

ADAM HOCHSCHILD. Bury the Chains
Prophecy and Rebels in the Fight
to Free an Empire's Slaves
(Boston, New York: Houghton Mifflin,
2005)

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AT THE FOOT OF VESUVIUS

THE 1790s WERE a time of upheaval around the Western world. In France, revolutionaries removed not just the heads of their opponents, but every visible vestige of the old regime, including its calendar: they started over again with Year I, ten-day weeks called *décades*, and a cycle of twelve freshly named months that began on the autumn equinox. In Venezuela, a slave revolt erupted, and white patriots issued a declaration of independence from Spain; both attempts failed, but anticolonial zeal spread through Latin America. But nowhere was the social order overturned so dramatically as by the rebellion that shook the French colony of St. Domingue. It was the largest and bloodiest slave revolt the world has ever seen.

Count Mirabeau, whom Clarkson had met in Paris, once said that the whites of St. Domingue slept "at the foot of Vesuvius." In the summer of 1791 the colony was swept by slave escapes. A series of secret slave gatherings took place on St. Domingue's rich northern plain, the heartland of its agricultural wealth. (Caribbean planters, who had spoken condescendingly for years about the slaves' peculiar willingness to travel long distances for funerals and dances, did not understand black communication networks.) Finally, a large group of slaves representing many plantations met under the night sky in a remote spot called Alligator Woods, slaughtered a pig, ceremonially drank its blood, and swore an oath to rise up at an appointed time.

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"Throw away the image of the god of the whites who thirsts for our tears," a leader reportedly told the group, "and listen to the voice of liberty which speaks in the hearts of all of us."

At 10 p.m. on August 22, the volcano erupted. Drumbeats gave the signal. Slaves attacked plantation buildings with pruning hooks, machetes, and torches. For miles around, they set fire to everything connected with the hated work of sugar cultivation: cane fields, mills, boiling houses, and warehouses. Machinery that would not burn they smashed with sledgehammers. They murdered white men in their beds and raped the women atop their husband's corpses. They nailed one member of the slave-catching militia alive to the gate of his plantation and chopped off his arms and legs. They tied a carpenter between two planks and sawed him in half. Two sons of a white planter and a slave woman stabbed their father to death. Planters had been meeting out similar violence to their slaves for generations, but news of these atrocities sent waves of horror through Europe because for the first time white people were being killed by the hundreds, a toll that would soon mount into the thousands. The world was turned upside down.

Terrified white refugees, some in nightclothes, filled the road to elegant Cap François, the major city in the north. "Imagine all the space that the eye can see," wrote one, "... from which continually arose thick coils of smoke whose hugeness and blackness could only be likened to frightful clouds laden with thunderstorms. They parted only to give way to equally huge flames, alive and flashing to the very sky. . . . For three weeks we couldn't tell day from night. . . . The most striking thing about this terrible spectacle was a rain of fire composed of burning bits of cane-straw which whirled like thick snow and which the wind carried, now toward the harbor and ships, now over the houses of the town."

"Desolation and fear were painted on all faces," another refugee recalled. ". . . Guns could be heard from afar and the bells of the plantations were sounding the alarm. . . . Young children transfixed upon the points of bayonets were the bleeding flags which followed the troop of cannibals."

While flames signaled the spread of the revolt, some blacks protected their masters, at least temporarily. At the Bréda plantation, near

Cap François, a slight, wiry, taciturn black man in his late forties named Toussaint held the privileged position of livestock steward and coachman, a job that had taken him throughout the colony's north. Known for his skill as a veterinarian and herbalist, he was said to be the son of a West African chief, although almost everything about his origins is a matter of rumor. We do know that, born a slave, he had been freed some years earlier. He was now literate and a slave owner himself—both were common for the colony's many mulattos, but extremely unusual for a man, like him, of pure African blood. He managed to deflect the rebels for some days until Bayon de Libertat, the plantation manager who had freed him, could safely leave with his family. Then Toussaint, too, joined the revolt.

