

### The Danger to the South.

A very spirited and picturesque brochure has recently appeared, from the pen of Mr. C. W. ELLIOTT, upon TOUSSAINT L'OUVREURE and his revolutionary struggle. Of the literary qualities of the book we have nothing here to say except to protest against some most palpable, even if unconscious, imitations of CARLYLE, which should have been abjured by an author who has so vivid a style of his own. The power of the pamphlet is in its fearful historic lesson—all the more effective in that Mr. ELLIOTT does not attempt to apply the truth. Yet it is apparent on every page. Nothing is said of the South, but you see all along a similar state of society and a similar system working out to its natural results. There are wealthy gentlemen, slave owners, hospitable and social, and extravagant, who live on large estates, and who form a brilliant upper circle. There are mulattoes of considerable intelligence and education either favorite house slaves or freed men who make the intermediate class; while below, unnoticed, except by an occasional traveler, who hears their "merry songs at their labor," is the great brute class of common slaves. Everything passes on pleasantly and comfortably on the surface. The gentlemen enjoy their wine and dinners and cultivated society, or involve themselves in fashionable debts. There are various kinds of political debates and struggles in the Island, and grand events are preparing or commencing in the Old World; but there is no question among those who own as to keeping what they own.

Doubtless, in private circles, as a case of casuistry, it is sometimes argued whether there is moral wrong in holding a slave; and we may suppose metaphysicians urged, as now, the innate inferiority of a portion of mankind, and their necessary subjection to the stronger. Clerical scholars, too, may have cited passages of Jewish history to show that the Hebrews had their bondsmen, and all may have settled comfortably on the conclusion that a man *can* be a chattel.

In the meantime, to all outward appearance, the multitude of negro laborers are living on day by day, their happy, unconscious life. Strangers are pleased with their innocent gaiety and their dances and songs, after their toils of the day are over. It is possible there were benevolent, philosophic investigators in St. Domingo, from France, who, as in our day, thought that a prejudiced view had been taken of Slavery, and who returned to their cultivated circles to tell them how cheerfully and blithely a man could be a Slave. And there may have been pious Catholics at that time in monasteries and churches, who offered grateful masses that these heathen Negroes from the wilds of Africa were being gradually converted, under the holy influences of the Church and of Christian masters, to the only true Faith.

Everything appeared quiet and peaceful, and likely long to continue so. But, without going in detail into the various causes of revolution at work, there was one simple, fearful objection to the existing state of things. It was—that a MAN cannot safely be held a Slave.

We have no concern with the metaphysical explanations or objections, we merely state the fact—the black, heavy, brutal creature who is hoeing on the sugarcane, or following the coffee-mill there in St. Domingo, is a man. There is something in him which the laws of political economy do not fully embrace. He *ought* to be contented with "dances and songs," and "plenty of pumpkins and bananas," and with obeying the great laws of production in the world, in laboring for the strong. LIBERTY is a very abstract, intangible thing—what should he, "poor Quashee," care for it?—I fear he will be uncared for when he is old, he will suffer cold and hunger often; his children will be neglected; he can only gain it by horrible losses and misfortunes, and his master has been very kind to him—why should *he* wish to change his condition? We cannot answer except by looking into ourselves, and saying, "the black slave is a man." We know that the gold of an Empire, feasts and luxuries, kidness, continued and affectionate, the prospect of support in old age, and of care for our children—are all as gewgaws and dust, when to balance them is offered us Slavery. We know our fathers showed it,—that for even so intangible a thing as political—not personal—liberty, cold and hunger, privation, bloodshed, death in battle or on the scaffold, are as nothing to risk. What wonder, then, that suddenly, fearfully, these great instincts burst forth among the St. Domingo slaves! What wonder, too, that every tie of affectionate relationship, regard for children, safety, everything, even common human mercy, were swept away as trifles, in the tremendous impulse to be *free*?

Among the slaves, a full-blooded African for fifty years in bondage, was a man who had been only noticed as a faithful servant and an unusually intelligent negro. For thirty years his noble manhood had borne the burden of Slavery; he had been able to study during that time; had read of the generous and heroic characters of antiquity, in their own language, and had taken deep hold of the facts of the Christian Revelation. We have not space here to speak of the details of TOUSSAINT'S history; but Mr. ELLIOTT'S account, and every account we have seen, show him one of the "princes of men;"—a dignified, noble Christian character, with most vigorous courage and energy; patiently bearing bondage until the day of his aspirations should come for freedom to himself and his race, and then, after saving his own master, without any vain ambition, gradually by the very force of his intellect and character, heading the Revolution, forming armies, framing Governments, restraining cruelty and passion, and managing throughout with consummate skill, until his last fatal trust, in which he had the generous folly to suppose that a white man could be as honorable as himself.

There is in these events of St. Domingo a

deep lesson to the South. Ye know not, ye who are enjoying your pleasant life on the surface, with rich cotton fields, with household comforts, and many slaves about you, what fearful convulsions may be preparing beneath.

Those joyous, childish black men—*your* men, your slaves, chattels—have the old, human, inextinguishable passion for Liberty within them. Songs, dances, bananas and bright clothes cannot make them forget it. Christianity only strengthens it. It does not show itself now; it did not for long in St. Domingo. But it is there; it makes the volcano on which you dwell. It is possible that when the fatal time comes, not even a rumble or a quaking may warn us before. Your TOUSSAINT may be now meekly enduring his bondage; for, as Mr. ELLIOTT well says, "the redeemer of the blacks must come from the blacks." Your fearful danger lies not in Northern efforts or feelings,—not in outside aggression, but in the tremendous truth, that you cannot safely hold a man a slave.