by violence,—nothing but that which, being already granted, requires only to be cherished, and may best be cherished in peace,—the manhood of my race. To this must I henceforth be loyal."

"How can men be less slaves than the negroes of St. Domingo of late? No real change has taken place; and yet you, who wept that freedom as rebellion, are now proposing to add your force to it."

"And was it not rebellion? Some rose for the plunder of their masters,—some from ambition,—some from revenge,—many to escape from a condition they had not patience to endure. All this was corrupt; and the corruption, though bred out of slavery, as the fever from the marshes, grieved my soul as if I had not known the cause. But

now, knowing the cause, and others (knowing it also) having decreed that slavery is at an end, and given the sanction of law and national sympathy to our freedom,—is not the case changed? Is it now a folly or a sin to desire to realise and purify and elevate this freedom, that those who were first slaves and then savages may at length become men,—not in decrees and proclamations only, but in their own souls? You do not answer, father. Is it not so?”

“Open yourself further, my son. Declare what you propose. I fear you are perplexing yourself.”

“If I am deceived, father, I look for light from heaven through you.”

“I fear,—I fear, my son! I do not find in you to-night the tone of humility and reliance upon religion in which you found comfort the first time you opened the conflicts of your heart to me. You remember that night, my son?”

“The first night of my freedom. Never shall I forget its agonies.”

“I rejoice to hear it. Those agonies were safer, more acceptable to God, than the comforts of self-will.”

“My father, if my will ensnares me, lay open

the snare,—I say not for the sake of my soul only, —but for far, far more,—for the sake of my children, for the sake of my race, for the sake of the glory of God in his dealings with men, bring me back if I stray.”

“ Well. Explain, explain what you propose.”

“ I cannot remain in an army opposed to what are now the legal rights of the blacks.”

“ You will give up your command ?”

“ I shall.”

“ And your boys,—what will you do with them ?”

“ Send them whence they came, for the present. I shall dismiss them by one road, while the resignation of my rank goes by another.”

“ And you yourself by a third.”

“ When I have declared myself to General Hermona.”

“ Have you thoughts of taking your soldiers with you ? ”

“ No.”

“ But what is right for you is right for them.”

“ If they so decide for themselves.—My power over them is great. They would follow me with a word. I shall therefore avoid speaking that word, as it would be a false first step in a career of free-

dom, to make them enter upon it as slaves to my opinion and my will.”

“But you will at least address them, that they may understand the course you pursue. The festival of this morning will afford an opportunity,—after mass. Have you thought of this?—I do not say that I am advising it, or sanctioning any part of your plan: but have you thought of this?”

“I have, and dismissed the thought. The proclamation will speak for itself. I act from no information which is not open to them all. They can act, thank God, for themselves: and I will not seduce them into subservience, or haste, or passion.”

“But you will be giving up everything. What can make you think that the French at Cap, all in the interest of the planters, will receive you?”

“I do not think it; and I shall not offer myself.”

“Then you will sink into nothing. You will no longer be an officer, nor even a soldier. You will be a mere negro, where negroes are wholly despised. After all that you have been, you will be nothing.”

“I shall be a true man.”

“You will sink to less than nothing. You will

be worse than useless before God and man. You will be held a traitor."

"I shall; but it will be for the sake of a higher fidelity."

There was a long pause, after which Laxabon said, in a tone, half severe and half doubting,

"So, here ends your career! You will dig a piece of ground to grow maize and plantains for your family;—you will read history in your piazza, and see your daughters dance in the shade, while your name will never be mentioned but as that of a traitor. So, here ends your career!"

"From no one so often as you, father, have I heard that man's career never ends."

The priest made no reply.

"How lately was it," pursued Toussaint, "that you encouraged my children, when they, who fear neither the wild bull nor the tornado, looked somewhat fearfully up to the eclipsed moon! Who was it but you that told them that though that blessed light seemed blotted out from the sky, it was not so; but that behind the black shadow, God's hand was still leading her on through the heaven, still pouring radiance into her lamp, not the less bright because it was hidden from men? A

thick shadow is about to pass upon my name ; but is it not possible, father, that God may still be feeding my soul with light,—still guiding me towards himself? Will you not once more tell me that man's career never ends?"

“ In a certain sense—in a certain sense, that is true, my son. But our career here is what God has put into our own hands: and it seems to me that you are throwing away his gift and his favour. How will you answer when he asks you, ‘ What hast thou done with the rank and the power I put into thy hand? How hast thou used them?’ What can you then answer, but ‘ I flung them away, and made myself useless and a reproach.’ You know what a station you hold in this camp—how you are prized by the General for the excellence of the military discipline you have introduced; and by me, and all the wise and religious, for the sobriety of manners and purity of morals of which you are an example in yourself, and which you have cherished among your troops, so that your soldiers are the boast of the whole alliance. You know this—that you unite the influence of the priest with the power of the commander; and yet you are going to cast off both, with all the duties

THE HOUR.

which belong to them, and sink yourself ~~in ignominy~~ ^{in glory}—and with yourself, the virtues you have ~~advocated~~ ^{advocated}. How will you answer this to God ?”

“ Father, was there not one in whose path lay all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and who yet chose ignominy—to be despised by the world, instead of to lead it ? And was God severe with him ? Forgive me, father ; but have you not desired me to follow him, though far off as the eastern moon from the setting sun ?”

“ That was a case, my son, unique in the world. The Saviour had a lot of his own. Common men have rulers appointed them whom they are to serve; and, if in rank and honour, so much the greater the favour of God. You entered this service with an upright mind and pure intent ; and here, therefore, can you most safely remain, instead of casting yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple, which, you know, the Son of God refused to do. Remember his words, ‘ Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.’ Be not tempted yourself, by pride of heart, to compare your lot with that of Christ, which was unique.”

“ He devoted himself for the whole race of man : he, and he alone. But it seems to me that there

may be periods of time when changes are appointed to take place among men—among nations, and even among races; and that a common man may then be called to devote himself for that nation, or for that race. Father, I feel that the hour may be come for the negro race to be redeemed; and that I, a common man, may so far devote myself as not to stand in the way of their redemption. I feel that I must step out from among those who have never admitted the negroes' claims to manhood. If God should open to me a way to serve the blacks better, I shall be found ready. Meantime, not for another day will I stand in the light of their liberties.—Father," he continued, with an eagerness which grew as he spoke, "you know something of the souls of slaves. You know how they are smothered in the lusts of the body, how they are debased by the fear of man, how blind they are to the providence of God! You know how oppression has put out the eyes of their souls, and withered its sinews. If now, at length, a Saviour has once more for them stretched out his healing hand, and bidden them see, and arise and be strong, shall I resist the work? And you, father, will you not aid it? I would not presume: but if I might say all . . . "

"Say on, my son."

“ Having reprovèd and raised the souls of slaves, would it not henceforth be a noble work for you to guide their souls as men? If you would come among us as a soldier of Christ, who is bound to no side in earthly quarrels,—if you would come as to those who need you most, the lowest, the poorest, the most endangèred, what a work may lie between this hour and your last! What may your last hour be, if, day by day, you have trained our souls in the glorious liberty of the children of God! The beginning must be lowly; but the kind heart of the Christian priest is lowly: and you would humble yourself first to teach men thus,—‘ you were wrong to steal,’—‘ you were wrong to drink,’ ‘ you were wrong to take more wives than one, and to strike your children in passion.’ Thus humbly must you begin: but among free men, how high may you not rise? Before you die, you may have led them to rule their own spirits, and, from the throne of that sovereignty, to look far into the depths of the heavens, and over the history of the world: so that they may live in the light of God’s countenance, and praise him almost like the angels:—for, you know, he has made us, even us, but a little lower than they.”

“This would be a noble work,” said Laxabon, much moved: “and if God is really about to free your race, he will appoint a worthy servant for the office. My duty, however, lies here. I have here souls in charge, without being troubled with doubts as to the intentions of God and of men. As I told you, the General does not think so much as you do of this event; nor even does Jean Français. If you act rashly, you will repent for ever having quitted the path of loyalty and duty. I warn you to pause, and see what course events will take. I admonish you not hastily to desert the path of loyalty and duty.”

“If it had pleased God,” said Toussaint, humbly, “to release me from the ignorance of slavery when he gave me freedom, I might now be able to lay open my heart as I desire to do; I might declare the reasons which persuade me so strongly as I feel persuaded. But I am ignorant, and unskilful in reasoning with one like you, father.”

“It is therefore that we are appointed to guide and help you, my son. You now know my mind, and have received my admonition. Let us proceed to confession; for the morning draws on towards the hour for mass.”

“Father, I cannot yield to your admonition. Reprove me as you will, I cannot. There is a voice within me stronger than yours.”

“I fear so, my son; nor can I doubt what that voice is, nor whence it comes. I will pray for you, that you may have strength to struggle with the tempter.”

“Not so, father: rather pray that I may have strength to obey this new voice of duty, alone as I am, discountenanced as I shall be.”

“Impossible, my son. I dare not so pray for one self-willed and precipitate; nor, till you bring a humble and obedient mind, can I receive your confession. There can be no absolution where there is reservation. Consider, my dear son! I only desire you to pause.”

“Delay is treachery,” said Toussaint. “This day the decree and proclamation will be made known through the forces: and if I remain, this night’s sun sets on my condemnation. I shall not dare to pray, clothed in my rank, this night.”

“Go now, my son. You see it is dawning. You have lost the present opportunity; and you must now leave me to my duties. When you can return hither to yours, you will be welcome.”

Toussaint paid him his wonted reverence, and left the tent.

Arrived in his own, he threw himself on the couch like a heart-broken man.

“No help! no guidance!” thought he. “I am desolate and alone. I never thought to have been left without a guide from God. He leaves me with my sins upon my soul, unconfessed, unab-solved: and, thus burdened and rebuked, I must enter upon the course which I dare not refuse. But this voice within me which bids me go,—whence and what is it? Whence is it but from God? And how can I therefore say that I am alone? There is no man that I can rely on,—not even one of Christ’s anointed priests; but is there not he who redeemed men? and will he reject me if, in my obedience, I come to him? I will try,—I will dare. I am alone; and he will hear and help me.”

Without priest, without voice, without form of words, he confessed and prayed, and no longer felt that he was alone. He arose, clear in mind, and strong in heart: wrote and sealed up his resignation of his commission, stepped into the next tent to rouse the three boys, desiring them to dress for

early mass, and prepare for their return to their homes immediately afterwards. He then entered his own inner apartment, where Papalier was sleeping so soundly that it was probable the early movements of saint's-day festivities in the camp would not awaken him. As he could not show himself abroad till the General's protection was secured, his host let him sleep on; opening and shutting his clothes' chest, and going through the whole preparation for appearance on the parade in full uniform, without disturbing his wearied guest, who hardly moved even at the roll of the drum, and the stir of morning in the camp.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ACT.

PAPALIER was probably the only person in the valley who did not attend mass on this saint's-day morning. The Spanish general was early seen, surrounded by his staff, moving towards the rising ground, outside the camp, on which stood the church, erected for the use of the troops when the encampment was formed. The soldiers, both Spanish and negro, had some time before filed out of their tents, and been formed for their short march; and they now came up in order, the whites approaching on the right, and the blacks on the left, till their forces joined before the church. The sun had not yet shone down into the valley; and the dew lay on the grass, and dropped like rain from the broad eaves of the church-roof,—from the points of the palm-leaves with which it was thatched.

This church was little more than a covered inclosure. It was well shaded from the heat of the sun by its broad and low roof; but, between the corner posts, the sides could hardly be said to be filled in by the bamboos which stood like slender columns, at intervals of several inches, so that all that passed within could be seen from without, except that the vestry and the part behind the altar had their walls interwoven with withes, so as to be impervious to the eye. The ground was strewn thick with moss,—cushioned throughout for the knees of the worshippers. The seats were rude wooden benches, except the chair, covered with damask, which was reserved for the Marquis d'Hermona.

Here the General took his place, his staff ranging themselves on the benches behind. Jean Français entered after him, and seated himself on the opposite range of benches. Next followed Toussaint Breda, alone, having left his sons outside with the soldiers. Some few more advanced towards the altar; it being understood that those who did so wished to communicate. An interval of a few empty benches was then left, and the lower end of the church was thronged by such of the soldiery as

could find room; the rest closing in round the building, so as to hear the voice of the priest, and join in the service.

There was a gay air about the assemblage, scarcely subdued by the place and the occasion which brought them to it. Almost every man carried a stem of the white amaryllis, plucked from among the high grass, with which it grew thickly intermixed all over the valley; and beautiful to the eye were the snowy, drooping blossoms, contrasting with the rich dark green of their leaves. Some few brought twigs of the orange and the lime; and the sweet odour of the blossoms pervaded the place like a holy incense, as the first stirring airs of morning breathed around and through the building. There were smiles on almost every face; and a hum of low, but joyous, greetings was heard without, till the loud voice of the priest, reciting the Creed, hushed every other. The only countenance of great seriousness present was that of Toussaint; and his bore an expression of solemnity, if not of melancholy, which struck every one who looked upon him,—and he always was looked upon by every one. His personal qualities had strongly attracted the attention of the Spanish general.

Jean Français watched his every movement with the mingled triumph and jealousy of a superior in rank, but a rival in fame; and by the negro troops he was so beloved, that nothing but the strict discipline which he enforced could have prevented their following him in crowds wherever he went. Whenever he smiled, as he passed along in conversation, they laughed without inquiring why; and now, this morning, on observing the gravity of his countenance, they glanced from one to another, as if to inquire the cause.

The priest, having communicated, at length descended from before the altar, to administer the wafer to such as desired to receive it. Among these, Toussaint bent his head lowest,—so low, that the first slanting sun-beam that entered beneath the thatch seemed to rest upon his head, while every other head remained in the shadow of the roof. In after days, the negroes then present recalled this appearance. Jean Français, observing that General Hermona was making some remark about Toussaint to the officers about him, endeavoured to assume an expression of deep devotion also: but in vain. No one thought of saying of him what the General was at that moment saying

of his brother in arms,—“God could not visit a soul more pure.”

When the blessing had been given, and the few concluding verses of Scripture read, the General was the first to leave his place. It seemed as if he and Toussaint moved towards one another by the same impulse, for they met in the aisle between the benches.

“I have a few words of business to speak with you, General,—a work of justice to ask you to perform without delay,” said Toussaint.

“Good!” said the General. “In justice there should be no delay. I will therefore breakfast with you in your tent. Shall we proceed?”

He put his arm within that of Toussaint, who, however, gently withdrew his, and stepped back with a profound bow of respect. General Hermona looked as if he scarcely knew whether to take this as an act of humility, or to be offended; but he smiled on Toussaint’s saying,

“It is not without reasons that I decline honour in this place this morning,—reasons which I will explain.—Shall I conduct you to my tent? And these gentlemen of your staff?”

“As we have business, my friend, I will come

alone. I shall be sorry if there is any quarrel between us, Toussaint. If you have to ask justice of me, I declare to you I know not the cause."

"It is not for myself, General, that I ask justice. I have ever received from you more than justice."

"You have attached your men to yourself with singular skill," said the General, on their way down the slope from the church, as he closely observed the countenances of the black soldiers, which brightened, as if touched by the sunlight, on the approach of their commander. "Their attachment to you is singular. I no longer wonder at your achievements in the field."

"It is by no skill of mine," replied Toussaint; "it is by the power of past tyranny. The hearts of negroes are made to love. Hitherto, all love in which the mind could share has been bestowed upon those who degraded and despised them. In me they see one whom, while obeying, they may love as a brother."

"The same might be said of Jean Français, as far as your reasons go; but Jean Français is not beloved like you. He looks gayer than you, my friend, notwithstanding. He is happy in his new

rank, probably. You have heard that he is ennobled by the court of Spain?"

"I had not heard it. It will please him."

"It evidently does. He is made a noble; and his military rank is now that of lieutenant-general. Your turn will come next, my friend; and if promotion went strictly according to personal merit, no one would have been advanced sooner than you."

"I do not desire promotion, and"

"Ah! there your stoical philosophy comes in. But I will show you another way of applying it. Rank brings cares; so that one who is not a stoic may have an excuse for shrinking from it; but a stoic despises cares.—Ha! we have some young soldiers here," he said, as Moysé and his cousins stood beside the way, to make their obeisance; "and very perfect soldiers they look, young as they are. They seem born for military service."

"They were born slaves, my lord; but they have now the loyal hearts of freemen within them, amidst the ignorance and follies of their youth."

"They are . . ."

"My nephew and my two sons, my lord."

"And why mounted at this hour?"

“ They are going to their homes, by my direction.”

“ If it were not that you have business with me, which I suppose you desire them not to overhear . . .”

“ It is as you say, General.”

“ If it had not been so, I would have requested that they might be at our table this morning. As it is, I will not delay their journey.”

And the General touched his hat to the lads, with a graciousness which made them bend low their uncovered heads, and report marvels at home of the deportment of the Marquis d'Hermona. Seeing how their father was occupied, they were satisfied with a grasp of his hand as he passed, received from him a letter for their mother, and waited only till he and his guest had disappeared within the tent, to gallop off. They wondered at being made the bearers of a letter, as they knew that his horse was ordered to be ready beside his tent, immediately after breakfast, and had not a doubt of his arriving at the shore almost as soon as themselves.

Papalier was lounging on the couch beside the table where breakfast was spread, when General Hermona and his host entered. He started up, casting a look of doubt upon Toussaint.

“Fear nothing, M. Papalier,” said Toussaint; “General Hermona has engaged to listen to my plea for justice.—My lord, M. Papalier was amicably received by your lordship on crossing the frontier, and, on the strength of your welcome, has remained on the island till too late to escape, without your especial protection, a fate he dreads.”

“You mean being delivered up as a republican?”

“Into the hands of my own negroes, my lord,” said Papalier, bitterly. “That is the fate secretly designed for any unfortunate planter who may yet have survived the recent troubles over the frontier.”

“But how can I protect you? The arrangement is none of mine; I cannot interfere with it.”

“Only by forgetting in this single instance the point of time at which we have arrived, and furnishing me with a pass which shall enable me to sail for Europe, as I acknowledge I ought to have done long ago.”

“So this is the act of justice you asked from me, Toussaint! Why did you not say favour? I shall do it with much more pleasure as a slight favour to one whom I strongly regard. You shall have your safe-conduct, M. Papalier. In the mean time . . .”

And he looked towards the steaming chocolate

and the piles of fruit on the table, as if his appetite was growing urgent.

“One word more, my lord, before offering you my welcome to my table,” said Toussaint. “I beseech you to consider the granting this pass as an act of justice, or of anything rather than favour to me. Yesterday, I would have accepted a hundred favours from you; to-day, with equal respect, I must refuse even one. I pledge myself to tell you why, before you rise from table, to which I now invite you.”

“I do not understand all this, Toussaint.”

“I have pledged myself to explain.”

“And you say there is no personal feeling,—no offence between us?”

“If any, my lord, I alone am the offender. Will you be pleased to”

“O yes, I will breakfast; and was never more ready. M. Papalier, our morning mass has kept you waiting, I fear.”

