New Orleans Republican.

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[For the Sunday Republican.]

WE MEET NO MORE.

TO MISS ROSE M——.

'Twas often prophesied that fate would sever
The tender ties that bound us, and at last
Stern destiny has parted us for ever.
But still the music of the dreamy past
Comes floating to us from a distant shore,
Although upon this earth we meet no more.

But there are moments when thine image lingers,
Like a sweet presence in the viewless air.
I feel again thy gentle, loving fingers
Passing in tender dalliance through my hair.
'Tis often thus with those whom we adore—
The golden cord is snapped—we meet no more.

For thee, a brighter page, more full of glory,
May open in the path before thee thrown;
To thee, the old familiar "little story"
May oft be whispered in a dearer tone
Than e'er was murmured in thine ear before—
So fade life's brightest hopes—We meet no more!

FLORENCE.

A RUSTY, FUSTY OLD CODGER.

A York State Anecdote.

Shortly after the first Republican constitution of the State of New York was framed, and the judiciary system was established for civil departments, the Supreme Court, or that branch of it called the Circuit Court, was appointed for one of the circuits in the county of Dutchess, and the eccentric Judge Crane was to preside. Judge Crane was very wealthy, and highly respected for his public and private virtues, especially for his charitableness to the poor; but he always appeared in a plain garb, and would hardly ever wear an overcoat, whatever the weather might be, and it was seldom that he rode when he went abroad, although he owned many valuable horses. On the morning of the day on which the court was to begin, the judge set out before day, and walked gently on, through rain and snow, to the place appointed. On arriving at Poughkeepsie, cold and wet, he walked to a tavern, where he found the landlady and her servants making large preparations for the entertainment of the judges, lawyers and other gentlemen whom they expected would attend the Circuit Court. The judge was determined to have some sport, and in a pleasant tone addressed the landlady:

"I have no money, and was obliged to come to court, and I have walked through this dreadful storm more than twenty miles. I am wet and cold, dry and hungry. I want something to eat before the court begins."

The landlady put herself into a magisterial posture, and putting on a countenance of contempt, said to the judge: "You say you are wet and cold, dry and hot; how can all that be?"

"No, my dear madam," says the judge; "I said that I was wet and cold, and if you had been out as long as I have in this storm, I think you would likewise be wet and cold. I said I wanted something to drink and eat."

"But you have no money, you say," retorted the landlady."

"I told you the truth," says the judge, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but were I as rich as Cœsus, I would be willing to work for something to eat and to drink."

"Cœsus, who is Cœsus?" says the lady.

"I never knew him," said the Judge, "but I have understood that he was very rich. I want something to eat and something to drink, and were I as poor as Job in his utmost calamity, and had my health and strength as well as I now have, I would willingly go to work a little while if I could only get something to drink and a bit of good victuals."

"Well, old daddy," says she, "how much do you want to drink?"

"Half a gill of brandy, madam," says he.

"Very well," says she, "I will give you half a gill and some cold victuals if you will go into the back yard and cut and split three armfuls of wood, and bring it into the kitchen, where the servants want to make a good fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats when they come, and after you get your victuals, I shall want you to go away." "Well," says she, "give me the brandy, and I'll soon bring the wood."

He drank the liquor, and walked quietly into the wood yard, where he found a good ax, and he soon laid by the kitchen fire the proper quantity of wood—namely, his arms three times full. When the landlady had got his luncheon on the table, in hopes that he would eat and be off—"Now for the good bite of victuals," says the Judge.

"There it is," said she, coldly.

"And it is almost as cold as myself, but not half so wet, for I see neither tea nor coffee nor chocolate to wet it."

"Beggars must not be choosers," she said.

"I am not begging of you, madam," said he, "but have paid the price demanded."

"I told you," said she, "I would give you cold victuals, and there is cold boiled ham, cold pork and beef, cold potatoes and turnips, and cold vinegar pickles, and soup, and if you want anything hot there is mustard and pepper, and here is good bread, good butter and good cheese, and all good enough for such an old ragmuffin as you are."

"It is all very good," said he pleasantly, "but, madam, be so good as to let me have some new milk, warm, right from the cow, to wet these good victuals."

"The cows are not milked," says she.

"Then let me have a bowl of cold milk!" said he.

"I will not send the servants in this storm to the spring house to skim it for you," said she.

Said he, with a pleasant smile, "Dear madam, I have a very good wife at home, older than you are, who would go out in a worse storm than this, to milk the cows, and bring the milk to the poorest man on earth, at his request, or to bring the milk from the spring house, cream and all, without skimming, to feed the most abject of the human race."

"You have a very good wife at home," says she.

"Indeed I have," said he, "and she keeps my clothes clean and whole, and notwithstanding you call me an 'old rag-muffin,' I am not ashamed to appear abroad in the clothes I wear in any good company."