French soldiers were confident they could put down the uprising, as they had suppressed various small revolts in the past. One group of officers calmly continued their dinner even when an alarm warned that the rebels were approaching. "We were eating heartily until the moment a cannon ball passed through the window and carried away, right under our beards, the table and all the plates. The general, infuriated by this mishap, mounted his horse with food still in his mouth, and left camp with six hundred men and four pieces of artillery. Two hours later one could not find a living Negro within a circle of two and a half miles, and the roads were strewn with their bloody remains."

St. Domingue had the largest slave population in the Caribbean, and slavery there was as harsh as anywhere. Some owners put tin masks on slaves to keep them from chewing sugar cane in the fields. A wealthy French planter named Jean-Baptiste de Caradeux used to entertain his visitors by placing an orange on a slave's head; male guests would then compete with each other to see who could knock it off with a pistol shot at thirty paces. Another plantation owner wrote instructions for his managers on how to inflict pain to maximum effect: "Slow punishments make a greater impression than quick . . . ones. Twenty-five lashes of the whip administered in a quarter of an hour, interrupted at intervals to hear the cause which the unfortunates always plead in their defense, and resumed again, continuing in this fashion two or three times, are far more likely to make an impression than fifty lashes administered in five minutes."

Like all revolts, the one in St. Domingue was blamed on outside agitators. And indeed, copies of Josiah Wedgwood's medallion, with the inscription "*Ne suis-je pas ton frère?*" had appeared in St. Domingue, along with news of the British parliamentary debates and of the formation of the Société des Amis des Noirs in Paris. But the final goad to the slaves' long-simmering anger was the French Revolution, more news of which came with each successive ship. When word of the Bastille's fall first arrived, the colony's superintendent wrote, "the blacks are all in agreement . . . that the white slaves have killed their masters . . . and have come into possession of all the goods of the earth."

All over the West Indies, such news from Europe spread with lightning speed because at white dinner tables, as one resident put it, "every Person has his own waiting man behind him." "To discuss the *Rights of Man* before such people," wrote a shocked European visitor to St. Domingue. "What is it but to teach them that power dwells with strength and strength with numbers!" As slaves at the wharves wrestled barrels of sugar and indigo or sacks of coconuts and coffee beans onto ships bound for France, they heard more from French sailors, who wore the tricolor cockade. Freedom is never far from the minds of slaves anywhere, and for those in St. Domingue, it was not far from their experience: the majority had been born in Africa.

The rebellion threw into embarrassing relief the contradiction between slavery and the stated goals of the French Revolution. When a general inspected a battalion from the Loire region as it was about to be rushed across the Atlantic to fight the slave rebels, he was horrified to find the unit's banner emblazoned "Live Free or Die," and to discover that the soldiers were planning to plant a "tree of liberty" on their arrival. He saw to it that a new motto was sewn onto the banner, "The Nation, the Law, the King," and that the battalion would plant a "tree of Peace."

When French soldiers captured one black rebel in St. Domingue, "we found in one of his pockets pamphlets printed in France." But it was the slaves of St. Domingue themselves who unexpectedly, and undirected by any of the revolution's architects in Paris, made universal and immediate its promise of freedom. Everyone knew full well, when the slaves rose up, that this was the long-feared nightmare of

every West Indian white: revenge. On an island where harvesting crops was all, this was truly the reaping of the whirlwind.

On both sides, it was a war of unsurpassed brutality. The bodies of black rebels swung from tree branches where they had been hanged, while fortifications they built were lined with French skulls. An Englishman was witness to the execution of two slave leaders: "They were broken on two pieces of timber placed crosswise. One of them expired on receiving the third stroke on his stomach, each of his legs and arms having been first broken in two places. . . . The other had a harder fate. When the executioner, after breaking his legs and arms, lifted up the instrument to give the finishing stroke on the breast . . . the [white] mob, with the ferociousness of cannibals, called out '*arrêtez*' (stop) and compelled him to leave his work unfinished. In that condition the miserable wretch, with his broken limbs doubled up . . . seemed perfectly sensible, but uttered not a groan. At the end of some forty minutes, some English seamen, who were spectators of the tragedy, strangled him in mercy."