Papalier seated himself, but was near starting up again when he saw his negro host preparing to take his place between his two guests. Papalier had never yet sat at table with a negro; and his impulse was to resent the necessity: but a stern

look from the General warned him to submit quietly to the usages of the new state of society which he had remained to witness; and he sat through the meal, joining occasionally in the conversation, which, for his sake, was kept clear of subjects which might annoy him.

As soon as the servants, after producing pen, ink, and paper, had withdrawn, the General wrote a safe-conduct, and delivered it to M. Papalier, with an intimation that an attendant should be ready to guide him to the nearest port, at his earliest convenience. Papalier understood this as it was meant,—as a hint that there must be no delay. He declared therefore his wish to depart, as soon as the heat of the day should decline.

“And now, my lord——,” said Toussaint——

“Yes, now for the explanation of this fancy of not receiving kindness from your best friends. Let us hear.”

“I have this morning, my lord, dispatched letters to Don Joachim Garcia, at St. Domingo——”

“You are in communication with the Colonial Government: and not through me! What can this mean?”

“And here, my lord, are exact copies of my

letters, which I request the favour of you to read, and, if I may be permitted to say so, without haste or prejudice,—though, in this case, it is much to ask.”

Toussaint disappeared in the inner apartment; but not before he saw a smile on Papalier’s face,—a smile which told of amusement at the idea of a negro sending despatches of any importance to the head of the government of the Spanish colony.

The General did not seem to feel any of the same amusement. His countenance was perplexed and anxious. He certainly obeyed Toussaint’s wishes as to not being in haste; for he read the papers (which were few and short) again and again. He had not laid them down when Toussaint reappeared from within,—no longer glittering in his uniform and polished arms, but dressed in his old plantation clothes, and with his woollen cap in his hand. Both his guests first gazed at him, and then started from their seats.

Toussaint merely passed through the tent, bowing low to the General, and bidding him farewell. A confused noise outside, followed by a shout, roused Hermona from his astonishment.

“ He is addressing the troops ! ” he cried, drawing his sword, and rushing forth.

Toussaint was not addressing the troops. He was merely informing Jacques, whom he had requested to be in waiting there, beside his horse, that he was no longer a commander,—no longer in the forces ; and that the recent proclamation, by showing him that the cause of negro freedom was now one with that of the present government of France, was the reason of his retirement from the Spanish territory. He explained himself thus far, in order that he might not be considered a traitor to the lost cause of royalty in France ; but, rather, loyal to that of his colour, from the first day of its becoming a cause.

Numbers became aware that something unusual was going forward, and were thronging to the spot, when the General rushed forth, sword in hand, shouting aloud,

“ The traitor ! Seize the traitor ! Soldiers ! seize the traitor ! ”

Toussaint turned in an instant, and sprang upon his horse. Not a negro would lay hands on him ; but they cast upon him, in token of honour, the blossoms of the amaryllis and the orange that they

carried. The Spanish soldiers, however, endeavoured to close round him and hem him in, as the General's voice was still heard,

“Seize him! Bring him in, dead or alive!”

Toussaint, however, was a perfect horseman; and his favourite horse served him well in this crisis. It burst through, or bounded over, all opposition, and, amidst a shower of white blossoms which strewed the way, instantly carried him beyond the camp. Well-mounted soldiers, and many of them, were behind, however; and it was a hard race between the fugitive and his pursuers, as it was witnessed from the camp. Along the river bank, and over the bridge, the danger of Toussaint appeared extreme; and the negroes, watching the countenance of Jacques, preserved a dead silence when all the horsemen had disappeared in the woods which clothed the steep. Then all eyes were turned towards the summit of that ridge, where the road crossed a space clear of trees; and there, in an incredibly short time, appeared the solitary horseman, who, unencumbered with heavy arms, and lightly clothed, had greatly the advantage of the soldiers in mounting the ascent. He was still followed; but he was just disappearing

over the ridge, when the foremost soldier issued from the wood behind him.

“He is safe! he is safe!” was murmured through the throng; and the words reached the ears of the General in a tone which convinced him that the attachment of the black troops to Toussaint Breda was as strong as he himself had that morning declared it to be.

“Now you see, General,” said Papalier, turning into the tent, from which he too had come forth in the excitement of the scene,—“you see what you have to expect from these negroes.”

“I see what I have to expect from you,” replied the General, with severity. “It is enough to witness how you speak of a man to whom you owe your life this very day,—and not for the first time.”

“Nay, General, I have called him no names,—not even ‘traitor.’”

“I have not owed him my life, M. Papalier: and you are not the commander of these forces. It is my duty to prevent the defection of the negro troops; and I therefore used the language of the government I serve in proclaiming him a traitor. Had it been in mere speculation between him and

myself that those papers had come in question, God knows I should have called him something very different."

"There is something in the man that infatuates—that blinds one's judgment, certainly," said Papalier. "His master, Bayou, spoiled him with letting him educate himself to an absurd extent. I always told Bayou so; and there is no saying now what the consequences may be. It is my opinion that we have not heard the last of him yet."

"Probably," said the General, gathering up his papers, as his aide entered, and leaving the tent in conversation with him, almost without a farewell notice of Papalier.

The negro troops were busy, to a man, in learning from Jacques, and repeating to one another, the particulars of what was in the proclamation, and the reasons of Toussaint's departure. General Hermona found that the two remaining black leaders, Jean Français and Biasson, were not infected by Toussaint's convictions: that, on the contrary, they were far from sorry that he was thus gone, leaving them to the full enjoyment of Spanish grace. They addressed their soldiers in favour of loyalty, and in denunciation of treason, and treated

the proclamation as slightly as Don Joachim Garcia could possibly have wished. They met with little response, however; and every one felt, amidst the show and parade and festivity of the day, a restlessness and uncertainty which he perceived existed no less in his neighbour than in himself. No one's mind was in the business or enjoyment of the festival; and no one could be greatly surprised at anything that might take place, though the men were sufficiently orderly in the discharge of their duty to render any interference with them unwarrantable, and any precautions against their defection impossible. The great hope lay in the influence of the two leaders who remained, as the great fear was of that of the one who was gone.

The Spanish force was small, constituting only about one fourth of the whole; and of these the best mounted had not returned from the pursuit of Toussaint;—not because they could follow him far in the enemy's country, but because it required some skill and caution to get back in broad day, after having roused expectation all along the road.

While the leaders were anxiously calculating probabilities, and reckoning forces, Jacques was satisfying himself that the preponderance of num-

bers was greatly on the side of his absent friend. His hatred of the whites, which had never intermitted, was wrought up to strong passion this day by the treatment the proclamation and his friend had received. He exulted in the thought of being able to humble the Spaniards by withdrawing the force which enabled them to hold their posts, and by making him whom they called a traitor more powerful in the cause of the blacks than they could henceforth be in that of royalist France. Fired with these thoughts, he was hastily passing the tent of Toussaint, which he had supposed deserted, when he heard from within, speaking in anger and fear, a voice which he well knew, and which had power over him. He had strong reasons for remembering the first time he had seen Thérèse—on the night of the escape across the frontier. She was strongly associated with his feelings towards the class to which her owner belonged; and he knew that she, beautiful, lonely, and wretched, shared those feelings. If he had not known this from words dropped by her during the events of this morning, he would have learned it now; for she was declaring her thoughts to her master, loudly enough for any one who passed by to overhear.

Jacques entered the tent: and there stood Thérèse, declaring that she would leave her master, and never see him more, but prevented from escaping by Papalier having intercepted her passage to the entrance. Her eyes glowed with delight on the appearance of Jacques, to whom she immediately addressed herself.

“ I will not go with him—I will not go with him to Paris, to see his young ladies. He shall not take care of me. I will take care of myself. I will drown myself, sooner than go with him. I do not care what becomes of me, but I will not go.”

“ Yes, you will care what becomes of you, Thérèse, because your own people care,” said Jacques. “ I will protect you. If you will be my wife, no white shall molest you again.”

“ Be your wife !”

“ Yes. I love the blacks; and none so much as those whom the whites have oppressed—no one so much as you. If you will be my wife, we will . . .”

Here, remembering the presence of a white, Jacques explained to Thérèse in the negro language (which she understood, though she always spoke French), the new hopes which had arisen

for the blacks, and his own intention of following Toussaint, to make him a chief. He concluded in good French, smiling maliciously at Papalier as he spoke,

“You will come with me now to the priest, and be my wife.”

“I will,” replied Thérèse, calmly.

“Go,” said Papalier. “You have my leave. I am thus honourably released from the care of you till times shall change. I am glad that you will not remain unprotected, at least.”

“Unprotected !” exclaimed Thérèse, as she threw on the Spanish mantle which she was now accustomed to wear abroad. “Unprotected ! And what has your protection been ?”

“Very kind, my dear, I am sure. I have spent on your education money which I should be very glad of now. When people flatter you, Thérèse, (as they will do ; for there is not a negress in all the island to compare with you)—remember who made you a lady. You will promise me that much, Thérèse, at parting ?”

“Remember who made me a lady !—I have forgotten too long who made me a woman,” said Thérèse, devoutly upraising her eyes. “In serv-

ing him and loving my husband, I will strive to forget you."

"All alike!" muttered Papalier, as the pair went out. "This is what one may expect from negroes, as the General will learn when he has had enough to do with them. They are all alike."

This great event in the life of Jacques Dessalines did not delay his proceedings for more than half-an-hour. Noon was but just past, when he led forth his wife from the presence of the priest, mounted her on his own horse before his tent, and sent her forward under the escort of his personal servant, promising to overtake her almost as soon as she should have crossed the river. When she was gone, he sent the word through the negro soldiery, who gathered round him almost to a man, and with the quietness which became their superior force. Jean François and Biasson were left with scarcely twenty followers each; and those few would do nothing. The whites felt themselves powerless amidst the noon-day heats, and opposed to three-fold numbers: and their officers found that nothing was to be done but to allow them to look on quietly, while Jacques led away his little

army, with loud music, and a streaming white flag. A few horsemen led the van, and closed in the rear. The rest marched, as if on a holiday trip, now singing to the music of the band, and now making the hills ring again with the name of Toussaint Breda.

As General Hermona, entirely indisposed for his siesta, watched the march through his glass from the entrance of his tent, while the notes of the wind-instruments swelled and died away in the still air, one of his aides was overheard by him to say to another,

“The General has probably changed his opinion since he said to you this morning, of Toussaint Breda, that God could not visit a soul more pure. We have all had to change our minds rather more rapidly than suits such a warm climate.”

“You may have changed your opinions since the sun rose, gentlemen,” said Hermona: “but I am not sure that I have.”

“How! Is it possible? We do not understand you, my lord.”

“Do you suppose that you understand him? Have we been of a degraded race, slaves, and suddenly offered restoration to full manhood and

citizenship? How otherwise can we understand this man? I do not profess to do so."

"You think well of him, my lord?"

"I am so disposed. Time, however, will show. He has gone away magnanimously enough, alone, and believing, I am confident, from what Father Laxabon tells me, that his career is closed: but I rather think we shall hear more of him."

"How these people revel in music!" observed one of the staff. "How they are pouring it forth now!"

"And not without reason, surely," said Hermona. "It is their exodus that we are watching."

CHAPTER VIII.

BREDA AGAIN.

THE French proclamation was efficiently published along the line of march of the blacks. They shouted and sang the tidings of their freedom, joining with them the name of Toussaint Breda. These tidings of freedom rang through the ravines, and echoed up the sides of the hills, and through the depths of the forests, startling the wild birds on the mountain ponds, and the deer among the high ferns; and bringing down from their fastnesses a multitude of men who had fled thither from the vengeance of the whites and mulattoes, and to escape sharing in the violence of the negro force which Jean Français had left behind him, to pursue uncontrolled their course of plunder and butchery. Glad, to such, were the tidings of freedom, with order, and under the command of one whose name was never mentioned without

respect, if not enthusiasm. The negro who did not know that there was any more world on the other side the Cibao peaks, had yet learned to be proud of the learning of Toussaint. The slave who conceived of God as dwelling in the innermost of the Mornes, and coming forth to govern his subjects with the fire of the lightning, and the scythe of the hurricane, was yet able to revere the piety of Toussaint. The black bandit who had dipped his hands in the blood of his master, and feasted his ear with the groans of the innocent babes who had sat upon his knee, yet felt that there was something impressive in the simple habit of forgiveness, the vigilant spirit of mercy which distinguished Toussaint Breda from all his brethren in arms,—from all the leading men of his colour, except his friend Henri Christophe. At the name of Toussaint Breda, then, these flocked down into the road by hundreds, till they swelled the numbers of the march to thousands. The Spanish soldiers, returning to their camp by such by-ways as they could find, heard again and again from a distance the cries of welcome and of triumph; and one or two of them chanced to witness from a high point of rock, or through a thick screen of foliage, the

joyous progress of the little army, hastening on to find their chief. These involuntary spies gathered at every point of observation news which would gall the very soul of Jean Français, if they should get back to the camp to tell it.

Jacques knew where to seek his friend, and led the way, on descending from the hills, straight across the plain to the Breda estate, where Tous-saint meant to await his family. How unlike was this plantation to what it was when these negroes had seen it last ! The cane-fields, heretofore so trim and orderly, with the tall canes springing from the clean black soil, were now a jungle. The old plants had run up till they had leaned over with their own weight, and fallen upon one another. Their suckers had sprung up in myriads, so that the racoon which burrowed among them could scarcely make its way in and out. The grass on the little inclosed lawns grew so rank that the cattle, now wild, were almost hidden as they lay down in it ; and so uneven and unsightly were the patches of growth, that the blossoming shrubs with which it had been sprinkled for ornament, now looked forlorn and out of place, flowering amidst the desolation. The slave quarter was scarcely

distinguishable from the wood behind it, so nearly was it overgrown with weeds. A young foal was browsing on the thatch, and a crowd of glittering lizards darted out and away on the approach of human feet.

Jacques did not stay at the slave quarter ; but he desired his company to remain there and in the neighbouring field, while he went with Thérèse to bring out their chief to them. They went up to the house ; but in no one of its deserted chambers did they find Toussaint.

“ Perhaps he is in his own cottage,” said Thérèse.

“ Is it possible,” replied Jacques, “ that, with this fine house all to himself, he should take up with that old hut ?”

“ Let us see,” said Thérèse, “ for he is certainly not here.”

When they reached Toussaint's cottage, it was no easy matter to know how to effect an entrance. Enormous gourds had spread their network over the ground, like traps for the feet of trespassers. The front of the piazza was completely overgrown with the creepers which had been brought there only to cover the posts, and hang their blossoms from the eaves. They had now spread and tangled

themselves, till they made the house look like a thicket. In one place, however, between two of the posts, they had been torn down, and the evening wind was tossing the loose coils about. Jacques entered the gap, and immediately looked out again, smiling, and beckoning Thérèse to come and see. There, in the piazza, they found Toussaint, stretched asleep upon the bench,—so soundly asleep, for once, that the whispers of his friends did not alter, for a moment, his heavy breathing.

“How tired he must be!” said Jacques. “At other times I have known his sleep so light, that he was broad awake, as quick as a lizard, if a beetle did but sail over his head.”

“He may well be tired,” said Thérèse. “You know how weary he looked at mass this morning. I believe he had no rest last night; and now this march to-day . . .”

“Well! He must rouse up now, however; for his business will not wait.” And he called him by his name.

“Henri!” cried Toussaint, starting up.

“No, not Henri. I am Jacques. You are not awake yet, and the place is dark. I am your friend Jacques, five inches shorter than Henri. You see?”

“ You here, Jacques ! and Thérèse ! Surely I am not awake yet.”

“ Yes, you are, now you know Thérèse,—whom you will henceforth look upon as my wife. We are both free of the whites now, for ever.”

“ Is it possible ? ”

“ It is true ; and we will tell you all presently. But first explain why you called me Henri as you woke. If we could see Henri . . . Why did you name Henri ? ”

“ Because he was the next person I expected to see. I met one on the way who knew where he was, and took a message to him.”

“ If we could learn from Henri . . . ” said Jacques.

“ Here is Henri,” said the calm, kindly, well-known voice of the powerful Christophe, who now showed himself outside. The other went out to him, and greeted him heartily.

“ What news, Henri ? ” asked Toussaint. “ How are affairs at Cap ? What is doing about the proclamation there ? ”

“ Affairs are going badly at Cap. The mulattoes will no more bear our proclamation, than the whites would bear theirs. They have shut up

General Laveaux in prison ; and the French, without their military leader, do not know what to do next. The commissary has no authority, and talks of embarking for France ; and the troops are cursing the negroes, for whose sake, they say, their General is imprisoned, and will soon die of the heats."

" We must deliver General Laveaux," said Toussaint. " Our work already lies straight before us. We must raise a force. Henri, can you bring soldiers ? "

" Ay, Henri," said Jacques, " what force can you bring to join ours ? General Toussaint Breda has six thousand here at hand, half of whom are disciplined soldiers, well armed. The rest are partially armed, and have strong hearts and ready hands."

Toussaint turned round, as if to know what Jacques could mean.

" General," said Jacques, " the army I speak of is there, among those fields, burning to greet you, their commander : but in the mean time, I believe, supping heartily on whatever they can find in your wilderness here, in the shape of maize, pumpkins, and plantains—and what else, you know better than I. That is right, Thérèse : rest yourself

in the piazza, and I will bring you some supper, too."

"Six thousand, did you say, Jacques?" said Henri. "I can rally two thousand this night: and more will join on the way."

"We must free Laveaux before sunrise," said Toussaint. "Will our troops be fit for a march after this supper of theirs, Jacques—after supper and three hours' rest?"

"They are fit at this moment to march over the island—to swim from St. Domingo to France, if you will only lead them," replied Jacques. "Go to them, and they will do what you will."

"So be it!" said Toussaint, his bosom for a moment heaving with the thought that his career, even as viewed by Father Laxabon, was *not* ended. "Henri, what is the state of the plain? Is the road open?"

"Far from it. The mulattoes are suspicious, and on the watch against some danger—I believe they are not clear what. I avoided some of their scouts; and the long way they made me go round was the reason of my being late."

Observing that Toussaint looked thoughtful, he proceeded: "I imagine there is no force in the

plain that could resist your numbers, if you are sure of your troops. The road is open, if they choose that it be so."

"I am sure of only half of them: and then there is the town. . . . It seems to me, Jacques, that I may more depend upon my troops, in their present mood, for a merry night-march, though it be a long one, than for a skirmish through the plain, though it be a short one."

Jacques assented. It was agreed that the little army should proceed by the mountain tracts, round by Plaisance and Gros Morne, so as to arrive by the Haut-du-Cap, in which direction it was not likely that a foe should be looked for. Thus they could pour into the town from the western heights, before sunrise, while the scouts of the mulatto rebels were looking for them across the eastern plain.

This settled, Jacques went down among his forces, to tell them that their general was engaged in a council of war,—Henri Christophe having joined from Cap, with a promise of troops, and with intelligence which would open the way to victory and freedom. The general allowed them ten minutes more for refreshment, and to form them-

selves into order ; and he would then present himself to them. Shouting was forbidden, lest any foe should be within hearing : but a murmur of delight and mutual congratulation ran through the ranks, which were beginning to form while the leader of their march was yet speaking. He retreated, carrying with him the best arms he could select for the use of his general.