"Well, I must confess," says she, "that when you have your broad-brimmed hat off you look middling well, but I want you to eat and be off, for we want the fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats and umbrellas by; and among the rest, we expect Judge Crane."

"Judge Crane," says the judge, "who is Judge Crane?"

"The circuit judge, one of the supreme judges, you old fool."

"Well," says the judge, "I will bet a goose that Judge Crane has not had, and will not have, a great coat on his back or an umbrella over his head this day."

"You old goose," said she, "I care nothing for your bets. Eat and be off, I tell you. Judge Crane is to be here, and we've no room for you."

"I don't care," said he, "one rye straw more for Judge Crane than I do for myself, and it has got to be so late that if he was to come at this time of the day he would more likely go directly to the courthouse and stay until dinner time than go to any tavern; and if business was very urgent, he would be very likely to stay away even from dinner. I know something about the old codger, and some people say he is a rusty, fusty, crusty old fudge."

"Pretty talk, indeed," says the landlady, "about the supreme judge. Now eat your cold check and be off, or be off without eating, just as you please."

"I tell you," says the judge, "Judge Crane is not the supreme judge, and if he were, he is no more fit to be a judge than I am."

"Well, now be off with yourself," said she.

"Don't be in so great a hurry," said he, mildly. "I wish to know who is the landlord here. I wish to know where he is."

"He is the high sheriff of the county, and won't be home till night; but if he were here you would not stay long."

"Well, madam, give us a cup of cider to wet my victuals, if you won't give me milk."

"Not a drop," says her ladyship.

The judge, who had now got pretty well warmed and dried, and wished for his breakfast, put on a stern countenance, and positively declared he would not leave the room and fire until he pleased. "But," added he, "if you will grant my request, I will eat and be off."

The cider was immediately brought, and the judge partook heartily of the collation before him, took his broad-brimmed hat, and gently walked to the court house, where he found good fires and clean floors, and during the court hours he presided with dignity and propriety.

When the judge withdrew, the landlady anxiously looked after him for some time, as he walked steadily on toward the court-house, supposing him to be some poor man, summoned up to court as a witness, or some culprit, or some vagabond who might give her further trouble in time of court, and expressed to her servants a desire that they would see that he did not disturb the gentlemen and the judges who might put up there; while some of the girls declared if he did come back they would use some of his own expressions, which he used respecting Judge Crane. "Let me see," says one, "rusty, fusty." "Yes, and crusty old fudge," says another.

When dinner was announced, the court not being thronged, was immediately adjourned, and the day being so stormy and cold, the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff's tavern, where they were sure of good fires and good fare, all except Judge Crane, who walked to the store and purchased a valuable shawl, and put it into his pocket on the inside of his coat; then walked quietly to the tavern. While he was thus detained, the landlady entered the dining room, and earnestly inquired if Judge Crane had come in. The answer was: "Not yet, madam, and perhaps he may not come." The landlady, who was anxious to pay the highest respect to the supreme judge, retired to the kitchen not a little chagrined, or disappointed. In the meantime the judge arrived, and being at proper times very sociable, and at all times fond of cheering the minds of those present, he began to make some pertinent remarks, and also to tell some lively anecdotes, intending to convey good morals; which set the whole company in an uproar of laughter. And at this instant, one of the waiting maids entered the room to inform the gentlemen that they might sit down to dinner. She did her errand, and hastened back to her mistress with the tidings that the old fusty fellow with his broad-brimmed hat on was right in among the bare-headed gentlemen, talking as loud as he could, and all the lawyers and judges were laughing at him.

"Then go," said she, "and whisper to the old man that I wish him to come into the kitchen."

The errand was done accordingly, and the judge, in a low tone of voice said to the girl, "Tell your mistress I have a little business to do with some of these lawyers, and when done, I'll be off in the course of two or three days."

The girl returned and faithfully rehearsed the message, and added that she believed that the old fellow was drunk, or he would not have said, "as soon as my business is done, I'll be off in two or three days."

"Well, Betty," says the mistress, "go back, and when the gentlemen begin to sit down, do you stand at the head of the table, and whisper to some gentlemen that I wish a vacant place left at the head of the table for Judge Crane, and then do you hasten back and see that John has the cider and other liquors in good order; and Mary, do you fill two more tureens with gravy, and put one at each end of the long table. And Maria, do you see that all the clean plates for a change are ready, and that the tarts and pies, etc., are in good order."

Betty again repaired to her post at the head of the table, and softly informed the gentlemen of the request of her mistress. "Certainly," say the gentlemen; and Betty hastened back to assist John. The gentlemen now sat down to an excellent repast, and, after a short ejaculatory address to the throne of grace by Judge Crane, in which he adored the Father of all mercies for feeding all His creatures throughout the immensity of space, and invoked a blessing on that portion of earthly bounty then before them, and supplicated divine mercy through the merits of our Redeemer, the gentlemen began to carve and serve round in the usual form.