Returning to his family's plantation, a young Frenchman found everything destroyed: "The sugar refinery, the vats, the furnaces, the vast warehouses, the convenient hospital, the water-mill which was so expensive, all is no more than a specter of walls blackened and crumbled, surrounded by enormous heaps of coals and broken tiles." Within a mere two months' time, the rebels had looted and burned more than a thousand plantations and controlled a large swath of the northern part of the colony. The more news like this that reached England, the harder it made things for the beleaguered abolitionists. "If all the shocking enormities committed at St. Domingo . . . be true," a correspondent wrote to *Gentleman's Magazine*, "it is to be hoped, for heaven's sake, we shall hear no more of abolishing the slave trade. . . . The Negro race . . . are but a set of wild beasts let loose."

The rebellion sent shock waves throughout the world, not just because of its size and ferocity, but because St. Domingue was no ordinary colony. Although hard to imagine when we see the desperately poor Haiti of today, St. Domingue was the undisputed crown jewel of all European colonies anywhere. Such was its mystique that slave merchants in France sent their shirts across the Atlantic to be washed in

its mountain brooks, which were said to whiten linen better than European rivers. St. Domingue was more than twice the size of the largest British Caribbean island, Jamaica; its soil was so rich and so well irrigated that its plantations yielded half again as much sugar per acre as the best land in Jamaica. It produced more than 30 percent of the world's sugar and more than half its coffee, not to speak of cotton and other crops. Thousands of slaves were at work clearing mountain-side forests for new coffee estates, but the massive erosion this caused would not take its toll until the next century. The colony's eight thousand plantations accounted for more than one third of France's foreign trade, and its own foreign trade equaled that of the newly born United States. St. Domingue's annual production of sugar and other crops was roughly double that of all the British West Indian islands put together. No colony anywhere made so large a profit for its mother country.

William Pitt called St. Domingue "the Eden of the Western world"; the French, guarding their treasure with troops and a large naval base, referred to it as *la perle des Antilles*. It was, of course, neither Eden nor pearl for the slaves. Some half million of them far outnumbered the nearly forty thousand whites and slightly fewer "free people of color"—most of them mulatto. Fifteen hundred oceangoing ships called each year at the territory's thirteen international ports, and a few more smuggled goods ashore elsewhere to avoid customs duties. Much of what the ships landed, both legally and on remote beaches by lantern light at night, was human cargo: St. Domingue was the largest single market for the Atlantic slave trade, importing many of them on British ships from Bance Island and other depots.

Most of the wealth flowed back to France. But enough of it stayed in St. Domingue to allow well-to-do whites to live in luxury unmatched in the Caribbean. Planters and merchants in their splendid imported carriages could visit two resident orchestras, gambling houses, military parades, horse shows, and a traveling wax museum with figures of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and George Washington. In March 1784, St. Domingue was the scene of the first lighter-than-air balloon flight in the Americas. Ten days later, the governor and other officials gathered by a sugar cane field to watch a larger bal-

loon, also unmanned but thirty feet tall, take off and ascend to 1800 feet, its cloth envelope decorated with painted garlands and the coats of arms of colonial dignitaries.

In the capital city of Port-au-Prince there were street magicians and jugglers, a botanical garden, a bathhouse, and several bookstores. Six towns had repertory theaters, and in 1791, the year the great upheaval began, the colony staged more than 150 performances. The theater in Cap François held 1,500 spectators and had a special box for the governor-general guarded by a sentry. It was a favorite rendezvous for white men and their black or mulatto mistresses; there were separate sections for these women in the upper balcony. The star of the resident company, named Chevalier, died on stage. "Close the curtain," he said. "The farce is played out."