While he was gone, Toussaint stepped back into the piazza where Thérèse sat quietly watching the birds flitting in and out among the foliage and flowers.

“Thérèse,” said he, “what will you do this night and to-morrow? Who will take care of you?”

“I know not,—I care not,” said she. “There are no whites here; and I am well where they are not. Will you not let me stay here?”

“Did Jacques say, and say truly, that you are his wife?”

“He said so, and truly. I have been wretched, for long . . .”

“And sinful. Wretchedness and sin go together.”

“And I was sinful; but no one told me so. I was ignorant, and weak, and a slave. Now I am

BREDA AGAIN.

a woman and a wife. No more whites, no more sin, no more misery! Will you not let me stay here?"

"I will: and here you will presently be safe, and well cared for, I hope. My wife and my children are coming home,—coming, probably, in a few hours. They will make this a home to you till Jacques can give you one of your own. You shall be guarded here till my Margot arrives. Shall it be so?"

"Shall it? O thank God! Jacques," she cried, as she heard her husband's step approaching, "O Jacques! I am happy. Toussaint Breda is kind,—he has forgiven me,—he welcomes me,—his wife will—"

Tears drowned her voice. Toussaint said gently,

"It is not for me to forgive, Thérèse, whom you have never offended. God has forgiven, I trust, your young years of sin. You will atone, (will you not?) by the purity of your life;—by watching over others, lest they suffer as you have done. You will guard the minds of my young daughters: will you not? You will thank God through my Génifrède, my Aimée?"

"I will, I will," she eagerly cried, lifting up her

face, bright through her tears. "Indeed my heart will be pure,—longs to be pure."

"I know it, Thérèse," said Toussaint. "I have always believed it, and I now know it."

He turned to Jacques, and said,

"You declare yourself to be under my command?"

"Yes, Toussaint; you are my general."

"Well, then, I appoint to you the duty of remaining here, with a troop, to guard my family, (who are coming in a few hours,) and this estate. I have some hopes of doing what I want at Cap without striking a blow; and you will be better here. You hate the whites too much to like my warfare. Farewell, Thérèse! Jacques, follow me, to receive your troop."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MAN.

THE town of Cap Français was next morning in a hurry, which attracted the attention of General Laveaux in his prison, and the French commissary, Polverel, on board the vessel in the roads, in which he had taken refuge from the mulattoes, and where he held himself in readiness to set sail for France, in case of any grave disaster befalling the General or the troops. From his cell, Laveaux heard in the streets the tramp of horses and of human feet; and from the deck of the *Orphée*, Polverel watched through his glass the bustle on the wharves, and the putting off of more than one boat, which prepared him to receive news.

The news came. The report was universal in the town that Toussaint Breda had gone over from the allies to the side of republican France; and that this step had been followed by a large defection

from the allied forces. Messengers had arrived, one after another, with despatches which had been intercepted by the mulattoes. Those who brought them, however, had given out that some posts had been surrendered, without a summons, into the hands of the French. This was certainly the case with Marmalade and Plaisance; and others were confidently spoken of.

“Offered to our hands just when our hands are tied, and we cannot take them!” said Polverel. “If our fresh regiments would only arrive to-day, and help us to wrench the prison keys from the hands of those devils of mulattoes, and let out Laveaux, the colony would be ours before night.”

As he spoke, he swept the horizon to the north and east with his glass; but no welcome sail was visible.

“Now look the other way,” said the commander of the vessel. “If there is no help at sea, try if there be none on land. I have been watching that mountain-side for some time: and, if I am not much mistaken, there is an army of dusky fellows there.”

“Dusky! mulattoes! then we are lost!” cried Polverel. “If the mulattoes from the south have come up in any numbers . . .”

“They are black as the night that is just gone,” said the commander, still keeping his eye fixed on the western heights above the town. “See, the sun strikes them now. They are blacks. The negroes under Toussaint himself, very probably. I shall not have the pleasure of carrying you to France just yet, M. Polverel.”

Notwithstanding the display of black forces on the Haut-du-Cap, the bustle of the town seemed to be in the opposite direction. A few shots were fired in the south-east quarter, and some smoke arose from thence. This was soon explained by the news that Henri Christophe had approached the town from the plain, with four or five thousand men, and was forcing an entrance that way. There was little conflict. Toussaint poured down his force through the barracks, where the French soldiers gave him a hearty welcome, and along the avenues of Government-House, and the neighbouring public offices; in which quarter the mulattoes had little interest. Within an hour, the mulattoes had all slunk back into their homes, telling their families that they could have dealt with the French alone; but that they could not withstand an army of twenty thousand men (only doubling the real

number), which had dropped from the clouds, for aught they knew. The few dead bodies were removed, the sand sucked up their blood, and the morning wind blew dust over its traces. A boat was sent off, in due form, to bring Commissary Polverel home to Government-House. Toussaint himself went to the prison, to bring out General Laveaux, with every demonstration of respect; and all presently wore the aspect of a *jour-de-fête*.

Hour by hour, tidings were spread which increased the joy of the French, and the humiliation of their foes. The intercepted despatches were given up, and more arrived with the news of the successive defection from the allies of all the important posts in the colony, held by negro forces. In the name of Toussaint Breda, the garrisons of Marmalade and Plaisance first declared for republican France; and after them, Gros-Morne, Henneri, and Le Dondon.

The news of the acquisition of these last arrived in the evening, when the French officials were entertaining the negro chief in the salon of Government-House. It was late: the house was brilliantly lighted; and its illuminations were reflected from a multitude of faces without. Late as it was, and

great as had been the fatigues of the negro troops, they were not yet weary of hearing the praises of their own Toussaint. Adding their numbers to those of the white inhabitants of Cap, they thronged the court of Government-House and the Jesuits' Walk; and even in the Place d'Archer and the Rue Espagnole, passengers found it difficult to make their way. The assemblage could scarcely have told what detained them there, unless it were the vague expectation of more news, the repetition of the praises they loved to hear, and, perhaps, some hope of getting one more glimpse of Toussaint on this night of his triumph. From mouth to mouth circulated the words which General Lavaux had spoken in the morning, when released from his prison,—“ This man is the saviour of the whites,—the avenger of the authorities. He is surely the black, the Spartacus predicted by Raynal, whose destiny it should be to avenge the wrongs of his race.” From mouth to mouth went these words; and from heart to heart spread the glow they kindled.

Toussaint himself had heard these words; and in his heart also were they glowing. As he sat at table, refreshing himself with fruits, but (according

to his invariable custom) refusing wine, he was reminded by all that passed that his career was not ended. He wore the uniform of Brigadier-General—a token that he had not lost rank. M. Polverel had declared his intention of soon returning to France; and General Laveaux had said that when he was thus left in charge of the colony, he should entreat General Toussaint, who best understood its affairs, to fill the office of Lieutenant-Governor; and should also be guided in military affairs implicitly by his counsels. Toussaint heard, and felt that, in truth, his career was not ended. He was requested to name a day when he would take the oaths publicly, and receive the homage of the grateful colony: and in his reply, he took occasion to declare with earnestness that his present course of action originated altogether in the decree of the Convention in favour of the negroes; and that the resources of his power and influence should all be directed towards raising his race to that intellectual and moral equality with the whites, without which they could neither enjoy nor retain the political equality which the Convention had decreed. In the midst of the strongly-expressed sympathy of his hosts, who were this day disposed to approve

and admire all he said and did—while they were uttering hopes for his own people which touched his soul, the final news of this great day was brought in, contained in despatches which told of the acquisition of the posts of Limbé and l'Acul—the two bars to the north-western peninsula of the colony. The commanders declared their adhesion to the cause of the blacks and Toussaint Breda.

“Bravo!” cried the French General: “That obstinate region is ours! We will march through those posts, to hold our festival; and the oaths shall be taken at Port Paix. Was not that district considered the most obstinate, General?”

Toussaint did not answer. He did not hear. The mention of Port Paix carried back his thoughts to the night when he was last there, heavy at heart, assisting his master to escape.

“All is ours now, through him,” said M. Polverel, gazing at his guest.

“Yes,” rejoined Laveaux, “he is the Napoleon Bonaparte of St. Domingo.”

“Who is he?—who is Napoleon Bonaparte?” asked Toussaint, roused to listen. “I have heard his name. What has he done?”

“He is a young French artillery officer . . .”

“ A Corsican by birth,” interposed Polverel.

“ Is he really ? I was not aware of that,” said Laveaux. “ That circumstance somewhat increases the resemblance of the cases. He was ill-used (or thought he was) by his officers, and was on the point of joining the Turkish service, when he was employed in the defence of the Convention, the other day. He saved the Convention,—he saved Paris,—and he is about to put off his uniform of brigadier-general” (and Laveaux smiled and bowed as he spoke)—“ like yourself, he is about to put off his uniform of brigadier-general for that of a higher rank. His name was known before, in connexion with the siege of Toulon. But this last achievement is the grand one. He has cleared the path of the Convention.—Polverel, did I not say rightly, that General Toussaint is the Napoleon Bonaparte of St. Domingo ? ”

“ Yes. General Toussaint also is making for us an opening everywhere.”

Toussaint heard the words, but they made a faint impression at the moment of his imagination being fixed on the young artillery officer. There were those present, however, who lost nothing of what was spoken, and who conveyed it all to the

eager ears outside. The black attendants, the gazers and listeners who went in and out, intoxicated with the glory of the negro general, reported all that was said of him. These last few words of Polverel wrought wonderfully, and were instantly spread through the excited multitude. A shout was presently heard, which must have sounded far up the mountains and over the bay; and Polverel started with surprise when his word came back to him in a response like that of an assembled nation. "L'ouverture!" "L'ouverture!" cried the multitude, fully comprehending what the word conveyed in its application to their chief, "Toussaint L'Ouverture!" Henceforth the city, the colony, the island, and, after a time, all Europe rang with the name of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

When Toussaint heard the cry from without, he started to his feet; and his hosts rose also, on seeing the fire in his eye,—brighter than during the deeds of the morning.

"The general would address them," said Polverel. "You wish to speak to the people, General Toussaint."

"No," said Toussaint.

"What, then?" inquired Laveaux.

"I would be alone," said Toussaint, stepping backwards from the table.

"Your fatigues have doubtless been great," observed Laveaux. "Lights shall be ordered in your apartment."

"I cannot sleep yet," said Toussaint. "I cannot sleep till I have news from Breda. But I have need of thought, gentlemen; there is moonlight and quiet in these gardens. Permit me to leave you now."

He paced the shrubberies, cool with moonlight and with dews; and his agitation subsided when all eyes but those of Heaven were withdrawn. Here no flatteries met his ear,—no gestures of admiration made him drop his eyes abashed. Constrained as he yet felt himself in equal intercourse with whites, new to his recognised freedom, unassured in his acts, uncertain of the future, and (as he believed) unprepared for such a future as was now unfolding, there was something inexpressibly irksome and humbling in the homage of the whites,—of men who understood nothing of him, and little of his race, and who could have none but political purposes in their intercourses with him. He needed this evening the sincerities as well as the soothing

of nature ; and it was with a sense of relief that he cast himself once again upon her bosom, to be instructed, with infantine belief, how small an atom he was in the universe of God,—how low a rank he held in the hierarchy of the ministers of the Highest.

“ Yet I *am* one,” thought he, as the shout of his name and new title reached his ear, distinct, though softened by distance. “ I am an appointed minister. It seems as if I were the one of whom I myself have spoken as likely to arise,—not, as Laveaux says after Raynal, to avenge, but to repair the wrongs of my colour. Low, indeed, are we sunk, deep is our ignorance, abject are our wills, if such a one as I am to be the leader of thousands. I, whose will is yet unexercised,—I, who shrink ashamed before the knowledge of the meanest white,—I, so lately a slave,—so long dependent that I am an oppression to myself,—am at this hour the ruler over ten thousand wills ! The ways of God are dark, or it might seem that he despised his negro children in committing so many of them to so poor a guide. But he despises nothing that he has made. It may be that we are too weak and ignorant to be fit for better guidance

in our new state of rights and duties. It may be that a series of teachers is appointed to my colour, of whom I am to be the first, only because I am the lowest; destined to give way to wiser guides when I have taught all that I know, and done all that I can. May it be so! I will devote myself wholly; and when I have done, may I be more willing to hide myself in my cottage, or lie down in my grave, than I have been this day to accept the new lot which I dare not refuse!—Deal gently with me, O God! and, however I fail, let me not see my children's hearts hardened, as hearts are hardened by power! Let me not see in their faces the look of authority, nor hear in their voices the tones of pride! Be with my people, O Christ! The weaker I am, the more be thou with them, that thy gospel may be at last received! The hearts of my people are soft—they are gentle, they are weak:—let thy gospel make them pure,—let it make them free. Thy gospel,—who has not heard of it, and who has seen it? May it be found in the hearts of my people, the despised! and who shall then despise them again? The past is all guilt and groans. Into the future open a better way . . .”

“ Toussaint L'Ouverture !” he heard again from

afar, and bowed his head, overpowered with hope.

“Toussaint L'Ouverture !” repeated some light, gay voices close at hand. His boys were come, choosing to bring themselves the news from Breda, —that Margot and her daughters, and old Des-salines and Moyse were all there, safe and happy, except for their dismay at finding the cottage and field in such a state of desolation.

“They will not mind when they hear that they are to live in a mansion henceforward,” said Placide. “Jean Français had better have stood by his colour, as we do.”

“And how have you stood by your colour, my young hero ?”

“I told Jean in the camp to-day . . .”

“Jean ! In the camp ! How came you there ?”

“We were so near, that I galloped in to see what they thought of your leaving, and who had followed you.”

“Then I thank God that you are here.”

“Jean caught me ; but the General bade him let me go, and asked whether the blacks made war upon children. I told him that I was not a child ; and I told Jean that you had rather live in a cave

for the sake of the blacks, than go off to the court of Spain . . .”

“What made you fancy I should go there?”

“Not you, but Jean. Jean is going, he says, because he is a noble. There will soon be peace between France and Spain, he says; and then he shall be a noble at the court of Spain. I am glad he is going.”

“So am I, if he thinks he shall be happy there.”

“We shall be better without him,” said Isaac. “He would never be quiet while you were made Lieutenant-Governor of St. Domingo. Now you will be alone and unmolested in your power.”

“Where did you learn all this?”

“Every one knows it,—every one in Cap. Every one knows that Jean has done with us, and that the Commissary is going home, and that General Laveaux means to be guided in everything by you; and that the posts have all surrendered in your name; and that at Port Paix—”

“Enough, enough! my boys. Too much, for I see that your hearts are proud.”

“The Commissary and the General said that you are supreme,—the idol of your colour. Those were their words.”

“ And in this there is yet no glory. I have yet done nothing, but by what is called accident. Our own people were ready,—by no preparation of mine; the mulattoes were weak and taken by surprise, through circumstances not of my ordering. Glory there may hereafter be belonging to our name, my boys; but as yet there is none. I have power: but power is less often glory than disgrace.”

“ O father! do but listen. Hark again! ‘Toussaint L’Overture!’ ”

“ I will strive to make that shout a prophecy, my sons. Till then, no pride! Are you not weary? Come in to rest. Can you sleep in my fine chamber here as well as at Breda?”

“ Anywhere,” said Isaac, sleepily.

Toussaint gave up his apartment to his sons, and went forth once more to survey the town, and see that his troops were in their quarters. This done, he repaired to his friend Henri, willing for one more night to forego his greatness; and there, in his friend’s small barrack-room, the supreme in the colony,—the idol of his colour, slept, as he had hoped for his boys, as tranquilly as if he had been at Breda.

CHAPTER X.

A MORNING OF OFFICE.

IF the devastation attending the revolutionary wars of St. Domingo was great, it was repaired with singular rapidity. Thanks to the vigorous agencies of nature in a tropical region, the desolated plains were presently covered with fresh harvests, and the burnt woods were buried deep under the shadow of young forests, more beautiful than the old. Thanks also to the government of the wisest mind in the island, the moral evils of the struggle were made subordinate to its good results. It was not in the power of man to bury past injuries in oblivion, while there were continually present minds which had been debased by tyranny, and hearts which had been outraged by cruelty; but all that could be done was done. Vigorous employment was made the great law of society,—the one condition of the favour of its chief; and,

amidst the labours of the hoe and the mill, the workshop and the wharf,—amidst the toils of the march, and the bustle of the court, the bereaved and insulted forgot their woes and their revenge. A new growth of veneration and of hope overspread the ruins of old delights and attachments, as the verdure of the plain spread its mantle over the wrecks of mansion and of hut. In seven years from the kindling of the first incendiary torch on the Plaine du Nord, it would have been hard for a stranger, landing in St. Domingo, to believe what had been the horrors of the war.

Of these seven years, however, the first three or four had been entirely spent in war, and the rest disturbed by it. Double that number of years must pass before there could be any security that the crop planted would ever be reaped, or that the peasants who laid out their family burying-grounds would be carried there in full age, instead of perishing in the field or in the woods. The cultivators went out to their daily work with the gun slung across their shoulders, and the cutlass in their belt: the hills were crested with forts, and the mountain passes were watched by scouts. The troops were frequently reviewed in the squares of

the towns, and news was perpetually arriving of a skirmish here or there. The mulatto general, Rigaud, had never acknowledged the authority of Toussaint L'Ouverture; and he was still in the field, with a mulatto force sufficient to interrupt the prosperity of the colony, and endanger the authority of its Lieutenant-Governor. It was some time, however, since Rigaud had approached any of the large towns. The sufferers by his incursions were the planters and field-labourers. The inhabitants of the towns carried on their daily affairs as if peace had been fully established in the island, and feeling the effects of such warfare as there was only in their occasional contributions of time and money.

The Commander-in-chief, as Toussaint L'Ouverture was called, by the appointment of the French commissaries, though his dignity had not yet been confirmed from Paris—the Commander-in-chief of St. Domingo held his head-quarters at Port-au-Prince. Among other considerations which rendered this convenient, the chief was that he thus avoided much collision with the French officials, which must otherwise have taken place. All the commissaries, who rapidly succeeded one another

from Paris, resided at Government-House, in Cap Français. Thence they issued orders and regulations in the name of the government at home; orders and regulations which were sometimes practicable, sometimes unwise, and often absurd. If Toussaint had resided at Cap, a constant witness of their ignorance of the minds, manners, and interests of the blacks—if he had been there to listen to the complaints and appeals which would have been daily made, he could scarcely have kept terms for a single week with the French authorities. By establishing himself in the south, while they remained in the north, he was able quietly to neutralise or repair much of the mischief which they did, and to execute many of his own plans without consulting them; while many a grievance was silently borne, many an order simply neglected, which would have been a cause of quarrel, if any power of redress had been at hand. Jealous as he was for the infant freedom of his race, Toussaint knew that it would be best preserved by weaning their minds from thoughts of anger, and their eyes from the sight of blood. Trust in the better part of negro nature guided him in his choice between two evils. He preferred that they should be mis-

governed in some affairs of secondary importance, and keep the peace, rather than that they should be governed to their hearts' content by himself, at the risk of quarrel with the mother country. He trusted to the singular power of forbearance and forgiveness which is found in the negro race for the preservation of friendship with the whites, and of the blessings of peace; and he, therefore, reserved his own powerful influence over both parties for great occasions—interfering only when he perceived that, through carelessness or ignorance, the French authorities were endangering some essential liberty of those to whom they were the medium of the pleasure of the government at home. The blacks were aware that the vigilance of their Commander-in-chief over their civil rights never slept, and that his interference always availed: and these convictions ensured their submission, or at least their not going beyond passive resistance on ordinary occasions, and thus strengthened their habits of peace.