But the judge was of a singular turn in almost everything, and had taken a fancy that, if a person eats light food at the same meal, and that which is more solid and harder of digestion, the light food should be eaten first; he therefore filled his plate with some pudding, made of milk, rice and eggs, and placing himself in a rather awkward situation, with his head near the plate, began to eat according to his common custom, which was very fast, although he was not a great eater. And some of the gentlemen near the judge followed his example as to the partaking of the pudding before the meat, of course, a large, deep vessel, which had contained that article, was nearly emptied when Mary approached with her two additional tureens of gravy, according to the command of her mistress, and as she sat down the last near the judge, he says to her, in an austere manner: "Girl, bring me a clean plate to eat some salad on." The abrupt manner in which he addressed her, and her disgust in seeing him there in that position, so disconcerted the poor girl that she did not observe that any one excepting the judge had partaken of the pudding, nor did she know what he meant by salad; but she observed that the large pudding pan was nearly empty, and then hastened back with the utmost speed to her mistress, and addressed her with: "Lord, madam, that old fellow's there yet, and he is certainly crazy or drunk, for he is down at the table and has eaten more than a skipple of the rice pudding already and has his nose right down in a plate full now, shoveling it in like a hog; and he told me, as if he was lord of the manor, to bring him a clean plate to eat salad on. Bless me, where can we get salad at this time of the year? And the gentleman have not done carving, and not one has begun to eat meat, much less eat a tub full of pudding."

"Aye, he'll get a clean plate," says Martha, "before gentlemen want clean plates."

"I'll clear him out," says the mistress, and started for the diningroom, burning with great indignation.

The judge was remarkable for not giving unnecessary trouble to anybody where he put up, and generally ate whatever was set before him without any remarks; and seldom made use of more than one plate at a meal; but at this time he observed near him a dish of beautiful raw white cabbage, cut up and put into vinegar (which the low Dutch at Poughkeepsie called cold slaw, and which he called salad), and he wished a separate plate to prepare some of it for his own fancy. The carving and serving was not yet finished, when he expected a clean plate, and when the landlady arrived at the door of the diningroom, determined to drive him out. She advanced with a firm step to the door, and fixed her keen eye sternly on the judge, when he, turning his his eye that way and observing her, mildly said, "Landlady, bring me a clean plate to eat some salad on."

"A clean plate and salad!" retorted the landlady, indignantly. "I wish you would come into the kitchen until gentlemen have dined; I had reserved that seat for judge Crane."

The company were struck with astonishment, and fixing their eyes alternately on the landlady and on the judge, sat or stood in mute suspense, when the judge gracefully raised himself up in his chair, carelessly folding his arms across his breast, then, putting his head awkwardly on one side, said:

"You reserved this seat for Judge Crane, did you, landlady?"

"Indeed, I did," said she.

"It was very kind," said he, in an ironical tone, "but if you will step to the door and see if he is coming, or send one of the servants to call for him, with your permission, and the approbation of these gentlemen, with whom I have some business to do, I will occupy his seat until you find the judge."

"Find the judge," said she with emphasis; "go look for him yourself, not send me nor my servants. I gave you your breakfast this morning for chopping a little wood because you said you had no money, and I expected you would go away quiety, and keep away; and now you must come here and disturb gentlemen at dinner."

Here the joke burst upon the minds of the gentlemen present, who fell into a roar of laughter. After the tumult had a little subsided, says the judge, "did I chop wood for my breakfast?"

"Indeed you did," says she, "and said you had no money."

"I told you the truth," said the judge, "but I have a beautiful shawl, worth more than ten dollars, which I just now bought, and will leave it with you in pawn, if you will only let me eat dinner with these gentlemen."

Here the gentlemen were biting their lips to keep from laughter.

"How did you buy a shawl worth more than ten dollars without any money?"

"Bought it on credit," says he.

"And where did you find credit to that amount?" says she.

"I brought it from home," said he.

"That's a likely story, and something like your abuse of Judge Crane this morning," says she.

"How could I abuse the judge if he was not present?" said he.

"Why," says she, "you called him a rusty, fusty fudge, an old codger, and said you did not care a rye straw more for him than you do for yourself."

And here the whole company were in an uproar of laughter again. But as soon as it a little subsided, one of the gentlemen asked the landlady how she knew that the gentleman she was addressing was not Judge Crane.

"He looks more like a snipe than a crane," said she.

Here the loud laughter burst forth a third time. And after a little pause the judge said: "I must confess that I am not a bird of very fine feathers, but I assure you that I am a Crane, and a crane is very often a useful instrument. I saw a very good one in your kitchen this morning."

Before she had time to reply, some of the gentlemen assured her that she was talking with the presiding judge. Astonished and confounded, she attempted some excuse, and hastily begged pardon for her rudeness.