"The practice of dueling," wrote one white resident, "... was... an everyday sport among the young and dissipated." There was also much sport in the bedroom—too much, in the opinion of a prostitute just off the boat from France, who wrote to a St. Domingue newspaper in 1786 to complain angrily about all the competition she faced, both amateur and professional. The life of a colonial Frenchwoman, a visiting American reported, "was divided between the bath, the table, the toilette and the lover... The *fais pas* of a married lady is so much a matter of course, that she who has only one lover, and retains him long in her chains, is considered as a model of constancy and discretion." Sometimes discretion did not prevail: "One lady, who had a beautiful negro girl continually about her person, thought she saw some symptoms of *tendresse* in the eyes of her husband... She ordered one of her slaves to cut off the head of the unfortunate victim, which was instantly done. At dinner her husband said he felt no disposition to eat, to which his wife, with the air of a demon, replied, perhaps I can give you something that will excite your appetite; it has at least had that effect before. She rose and drew from a closet the head of Coomba. The husband... left the house and sailed immediately for France."

Besides such preoccupations, the whites of Cap François, who fancied themselves the colony's most cultured, could boast a museum, public fountains, several newspapers, a Royal Society of Arts and Sciences, and separate gallows for blacks and whites. The city was as large

as Boston, and many of its streets were paved (something not the case in much of provincial France), and most had brick or stone sidewalks. Its whitewashed homes were built of stone brought from Europe as ships' ballast; their wrought-iron balconies and garden trellises bore vines of muscat grapes. For the wealthier settlers, local fruits and vegetables were supplemented by Médoc wine, Périgord truffles, and fowl imported from the United States. Despite the veneer of elegance, however, there was something of the frontier town about the place, reflected in names like Devil's Fart Street.

Absconding to St. Domingue was a way to escape gambling debts, the Paris police, or a pregnant girlfriend demanding marriage. *Passer aux îles* meant to flee a tight spot. Although those on the run might first have to wait for the trouble to blow over, most French people in the colony wanted to make their money and then head home. As one observer put it: "All wish to be gone. Everyone is in a hurry; these people have the air of merchants at a fair."

When word of the St. Domingue revolt first reached London, stock prices fell. Further news of the upheaval spread panic among slaveholders everywhere. In Virginia, the state legislature tightened restrictions on slave gatherings and passed an "Act against divulgers of false news." Fears were still higher in the Caribbean, where British planters had long known that they, too, were at the foot of a volcano. In Jamaica, whites were proportionally even more outnumbered than in St. Domingue. Authorities on the island declared martial law, begged London for soldiers, and called up the militia. Rumors flew that French revolutionaries and St. Domingue mulattos had sent secret agents to stir up slaves on Jamaica's north coast, only a day's sail away. Runaway slaves often fled from one Caribbean island to another in small boats or as stowaways, and so the revolt was treated like a communicable disease. British warships cruised the channel between the two islands. Then a new path for the virus suddenly opened: slave servants brought to Jamaica by French planters fleeing the rebellion. Magistrates were ordered to be on the alert for any sign of contact between these slaves and Jamaican ones. White fears were further inflamed when a runaway French slave was found in Jamaica with the brand marks of several different masters on his breast (a sign of a trou-

blemaker who had been repeatedly sold), and gave his name as "John Paine." "I am convinced that the Ideas of Liberty have sunk so deep in the minds of *all* Negroes," an alarmed slave owner on the island wrote, "that whenever the greatest precautions are not taken they will rise."

Where should the greatest precautions be taken? The St. Domingue upheaval forced government officials in London to assess risks in their own slave colonies. A wellborn Royal Navy officer, Captain George Cranfield Berkeley, wrote a shrewd, confidential report to the foreign secretary about which British islands were most in danger from rebellion and why. Barbados he thought secure: a high proportion of whites, most slaves "Born and Bred up in the Island and habituated," and "No Woods, nor Places where they could hide or assemble in." But Grenada was in danger: "Impassable Woods" in the interior, plus the slaves were mostly new arrivals. Antigua was safe: a fort "commanding the Whole Island, and the King's Dock Yard . . . where in general some of our men of War are constantly stationed," plus missionaries to the slaves "whose Preachers constantly recommend in the strongest terms the Necessity and Duty of Subordination and passive Obedience to their Masters."