The Commander-in-chief held his levees at Port-au-Prince on certain days of the month, all the year round. No matter how far off he might be, or how engaged, the night before; he rarely failed to be at home on the appointed day, at the fixed hour.

On one particular occasion, he was known to have been out against Rigaud, day and night, for a fortnight, and to be closely engaged as far south as Aux Cayes, the very evening preceding the review and levee which had been announced for the 20th of January. Not the less for this did he appear in front of the troops in the Place Républicaine, when the daylight gushed in from the east, putting out the stars, whose reflection trembled in the still waters of the bay. The last evolutions were finished, and the smoke from the last volley had melted away in the serene sky of January, before the coolness of the northern breeze had yielded to the blaze of the mounting sun. The troops then lined the long streets of the town, and the avenue to the palace, while the Commander-in-chief and his staff passed on, and entered the palace gates.

The palace, like every other building in Port-au-Prince, consisted of one story only. The town had been destroyed by an earthquake in 1770; and, though earthquakes are extremely rare in St. Domingo, the place had been rebuilt in view of the danger of another. The palace therefore covered a large space of ground, and its principal rooms were each nearly surrounded by garden and

grass-plot. The largest apartment, in which the levees were always held, was the best room in the island,—if not for the richness of its furniture, for its space and proportions, and the views which it commanded. Not even the abode of the Commander-in-chief could exhibit such silken sofas, marble tables, gilded balustrades, and japanned or ivory screens, as had been common in the mansions of the planters; and Toussaint had found other uses for such money as he had than those of pure luxury. The essential and natural advantages of his palace were enough for him and his. The floor of this, his favourite apartment, was covered with a fine India matting; the windows were hung with white muslin curtains; and the sofas which stood round three sides of the room, between the numerous windows, were covered with green damask, of no very rich quality. In these many windows lay the charm, commanding, as they did, extensive prospects to the east, north, and west. The broad verandah cast a shadow which rendered it unnecessary to keep the jalousies closed, except during the hottest hours of the year. This morning every blind was swung wide open, and the room was cool and shady, while, without, all was bathed in the mild,

golden sunshine of January,—bright enough for the strongest eye, but without glare.

To the east and north spread the Cul-de-Sac,—a plain of unequalled richness, extending to the foot of the mountains, fifteen miles into the interior. The sun had not yet risen so high but that these mountains cast a deep shadow for some distance into the plain, while their skirts were dark with coffee-groves, and their summits were strongly marked against the glowing sky. Amidst the wide, verdant level of the plain, arose many a white mansion, each marked by a cluster of trees, close at hand. Some of these plantation houses looked bluish and cool in the mountain shadows; others were like bright specks in the sunshine, each surmounted by a star, if its gilded weathercock chanced to turn in the breeze. To the north also this plain, still backed by mountains, extended till it joined the sands of the bight.

Upon these sands, on the margin of the deep blue waters, might be seen flashing in the sun, a troop of flamingoes, now moving forward in a line into the waves, and diligently fishing; and then, on the alarm of a scout, all taking wing successively, and keeping their order, as they flew home-

wards, to the salt marshes in the interior,—their scarlet bodies vividly contrasted with the dark green of the forests that clothed the mountain sides. To the west lay the broad azure sheet of the bay, locked by the island of Gonave, and sprinkled with fishing-boats, while under the forest-tufted rocks of the island two vessels rode at anchor,—a schooner belonging to St. Domingo, and an English frigate.

In the shady western piazza sat a party who seemed much occupied in looking out upon the bay, and watching the vessels that lay under the island; from which vessels boats might be seen putting off for the town just at the time of the commencement of the levee. The party in the piazza consisted chiefly of women. Madame L'Ouverture was there,—like, and yet unlike, the Margot of former years,—employed, as usual,—busy with her needle, and motherly, complacent, tenderly vigilant as of old; but with a matronly grace and dignity which evidently arose from a gratified mind, and not from external state. Her daughters were beside her, both wonderfully improved in beauty, though Génifrède still preserved the superiority there. She sat a little apart from her mother and sister, netting. Moyse was at her

feet, in order to obtain the benefit of an occasional gleam from the eyes which were cast down upon her work. His idolatry of her was no surprise to any who looked upon her in her beauty, now animated and exalted by the love which she had avowed, and which was sanctioned by her father and her family. The sisters were dressed nearly alike, though Aimée knew well that it would have been politic to have avoided thus bringing herself into immediate comparison with her sister. But Aimée cared not what was thought of her face, form, or dress. Isaac had always been satisfied with them. She had confided in Génifrède's taste, when they first assumed their rank; and it was least troublesome to do so still. If Isaac should wish it otherwise when he should return from France, she would do as he desired. Meantime, they were dressed in all essentials exactly alike, from the pattern of the Madras handkerchief they wore (according to universal custom) on their heads, to the cut of the French-kid shoe. The dress was far from resembling the European fashion of the time. No tight lacing; no casing in whalebone;—nothing like a hoop. A chemisette of the finest cambric appeared within the boddice, and covered

the bosom. The short full sleeves were also of white cambric. The boddice, and short full skirt, were of deep yellow India silk; and the waist was confined with a broad band of violet-coloured velvet, gaily embroidered. The only difference in the dress of the sisters was in their ornaments. Aimée wore heavy ear-drops, and a large necklace and bracelets of amethyst; while Génifrède wore, suspended from a throat-band of velvet, embroidered like that which bound her waist, a massive plain gold crucifix, lately given her by Moyses. Her ear-rings were hoops of plain gold, and her bracelets again of embroidered velvet, clasped with plain gold. In her might be seen, and in her was seen by the Europeans who attended the levee of that day, what the negro face and form may be when seen in their native climate, unhardened by degradation, undebased by ignorance, unspoiled by oppression,—all peculiarities of feature softened under the refining influence of mind, and all peculiarities of expression called out in their beauty by the free exercise of natural affections. The animated sweetness of the negro countenance is known only to those who have seen it thus.

Paul was of the party, looking very well in the

French uniform, which he wore in honour of his brother on great occasions, though he was far from having grown warlike on his change of fortune. His heart was still in his cottage, or on the sea; and now, as he stood leaning against a pillar of the piazza, his eye was more busy in watching the fishing-boats in the bay than in observing what went on within the house. The only thing he liked about state-days was the hours of idleness they afforded,—such hours as this, when, lounging in the shade, he could see Moyses happy at the feet of his beloved, and enjoy the soft wind as it breathed past, laden with spicy scents. During such an hour, he almost forgot the restraints of his uniform and of his rank.

There was yet another person in the piazza. Seated on its step, but sheltered by its broad eaves, sat Thérèse,—more beautiful by far than Génifrède,—more beautiful by far than in her days of girlhood,—celebrated as she had then been throughout the colony. Her girlishness was gone, except its grace: her sensitiveness was gone, and (as those might think who did not watch the changes of her eye) much of her animation. Her carriage was majestic, her countenance calm, and its beauty,

now refined by a life of leisure and the consciousness of rank,—leisure and rank both well employed,—more imposing than ever. Her husband was now a general in Toussaint's army. When he was in the field, Madame Dessalines remained at home, on their estate near St. Marc. When he was in attendance on the Commander-in-chief, she was ever a welcome guest in Toussaint's family. Madame L'Ouverture loved her as a daughter; and she had endeared herself to the girls. At this time, from an accidental circumstance, she was at the palace without her husband. It was evident that she felt quite at home there; for, though she had arrived only a few hours before, she did not appear disposed to converse. As she sat alone, leaning against the base of the pillar, she now and then cast her eyes on the book she held open in her hand, but for the most part looked abroad upon the terraced town, the bay, or the shadowy clefts of the rocky island which closed it in.

The sound of feet and of voices from within increased from moment to moment. The Commander-in-chief had assumed his place, with his aides on either hand; and presently the room was so nearly filled as to leave no more space than was

required for the deputations to pass in at one entrance on the south of the apartment, appear before the General, and pass out at the other door. Toussaint stood at the centre of the north end, beside a table partly covered with papers, and at which sat his secretary. On this table lay his cocked-hat. His uniform was blue, with scarlet cape and cuffs, richly embroidered. He had white trousers, long Hessian-boots, and, as usual, the Madras handkerchief on his head. While walking up the apartment, he had been conversing on business with his officers, and continued to do so, without the loss of a moment, till, on his taking his place, two ushers came up with an account of the parties waiting for admittance, desiring to know his pleasure as to who should have precedence.

“The clergy,” said Toussaint. “The first in duty must be first in honour.”

In a few moments, there was a loud announcement of the clergy from the districts of St. Marc, Léogane, Mirbalais, and so on, through a long enumeration of districts. The priests entered, two and two, a long procession of black gowns. As they collected into a group before him, every one anxiously making way for them, Toussaint crossed

his arms upon his breast, and bowed his head low for many moments. When he looked up again, an expression of true reverence was upon his countenance; and, in a tone of earnestness, he asked for what service they desired to command him.

Father Antioche, an old priest, assisted by a brother at least thirty years younger, offered sealed papers, which he said contained reports from the several districts concerning the religious and moral condition of the inhabitants. Toussaint received them, and laid them, with his own hand, upon the table beside him, saying, with much solicitude:—

“Do I see rightly in your countenances that you bring good news of your flocks, my fathers?”

“It is so,” replied the old priest. “Our wishes are fast fulfilling.”

“Eight thousand marriages have been celebrated, as will appear in our reports,” added the young priest.

“And in the difficult cases of a plurality of wives,” resumed Father Antioche, “there is generally a willingness in the cultivators to maintain liberally those who are put away.”

“And the children?”

“The children may be found in the schools,

sitting side by side in peace. The quarrels of the children of different mothers (quarrels often fatal in the fields) disappear in the schools. The reports will exhibit the history of our expanding system."

"God be thanked!" Toussaint uttered in a low voice.

"Under the religious rule of your excellency," said the young priest, "enforced by so pure an example of piety, the morals of this colony will be established, and the salvation of its people secured."

"You," said Toussaint, "the servants of Christ, are the true rulers of this island and its inhabitants. I am your servant in guarding external order, during a period which you will employ in establishing your flocks in the everlasting wisdom and peace of religion. I hold the inferior office of keeping our enemies in awe, and enabling our people to find subsistence and comfort. My charge is the soil on which, and the bodies in which, men live. You have in charge their souls, in which lies the future of this world and of the next. You are the true rulers of St. Domingo; and we bow to you as such."

Every head was immediately bowed, and the

priests went out, amidst the obeisances of the whole assemblage,—some of the order wondering, perhaps, whether every mind there was as sincere in its homage as that of the Commander-in-chief.

The Superintendants of the Cultivators came next,—negroes dressed in check shirts, white linen jackets and trousers, and with the usual Madras handkerchief on the head. They, too, handed in Reports; and to them also did Toussaint address his questions, with an air of respect almost equal to that with which he had spoken to the priests.

“I grieve,” said he, “that you cannot yet fulfil your function altogether in peace. My generals and I have done what we can to preserve our fields from devastation, and our cultivators from the dangers and the fears of ambushed foes: but Rigaud’s forces are not yet subdued; and for a while we must impose upon our cultivators the toil of working armed in the field. We are soldiers here,” he added, looking round upon his officers, “but I hope there is not one of us who does not honour the hoe more than the gun. How far have you been able to repair in the south-eastern districts the interruption in the September planting?”

The Superintendant of those districts came for-

ward, and said that some planting had been effected in November, the sprouts of which now looked well. More planting had been done during the early part of the present month; and time would show the result.

“ Good !” said Toussaint. “ Some of the finest crops I have seen have risen from January plants : though it were best it were done in September. How do you report about the rats ? ”

“ The nuisance is still great,” replied the head superintendent. “ Their uninterrupted possession of the fields during the troubles, has made them very powerful. Would that your excellency were as powerful to conquer the rats as the mulattoes ! ”

“ We have allies,” said Toussaint, gravely,—“ an army more powerful than that which I command. Where are the ants ? ”

“ They have closed their campaign. They cleared the fields for us in the autumn ; but they have disappeared.”

“ For a time only. While there are rats, they will reappear.”

“ And when there are no more rats, we must call in some force, if your excellency knows of such, to

make war upon the ants; for they are only a less evil than that which they cure."

"If they were absent, you would find some worse evil in their stead,—pestilence, perhaps. Teach your children this, if you hear them complain of anything to which Providence has given life and an errand among us.—The cacao walks at Plaisance—are they fenced to the north?"

"Completely. The new wood has sprung up from the ashes of the fires, like a mist from the lake."

"Are the cottages enlarged and divided, as I recommended?"

"Universally. Every cottage inhabited by a family has now two rooms, at least. As your excellency also desired, the cultivators have spent their leisure hours in preparing furniture,—from bedsteads to baskets. As the reports will explain, there are some inventions which it is hoped will be inspected by your excellency,—particularly a ventilator, to be fixed in the roofs of cottages, a broad shoe for walking over the salt marshes, and . . ."

"The cooler," prompted a voice from behind.

"And a new kind of cooler, which preserves liquids, and even meats, for a longer time than any

previously known to the richest planter in the island. This discovery does great credit to the sagacity of the labourer who has completed it."

"I will come and view it. I hope to visit all our cultivators,—to verify your reports with my own eyes. At present, we are compelled, like the Romans, to go from arms to the plough, and from the plough to arms: but, when possible, I wish to show that I am not a negro of the coast, with my eye ever abroad upon the sea, or on foreign lands. I desire that we should make use of our own means for our own welfare. Everything that is good shall be welcomed from abroad as it arrives; but the liberty of the blacks can be secured only by the prosperity of their agriculture."

"I do not see why not by fisheries," observed Paul to the party in the piazza, as he caught his brother's words. "If Toussaint is not fond of fish, he should remember that other people are."

"He means," said Thérèse, "that toil, peaceful toil, with its hope and its due fruit, is best for the blacks. Now, you know, Paul L'Ouverture, that if the fields of the ocean had required as much labour as those of the plain, you would never have been a fisherman."

“It is pleasanter on a hot day to dive than to dig; and easier to draw the net for an hour than to cut canes for a day,—is it not, uncle?” asked Aimée.

“If the Commander-in-chief thinks toil good for us,” said Moyses, “why does he disparage war? Who knows better than he what are the fatigues of a march?—and the wearisomeness of an ambush is greater still. Why does he, of all men, disparage war?”

“Because,” said Madame, “he thinks there has been enough hatred and fighting. I have to put him in mind of his own glory in war, or he would be always forgetting it,—except, indeed, when any one comes from Europe. When he hears of Bonaparte, he smiles; and I know he is then glad that he is a soldier too.”

“Besides his thinking that there has been too much fighting,” said Aimée, “he wishes that the people should labour joyfully in the very places where they used to toil in wretchedness for the whites.”

Thérèse turned to listen, with fire in her eyes.

“In order,” continued Aimée, “that they may lose the sense of that misery, and become friendly towards the whites.”

Thérèse turned away again, languidly.

“There are whites now entering,” said Paul: “not foreigners, are they?”

“No,” said Madame. “Surely they are Creoles;—yes, there is M. Caze, and M. Hugonin, and M. Charrier. I think these gentlemen have all been reinstated in their properties since the last levée. Hear what they say.”

“We come,” exclaimed aloud M. Caze, the spokesman of the party of white planters; “we come, overwhelmed with amazement, penetrated with gratitude, to lay our thanks at your feet. All was lost. The estates on which we were born, the lands bequeathed to us by our fathers, were wrenched from our hands, ravaged, destroyed. We and our families fled,—some to the mountains,—some to the woods, and many to foreign lands. Your voice reached us, inviting us to our homes. We trusted that voice; we find our lands restored to us, our homes secure, and the passions of war stilled, like this atmosphere after the storms of December. And to you do we owe all,—to you, possessed by a magnanimity of which we had not dared to dream!”

“These passions of war, of which you speak,”

said Toussaint, "need never have raged if God had permitted the whites to dream what was in the souls of the blacks. Let the past now be forgotten. I have restored your estates because they were yours; but I also perceive advantages in your restoration. By circumstances, (not by nature, but by circumstances,) the whites have been able to acquire a wide intelligence, a depth of knowledge, from which the blacks have been debarred. I desire for the blacks a perpetual and friendly intercourse with those who are their superiors in education. As residents, therefore, you are welcome; and your security and welfare shall be my care. You find your estates peopled with cultivators?"

"We do."

"And you understand the terms on which the labour of your fellow-citizens may be hired? You have only to secure to them one-fourth of the produce, and you will, I believe, be well served. If you experience cause of complaint, your remedy will be found in an appeal to the Superintendent of Cultivators of the district, or to myself. Over the cultivators no one else; I now intimate to you, has authority."

The gentlemen bowed, having nothing to say on this head.

“It may be in your power,” continued Toussaint, after applying to his secretary for a paper from the mass on the table,—“it may be in your power to do a service to the colony, and to individuals mentioned in this paper, by affording information as to where they are to be found, if alive,—which of them are dead,—and which of the dead have left heirs. Many estates remain unclaimed. The list is about to be circulated in the colony, in France, and in the United States. If you should chance to be in correspondence with any of the owners or their heirs, make it known to them from me that they will be welcome here, as you are. In the mean time, we are taking the best care in our power of their estates. They must rebuild such of their houses as have been destroyed; but their lands are cultivated under a commission, a part of the produce being assigned to the cultivators; the rest to the public treasury.”

Toussaint read the list, watching, as did every one present, the countenances of the Creoles as each name was pronounced. They had information to offer respecting one or two only; to the

rest they gave sighs or mournful shakes of the head.

"It is afflicting to us all," said Toussaint, "to think of the slaughter and exile of those who drank wine together in the white mansions of yonder plain. But a wiser cheerfulness is henceforth to spread its sunshine over our land, with no tempest brewing in its heats."

"Have we heard the whole list?" asked M. Charrier, anxiously.

"All except three, whose owners or agents have been already summoned. These three are, the Athens estate, M. Dauk; the Breda estate, the attorney of which, M. Bayou . . ."

"Is here!" cried a voice from the lower part of the room. "I landed just now," exclaimed Bayou, hastening with extended arms to embrace Toussaint: "and I lose not a moment . . ."

"Gently, sir," said the Commander-in-chief, drawing back two steps. "There is now a greater distance between me and you than there once was between you and me. There can be no familiarity with the chief of a newly-redeemed race."

M. Bayou fell back, looking in every face

around him, to see what was thought of this. Every face was grave.

“ I sent for you,” resumed Toussaint, in a mild voice, “ to put you at the head of the interests of the good old masters ;—for the good alone have been able to return. Show us what can be done with the Breda estate, with free labourers. Make the blacks work well. Be not only just, but firm. You were formerly too mild a master. Make the blacks work well, that, by the welfare of your small interests, you may add to the general prosperity of the administration of the Commander-in-chief of St. Domingo.”