The judge had by this time taken from his pocket, unobserved, the beautiful shawl, and folded it at full length one way and in a narrow form the other, and it being of very fine texture, appeared more an elegant sash than like a valuable shawl; then he arose with graceful dignity, and with a half smile advanced a few steps toward the landlady, saying: "It is not my province to pardon, but it is my business to judge, and I judge that you and I shall hereafter be friends; and I judge, also, that you will, without hesitation, receive this as a present, if not as a pawn." So saying, he gently laid it over her shoulders and across her arms, saying: "Take it, madam, and do not attempt to return it, for it was purchased on purpose for you."

She hastily retired in confusion, hardly knowing what she did, and took with her the shawl worth twelve dollars instead of ten.

Spending a winter as invalids at Aikin, South Carolina, the Hon. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Thomas C. Acton whiled away one Sabbath afternoon by attending a negro church, and were accompanied by Mr. John A. Kennedy, who was on a visit of a few days to Mr. Acton. When they entered the primitive temple, the preacher, who was a pure African, was grappling, with all the fervor of his race, with the old, old subject of the fall of man. Sketching that day in the garden, with its terrible results, he excoriated Mr. Adam in this fashion:

"Now, brederen, when de Lord calls Adam to 'count did he stan' up like a man, confess his sin and ask forgiveness? He didn't do nuffin of de sort, brederen, but he say:

"'Lord, de woman dat Dou gubest me gub me for to eat.'"

Pausing a moment he repeated:

"'De woman dat *Dou* gubest me gub me for to eat.'"

Then again:

"'De woman dat Dou gubest me gub me for to eat.'"

"Dar, brederen, you see dat mean, skulkin' Adam was tryin' to sneak out of it by frowin' all de blame on Lord hisself!"

This new idea of an old question was too much for the distinguished "white trash," who had fortunately taken seats near the door, and they retired into the fields to indulge in irreverent laughter.

The wife of J. Milton Turner, American Minister in Liberia, writes to the wife of a barber in St. Louis thus: "I see and learn so many things in this strangest of strange countries that, hurried as I am to reach the mail before it is closed, I scarcely know which to write first about. But I must tell you that the president and cabinet gave Mr. Turner a superb reception. Persons from many different parts were present. A few evenings afterward he arranged for us a select gathering at his residence, which was simply elegant. The mayor of the city also gave us a reception at his residence. The entertainment caused me, for the time, to forget that we were in Africa. Every luxury of the tropical climates was upon the table, and the company was very intellectual. Just to think of generals and colonels in uniform, cabinet officers, city councilmen, lawyers, doctors, other professional characters, authors, editors, poets and other distinguished literary people, together with a live president, and a bevy of ladies to correspond, and they, every one, colored. There were also present the ministers of England, Germany, Norway and Sweden, Hayti, and other countries. I declare it was the nicest affair that I have ever seen."

The Boston *Post* thus sketches Ben Bolter asleep in a railroad car: "Picture for a moment the situation, the general in the middle of the car to the left of the aisle in the further corner of the rear seat with his right leg thrown over his valise, which lay like a barricade before the entrance, and with his left cocked up on the cushions before him, one arm falling at his side, the other stretched out and hanging over into the laps of the passengers behind him, and his head drooping, first forward until his chin would be on a level with his shirt bosom, and then backward until with a sudden snap he would start up, open his eyes for a moment as if in astonishment at what could be disturbing him, and then relapse again into the arms of the sleepy god. And he snored terribly. It was unlike any snore the writer ever heard from other men. It was a kind of a wheezy little snore, terrible because of its wheeziness, deepening into a galloping rumble and then suddenly breaking up with a snort, and the general sitting bolt upright and starting. And thus he rested."

Are all our time honored religious notions to be overthrown? What will be the history of the fall of man without the devil? The Rev. Mr. Lummus has read a paper to the Boston Methodist Preachers' Association, in which it was asserted that "there is no Scriptural evidence that Satan was a party in the temptation of Adam and Eve." There was no devil, Mr. Lummus argued at that time; his majesty only began to reign about the time of Job. He was lively and enterprising then, we fancy, and no mistake; he had just come back to heaven from a pedestrian tour—"walking up and down"—when he was deputied to make trial of poor old Job's equanimity. But what consolation is there in Mr. Lummus' theory that this was Satan's first work, considering how remarkably well he has kept at it since?

A down town picture store exhibits an engraving representing a scene during the revolution, when the news of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown was received in Philadelphia. The "watchman of the night" is seen among the joyful crowd uttering the cry, "Past twelve o'clock and Cornwallis is taken!" A couple of men stopped to examine the picture. One read the inscription. "Cornwallis—Cornwallis!" said he, reflectingly, "who the mischief was Cornwallis?" That man was evidently not posted up in American history, and yet he might have been a very influential ward politician.

Abernethy being called to a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Mr. Abernethy, if you will tell me how I must live—what I may eat and what not." "My directions as to that point," said the physician, who abominated this sort of question, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but anything else you please."