There was no way British planters could contain news of the uprising. Within a month, Jamaican slaves were singing songs about it, and rumors spread that slave blacksmiths were secretly forging cutlasses. The slaves seemed to think freedom was imminent: one who was whipped said to her tormentor, "Slapp me again if you please, 'tis your time now, but we shall drink wine before Christmas." A letter from the island reported the rumor among slaves that "the King of England wished Slaves in Jamaica to be on the same footing [as whites] but that their owners were against it."

The myth of a benevolent king betrayed by others recurs throughout history, and it is not surprising that it should repeatedly do so in the Caribbean. After all, hundreds of thousands of slaves had grown up in African chiefdoms or monarchies. Rarely did they demand freedom as an inherent right; more often, in both the French and British colonies, they were convinced that the king had already freed them. Although many of their leaders were stirred by the promise of the

French Revolution, most rebel slaves in St. Domingue did not generally wear the tricolor cockade. To them it symbolized the emancipation of the whites only; instead they wore the white cockade, signifying loyalty to King Louis XVI.

Sometimes the imagined benevolent king took a different form. In December 1791, a worried Jamaican white man reported that "a body of Negroes . . . had assembled drinking King Wilberforce's health out of a Cat's Skull by way of a cup, and swearing Secrecy to each other." Wilberforce would no doubt have been appalled. Nor was this the only slave celebration of the best-known abolitionist: the same year, before being dispersed, some three thousand Jamaican blacks gathered peacefully to mark his birthday.

Besides its vast scale, the upheaval in St. Domingue differed from previous slave risings in other ways. For one thing, the colony's mulattos—almost all of them descended from liaisons between Frenchmen and slave women—were also in rebellion. Although traditionally free, they had long been treated as second-class citizens: the very word "mulatto" comes from the Spanish term for a young mule. Those in St. Domingue had no political rights and faced a humiliating set of prohibitions: against riding in carriages, wearing fine clothing, or mixing with whites in churches or restaurants. Nonetheless, they owned one third of the colony's plantations and one quarter of its slaves; many sent their children to France to be educated.

A first wave of rebellion by mulattos had been suppressed just months before the slave revolt broke out, and many of the rebels were hanged. For the two top leaders, hanging was considered too mild; they were sentenced to kneel and apologize while holding a burning torch, then to be broken alive on a scaffold and finally beheaded. One man refused to kneel; the other, whose last-minute tearful repentance brought him no reprieve, was Vincent Ogé. Clarkson must have been shocked when he got the news. Ogé had apparently used some of the £30 Clarkson had given him in London to buy arms in South Carolina on his way home.

What also made the turmoil in St. Domingue unprecedented was that the island's whites were deeply and sometimes violently divided.

Many workers, shopkeepers, seamen, and soldiers of fortune identified with the French Revolution, wore the tricolor cockade, and started a plethora of political societies. Although they considered themselves far superior to blacks and mulattos, they were hostile to the wealthy white planters. Whites in St. Domingue were thus bitterly at odds over who should control the colonial government. One regiment of French troops in the colony mutinied; they and revolution-minded local whites beat their royalist colonel to death, cut off his genitals, and paraded the corpse around town. Before long there were white, slave, and mulatto armies in the field, and at times several of each. Woe to the newcomer to St. Domingue history who tries to keep straight the bewildering array of ever-changing alliances, fissures, and betrayals among rival armies and warlords that unfolded throughout the 1790s. Underlying them all, however, was the struggle between blacks in rebellion and whites who wanted them to remain slaves.