M. Bayou had no words ready. He stared round him upon the black officers in their splendid uniforms, upon the trains of liveried servants, handing coffee and fruits and sangaree on trays and salvers of massive silver, and on the throng of visitors who crowded upon one another's heels, all anxious, not merely to pay their respects, but to offer their enthusiastic homage at the feet of his former slave. His eye at length fixed upon the windows, through which he saw something of the outline of the group of ladies.

“ You desire to greet Madame L'Ouverture ?” said

Toussaint, kindly. "You shall be conducted to her." And one of the aides stepped forward to perform the office of introducer.

M. Bayou pulled from his pocket, on his way to the window, a shagreen jewel-case; and, by the time he was in front of Madame, he had taken from it a rich gold chain, which he hung on her neck, saying, with a voice and air strangely made up of jocoseness, awkwardness, and deference,

"I have not forgotten, you see, though I suppose you have, what you gave me, one day long ago. I tried to bring back something prettier than I carried away—something for each of you,—but—I don't know—I find everything here so different from what I had any idea of—so very strange—that I am afraid you will despise my little presents."

While speaking, he shyly held out little parcels to Génifrède and Aimée, who received them graciously, while their mother replied,

"In those old days, M. Bayou, we had nothing really our own to give; and you deserved from us my aid that was in our power. My daughters and I now accept with pleasure the tokens of friendship that you bring. I hope no changes have taken

place which need prevent our being friends, M. Bayou."

He scarcely heard her.

"Is it possible," cried he, "that these can be your girls? Aimée, I might have known—but, can this lady be Génifrède?"

Génifrède looked up with a smile, which perplexed him still further.

"I do not know that I ever saw a smile from her before; and she would not so much as lift up her head at one of my jokes. One could never gain her attention with anything but a ghost story. But I see how it is," he added, stooping, and speaking low to her mother, while he glanced at Moysè—"She has learned at last the old song that she would not listen to when I wanted to tell her fortune:

'Your heart's your own, this summer day;
'To-morrow, 'twill be changed away.'

And Aimée,—is she married?"

"Aimée is a widow,—at least, so we call her," said her mother, smiling. "Isaac (you remember Placide and Isaac)—her brother Isaac is all the world to her; and he is far away."

Aimée's eyes were full of tears in a moment; but

she looked happy, as she always did when Isaac was spoken of as her own peculiar friend.

“ I was going to ask about your boys,” said Bayou. “ The little fellow who used to ride the horses to water, almost before he could walk alone, —he and his brothers, where are they ? ”

“ Denis is with his tutor, in the palace here. Placide and Isaac are at Paris.”

“ At Paris ! For education ? ”

“ Partly so.”

“ And partly,” interposed Paul, “ for an object in which you, sir, have an interest, and respecting which you ought therefore to be informed. There are those who represent my brother’s actions as the result of personal ambition. Such persons have perpetually accused him to the French Government as desiring to sever the connexion between the two races, and therefore between this colony and France. At the moment when these charges were most strongly urged, and most nearly believed, my brother sent his two elder sons to Paris, to be educated for their future duties under the care of the Directory. I hope, sir, you see in this act a guarantee for the safety and honour of the whites in St. Domingo.”

“Certainly, certainly. All very right,—very satisfactory.”

“Everybody who understands, thinks all that the Commander-in-chief does quite right,” said Madame, with so much of her old tone and manner as made Bayou ready to laugh. He turned to Paul, saying,

“May I ask if you are the brother who used to reside on the northern coast,—if I remember right?”

“I am. I am Paul,—Paul L'Ouverture.” He sighed as he added, “I do not live on the northern coast now. I am going to live on the southern coast,—in a palace, instead of my old hut.”

“M. Bayou will see,—M. Bayou will hear,” interrupted Madame, “if he will stay out the levée. You will not leave us to-day, M. Bayou.”

M. Bayou bowed. He then asked if he had the pleasure of any acquaintance with the other lady, who had not once turned round since he arrived. Thérèse had indeed sat with her face concealed, for some time past.

“Do not ask her,” said Aimée, eagerly, in a low voice. “We do not speak to her of old times. She is Madame Dessalines.”

"The lady of General Desmalines," said Madame. "Shall I introduce you?"

She called to Thérèse. Thérèse just turned round to notice the introduction, when her attention was called another way by two officers, who brought her some message from Toussaint. That one glance perplexed M. Bayou as much as anything he had seen. That beautiful face and form were not new to him; but he had only a confused impression as to where and when he had seen them. He perceived, however, that he was not to ask. He followed her with his eyes as she rose from her low seat, and placed herself close by one of the open jalousies, so as to hear what passed within.

"It is the English deputation," said Paul. "Hear what my brother will say."

"What will become of them?" said Madame. "I do not know what would become of me, if my husband was ever as angry with me as I know he is with them."

There were indeed signs of wrath in the countenance which was commonly gentle as the twilight. The rigid uprightness of his figure, the fiery eye, the distended nostril, all showed that Toussaint was struggling with anger. Before him stood a

group of Englishmen,—a sailor holding a wand, on which was fixed a small white banner, two gentlemen in plain clothes, the captain of the frigate which rode in the bay, and a colonel of the English troops in Jamaica.

“It is all very well, gentlemen,” Toussaint was saying,—“it is all very well as regards the treaty. Twenty-four hours ago we should have had no difficulty in concluding it. But what have you to say to this treatment of women on board the schooner you captured? What have you to say to your act of taking all the gentlemen out of your prize (except one, who would not quit his sister); leaving the ladies in charge of a brutal prize-master, who was drunk,—was it not so?” he added, turning to one of his officers.

“It was: he was drunk, and refused the ladies access to their trunks of clothes, denied them the wine left for their use, and alarmed them extremely by his language. These ladies were wives of our most distinguished officers.”

“It matters not whose wives they were,” said Toussaint: “they were women; and I will treat with none who thus show themselves not to be men.”

"We do not ask you to treat with my prize-master," said Captain Reynolds. "If it be true . . ."

"It is true," said a voice from the window, to which all listened in a moment. "My maid and I were on board that schooner; from which we landed four hours ago. It is true that we were confined to the cabin, denied the refreshments that were before our eyes, and the use of our own clothes; and it is true that the oaths and threats of a drunken man were in our ears all night. When morning came, we looked out to see if we were really in the seas of St. Domingo. It seemed as if we had been conveyed where the whites are still paramount." And Thérèse indignantly walked away.

"You hear!" said Toussaint. "And you ask me to trade with Jamaica! While permitted to obtain provisions from our coast, you have captured a French schooner and a sloop in our seas; you have insulted our women; and now you propose a treaty! If it were not for that banner, you would have to treat for mercy."

"When shall I be permitted to speak?" asked Captain Reynolds.

"Now."

“The blame is mine. I appointed a prize-master, who, it now appears, was not trustworthy. I was not aware of this; and I left in the cabin, for the use of the ladies, all their own property, two cases of wine, and such fruits as I could obtain for them. I lament to find that my confidence was misplaced; and I pledge myself that the prize-master shall be punished. After offering my apologies to the offended ladies, I will retire to my ship, leaving this business of the treaty to appear as unconnected as it really is with this mischance. Allow me to be conducted to the presence of the ladies.”

“I will charge myself with your apologies,” said Toussaint, who knew that any white stood a small chance of a good reception from Thérèse. “I accept your acknowledgment of error, Capt. Reynolds, and shall be ready to proceed with the treaty, on proof of the punishment of the prize-master. Gentlemen, I regard this treaty with satisfaction, and am willing to enclose this small tract of peace in the midst of the dreary wilderness of war. I am willing to see trade established between Jamaica and St. Domingo. There are days when your blue mountains are seen from our shores. Let to-

morrow be a bright day, when no cloud shall hide us from one another's friendship."

"To-morrow," the deputation from Jamaica agreed, as they bowed themselves out of the presence of the Commander-in-chief.

"More English! more English!" was whispered round, when the name of Gauthier was announced.

"No; not English," observed some, on seeing that the five who now entered, though in the English uniform, were mulattoes.

"Not English," said Toussaint, aloud. "English soldiers are honourable, whether as friends or foes. When we meet with the spying eye, and the bribing hand, we do not believe them to be English. Such are the eyes and hands of these men. They have the audacity to present themselves as guests, when their own hearts should tell them they are prisoners."

"Prisoners!" exclaimed Gauthier and his companions.

"Yes, surely—prisoners. Your conduct has already been judged by a military commission, and you are sentenced. If you have more to say than you had to plead to me, say it when I have read."

Toussaint took from among the papers on the

table a letter brought, as Gauthier alleged, from the English commander, Sir Thomas Brisbane, declaring Gauthier empowered to treat for the delivery to the British of the posts of Gonaïves, Les Verrettes, and some others, in order to secure to the British the freedom of the windward passage. Toussaint declared that the messengers had brought with them bags of money, with which they had endeavoured to bribe him to this treachery. He asked of them if this were not true.

“It is,” said Gauthier; “but we and our authorities acted upon the precedent of your former conduct.”

“What former conduct? Did these hands ever receive gold from the coffers of an enemy?—Speak freely. You shall not suffer from anything you may say here.”

“You have been the means by which posts have been delivered to an enemy. We remember hearing of the surrender of Marmalade, Gros Morne, and some others.”

“I was the means, as you say: but it was done by a wiser will and a stronger hand than mine. In that transaction, my heart was pure. My design was to lose rank, and to return to poverty

by the step I took. You ought to have inquired into facts, clearly understood by all who know me, before you proceeded to insult me. Have you more to say?"

"It was natural that we should believe that he through whom posts had been delivered would deliver posts again: and this was confirmed by rumours, and I believe, even by letters which seemed to come from yourself, in relation to the posts now in question."

Gauthier appealed to his companions, who all assented.

"There are other rumours concerning me," said Toussaint, "which could not be perverted; and to these you should have listened. My actions are messages addressed to the whole world,—letters which cannot be forged: and these alone you should have trusted. Such misunderstanding as yours could hardly have been foreseen; but it will be my fault if it be repeated. The name of the First of the Blacks must never again be associated with bribery. You are sentenced by a military commission, before which your documents have been examined, to run the gauntlet. The sentence will immediately be executed in the Place d'Armes."

“Are you aware,” cried Gauthier, “that I was second in command at St. Marc when it was in the possession of the British?”

“I am aware of it.”

“This is enmity to our colour,” said another. “To our being mulattoes we owe our disgrace.”

“I have beloved friends of your colour,” said Toussaint. “Believe me, however, the complexion of your souls is so disgusting that I have no attention to spare for your faces. You must now depart.”

“Change our punishment!” said Gauthier. “Consider that I am an emigrant officer. Some other punishment!”

“No other,” said Toussaint. “This is the fit punishment,—mean as your design,—ridiculous as your attempt. Are the French Commissaries in waiting, Laroche? Let them be announced.”

The prisoners were removed by one door, while the imposing party from France entered by the other.

Commissary Hédouville, who had been for some time resident at Cap Français, entered, followed by a party of his countrymen, just arrived from Paris. There was among them one, at sight of whom Toussaint's countenance changed, while an excl-

mation was heard from the piazza, which showed that his family were moved like himself. The person who excited this emotion was a young black officer, who entered smiling, and as if scarcely able to keep his place behind the Commissary, and General Michel, the head of the new deputation.

The Commander-in-chief quitted his station, and advanced some steps, seizing the officer's hand, and asking eagerly,

“Vincent! Why here? My boys,—how, where are they?”

“They are well: both well and happy in our beloved Paris. I am here with General Michel; sent by the Government, with gifts and compliments which”

“Which we will speak of when I have offered my welcome to these representatives of the Government we all obey,” said Toussaint, turning to the Commissary and the General, and remembering that his emotions as a father had caused him, for the moment, to lose sight of the business of the hour. He made himself the usher of the French Commissaries to the sofa, in front of which he had himself been standing. There he would have seated Hédouville and General Michel. Hédou-

ville threw himself down, willingly enough; but the newly arrived messenger chose to stand.

“ I come,” said he, “ the bearer to you of honours from the Republic, which I delight to present as the humblest of your servants.—Not a word of apology for your graceful action of welcome to Brigadier-General Vincent! What so graceful as the emotions of the parent’s heart? I understand,—I am aware,—he went out as the guardian of your sons; and your first welcome was therefore due to him. The office of guardian of your sons is, ought to be, in your eyes, more important, more sacred, than that of Commissary, or any other. If our national Deliverer,—if the conqueror of Italy,—if our First Consul himself were here, he ought to step back while you embrace the guardian of your sons.”

The party in the piazza saw and heard all.

“ If,” said Madame, in a whisper to Génifrède, “ if these honours that they speak of come from Bonaparte,—if he has answered your father’s letter, your father will think his happiness complete,—now we know that the boys are well.”

“ The First Consul has written, or will write, no doubt,” said Aimée. “ It must be pleasant to him

as to my father, to greet a brother in destiny and in glory. Surely General Vincent will come and speak to us;—will tell us of my brothers! He looked this way just now.”

“The First Consul will not write,” said Moyses. “He is a white; and therefore, though a brother in destiny and in glory, he will not notice the Commander-in-chief of St. Domingo.”

“You are right, Moyses,” said Madame Dessalines. “And it is best so.”

“But that will disappoint my husband very much,” said Madame. “He likes the whites better than you do.”

“He does,” said Thérèse. “But let us listen.”

Hédouville was at the moment exerting himself to introduce his secretary, M. Pascal.

“An honoured name!” observed Toussaint.

“And not only in name, but by blood connected with the great man you refer to,” said Hédouville.

“None are more welcome here,” said Toussaint, “than those who bring with them the honours of piety, of reason, and of science.” And he looked with deep interest upon the countenance of the secretary, which did in truth show signs of that thoughtfulness and sagacity, though not of the mor-

bid suffering, which is associated in all minds with the image of the author of the *Provinciales*. M. Pascal returned the gaze which was fixed upon him with one in which intense curiosity was mingled with doubt, if not fear. His countenance immediately, however, relaxed into an expression of pleased surprise. During this brief moment, these two men, so unlike—the elderly, toil-worn negro, and the young, studious Frenchman—felt that they were friends.

M. Pascal stepped aside to make way for M. Molière.

“Are we to welcome in you,” asked Toussaint, “a messenger of mirth to our society?”

The group of Frenchmen could scarcely restrain their laughter at this question. M. Molière had a most lugubrious countenance—a thing not always inconsistent with a merry humour: but M. Molière’s heart was believed never to have laughed, any more than his face. He answered, as if announcing a misfortune, that he claimed no connexion with the dramatist, though he believed some of his family had attempted to do so.

“M. Molière discharges the duty of a pious descendant, however,” said Vincent. “He laughs

himself into such a state of exhaustion every night over those immortal comedies, that he has to be carried to bed. That is the reason we see him so grave in the morning."

"Think of M. Molière as a trusted secretary of the messenger from the republic to yourself," said General Michel.

"I come," said Michel, assuming a pompous tone, "I come, associated with an officer of the republican army, M. Pétion—a native of this colony, but a stranger to yourself."

M. Pétion paid his respects. He was a mulatto, with shy and reserved manners, and an exceedingly intellectual countenance.

"We lost you early," said Toussaint; "but only to offer you the warmer welcome back. It was, as I remember, to attend the military schools of France that you left your home. Such scholars are welcome here."

"And particularly," observed Michel, "when they have also had the fortune to serve in the army of Italy, and immediately under the eye of the First Consul himself."

"Is it so? Is it really so?" exclaimed Toussaint. "I can never bear enough of the ruler of

France. 'Tell us . . . but that must be hereafter. Do you come to me from him?'

"From the government generally," replied Pétion.

An expression of disappointment, very evident to his watchful wife, passed over the face of Toussaint.

"There is no letter," she whispered to Génifrède.

"We bring you from the government," said Michel, "a confirmation of the dignity of Commander-in-chief of this colony, conferred by Commissary Santhonax."

Toussaint bowed, but smiled not.

"See, he sighs!" said Madame, sighing in echo.

"These are empty words," said Thérèse. "They give him only what they cannot withhold; and at the very moment, they surround him with spies."

"He says," replied Madame, "that Hédouville is sent here 'to restrain his ambition.' Those were the words spoken of him at Paris, where they will not believe that he has no selfish ambition."

"They will not believe, because they cannot understand. Their Commander-in-chief has a selfish

ambition; and they cannot imagine that ours may be a man of a higher soul. But we cannot help it: they are whites."

"What a dress—what a beautiful dress!" exclaimed Madame, who almost condescended to stand fairly in the window, to see the presents now displayed before her husband by the commissary's servants.

"These presents," pursued General Michel, while Pétion stood aloof, as if he had no concern in the business—"this dress of embroidered velvet, and this set of arms, I am to present to you, in the name of the late Directory of France, in token of their admiration of your services to the colony."

Toussaint stretched out his hand for the sword, which he immediately assumed instead of the one he wore, observing that this sword, like that which he had now laid aside, should be employed in loyal service to the republic. As he took no notice of the embroidered dress, it was conveyed away.

"Not only in the hall of government," resumed Michel—"but throughout all Europe, is your name ringing to the skies. A eulogium has been delivered at the Council of Ancients . . ."

“And an oration before the governors of the Military Schools,” added Hédouville.

“And from Paris,” said Pascal, “your reputation has spread along the shores of the Rhine, and as far north as St. Petersburg: and in the south, even to Rome.”

Toussaint's ear caught a low laugh of delight from the piazza, which he thought fit alone for a husband's ear, and therefore hoped that no one else had heard.

“Enough, gentlemen,” he said. “Measuring together my deeds and this applause, I understand the truth. This applause is in fact given to the powers of the negro race; and not to myself as a soldier or a man. It belongs not, therefore, to me. For my personal support, one line of a letter, one word of message, from the chief of our common country, would be worth the applause of Europe, of which you speak.”

M. Pétion produced a sealed packet, which he delivered; and this seemed to remind General Vincent that he had one too. Toussaint was unable to refrain from tearing open first one, and then the other, in the intense hope of receiving some acknowledgment, some greeting from the “brother in

destiny and in glory," who was the idol of his loyal heart. There was no word from Bonaparte among the first papers; and it was scarcely possible that there should be in the other packet; yet he could not keep his eye from it. Other eyes were watching from behind the jalousies. He cast a glance, a half smile that way; the consequence of which was that Aimée, forgetting the time, the deputation, the officers, the whole crowd, sprang into the room, and received the letter from Isaac, which was the only thing in all that room that she saw. She disappeared in another moment, followed however by General Vincent.

The father's smile died away from the face of Toussaint, and his brow darkened, as he caught at a glance the contents of the proclamations contained in Pétion's packet. A glance was enough. Before the eyes of the company had returned from the window, whither they had followed the apparition of Aimée, he had folded up the papers. His secretary's hand was ready to receive them; but Toussaint put them into his bosom.