A correspondent wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way is for him to take a short voyage to sea. He will then very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.—*New York Leader.*

JOHNNY AND HIS DOG.

Johnny had a little dog,
With hair as black as jet,
And every place that Johnny went,
The purp went too, you bet.

He followed him to school one day,
That happened to be near,
But when the teacher booted him,
He walked off on his ear.

Returning home he met a cow,
And at the cow did fly;
She tossed him up five hundred feet—
And how is that for high?

The poor beast ne'er came down again,
And Johnny was left a mourner;
For the purp was left in the steeple top
Of the little church 'round the corner.

When Johnny heard his darling's fate,
A word he scarcely said,
But toddled home and weeping cried,
"Now put me in my little bed."

JUSTICE FOR SAN DOMINGO.

[By Samuel G. Howe, M. D., late commissioner to San Domingo.]

[From the New York Independent.]

In a late number of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* my worthy friend, James Redpath, hotly assails the scheme of annexation and its advocates.

If those advocates supposed that people would read the article carefully enough to see its real character, they could not do better than circulate a million copies of it. But as they will not so read it I reluctantly notice its assumption and its absurdities.

Mr. Redpath assumes that he must know more than other people about the matter, and therefore has the right to dogmatize.

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

He says: "As I have devoted years of my life to explorations in Hayti, and to official work in the service of her government; as I necessarily know more about the condition of the people, their history and resources, than any roving band of commissioners could possibly learn in a flying visit," etc.

However ready our people may be to accept for gospel all the opinions and dogmas of their trusted political leaders, they will hardly accept those of an acknowledged agent of a foreign government who charges our government with "cowardly crime," and our President with being "a cowardly bully."

First—Mr. Redpath asserts that Dr. Howe's opinion that the Haytians desire annexation to the United States "is a mere guess," and he proceeds to demolish even the guess, by quoting the guess of a partisan newspaper printed in Jacmel, Hayti. Indeed, all the authority for the assertions which he makes (besides that of his own infallibility) is that Haytian newspaper.

I did not express the opinion which Mr. Redpath attributes to me. I said this: "I believe what intelligent Haytians have told me, that the best hopes for free institutions in their part of the island is the firm establishment of like institutions over the neighboring territory of San Domingo."

This is too serious a matter to guess about. One of the most painful episodes in my life was a short sojourn in Hayti. I had always felt a deep interest in the experiment of a negro republic. I came a warm friend; I wanted to be an indulgent admirer; but I had seen too many countries not to feel instinctively, on landing, that I was no longer among a democratic people as I had been, in the eastern end of the island. Moreover, I soon perceived signs of a reign of terror. The social atmosphere indicated a coming storm. The mulattoes, especially, seemed in a fear for their lives, while a conceited and ferocious aristocracy (based on color) was everywhere rampant. They sought to parade their anger and to show their scorn of annexationists.

Looking about for signs of hopeful progress, I found, instead, marks of stagnation, if not of degeneration.

After a few days, Frederick Douglass, meeting me on the quay, said, sadly: "If this is all my poor colored fellow-men have been able to do in seventy years, God help the race!"

But there were intelligent and liberal men among them; and though they spoke with bated breath, the opportunity of communing with real republicans was too precious to be lost, and so they contrived to commune with us. A mulatto, one of the most prominent and able supporters of the dominant government, who in public denounces annexation, said to me with deep emotion: "If we mulattoes should speak out our wishes about annexation the negroes would murder us and our children."

Several, however, contrived to come and see me by night; others admitted me privately to their houses after nightfall, and by back doors, opening on back streets.

They all looked to the annexation of San Domingo to the United States as a step toward the annexation of Hayti also, and their deliverance from the tyranny of caste.

I, therefore, do something more than guess when I say that many intelligent and liberal Haytians desire annexation.

Well may they desire that some external influences be brought to bear upon their present political and social condition, so as to improve their prospects, for, alas! owing to the baleful effect of generations of servitude (and other causes) the negroes of Hayti, as in other West India islands, where they are left entirely to themselves, tend to revert toward barbarism, as a neglected apple to the crab. Witness the savagedom in some parts of the interior of Hayti. Witness the perpetuation of the pagan worship of Obi. Witness the sacrifice of infants, and the eating of their flesh, which not the fear of executions has been able to put down. God help them! and may we also try to help them.

But we can not do it by the scheme of building up an exclusive negro confederacy in the tropics, for that implies the converse, to wit: an exclusive white republic in the temperate zone, and we want no conditions of color. It implies seggregation based on color, and the world has had too much of that. It implies sequestration from the human family, and isolation from the great social movements of the age, and of all races the negro can least flourish under such disadvantages. He needs contact with more highly developed races. He imitates rather than originates, and he may carry on and improve a civilization which he never could have initiated.

Second—Mr. Redpath takes up the refrain of abuse of "the infamous usurper, Baez."