France, convulsed by revolution, had for several years sent its prize colony a stream of contradictory messages. In 1789, the National Assembly passed the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen, but as the frustrated Clarkson saw when he was in Paris, "Man" did not include slaves. In 1791, the Assembly decreed that free mulattos born to free parents—a tiny minority—would have the right to vote. When the slave revolt erupted, Paris reversed its decree, enraging the mulattos and setting off a new rebellion by them in the colony's south.

Meanwhile, slaves in the north continued their fight. Fast emerging as their leader was Toussaint, the former coachman of the Bréda plantation. He soon would also be using the name L'Ouverture—the opening. This may have come from the way his troops forced a breach when they attacked, or from his desire for opportunity open to all, or from the gap in his mouth where a spent cannonball had knocked out some teeth. Perhaps Toussaint L'Ouverture intended all of these echoes in his chosen name.

In 1792 the French government reversed itself once again and granted full political rights to all mulattos and free blacks. The colony's governor was called home and guillotined, while the feud between royalist and republican whites in St. Domingue broke into

open civil war, the republicans promising freedom to all slaves who joined them.

Planter families in the colony's north continued to flee the burning countryside for Cap François, which was hit, as if symbolically, by a large earthquake. Republican whites and rebel slaves captured the city, killing thousands in bitter fighting and forcing ten thousand white refugees and royalist troops onto ships bound for the United States. From the rails of these vessels, those leaving watched the black troops load long mule trains with the contents of their shops and houses, then head off into the country. A visitor to Cap François soon afterwards described "the great squares where the bodies of the dead had been burned. The bones were lying in long rows. . . . Warehouses that were so lately loaded with merchandise from all parts of the world lay smouldering."

Léger-Félicité Sonthonax, a portly lawyer and journalist who became the senior French official in the colony, was a militant revolutionary opposed to slavery, but he was riding a tiger. Nominally in charge politically, he saw that his only hope for keeping St. Domingue for the French republic lay in an alliance with rebel slaves. Exceeding the authority given him, on August 29, 1793, he proclaimed the end of slavery in St. Domingue. The government of revolutionary France then had little choice but to make official what was already a fait accompli. On February 4, 1794, by formal decree in Paris, France became the first European country to free all the slaves in its empire, arguably the most radical, and most overlooked, act of the French Revolution. Thousands of Parisians came to a grand ceremony in the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, now rechristened the Temple of Reason. In towns all over France, people celebrated with street theater pageants, where whites in blackface had their chains undone. It was the slaves of St. Domingue, however, who had freed themselves.

What was Britain to do? Caribbean history was filled with revolts, almost always quickly suppressed, but the rebellion that raged across the plains and mountains of St. Domingue was clearly of a different order of magnitude. In the face of it, the traditional rivalry between French and British planters vanished. From St. Domingue came pleas for help, and British arms and ammunition were shipped to the

colony's beleaguered whites.* Then, when war between Britain and France broke out in early 1793, Britain did much more. Conquering the colony, the British reasoned, would both gain Britain an immense treasure house of sugar and coffee plantations and stop the virus of rebellion from spreading. Henry Dundas, author of the 1792 "gradual" amendment and now secretary for war, later admitted, "Had not St. Domingo been attacked, Jamaica would not have been worth one year's purchase [i.e., rent]." Then as now, however, stated war aims had to be lofty. The conquest of St. Domingue, Dundas said—"sounding like many an American President since then—was "not a war for riches or local aggrandisement, but a war for security."

In the field, military men were more blunt. Their main mission, the commanding British general and admiral in the Caribbean said in a joint message to their officers, was "to prevent a circulation in the British Colonies of the wild and pernicious Doctrines of Liberty and Equality." Filled with optimism, British forces sailed for France's Caribbean colonies. One lieutenant later recalled the day of departure: "The morning was brilliant beyond conception, the sight grand above description. The bands of music, the sounds of trumpets, drums and fifes, the high parting ardour, zeal and discipline of the soldiers and sailors, the confidence in the warmth, bravery and experience of the Commanders-in-Chief, and, in short, the cause we were employed in, created . . . a true loyal joy."