"Those proclamations," said Hédouville, rising from the sofa, and standing by Toussaint's side, "you will immediately publish. You will imme-

diate exhibit on your colours the words imposed; ' Brave blacks, remember that the French people alone recognise your freedom, and the legality of your rights ! ' ”

As the commissary spoke these words aloud, he looked round upon the assembled blacks, who, in their turn, all fixed their eyes upon their chief. Toussaint merely replied that he would give his best attention to all communications from the government of France.

“ In order,” said Hédouville, as if in explanation of a friend's purposes, “ in order to yield implicit obedience to its commands.” Then resuming his seat, he observed to Toussaint, “ I believe General Michel desires some little explanation of certain circumstances attending his landing at Cap.”

“ I do,” said General Michel, resuming his solemn air. “ You are aware that General Vincent and I were arrested on landing ? ”

“ I am aware of it. It was by my instant command that you were set free.”

“ By whose command, or by what error, then, were we arrested ? ”

“ I hoped that full satisfaction had been afforded you by M. Raymond, the Governor of Cap Fran-

çais. Did he not explain to you that it was by an impulse of the irritated blacks,—an impulse, of which they repent, and to which they will not again yield, proceeding from anger for which there is but too much cause? As you, however, are not to be made responsible for the faults of your government towards us, the offending parties have been amply punished.”

“ I,” said Hédouville, from the sofa behind, “ I am held responsible for the faults of our government towards you. What are they ? ”

“ We will discuss them at Cap,” replied Toussaint. “ There you will be surrounded by troops of your own colour ; and you will feel more at liberty to open your whole mind to me than, it grieves me to perceive, you are when surrounded by blacks. When you know the blacks better, you will become aware that the highest security is found in fully trusting them.”

“ What is it that you suppose we fear from the blacks ? ”

“ When we are at Cap, I will ask you what it was that you feared, M. Hédouville, when you chose to land at St. Domingo, instead of at Cap,—when you showed your mistrust of your fellow-

citizens by selecting the Spanish city for your point of entrance upon our island. I will then ask you what it is that your government fears, that it commits the interests of the blacks to a new legislature, which understands neither their temper nor their affairs."

"This was, perhaps, the cause of the difficulty we met with at Cap," observed General Michel.

"It is the chief cause. Some jealousy on this account is not to be wondered at; but it has not the less been punished. I would further ask," he continued, turning again to Hédouville, "what the First Consul fears, that . . ."

"Who ever heard of the First Consul fearing anything?" cried Hédouville, with a smile.

"Hear it now, then."

"In this place?" said Hédouville, looking round.

"In public?"

"In this place,—among the most loyal of the citizens of France," replied Toussaint, casting a proud look round upon his officers and assembled friends. "If I were about to make complaints of the First Consul, I would close my doors upon you and myself, and speak in whispers. But it is known that I honour him, and hold him to my

heart, as a brother in destiny and in glory; though his glory is now at its height, while mine will not be so till my race is redeemed from the consequences of slavery, as well as from slavery itself. Still we are brothers; and I therefore mourn his fears, shown in the documents that he sends to my soldiers: and shown no less in his sending none to me."

"I bring you from him the confirmation of your dignity," observed General Michel.

"You do so by message. The honour is received through the ear. But that which should plant it down into my heart,—the greeting from a brother,—is wanting. It cannot be that the First of the Whites has not time, has not attention, for the First of the Blacks. It is that he fears,—not for himself, but for our country: he fears our ambition, our revenge. He shall experience, however, that we are loyal,—from myself, his brother, to the mountain child who startles the vulture from the rock with his shouts of Bonaparte the Great. To engage our loyalty before many witnesses," he continued, once more looking round upon the assemblage, "I send this message through you, in return for that which I have received. Tell the First

Consul that, in the absence of interference with the existing laws of the colony, I guarantee, under my personal responsibility, the submission to order; and the devotion to France, of my black brethren. Mark the condition, gentlemen, which you will pronounce reasonable. Mark the condition, and you will find happy results. You will soon see whether I pledge in vain my own responsibility and your hopes."

Even while he spoke, in all the fervour of unquestionable sincerity, of his devotion to France, his French hearers felt that he was virtually a monarch. The First of the Blacks was not only supreme in this palace, and throughout the colony; he had entered upon an immortal reign over all lands trodden by the children of Africa. To the contracted gaze of the diplomatists present, all might not be visible,—the coming ages when the now prophetic name of L'Ouverture should have become a bright fact in the history of man, and should be breathed in thanksgiving under the palm-tree, sung in exultation in the cities of Africa, and embalmed in the liberties of the Isles of the West:—such a sovereignty as this was too vast and too distant for the conceptions of Michel and Hédouville to em-

brace; but they were impressed with a sense of his power, with a feeling of the majesty of his influence; and the reverential emotions which they would fain have shaken off, and which they were afterwards ashamed of, were at the present moment enhanced by sounds which reached them from the avenue. There was military music, the firing of salutes, the murmur of a multitude of voices, and the tramp of horses and of men.

Toussaint courteously invited the commissaries to witness the presentation to him, for the interests of France, of the keys of the cities of the island, late in the possession of Spain, and now ceded to France by the treaty of Bâle. The commissaries could not refuse, and took their stand on one side of the First of the Blacks, while Paul L'Ouverture assumed the place of honour on the other hand.

The apartment was completely filled by the heads of the procession,—the late Governor of the city of St. Domingo, his officers, the magistracy of the city, and the heads of the clergy. Among these last was a face which Toussaint recognised with strong emotion. The look which he cast upon Laxabon, the gesture of greeting which he offered, caused Don Alonzo Dovaro to turn round to

discover whose presence there could be more imposing to the Commander-in-chief than his own. The flushed countenance of the priest marked him out as the man.

Don Alonzo Dovaro ordered the keys to be brought, and addressed himself in Spanish to Toussaint. Toussaint did not understand Spanish, and knew that the Spaniard could speak French. The Spaniard, however, chose to deliver up a Spanish city in no other language than that of his nation. Father Laxabon stepped forward eagerly, with an offer to be interpreter. It was an opportunity he was too thankful to embrace,—a most favourable means of surmounting the awkwardness of renewed intercourse with one, by whom their last conversation could not be supposed to be forgotten.

“This is well,—this fulfilment of the treaty of Bâle,” said Toussaint. “But it would have been better if the fulfilment had been more prompt. The time for excuses and apologies is past. I merely say, as sincerity requires, that the most speedy fulfilment of treaties is ever the most honourable: and that I am guiltless of such injury as may have arisen from calling off ten thousand blacks from

the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and commerce, to march them to the gates of St. Domingo. You, the authorities of the city, compelled me to lead them there, in enforcement of the claims of France. If warlike thoughts have sprung up in those ten thousand minds, the responsibility is not mine. I wish that nothing but peace should be in the hearts of men of all races. Have you wishes to express, in the name of the citizens? Show me how I can gratify them."

"Don Alonzo Dovaro explains," said the interpreter, "that it will be acceptable to the Spanish inhabitants that you take the customary oath, in the name of the Holy Trinity, respecting the government of their whole region."

"It is indeed a holy duty. What is the purport of the oath?"

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, to govern wisely and well."

"Has there lived a Christian man who would take that oath?"

"Every governor of the Spanish colony in this island, from Diego, the brother of Columbus, to this day."

"What is human wisdom," said Toussaint, "that

a man should swear that he will be always wise? What is human virtue, that he should pledge his salvation on governing well? I dare not take the oath."

The Spaniards showed that they understood French by the looks they cast upon each other, before Laxabon could complete his version.

"This, however, will I do," said Toussaint. "I will meet you to-morrow, at the great church in Port-au-Prince, and there bind myself before the altar, before the God who hears me now, on behalf of your people, to be silent on the past, and to employ my vigilance and my toils in rendering happy the Spanish people, now become my fellow-citizens of France."

A profusion of obeisances proved that this was satisfactory. The late governor of the city took from one of his officers the velvet cushion on which were deposited the keys of St. Domingo, and transferred it to the hands of the Commander-in-chief. At the moment, there was an explosion of cannon from the terrace on which stood the town; the bells rang in all the churches; and bursts of military music spread over the calm bay, with the wreaths of white smoke from the guns. The flamingoes

took flight again from the strand ; the ships moved in their anchorage ; the shouts of the people arose from the town, and those of the soldiery from the square of the great avenue. Their idol, their *Ouverture*, was now in command of the whole of the most beautiful of the isles of the west.

As soon as he could be heard, *Toussaint* introduced his brother to the Spaniards. Placing the cushion containing the keys upon the table, and laying his hand upon the keys, he declared his intention of giving to the inhabitants of the city of *St. Domingo* a pledge of the merciful and gentle character of the government under which they were henceforth to live, in the person of the new governor, *Paul L'Ouverture*, who had never been known to remember unkindness from day to day. The new governor would depart for the east of the island on the morrow, from the door of the church, at the close of the celebration.

The *levée* was now over. Spanish, French, and the family and guests of the *Commander-in-chief*, were to meet at a banquet in the evening. Meantime, *Toussaint* and his brother stepped out together upon the northern piazza, and the room was cleared.

“I wish,” said Paul, “that you had appointed any one but me to be governor of that city. How should a poor negro fisherman like me govern a city?”

“You speak like a white, Paul. The whites say of me, ‘How should a poor negro postilion govern a colony?’ You must do as I do,—show that a negro can govern.”

“But Heaven made you for a ruler.”

“Who thought so while I was yet a slave? As for you,—I know not what you can do till you have tried; nor do you. I own that you are not the man I should have appointed, if I had had a choice among all kinds of men.”

“Then look around for some other.”

“There is no other, on the whole, so little unfit as you. Henri must remain in the field, while Rigaud is in arms. Jacques . . .”

“Ay, Dessalines; . . . and he might have a court—such a wife as he would carry.”

“Dessalines must not govern a city of whites. He hates the whites. His passion of hatred would grow with power; and the Spaniards would be wretched. They are now under my protection. I must give them a governor who cannot hate; and

therefore I send you. Your love of our people and of me, my brother, will rouse you to exertion and self-denial. For the rest, you shall have able counsellors on the spot. For your private guidance, I shall be ever at your call. Confide wholly in me, and your appeal shall never be unanswered."

"You shall be governor, then. I will wear the robes, and your head shall do the work. I will amuse the inhabitants with water-parties, and you . . ."

"No more of this!" said Toussaint, somewhat sternly. "It seems that you are unwilling to do your part of the great duty of our age and our race. Heaven has appointed you the opportunity of showing that blacks are men,—fit to govern as to serve;—and you would rather sleep in the sunshine than listen to the message from the sky. My own brother does what he can to deepen the brand on the forehead of the negro!"

"I am ashamed, brother," said Paul. "I am not like you: but yet I will do what I can. I will go to-morrow, and try whether I can toil as you do. There is one thing I can do which Henri, and Jacques, and even you, cannot;—I can speak Spanish."

“ You have discovered one of your qualifications, dear Paul. You will find more.—Will you take Moyses with you ! ”

“ Let it be a proof that I can deny myself, that I leave my son with you. Moyses is passionate.”

“ I know it,” said Toussaint.

“ He governs both his love and his hatred before you, while with me he indulges them. He must remain with you, in order to command his passions. He inherited them from me ; and I must thus far help him to master them. You are all-powerful with him. I have no power.”

“ You mean that Génifrède and I together are all-powerful with him. I believe it is so.”

“ To you, then, I commit him. Moyses is henceforth your son.”

“ As Génifrède is your daughter, Paul. If I die before the peace of the island is secured, there are two duties which I assign to you,—to support the spirit of the blacks, and to take my Génifrède for your daughter. The rest of my family love each other, and the world we live in. She loves only Moyses.”

“ She is henceforth my child. But when will you marry them ? ”

“When Moyses shall have done some act to distinguish himself;—for which he shall not want opportunity. I have a higher duty than that to my family;—it is my duty to call out all the powers of every black. Moyses must therefore prove what he can do, before he can marry his love. For him, however, this is an easy condition.”

“I doubt not you are right, brother; but it is well for me that the days of my love are past.”

“Not so, Paul. The honour of your race must now be your love. For this you must show what you can do.”

They had paced the northern piazza while conversing. They now turned into the eastern, where they came upon the lovers, who were standing half shrouded by creeping plants,—Moyse's arm round Génifrede's waist, and Génifrede's head resting on her lover's shoulder. The poor girl was sobbing violently, while Moyses was declaring that he would marry her, with or without consent, and carry her with him, if he was henceforth to live in the east of the island.

“Patience, foolish boy!” cried his father.
“You go not with me. I commit you to my bro-

ther. You will stay with him, and yield him the duty of a son,—a better duty than we heard you planning just now.”

“As soon as you prove yourself worthy, you shall be my son indeed,” said Toussaint. “I have heard your plans of marriage. You shall hear mine. I will give you opportunities of distinguishing yourself, in the services of the city and of the field. After the first act which proves you worthy of responsibility, I will give you Génifrède. As a free man, can you desire more?”

“I am satisfied,—I am grateful,” said Moyse. “I believe I spoke some hasty words just now; but we supposed I was to be sent among the whites,—and I had so lately returned from the south,—and Génifrède was so wretched!”

Génifrède threw herself on her father’s bosom, with broken words of love and gratitude. It was the first time she had ever voluntarily approached so near him; and she presently drew back, and glanced in his face with timid awe.

“My Génifrède! My child!” cried Toussaint, in a rapture of pleasure at this loosening of the heart. He drew her towards him, folded his arms about her, kissed the tears from her cheek, and

hushed her sobs, saying, in a low voice which touched her very soul,—

“ He can do great deeds, Génifrède. He is yours, my child ; but we shall all be proud of him.”

She looked up once more, with a countenance so radiant, that Toussaint carried into all the toils and observances of the day the light heart of a happy father.

CHAPTER XI.

L'ETOILE AND ITS PEOPLE.

ONE radiant day of the succeeding spring, a party was seen in the plain of Cul-de-Sac, moving with such a train as showed that one of the principal families of the island was travelling. Rigaud and his forces were so safely engaged in the south, that the plain was considered secure from their incursions. Port-au-Prince, surrounded on three sides by hills, was now becoming so hot, that such of its inhabitants as had estates in the country were glad to retire to them, as soon as the roads were declared safe: and among these were the family of the Commander-in-chief, who, with tutors, visiters, and attendants, formed the group seen in the Cul-de-Sac this day. They were removing to their estate of Pongaudin, on the shores of the bay of Gonaves, a little to the north of the junction of the Artibonite with the sea; but, instead of travelling

straight and fast, they intended to make a three days' journey of what might have been accomplished in less than two,—partly for the sake of the pleasure of the excursion, and partly to introduce their friends from Europe to some of the beauties of the most beautiful island in the world.

Madame L'Ouverture had had presents of European carriages, in which she did not object to take airings in the towns and their neighbourhood; but nowhere else were the roads in a state to bear such heavy vehicles. In the sandy bridle-paths, they would have sunk half their depth; in the green tracks they would have been caught in thickets of brambles and low boughs; while many swamps occurred which could be crossed only by single horses, accustomed to pick their way in uncertain ground. The ladies of the colony, therefore, continued, as in all time past, to take their journeys on horseback, each attended by some one—a servant, if there were neither father, brother, nor lover,—to hold the umbrella over her during rain, or the more oppressive hours of sunshine.

The family of L'Ouverture had left the palace early, and were bound for an estate in the middle of the plain, where they intended to rest, either til

evening, or till the next morning, as inclination might determine. As their train, first of horses, and then of mules, passed along, now under avenues of lofty palms, which constituted a deep, moist shade in the midst of the glare of the morning—now across fields of sward, kept green by the wells which were made to overflow them; and now through swamps where the fragrant flowering reeds reached up to the flanks of the horses, and courted the hands of the riders, the inhabitants of the region watched their progress, and gave them every variety of kindly greeting. The mother who was sitting at work under the tamarind tree, called her children down from its topmost branches to do honour to the travellers. Many a half-naked negro in the rice-grounds slipped from the wet plank on which, while gazing, he forgot his footing, and laughed his welcome from out of the mud and slime. The white planters who were taking their morning ride over their estates, bent to the saddle-bow, the large straw hat in hand, and would not cover their heads from the hot sun till the ladies had passed. These planters' wives and daughters, seated at the shaded windows, or in the piazzas of their houses, rose and curtsied

deep to the ladies L'Ouverture. Many a little black head rose dripping from the clear waters, gleaming among the reeds, where negro children love to watch the gigantic dragon-flies of the tropics creeping from their sheaths, and to catch them as soon as they spread their gauzy wings, and exhibit their gem-like bodies to the sunlight. Many a group of cultivators in the cane-grounds grasped their arms, on hearing the approach of numbers,—(taught thus by habitual danger,)—but swung back the gun across the shoulder, or tucked the pistol again into the belt, at sight of the ladies; and then ran to the road-side to remove any fancied obstruction in the path; or, if they could do no more, to smile a welcome. It was observable that, in every case, there was an eager glance, in the first place, of search for L'Ouverture himself; but when it was seen that he was not there, there was still all the joy that could be shown where he was not.

The whole country was full of song. As M. Loisir, the architect from Paris, said to Génifrède, it appeared as if vegetation itself went on to music. The servants of their own party sang in the rear; Moysé and Denis, and sometimes Denis's sisters, sang as they rode; and if there was not song

already on the track, it came from behind every flowering hedge, from the crown of the cocoa-nut tree, from the window of the cottage. The sweet wild note of the mocking-bird was awakened in its turn; and from the depths of the tangled woods, where it might defy the human eye and hand, it sent forth its strain, shrill as the thrush, more various than the nightingale, and sweeter than the canary. But for the bird, the Spanish painter, Azua, would have supposed that all this music was the method of reception of the family by the peasantry; but, on expressing his surprise to Aimée, she answered that song was as natural to St. Domingo, when freed, as the light of sun or stars, when there were no clouds in the sky. The heart of the negro was, she said, as naturally charged with music as his native air with fragrance. If you dam up his mountain streams you have, instead of fragrance, poison and pestilence; and if you chain up the negro's life in slavery, you have, for music, wailing and curses. Give both free course, and you have an atmosphere of spicy odours, and a universal spirit of song.

“This last,” said Azua, “is as one's long, but varied ode in honour of your father. Men of

some countries would watch him as a magician, after seeing the wonders he has wrought. Who, looking over this wide level, on which Plenty seems to have emptied her horn, would believe how lately and how thoroughly it was ravaged by war?"

"There seems to be magic in all that is made," said Aimée; "so that all are magicians who have learned to draw it forth. M. Loisir was showing us yesterday how the lightning may now be brought down from the thunder-cloud, and carried into the earth at some given spot. Our servants, who have yearly seen the thunderbolt fire the cottage or the mill, tremble, and call the lightning-rods magic. My father is a magician of the same sort, except that he deals with a deeper and higher magic."

"That which lies in men's hearts,—in human passions."

"In human affections; by which he thinks more in the end is done than by their passions."

"Did you learn this from himself?" asked Azua, who listened with much surprise and curiosity to this explanation from the girl by whose side he rode. "Does your father explain to you his views of men, and his purposes with regard to them?"

"There is no need," she replied. "From the

books he has always read, we know what he thinks of men's minds and ways: and from what happens, we learn his purposes; for my father always fulfils his purposes."

"And who led you to study his books, and observe his purposes?"