This is one of the side issues so successfully used to turn the attention of our people from the question of annexation. Like many Dominicans, I say of Baez and of Cabral, in view of their quarrels: "A plague on both your houses."

I have no more (but no less) faith in the political virtue of Baez than I have in that of most of our politicians. I was always on my guard against his blandishments. As a commissioner of inquiry, I sought more eagerly for his opponents than for his friends. But it stirs my blood to hear a man abused as he is by writers, some of whom certainly are his inferiors in the attributes of a gentleman.

Who is this Baez whom Mr. Redpath (elsewhere) says is a runaway barber from Virginia (as if that were dishonorable), and whom most of our editors have been led to vilify as the "seller" of his country, as though that were a foul crime?

What manner of man is this who has been vilified until his name is odious throughout a great country, where is none to defend him? Buonaventura Baez comes from an ancient, honorable and rich family, in the district of Azua (San Domingo), whose hospitality is acknowledged in old books of travel. His father was a cultivated and distinguished gentleman and patriot. He himself is in the full vigor of manhood. He is simple and courteous in his manners, has considerable culture, and is familiar with European countries and languages. He is respected and beloved by his neighbors, who are very proud of him, as I can testify. He has been much abroad, and is there regarded as an able diplomat—as cunning of fence as the cunningest of that cunning tribe. He has been a great favorite at the court of Spain, and was honored with the title of Mareschal de Campo.

Being there when the Dominicans revolted from Spain, he was offered the command of an army if he would lead it against them; but he, of course, refused to fight against his native country.

He has thrice been president of the Dominican republic, with about as much fairness and legality as is common there. He is now in the fourth year of his third term, during which he has preserved an unusual degree of peace and order. He lives plainly and frugally in his private house, leaving the national palace empty. He walks about freely among his people, without parade and without guards; in striking contrast with the president of the neighboring negro republic, who seldom appears except on horseback, bedizened and befeathered, and surrounded by armed guards.

That such a man should be vilified until his name is odious in our land, causes to him, as I know, great sorrow and pain; but not so much as it ought to bring to his defamers.

But he may bide his time; for there are among these defamers men, generous and honorable by nature, who will see and own their errors when the heat of party strife is over.

And what are his crimes? Mr. Redpath takes up and reiterates the foul charge that he is "an infamous usurper; that he is ready to sell his country; that he will not hesitate at any lies or any frauds to carry out his nefarious schemes, etc."

Gently, my friend, lest you hit your own side. What is selling one's country? If to annex a country to ours be a crime, is not the receiver as bad as the thief? Where, then, are the people who voted to receive Alaska without saying to its people, "By your leave?"

The emperor of Russia has far less right to convey Alaska to the United States than the government of San Domingo has to convey its territory; but do we call him the seller of his country in an ignominious sense?

Baez, as head of the actual government, by the consent of his council of ministers, with the approval of the Senate, and the affirmative vote of his people, solicits admission into our Union upon these simple terms: He will make over to the United States government all the public lands (which, once under our flag, would be worth hundreds of millions), very valuable mining privileges, all the forts and arsenals—in short, all public property—upon the simple condition that the citizens of San Domingo shall become citizens of the United States, and that we shall assume its public debt.

The debt is estimated at one and a half million dollars. It can not much exceed that sum. But, were it a hundred millions, it would be cheaper than Alaska at a hundred cents. Cheaper than Alaska! Why, San Domingo is worth more to us than even Cuba would be. Less extensive, it is more fertile, more salubrious, richer in agricultural and mineral resources, and more felicitous in geographical position. It has no slaves. More than half of its population are of the white race (in the Southern sense of the word); they are democratic in their dispositions, and have the spirit of progress.

If a hundred thousand of that people should arrive in our port, poor and ragged, we should welcome them as valuable immigrants, and make them citizens. But they offer to come into our Union, bringing an island of priceless wealth, affording commercial advantages which we now sorely need; and we reject them! For once this shrewd Yankee people have missed a great bargain (looking at it from the low standpoint of a business transaction), especially since the last treaty with England cuts us off from privileges in neutral ports which will be indispensable in case of maritime war.

But such a pother was raised about the usurpations of one President; the violation of national laws by another; about the blunders and bullying of commodores; about the wrongs to negroes by taking their coveted spoil; about speculations in corner lots, and the like; and then there was such a parade of bugbears in the shape of yellow fever, bloody wars, enormous debts and the like, that our people were fairly frightened out of their wits. And even now, if you allude to it they cry, "Hush! hush! no more of that, at present, if you love your—party."

The proposed annexation was right in the essence, however wrong in some of its accidents. We should have availed ourselves of the right, and redressed the wrong afterward. But our people rejected the offer, and abused Baez as the seller of his country, not suspecting that they themselves were really the party sold.