In September 1793, the first British forces came ashore in St. Domingue. At Jérémie, in the south, they were met by welcoming cheers and a banquet. A British commander found his troops "received by the inhabitants with every demonstration of joy and fidelity." These were the white inhabitants, of course; the reception from others would be a different story.

A mulatto army put up the first resistance, preventing the surprised British from capturing the fortified port of Tiburon. But soon town after town was falling into their hands as, from two sides, British

troops closed in on Port-au-Prince. When news reached London that they had captured the city in time to celebrate the birthday of George III, church bells pealed all morning. With the capital in their hands, the British acted as if they had almost won the war. A French settler wryly noted, "It would be easy to live amicably with our Britannic comrades. All that is needed is to drink strictly hard liquor with them each day, and not to contradict when they repeat to satiety that the English Nation is the greatest in all the world, in war, commerce, agriculture, manufacture, customs, sciences, arts, manly strength, womanly charm, social accomplishments, etcetera—and there are countless etceteras."

The British assumed that taking control of the remainder of the colony would now be easy. But unknown to them, Toussaint L'Ouverture was rapidly turning illiterate rebel slaves into a formidable force. Roughly forty-seven years old when the fighting began, he was described as "small, frail, very ugly." Nonetheless, like his similarly short contemporary Napoleon, he had a powerfully commanding presence. He lived frugally and ate little. Everyone noticed his ever-moving eyes that missed nothing. Perhaps only in Leon Trotsky in the Russian Civil War has history seen another person with no military training or experience so quickly become a leader who could hold great armies at bay.

On the same day the French representative Sonthonax officially freed the slaves, Toussaint had issued a proclamation of his own:

Brothers and Friends,

I am Toussaint L'Ouverture. My name is perhaps known to you. I have undertaken to avenge you. I want liberty and equality to reign throughout St. Domingue. I am working towards that end. Come and join me, brothers, and combat by our side for the same cause.

The British invasion galvanized thousands of ex-slaves. If they wanted to keep their new freedom, it was clear that the French republic's formal emancipation was not enough. They would have to fight for it. A masterly maker and breaker of alliances, Toussaint first formed a temporary coalition with Spain, which had a colony (today's

* A thousand muskets, other military supplies, and eventually some \$400,000 also came from the United States, whose President and secretary of state, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, were both slave owners. Jefferson was so appalled by the revolt that he declared, "Never was so deep a tragedy presented to the feelings of man."

Dominican Republic) on the eastern half of the same island and was eager to gain French territory. The Spanish naturally expected to dominate this army of former slaves, but Toussaint no more wanted Spanish masters than French ones. After he had received the Spanish arms and money he needed, he suddenly broke off the alliance.

Some of the greatest tributes to Toussaint come from the European generals who fought against him. One, Pamphile de Lacroix, later wrote: "He slept only two hours a night. . . . You never knew what he was doing, if he was leaving, if he was staying, where he was going, where he was coming from. Often it was announced that he was at Cap François, and he was at Port-au-Prince. When you thought he was at Port-au-Prince, he was at Cayes, at Môle, or at Saint-Marc. . . . Toussaint Louverture had the best and fastest horses. . . . it was his only luxury. . . . While racing across the colony on horseback at lightning speed, while seeing everything for himself, he prepared his plans and thought things out while he galloped."

Toussaint hired French deserters to train his troops, and he chose his officers shrewdly. "Never was a European army subjected to more severe discipline than that observed by Toussaint Louverture's troops," wrote de Lacroix. "Each officer ruled with pistol in hand, and had the power of life or death over his subordinates." Toussaint rapidly grasped how to use the ambushes and booby traps that are the essence of guerrilla warfare. As one exasperated French soldier wrote, "Each tree, each hole, each piece of rock hid from our unseeing eyes a cowardly assassin." As they stormed one British stronghold, 1,500 men found their assault ladders too short and stood on each other's shoulders while the dead dropped beside them. The British drove back four of these attacks, leaving 500 black dead. When their ammunition ran out, Toussaint's soldiers fought with stones or fashioned bows and arrows. His men often went into battle, in his words, "naked as earthworms."