"My brother Isaac."

"One of those who is studying at Paris? Does he make you study here, while he is being educated there?"

"No: he does not make me study. But I know what he is doing. . . I have books . . . Isaac and I were always companions . . . he learns from me what my father does But I was going to tell you, when you began asking about my father, that this plain will not appear to you throughout so flourishing as it does now, from the road. When we reach the Etoile estate, you will see enough of the ravages of war."

"I have perceived some signs of desertion in a house or two that we have passed," said Azua. "But these brothers of yours,—when will they return?"

"Indeed I wish I knew," sighed Aimée. "I believe, that depends on the First Consul."

“The First Consul has so much to do, it is a pity their return should depend upon his memory. If he should forget, you will go, and see Paris, and bring your brothers home.”

“The First Consul forgets nothing,” replied Aimée. “He knows and heeds all that we do here, at the distance of almost half the world. He never forgets my brothers: he is very kind to them.”

“All that you say is true,” said Vincent, who was now on the other side of Aimée. “Every thing that you can say in praise of the First Consul is true. But yet you should go and see Paris. You do not know what Paris is,—you do not know what your brothers are like in Paris,—especially Isaac. He tells you, no doubt, how happy he is there.”

“He does; but I had rather see him here.”

“You have fine scenery here, no doubt, and a climate which you enjoy: but there! what streets and palaces,—what theatres,—what libraries and picture-galleries,—and what society!”

“Is it not true, however,” said Azua, “that all the world is alike to her where her brother is?”

“This is L’Etoile,” said Aimée. “Of all the country houses in the island, this was, not perhaps the grandest, but the most beautiful. It is now

ruined; but we hear that enough remains for M. Loisir to make out the design."

She turned to Vincent, and told him that General Christophe was about to build a house; and that he wished it to be on the model of L'Etoile, as it was before the war. M. Loisir was to furnish the design.

The Europeans of the party were glad to be told that they had nearly arrived at their resting-place; for they could scarcely sit their horses, while toiling in the heat through the deep sand of the road. They had left far behind them both wood and swamp: and, though the mansion seemed to be embowered in the green shade, they had to cross open ground to reach it. At length, Azua, who had sunk into a despairing silence, cried out with animation,

"Ha! the opuntia! what a fence! what a wall!"

"You may know every deserted house in the plain," said Aimée, "by the cactus hedge round it."

"What ornament can the inhabited mansion have, more graceful, more beautiful?" said Azua, forgetting the heat in his admiration of the blossoms, some red, some snow-white, some blush-

coloured, which were scattered in profusion over the thick and high cactus hedge which barred the path.

“Nothing can be more beautiful,” said Aimée, “but nothing more inconvenient. See, you are setting your horse’s feet into a trap.” And she pointed to the stiff, prickly, green shoots which matted all the ground. “We must approach by some other way. Let us wait till the servants have gone round.”

With the servants appeared a tall and very handsome negro, well known throughout the island for his defence of the Etoile estate against Rigaud. Charles Bellair was a Congo chief, kidnapped in his youth, and brought into St. Domingo slavery; in which state he had remained long enough to keep all his detestation of slavery, without losing his fitness for freedom. He might have returned, ere this, to Africa, or he might have held some military office under Toussaint; but he preferred remaining on the estate which he had partly saved from devastation, bringing up his little children to revere and enthusiastically obey the Commander-in-chief,—the idol of their colour. The heir of the Etoile estate did not appear, nor transmit his

claim. Bellair, therefore, and two of his former fellow-bondsmen, cultivated the estate, paying over the fixed proportion of the produce to the public funds.

Bellair hastened to lead Madame L' Overture's horse round to the other side of the house, where no prickly vegetation was allowed to encroach. His wife was at work, and singing to her child, under the shadow of the colonnade,—once an erection of great beauty, but now blackened by fire, and at one end crumbling into ruins.

“ Minerve ! ” cried Madame, on seeing her.

“ Deesha is her name,” said Bellair, smiling.

“ Oh, you call her by her native name ! Would we all knew our African names, as you know hers ! Deesha ! ”

Deesha hastened forward, all joy and pride at being the hostess of the Overture family. Eagerly she led the way into the inhabited part of the abode,—a corner of the palace-like mansion,—a corner well covered in from the weather, and presenting a strange contrast of simplicity and luxury.

The court-yard through which they passed was strewn with ruins, which, however, were almost entirely concealed by the brushwood, through which

only a lane was kept cleared for going in and out. The whole was shaded, almost as with an awning, by the shrubs which grew from the cornices, and among the rafters which had remained where the roof once was. Ropes of creepers hung down the walls, so twisted, and of so long a growth, that Denis had climbed half way up the building by means of this natural ladder, when he was called back again. The jalousies were decayed,—starting away from their hinges, or hanging in fragments; while the window-sills were gay with flowering weeds, whose seeds even took root in the joints of the flooring within, open as it was to the air and the dew. The marble steps and entrance-hall were kept clear of weeds and dirt, and had a strange air of splendour in the midst of the desolation. The gilding of the balustrades of the hall was tarnished; and it had no furniture but the tatters of some portraits, whose frame and substance had been nearly devoured by ants; but it was weather-tight and clean. The saloon to the right constituted the family dwelling. Part of its roof had been repaired with a thatch of palm-leaves, which formed a singular junction with the portion of the ceiling which remained, and which exhibited a blue sky-ground,

with gilt stars. An alcove had been turned into the fire-place, necessary for cooking. The kitchen corner was partitioned off from the sitting-room by a splendid folding screen of Oriental workmanship, exhibiting birds-of-paradise, and the blue rivers and gilt pagodas of China. The other partitions were the work of Bellair's own hands, woven of bamboo and long grass, dyed with the vegetable dyes, with whose mysteries he was, like a true African, acquainted. The dinner-table was a marble slab, which still remained cramped to the wall, as when it had been covered with plate or with ladies' work-boxes. The seats were benches, hewn by Bellair's axe. On the shelves and dresser of unpainted wood were ranged together porcelain dishes from Dresden, and calabashes from the garden; wooden spoons, and knives with enamelled handles. A harp, with its strings broken, and its gilding tarnished, stood in one corner: and musical instruments of Congo origin hung against the wall. It was together a curious medley of European and African civilisation, brought together amidst the ruins of a West Indian revolution.

The young people did not remain long in the house, however tempting its coolness might have

appeared. At one side of the mansion was the colonnade, which engrossed the architect's attention: on the other bloomed the garden, offering temptations which none could resist,—least of all those who were lovers. Moyses and his Génifrède stepped first to the door which looked out upon the wilderness of flowers, and were soon lost sight of among the shrubs.

Génifrède had her sketch-book in her hand. She and her sister were here partly for the sake of a drawing lesson from Azua; and perhaps she had some idea of taking a sketch during this walk with Moyses. He snatched the book from her, however, and flung it through the window of a garden-house which they passed, saying,

“You can draw while I am away. For this hour you are all my own.”

“And when will you be away? Wherever you go, I will follow you. If we once part, we shall not meet again.”

“We think so, and we say so, each time that we part; and yet we meet again. Once more, only the one time when I am to distinguish myself, to gain you,—only that once will we be parted; and then we will be happy for ever.”

"Then you will be killed,—or you will be sent to France, or you will love some one else, and forget me"

"Forget you!—love some one else! Oh! Heaven and earth!" cried Moyses, clasping her in his arms, and putting his whole soul into the kisses he impressed on her forehead. "And what," he continued, in a voice which thrilled her heart, "what would you do if I were killed?"

"I would die. O Moyses! if it should be so, wait for me! Let your spirit wait for mine! It shall not be long."

"Shall my spirit come—shall I come as a ghost, to tell you that I am dead? Shall I come when you are alone, and call you away?"

"Oh! no, no!" she cried, shuddering. "I will follow,—you need not fear. But a ghost,—Oh! no, no!" And she looked up at him, and clasped him closer.

"And why?" said Moyses. "You do not fear me now—you cling to me. And why fear me then? I shall be yours still. I shall be Moyses. I shall be about you,—haunting you, whether you see and hear me or not. Why not see and hear me?"

"Why not?" said Génifrède, in a tone of assent.

“But I dare not—I will not. You shall not die. Do not speak of it.”

“It was not I, but you, love, that spoke of it. Well: I will not die. But, tell me,—if I forget you—if I love another,—what then?” And he looked upon her with eyes so full of love, that she laughed, and withdrew herself from his arms, saying, as she sauntered on, along the blossom-strewn path,

“Then I will forget you too.”

Moyse lingered for a moment, to watch her stately form, as she made a pathway for herself amidst the tangled shrubs. The walk, once a smooth-shaven turf, kept green by trenches of water, was now overgrown with the vegetation which encroached on either hand. As the dark beauty forced her way, the maypole-aloe shook its yellow crown of flowers, many feet above her head; the lilac jessamine danced before her face; and the white datura, the pink flower-fence, and the scarlet cordia, closed round her form, or spread themselves beneath her feet. Her lover was soon again by her side, warding off every branch and spray, and saying,

“The very flowers worship you: but they and all,—all must yield you to me. You are mine;

and yet not mine till I have won you from your father. Génifrède, how shall I distinguish myself? Show me the way, and I shall succeed."

"Do not ask me," she replied, sighing.

"Nay, whom should I ask?"

"I never desired you to distinguish yourself."

"You do not wish it?"

"No."

"Not for your sake?"

"No."

And she looked around her with wistful eyes, in which her lover read a wish that things would ever remain as they were now,—that this moment would never pass away.

"You would remain here,—you would hide yourself here with me for ever!" cried the happy Moyse.

"Here, or anywhere;—in the cottage at Breda;—in your father's hut on the shore;—anywhere, Moyse, where there is nothing to dread. I live in fear; and I am wretched."

"What is it that you fear, love? Why do you not trust me to protect you?"

"Then I fear for you, which is worse. Why cannot we live in the woods or the mountains,

where there would be no dangerous duties, and no cares?"

"And if we lived in the woods, you would be more terrified still. There would never be a falling star, but your heart would sink. You would take the voices of the winds for the spirits of the woods, and the mountain mists for ghosts. Then, there are the tornado and the thunderbolt. When you saw the trees crashing, you would be for making haste back to the plain. Whenever you heard the rock rolling and bounding down the steep, or the cataract rising and roaring in the midst of the tempest, you would entreat me to fly to the city. It is in this little beating heart that the fear lies."

"What then is to be done?"

"This little heart must beat yet a while longer; and then, when I have once come back, it shall rest upon mine for ever."

"Beside my father? He never rests. Your father would leave us in peace: but he has committed you to one who knows not what rest is."

"Nor ever will," said Moyse. "If he closed his eyes, if he relaxed his hand, we should all be sunk in ruin."

"We? Who? What ruin?"

"The whole negro race. Do you suppose the whites are less cruel than they were? Do you believe that their thirst for our humiliation, our slavery, is quenched? Do you believe that the white man's heart is softened by the generosity and forgiveness of the blacks?"

"My father believes so," replied Génifrède: "and do they not adore him,—the whites whom he has reinstated? Do they not know that they owe to him their lives, their homes, the prosperity of the island? Does he not trust the whites? Does he not order all things for their good, from reverence and affection for them?"

"Yes, he does," replied Moyse, in a tone which made Génifrède anxiously explore his countenance,

"You think him deceived?" she said.

"No, I do not. It is not easy to deceive L'Ouverture."

"You do not think,—no, you cannot think, that he deceives the whites, or any one."

"No. L'Ouverture deceives no one. As you say, he reveres the whites. He reveres them for their knowledge. He says they are masters of an intellectual kingdom from which we have been shut

out, and they alone can let us in. And then again, . . . Génifrède, it seems to me that he loves best those who have most injured him."

"Not best," she replied. "He delights to forgive: but what white has he ever loved as he loves Henri? Did he ever look upon any white as he looked upon me, when . . . when he consented. *Moyse*, you remember?"

"I do. But still he loves the whites as if they were born, and had lived and died our friends, as he desires they should be. Yet more,—he expects and requires that all his race should love them too."

"And you do not," said Génifrède, timidly.

"I abhor them."

"O! hush! hush! Speak lower. Does my father know this?"

"Why should he? If he once knew it . . ."

"Nay, if he knew it, he would give up his purposes of distinction for you; and we might live here, or on the shore."

"My Génifrède, though I hate the whites, I love the blacks. I love your father. The whites will rise upon us at home, as they are always scheming against us in France, if we are not strong,—and as watchful as we are strong. If I and others leave

L'Ouverture alone to govern, and betake ourselves to the woods and the mountains, the whites will again be masters, and you and I, my Génifrède, shall be slaves. But you shall not be a slave, Génifrède," he continued, soothing her tremblings at the idea. "The bones of the whites shall be scattered over the island, like the shells on the sea-shore, before my Génifrède shall be a slave. I will cut the throat of every infant at every white mother's breast, before any one of that race shall lay his grasp upon you. The whites never will, never shall again, be masters; but then, it must be by L'Ouverture having an army always at his command; and of that army I must be one of the officers. We cannot live here, or on the sea-shore, love, while there are whites who may be our masters. So, while I am away, you must pray Christ to humble the whites. Will you? This is all you can do. Will you not?"

"How can I, when my father is always exalting them?"

"You must choose between him and me. Love the whites with him, or hate them with me."

"But you love my father, Moyses?"

"I do. I adore him as the saviour of the blacks.

You adore him, Génifrède. Every one of our race worships him. Génifrède, you love him,—your father.”

“ I know not—Yes, I loved him the other day. I know not, Moyses. I know nothing but that— I will hate the whites as you do. I never loved them: now I hate them.”

“ You shall. I will tell you things of them that will make you curse them. I know every white man’s heart.”

“ Then tell my father.”

“ Does he not know enough already? Is not his check furrowed with the marks of the years during which the whites were masters; and is there any cruelty, any subtilty, in them that he does not understand? Knowing all this, he curses, not them, but the power which, he says, corrupted them. He keeps from them this power, and believes that all will be well. I shall tell him nothing.”

“ Yes; tell him all,—all except”

“ Yes, and tell me first,” cried a voice near at hand. There was a great rustling among the bushes, and Denis appeared, begging particularly to know what they were talking about. They, in

return, begged to be told what brought him this way, to interrupt their conversation.

“Deesha says Juste is out after wild-fowl, and, most likely, among some of the ponds hereabouts.”

“One would think you had lived in Cap all your days,” said Moyses. “Do you look for wild-fowl in a garden?”

“We will see presently,” said the boy, thrusting himself into the thicket in the direction of the ponds, and guiding himself by the scent of the blossoming reeds,—so peculiar as to be known among the many with which the air was filled. He presently beckoned to his sister; and she followed with Moyses, till they found themselves in the field where there had once been several fish-ponds, preserved in order with great care. All were now dried up but two; and the whole of the water being diverted to the service of these two, they were considerable in extent and in depth. What the extent really was, it was difficult to ascertain at the first glance, so hidden was the margin with reeds, populous with wild-fowl.

Denis was earnestly watching these fowl, as he lay among the high grass at some little distance from the water, and prevented his companions from

approaching any nearer. The sun was ^{very} hot, and Génifrède was not long in desiring to return to the garden.

“Let us go back,” said she. “Juste is not here.”

“Yes, he is,” said Denis. “However, go back if you like. I shall go fowling with Juste.” And he began to strip off his clothes.

His companions were of opinion, however, that a son of the Commander-in-chief must not sport with a farmer’s boy, without leave of parents or tutor; and they begged him to put on his clothes again, at least till leave was asked. Denis had never cared for his rank, except when riding by his father’s side on review-days; and now he liked it less than ever, as the pond lay gleaming before him, the fowl sailing and fluttering on the surface, and his dignity prevented his going among them.

“What makes you say that Juste is here?” said Génifrède.

“I have seen him take five fowl in the last five minutes.”

As he spoke, he plucked the top of a bulrush, and threw it with such good aim, that it struck a calabash which appeared to be floating among others

on the surface of the pond. That particular calabash immediately rose, and the face of a negro child appeared, to the consternation of the fowl, whose splashing and screaming might be heard far and wide. Juste came out of the water, displaying at his belt the result of his sport. He had, as Denis had said, taken five ducks in five minutes by pulling them under the water by the feet, while lying near them with his head covered by the calabash. The little fellow was not satisfied with the admiration of the beholders; he ran homewards, with his clothes in his hand, Denis at his heels, and his game dangling from his waist, and dripping as he ran.

“Many a white would shudder to see that child,” said Moyse, as Juste disappeared. “That is the way Jean’s blacks wore their trophies during the first days of the insurrection.”

“Trophies!” said Génifrède. “You mean heads; heads with their trailing hair:” and her face worked with horror as she spoke. “But it is not for the whites to shudder, after what they did to Ogé, and have done to many a negro since.”

“But they think we do not feel as they do.”

“Not feel! O Christ! If any one of them

had my heart before I knew you,—in those days at Breda, when M. Bayou used to come down to us!”

“Here comes that boy again,” cried Moÿse. “Let us go into the thicket, among the citrons.”

Denis found them, however,—found Moÿse gathering the white and purple blossoms for Génifrède, while she was selecting the fruit of most fragrant rind from the same tree, to carry into the house.

“You must come in,—you must come to dinner,” cried Denis. “Aimée has had a drawing-lesson, while you have been doing nothing all this while. They said you were sketching; but I told them how idle you were.”

“I will go back with Denis,” said Génifrède. “You threw away my sketch-book, Moÿse. You may find it, and follow us.”

Their path lay together as far as the garden-house. When there, Moÿse seized Denis unawares, shot him through the window into the house, and left him to get out as he might, and bring the book. The boy was so long in returning, that his sister became uneasy lest some snake, or other creature, should have detained him in combat. She was

going to leave the table in search of him, because Moyses would not, when he appeared, singing, and with the book upon his head.

“Who calls Génifrède idle?” cried he, flourishing the book. “Look here!” And he exhibited a capital sketch of herself and Moyses, as he had found them, gathering fruits and flowers.

“Can it be his own?” whispered Génifrède to her lover.

Denis nodded and laughed, while Azua gravely criticised and approved, without suspicion that the sketch was by no pupil of his own.

In the cool evening, Génifrède was really no longer idle. While Denis and Juste were at play, they both at once stumbled and fell over something in the long grass, which proved to be a marble statue of a Naiad, lying at length. Moyses seized it, and raised it where it was relieved by a dark green back-ground. The artist declared it an opportunity for a lesson which was not to be lost: and the girls began to draw, as well as they could for the attempts of the boys to restore the broken urn to the arm from which it had fallen. When Denis and Juste found that they could not succeed, and were only chidden for being in the way, they

left the drawing party seated under their clump of cocoa-nut trees, and went to hear what Madame was relating to Bellair and Decsha, in the hearing of M. Molière, Laxabon, and Vincent. Her narration was one which Denis had often heard, but was never tired of listening to. She was telling of the royal descent of her husband,—how he was grandson of Gaou Guinou, the king of the African tribe of Arrudos: how this king's second son was taken in battle, and sold, with other prisoners of war, into slavery: how he married an African girl on the Breda estate, and used to talk of home and its wars, and its hunts, and its sunshine idleness,—how he used thus to talk in the evenings, and on Sundays, to the boy upon his knee; so that Tous-saint felt, from his infancy, like an African, and the descendant of chiefs. This was a theme which Madame L'Ouverture loved to dwell on, and especially when listened to as now. The Congo chief and his wife hung upon her words, and told in their turn how their youth had been spent at home,—how they had been kidnapped, and delivered over to the whites. In the eagerness of their talk, they were perpetually falling unconsciously into the use of their negro language, and as often re-

called by their hearers to that which all could understand. Molière and Laxabon listened earnestly; and even Loisir, occupied as he was still with the architecture of the mansion, found himself impatient if he lost a word of the story. Vincent alone, negro as he was, was careless and unmoved. He presently sauntered away, and nobody missed him.