However, the people of the United States love fair play, and when this question of annexation comes up again, I trust they will disregard all din and clamor about rival political chiefs and parties, whether at home or in San Domingo, and that they will regard the question as one of humanity, which touches the welfare and condition of a feeble people, and which affects the prospects of the emancipation of millions of slaves in adjacent islands and countries, and the peaceful spread of civilization and of institutions kindred to ours far and wide.

And when they hear, as they will surely do, that Buenaventura Baez is "an unprincipled usurper," a "bloody tyrant," who murders or imprisons his political opponents, who plunders the public treasury and fattens on the spoil of the country, let them ask this crucial question: If these charges be true, why does the man advocate annexation so earnestly, since that will reduce him at once to a simple citizen of the United States, and make him amenable to justice?

So much for the vilification of the president of the Dominican republic by Mr. Redpath, who evidently knows nothing about him. He read the charges set on foot by political enemies in a party night; he believed and repeated them. Mr. Redpath is too kind and generous a man knowingly to wrong a man as he has wronged President Baez.

Third—Mr. Redpath assails vehemently "the San Domingo policy" of President Grant, who, he asserts, has made our country's history in Hayti the record of a cowardly bully, "who uses our iron-clads to hold a usurper in power," who has already "wasted three millions of our taxes on this wicked scheme," etc.

I never spoke with President Grant until after I had signed and submitted the report of the commission. I then heard him relate, on two occasions, how he became interested in the matter of annexation of San Domingo. He did it with simple and earnest eloquence, which I did not suppose he possessed. I believed him to be sincere, and have never learned anything which shakes my belief.

Annexation was an old project. President Pierce negotiated with President Santa Anna, in 1854, with the view of bringing it about—at least, of occupying Samana bay. Its revival was no matter of President Grant's seeking.

Soon after his inauguration the government *de facto* of San Domingo sent to him an envoy to solicit his attention to it. This envoy made little impression upon the President. After some time another came, and succeeded in awakening his interest.

A confidential agent was sent to San Domingo to ascertain the real state of things in that island. From his report, and from other sources of information, the President was convinced, first, that what had seemed fabulous at first accounts of the agricultural and mineral resources of the country, were true, while the accounts of its insalubrity had been grossly exaggerated.

The President was, of course, well aware of its value as a mercantile and naval station, on account of its felicitous geographical position. He has too much of the soldier's eye not to see that at a glance.

Again, it appeared that citizens of the miniature republic, despairing of being able long to maintain their independence, were desirous of being annexed to the United States, especially since we had abolished slavery, which they abhor.

A popular vote had been taken, which was almost unanimously in favor of annexation. Their government had formally proposed to treat with ours for the purpose of effecting it.

If the President had any doubt about his duty under the circumstances, he had only to look back to the line of policy pursued by his predecessors and approved by the people, as in the case of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, California, Alaska, etc. These were annexed by treaty with powers having no moral right to sell them, however justifiable under international law. Some of these treaties of annexation, now so popular, were at first rejected by our Senate. But it seems President Grant had no doubt. The rest is well known—the lease of Samana bay, the *projet* of a treaty, its failure before the Senate, etc. It is not so well known that a new *projet* of a treaty has been initiated, and that diplomatic relations, looking to a continued occupation of Samana bay, actually exist. This is my version of the matter, not the President's.

Meantime, the prospect that annexation of the Dominican territory to the United—so ardently desired by Dominicans, and so much feared by their enemies—would be speedily accomplished, alarmed the European traders, who had had almost an entire monopoly of the trade, and it angered the actual government of Hayti, which represents the aggressive negro party, that came into power by murdering the preceding president, Salnave, who was suspected of being an annexationist.

This party has ever coveted possession of the whole island and incited the several attempts made by the government to subdue by force of arms the Dominican territory, and to drive out or exterminate all of Spanish descent.

At the period of which we speak apparent peace existed between the Haytians and the Dominican republic; nor has either nation since proclaimed war.

But, in spite of this, the fear of losing their coveted prey, moved the aggressive party in Hayti to instant action against the annexation.

The numerous invasions which the Dominicans had had to repel; the civil wars which had plagued the island, had bred a set of military vagabonds, whose occupation was gone in times of peace. The Haytian government did, beyond peradventure, encourage those men—Cabral, Luperon, and others—to invade the Dominican territory. It did supply them with recruits and munitions of war; it did give them shelter within its own borders when they were obliged to retreat.

The commissioners, during their sojourn in the island, had abundant proof of this. They witnessed the great distress of the innocent inhabitants driven from the invaded territory, and were naturally indignant. Blunt Ben Wade waxed wroth, and declared (with more vehemence than reverence), that he would go to Hayti and tell the black Prince Saget that he must call off his dogs, immediately, or take severe consequences. And, verily, if he could have had his way, and if he could have mustered French enough, he would have so told him, in spite of the troops which surrounded the palace.

Now, mark! Peace had long existed, and still nominally exists between Hayti and San Domingo.

It was none of Hayti's business what our government did with another sovereign and independent State. If she had minded her business, there would have no been no trouble. It is an insult to our country to assume that any just claims of hers would not have been admitted after the annexation of San Domingo.

President Grant had a perfect right to initiate measures looking to a treaty of annexation. But his exercise of this brought on not only protest, but raids and forays.

President Grant had an equal right to say that, pending these negotiations, outsiders shall not interfere. They shall not obstruct these negotiations by acts of violence and blood. He instructed his naval officers to say to the Haytian government, "Hands off San Domingo;" and to use "the moral force of their guns" to keep them off. His officers obeyed his orders; and, it may be, with more zeal than discretion. But they fired not a gun; nor did they use any other "moral force," except, perhaps, a little hard swearing, after the manner of sailors. Hence, all the clamor about interfering with Hayti.

If President Grant had done otherwise, if he had left these innocent people to suffer for his proceedings in the matter of annexation, the consequence might have been such that he would have deserved harder names than he has been called—if, indeed, such can be found. Our country might have been execrated, as was England, for her shameful abandonment of Pargia in 1819.

The gallant little people of this sea-girt and mountain-girt district of Albania had for centuries maintained their independence against all the efforts of the Turks to subdue it. They were devoted and brave patriots. When Ali, the bloody pasha, had subdued the neighboring regions, Parga was in danger; but was apparently saved by treaties, which were understood to include it in the United States of the Ionian Islands, as we proposed to include San Domingo in the United States of America.

England, under the treaties, even landed troops and took possession of the fortress; but, finally, frightened by the prospect of a long war with the victorious and formidable Ali, she withdrew them, and delivered the fortress to the pasha, making conditions that he would indemnify those inhabitants who would prefer to emigrate. That is, she offered them money for native land—for their hearthstones, for their churches, for the graves of their fathers! Of course they preferred exile, and even death, rather than subjection to Turkish rule; and almost the whole people—men, women and children—went sadly away, having burned all their property, even the bones of their ancestors, lest they should be defiled, and cursing, in the bitterness of their hearts, perfidious England (*la perfide Albion.*)

Nor are our own annals unstained. During the last war for independence by the Cretans thousands of women and children fled to the rocks upon the seacoast, and stretched out their arms to passing ships, begged, for the love of Christ, to be saved from pursuing enemies. Some European ships ventured to save a few, but our commanders, having sent home for instructions, were told they too might do so, provided they did not offend the Turkish government. Not otherwise. "You may save the lambs if you don't displease the wolf."

The flags of Italy, France and Russia covered the innocent victims of a bloody war of subjugation, fought under international law, but though the stars and stripes floated off the coast, they protected none.

These things were done under international law, and I commend them to the notice of sticklers, who would have President Grant imitate them.

International law has often been made to justify crimes of governments against peoples, the thought of which led me to say in a former article that it is often the fetish of lawyer politicians. They forget that the law is made for man, and not man for the law.

Moreover, if it appears that, by strict construction of international law, President Grant had no right to continue to keep the peace, and to protect the Dominicans, and the large colony of colored descendants of American parents at Samana bay, a single day after the expiration of the project of a treaty, then it is high time that the United States should demand an amendment to that unwritten code, in the interest of peoples, since there are so many in the interest of governments.

If we must abandon the Dominicans to the wrath of their enemies, made hotter by our attempts at treaties, let us, at least, stipulate for their safety, or means of expatriation, as England did to lessen the shame of her abandonment of the Pargiates.

Fourth—Mr. Redpath, like a gallant cutter in the wake of a fleet, supports with pop-guns the heavy fire of the admiral. He assails the project of annexation by representing the Dominican republic as the aggressive party; the Haytien republic as innocent of hostile intent—"a feeble but unoffending people."

This gross error may be excusable in some; but it is without excuse in a man who, however honest, arrogantly claims that he must necessarily know more than others about such matters.

Verily, all *a priori* considerations and all facts show the absurdity of this representation of the two peoples.

The feeling of nationality—intensified by community of race, of blood, of language, of religion, of ages of persecution and foul wrongs—is proverbially strong among the Haytiens. It is proverbially weak among the Dominicans, and for obvious reasons.

Nothing less than the possession of the whole island can gratify the ambition of the negroes, who wish to make it the centre of a great black confederation. Many of their unwise friends have encouraged this mistaken but not unnatural ambition.

The Dominicans have no such ambition. Nothing in their history shows any desire to dominate the Haytian territory. Besides, Hayti is three times more populous and far richer than San Domingo. But why speculate? There is history; read the record of the last seventy years.

In 1801 Toussaint L'Ouverture crossed the frontier with an army of 20,000 Haytians and Frenchmen, and forcibly occupied the Dominican territory, leaving his brother Paul in command. But the project failed. This may be called a French invasion, but the invaders were negroes, and the animus was negro supremacy of the island.

In 1806 the Haytians, under the bloody Dessalines, again invaded Dominican territory with a formidable army, burned Moca and St. Iago,