He looked over the shoulder of the architect.

“What pains you are taking!” he said. “You have only to follow your own fancy and convenience about Christophe’s house. Christophe has never been to France. Tell him, or any others of my countrymen, that any building you choose to put up is European, and in good taste, and they will be quite pleased enough.”

“You are a sinner,” said Loisir; “but be quiet now.”

“Nay,—do not you find the blacks one and all ready to devour your travellers’ tales,—your prodigious reports of European cities? You have only to tell like stories in stone and brick, and they will believe you just as thankfully.”

“No, no, Vincent. I have told no tales so wicked as you tell of your own race. My travel-

lers' tales are all very well to pass an hour, and be forgotten; but Christophe's mansion is to stand for an age,—to stand as the first evidence, in the department of the arts, of the elevation of your race. Christophe knows, as well as you do, without having been to Paris, what is beautiful in architecture; and, if he did not, I would not treacherously mislead him."

"Christophe knows! Christophe has taste!"

"Yea. While you have been walking streets and squares, he has been studying the aisles of palms, and the crypts of the banyan, which, to an open eye, may teach as much as a prejudiced mind can learn in all Rome." *

"So *Loisir* is of those who flatter men in power!" said Vincent, laughing.

"I look further," said *Loisir*; "I am working for men unborn. I am ambitious; but my ambition is to connect my name honourably with the first great house built for a negro general. My ambition is to build here a rival to the palaces of Europe."

"Do what you will, you will not rival your own tales of them,—unless you find Aladdin's lamp among these ruins."

“If you find it, you may bring it me. Azua has found something half as good,—a really fine statue in the grass.”

Vincent was off to see it. He found the drawing party more eager in conversation than about their work. Aimée was saying, as he approached,—

“General Vincent declares that he is as affectionate to us as if we were the nearest to him of all the children of the empire.—Did you not say so?” she asked eagerly. “Is not the First Consul’s friendship for us real and earnest? Does he not feel a warm regard for my father? Is he not like a father to my brothers?”

“Certainly,” said Vincent. “Do not your brothers confirm this in their letters?”

“Do they not, Génifrède?” repeated Aimée.

“They do; but we see that they speak as they think: not as things really are.”

“How can you so despise the testimony of those who see what we only hear of?”

“I do not despise them or their testimony. I honour their hearts, which forget injuries, and open to kindness. But they are young; they went from keeping cattle, and from witnessing the deso-

lations of war here, to the first city of the world, where the first men lavish upon them instructions, and pleasures, and flatteries; and they are pleased. The greatest of all—the First of the Whites, smiles upon the sons of the First of the Blacks; and their hearts beat with enthusiasm for him. It is natural. But, while they are in Paris, we are in St. Domingo; and we may easily view affairs, and judge men differently.”

“And so,” said Aimée, “distrust our best friends, and despise our best instructors; and all from a jealousy of race!”

“We think the jealousy of race is with them,” said Moyse, bitterly. “There is not a measure of L'Ouverture's which they do not neutralise,—not a fragment of authority which they will yield. As to friends, if the Consul Bonaparte is our best friend among the Whites, may we be left thus far friendless!”

“You mean that he has not answered my father's letters. M. Vincent doubts not that an answer is on the way. Remember, my brothers have been invited to his table.”

“There are blacks in Paris, who look on,” replied Moyse, drily.

“And are there not whites too, from this island, who watch every movement?”

“Yes: and those whites are in the private closet, at the very ear of Bonaparte, whispering to him of L'Ouverture's ambition; while your brothers penetrate no further than the saloon.”

“My brothers would lay down their lives for Bonaparte and France,” said Aimée; “and you speak treason. I am with them.”

“And with me,” said Vincent, in a whisper at her ear. “Where I find the loyal heart in woman, mine is ever loyal too.”

Aimée was too much excited to understand in this what was meant. She went on—

“Here is M. Vincent, of our own race, who has lived here and at Paris,—who has loved my father.—You love my father and his government?” she said, with questioning eyes, interrupting herself.

“Certainly. No man is more devoted to L'Ouverture.”

“Devoted to my father,” pursued Aimée, “and yet devoted to Bonaparte. He is above the rivalry of races—as the First Consul is, and as Isaac is.”

“Isaac and the First Consul—these are the idols of Aimée's worship,” said Génifrède. “Worship

Isaac still; for that is a harmless idolatry; but give up your new religion, Aimée; for it is not sound."

"Why not sound? How do you know that it is not sound?"

"When have the blacks ever trusted the whites without finding themselves bound victims in the end?"

"I have," said Vincent. "I have lived among them a life of charms, and I am free," he continued, stretching his arms to the air—"free to embrace the knees of both Bonaparte and L'Ouverture;—free to embrace the world."

"The end has not come yet," said Moysé.

"What end?" asked Aimée.

"Nay, God knows what end, if we trust the French."

"You speak from prejudice," said Aimée. "M. Vincent and my brothers judge from facts."

"We speak from facts," said Génifrede; "from, let us see—from seven—no, eight, very ugly facts."

"The eight commissaries that the colony has been blessed with," said Moysé. "If they had taken that monkey which is looking down at your drawing, Aimée, and seven of its brethren, and

installed them at Cap, they would have done us all the good the commissaries have done, and far less mischief. The monkeys would have broken the mirrors, and made a hubbub within the walls of Government-House. These commissaries, one after another, from Mirbeck to Hédouville, have insulted the colony, and sown quarrels in it, from end to end."

"Mirbeck! Here is Mirbeck," said Denis, who had come up to listen. And the boy rolled himself about, like a drunken man—like Mirbeck, as he had seen him in the streets of Cap.

"Then they sent St. Leger, the Irishman," continued Moyses, "who kept his hand in every man's pocket, whether black or white."

Denis forthwith had his hands, one in Vincent's pocket, the other in Azua's. Azua, however, was drawing so fast that he did not find it out.

"Then, there was Roume."

"Roume. My father speaks well of Roume," said Aimée.

"He was amiable enough, but so weak that he soon had to go home, where he was presently joined by his successor, Santhonax, whom, you know, L'Ouverture had to get rid of, for the safety of

the colony. Then came Polverel. What the tranquillity of St. Domingo was in his day, we all remember."

Denis took off Polverel, spying from his ship at the island, on which he dared not land.

"For shame, Denis!" said Aimée. "You are ridiculing him who first called my father L'Ouverture."

"And do you suppose he knew the use that would be made of the word?" asked Génifrède. "If he had foreseen its being a title, he would have contented himself with the obsequious bows I remember so well, and never have spoken the word."

Denis was forthwith bowing, with might and main.

"Now, Denis, be quiet! Raymond, dear Raymond, came next," and she looked up at Vincent as she praised his friend.

"Raymond is excellent as a man, whatever he may be as governor of Cap," said Moÿse. "But we have been speaking of whites, not of mulattoes, — which is another long chapter."

"Raymond was sent to us by France, however," said Aimée.

"So was our friend Vincent there; but that is nothing to the purpose."

“Well; who next?” cried Denis.

“Do not encourage him,” said Aimée. “My father would be vexed with you for training him to ridicule the French,—particularly the authorities.”

“Now we are blessed with Hédouville,” pursued Moyse. “There you have him, Denis,—only scarcely sly, scarcely smooth enough. Yet, that is Hédouville, who has his eye and his smiles at play in one place, while his heart and hands are busy in another.”

“Busy,” said Génifrède, “in undermining L'Ouverture's influence, and counteracting his plans; but no one mentioned Ailhaud. Ailhaud—”

“Stay a moment,” said Azua, whose voice had not been heard till then.

All looked at him in surprise, nobody supposing that, while so engrossed with his pencil, he could have cared for their conversation. Aimée saw at a glance that his paper was covered with caricatures of the commissaries who had been enumerated.

“You must have known them,” was Aimée's involuntary testimony, as the paper went from hand to hand, amidst shouts of laughter, while Azua sat, with folded arms, perfectly grave.

“I have seen some of the gentlemen,” said he, “and M. Denis helped me to the rest.”

The laughter went on till Aimée was somewhat nettled. When the paper came back to her, she looked up into the tree under which she sat. The staring monkey was still there. She made a vigorous spring to hand up the caricature, which the creature caught. As it sat demurely on a branch, holding the paper as if reading it, while one of its companions as gravely looked over its shoulder, there was more laughter than ever.

“I beg your pardon, M. Azua,” said Aimée; “but this is the only worthy fate of a piece of mockery of people wiser than ourselves, and no less kind. The negroes have hitherto been thought, at least, grateful. It seems that this is a mistake. For my part, however, I leave it to the monkeys to ridicule the French.”

Vincent seized her hand, and covered it with kisses. She was abashed, and turned away, when she saw her father behind her, in the shade of the wood. M. Pascal, his secretary, was with him.

“My father!” “L'Ouverture!” exclaimed one after another of the party: for they all supposed he had been far away. Even Denis at once gave over

pelting the monkeys, and left them to their study of the arts in peace.

“Your drawings, my daughters!” said L'Ouverture, with a smile, as if he had been perfectly at leisure. And he examined the Naiad, and then Génifrède's drawing, with the attention of an artist. Génifrède had made great progress, under the eye of Moyses. Not so Aimée;—her pencil had been busy all the while; but there was no Naiad on her page.

“They are for Isaac,” she said, timidly. “Among all the pictures he sees, there are no . . .”

“No sketches of Denis and his little companions,” said her father; “no cocoa-nut clumps,—no broken fountains among the aloes,—no groups that will remind him of home. Isaac shall presently have these, Aimée. I am on my way to Cap, and will send them.”

“On your way to Cap!” cried every one,—some in a tone of fear.

“To Cap,” said he, “where father Laxabon will follow me immediately, with M. Pascal. By them, Aimée, you will send your packet for Isaac. My own horse is waiting.”

“Do not go alone,—do not go without good

escort," said Moyses. "I can give you reason."

"I know your thoughts, Moyses. I go for the very reason that there are, or will be, troubles at Cap.—The French authorities may sometimes decree and do that which we feel to be unwise,—unsuitable to the blacks," he continued, with an emphasis which gave some idea of his having overheard more or less of the late conversation; "but we islanders may be more ignorant still of the thoughts and ways of their practised race."

"But you are personally unsafe," persisted Moyses. "If you knew what is said by the officers of Hédouville's staff . . ."

"They say," proceeded Toussaint, smiling, "that they only want three or four brigands to seize the ape with the Madras head-dress: and then all would go well. These gentlemen are mistaken: and I am going to prove this to them. An armed escort proves nothing. I carry something stronger still in my mind and on my tongue.—General Vincent, a word with you."

While he and Vincent spoke apart, Aimée exclaimed

"O, Moyses! Go with my father!"

“Do not,—O, do not!” cried Génifrède. “You will never return!” she muttered to him, in a voice of terror. “Aimée, you would send him away: and my mother,—all of us, are far from home. Who knows but that Rigaud . . .”

“Leave Rigaud to me,” cried Vincent, gaily, as he rejoined the party. “I undertake Rigaud. He shall never alarm you more. Farewell, Mademoiselle Aimée! I am going to the south. Rigaud is recruiting in the name of France; and I know France too well to allow of that. I shall stop his recruiting, and choke his blasphemy with a good French sword. Farewell, till I bring you news at Pongaudin that you may ride along the southern coast as securely as in your own cane-pieces.”

“You are going?” said Aimée.

“This very hour. I south,—L'Ouverture north. . . .”

“And the rest to Pongaudin with the dawn,” said Toussaint.

“What is your pleasure concerning me?” asked Moyse. “I wait your orders.”

“I remember my promise,” said Toussaint; “but I must not leave my family unprotected. You will attend them to Pongaudin: and then

let me see you at Cap, with the speed of the wind."

"With a speed like your own, if that be possible," said Moyse.

"Is there danger, father?" asked Génifrède, trembling.

"My child, there is danger in the air we breathe, and the ground we tread on: but there is protection also, everywhere."

"You will see Afra, father," said Aimée. "If there is danger, what will become of Afra? Her father will be in the front, in any disturbance: and Government-House is far from being the safest place."

"I will not forget Afra. Farewell, my children! Go now to your mother; and before this hour to-morrow, I shall think of you resting at Pongaudin."

They saw him mount before the Court-yard, and set off, followed by one of his two trompettes,—the only horsemen in the island who could keep up with him, and therefore his constant attendants in his most important journeys. The other was gone forward, to order horses from post to post.

Vincent, having received written instructions

from the secretary, set off in an opposite direction, more gay than those he left behind.

The loftiest trees of the rich plain were still touched with golden light; and the distant bay glittered so as to make the gazers turn away their eyes, to rest on the purple mountains to the north : but their hearts were anxious ; and they saw neither the glory nor the beauty of which they heard talk between the painter, the architect, and their host.

CHAPTER XII.

A NIGHT OF OFFICE.

As soon as Tousseaint was out of hearing of his family and suite, he put his horse to its utmost speed. There was not a moment to be lost, if the peace of the island was to be preserved. Faster than ever fugitive escaped from trouble and danger, did the negro commander rush towards them. The union between the black and white races probably depended on his reaching Cap by the early morning,—in time to prevent certain proclamations of Hédouville, framed in ignorance of the state of the colony and the people, from being published. Forty leagues lay between L'Etoile and Cap, and two mountain ridges crossed his road: but he had ridden forty leagues in a night before, and fifty in a long day; and he thought little of the journey. As he rode, he meditated the work of the next day, while he yet kept his eye awake, and his heart open to the beauty of the night.

He had cleared the plain, with his trompette at his heels, before the woods and fields had melted together into the purple haze of evening; and the labourers returning from the cane-pieces, with their tools on their shoulders, offered their homage to him as he swept by. Some shouted, some ran beside him, some kneeled in the road and blessed him, or asked his blessing. He came to the river, and found the ford lined by a party of negroes, who, having heard and known his horse's tread above the music of pipe and drum, had thrown themselves into the water to point out the ford, and save his precious moments. He dashed through uncovered, and was lost in the twilight before their greeting was done. The evening star was just bright enough to show its image in the still salt-lake, when he met the expected relay, on the verge of the mountain woods. Thence the ascent was so steep, that he was obliged to relax his speed. He had observed the birds winging home to these woods; they had reached it before him, and the chirp of their welcome to their nests was sinking into silence; but the whirring beetles were abroad. The frogs were scarcely heard from the marshes below; but the lizards and crickets vied

with the young monkeys in noise, while the wood was all alight with luminous insects. Wherever a twisted fantastic cotton-tree, or a drooping wild fig, stood out from the thicket and apart, it appeared to send forth streams of green flame from every branch; so incessantly did the fire-flies radiate from every projecting twig.

As he ascended, the change was great. At length, there was no more sound; there were no more fitting fires. Still as sleep rose the mountain peaks to the night. Still as sleep lay the woods below. Still as sleep was the outspread western sea, silvered by the steady stars which shone, still as sleep, in the purple depths of heaven. Such was the starlight on that pinnacle, so large and round the silver globes, so bright in the transparent atmosphere were their arrowy rays, that the whole vault was as one constellation of little moons, and the horse and his rider saw their own shadows in the white sands of their path. The ridge passed, down plunged the horseman, hurrying to the valley and the plain; like rocks loosened by the thunder from the mountain top. The hunter, resting on the heights from his day's chase of the wild goats, started from his sleep, to listen to what he took for a threatening of

storm. In a little while, the child in the cottage in the valley nestled close to its mother, scared at the flying tramp ; while the trembling mother herself prayed for the shield of the Virgin's grace against the night-fiends that were abroad. Here, there was a solitary light in the plain ; there beside the river ; and yonder behind the village ; and at each of these stations were fresh horses, the best in the region, and smiling faces to tender their use. The panting animals that were left behind were caressed for the sake of the burden they had carried, and of the few kind words dropped by their rider during his momentary pause.

Thus was the plain beyond Mirbalais passed soon after midnight. In the dark, the horsemen swam the Artibonite, and leaped the sources of the Petite Rivière. The eastern sky was beginning to brighten as they mounted the highest steeps above Atalaye ; and from the loftiest point, the features of the wide landscape became distinct in the cool grey dawn. Toussaint looked no longer at the fading stars. He looked eastwards, where the green savannahs spread beyond the reach of human eye. He looked northwards, where towns and villages lay in the skirts of the mountains, and upon the

verge of the rivers, and in the green recesses where the springs burst from the hill-sides. He looked westwards, where the broad and full Artibonite gushed into the sea, and where the yellow bays were thronged with shipping, and every green promontory was occupied by its plantation or fishing hamlet. He paused, for one instant, while he surveyed what he well knew to be virtually his dominions. He said to himself that with him it rested to keep out strife from this paradise,—to detect whatever devilish cunning might lurk in its by-corners, and rebuke whatever malice and revenge might linger within its bounds. With the thought he again sprang forward, again plunged down the steeps, scudded over the wilds, and splashed through the streams; not losing another moment till his horse stood trembling and foaming under the hot sun, now touching the Haut-du-Cap, where the riders had at length pulled up. Here they had overtaken the first trompette, who, having had no leader at whose heels he must follow, had been unable, with all his zeal, quite to equal the speed of his companion. He had used his best efforts, and showed signs of fatigue; but yet they had come upon his traces on the grass road from the Gros

Morne, and had overtaken him as he was toiling up the Haut-du-Cap.

Both waited for orders, their eyes fixed on their master's face, as they saw him stand listening, and glancing his eye over the city, the harbour, and the road from the Plain du Nord. He saw afar signs of trouble: but he saw also that he was not too late. He looked down into the gardens of Government-House. Was it possible that he would show himself there, heated, breathless, covered with dust as he was? No. He dismounted, and gave his horse to the trompettes, ordering them to go by the most public way to the hotel, in Place Mont Archer, to give notice of the approach of his secretary and staff; and hence to the barracks, where he would appear when he had bathed.

The trompettes would have gone round five weary miles for the honour of carrying messages from the Commander-in-chief through the principal streets of Cap. They departed with great zeal, while Toussaint ascended to the mountain-pool, to take the slunge in which he found his best refreshment after a long ride. He was presently walking leisurely down the sloping field, through which he could drop into the grounds of Government-House

by a back gate, and have his interview with Hédouville before interruption came from the side of the town. As he entered the gardens, he looked to the wondering eyes he met there, as if he had just risen from rest, to enjoy a morning walk in the shrubberies. They were almost ready to understand, in its literal sense, the expression of his worshippers, that he rode at ease upon the clouds.

END OF VOL. I.

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