Whites in St. Domingue were repeatedly stunned by the skill and determination of these troops, especially since many of their commanders were illiterate: surviving orders and reports from some show their signatures first written by someone else in pencil, then shakily traced over in ink. The historian John Thornton suggests one reason why the soldiers were such good fighters: many had fought before.

Massive slave imports in the 1780s to feed St. Domingue's booming sugar plantations meant that the great majority of Toussaint's troops were African-born. In Africa, many had fallen into local slave merchants' hands by becoming prisoners of war. Among the wars they were veterans of were those on the Angola-Congo coast, where about half of St. Domingue's slaves came from. Thornton has traced specific tactics used by Toussaint's commanders—both guerrilla raids and sophisticated attacks by masses of troops—to well-documented battles in that coastal region between local Africans and the Portuguese.

With his soldiers, Toussaint was a natural teacher. As his opponent General de Lacroix described it: "He spoke to them in parables. . . . Into a glass vase filled with black corn, he mixed a few kernels of white corn, and said to those who surrounded him: 'You are the black corn; the whites who want to enslave you are the white corn.' He shook the vase, and held it before their fascinated eyes, shouting, as if inspired, 'See the white ones only here and there.' That is to say: See what the whites are in proportion to you."

Toussaint was equally shrewd in speaking to his enemies. When a captured British officer was found to be carrying the written order "Take no prisoners!" Toussaint sent a letter to the commanding British general: "You have demeaned yourself. . . . Were I to be guilty of so infamous an act, I should feel I had sullied the honor of my country."

British officers were starting to realize that even if they were able to conquer St. Domingue, the victory would be a hollow one, for the colony's blacks were determined never to be slaves again. They were also dismayed by the terrain. It is said that a British officer, in answer to a question from King George III about the look of the countryside, took a piece of paper off the table, crumpled it up, and said, "Your Majesty, it looks like that." Still worse were the tropical diseases. Doctors, of course, did not know that malaria and yellow fever were carried by mosquitoes, which breed in stagnant water. The main British hospital in Port-au-Prince was next door to a swamp.

About other matters the British should have known better; after all, they had had soldiers in the Caribbean for well over a century. Nonetheless, pomp triumphed over common sense, and successive shiploads of fresh troops disembarked in tight-fitting red uniforms of

heavy wool, made for fighting on the snowy plains of northern Europe. The army refused to abandon the famous red coat, or the regulation flannel underwear. In the intense, humid heat, the layers of flannel and wool became drenched in sweat, creating a covering as thick and clammy as a modern surfer's wetsuit and bringing on heat stroke. Tsar Nicholas I once said that Russia's best generals were January and February; similarly, Toussaint made shrewd use of his best generals, malaria and yellow fever. Using the other months to train troops and regroup, he saved his most brilliant surprise attacks for the malarial rainy season, when British troops were sometimes up to their knees in mud that sucked their boots off.

When a Hospital Corps was established to help overwhelmed military doctors, British infantry officers used it to get rid of all their misfits. "Such a collection of incorrigible and incapable villains I believe never was brought together," wrote one surgeon, "and it was a true relief to the army when their drunkenness and the yellow-fever killed them off." This left the hospitals with few staff, but many dying men. Of one of these, an officer wrote, "Having seen the dead bodies merely sewed up in blankets before they were thrown into the graves, and feeling great horror at the idea of being buried without a coffin, he took care to buy one, and kept it at his bedside, until he . . . fancied that he was recovering, and sold the coffin to the patient on the stretcher next to his; but, relapsing soon after, he died, and was buried without one."

The effects of the yellow fever virus, which multiplies in the body to attack various internal organs, were especially horrendous: incontinence, delirium, pus oozing from the gums, bleeding from the nose and eyes, and then the dreaded "black vomit" of digested blood that often preceded death. Equally appalling was the medical treatment the ill soldiers received: doses of mercury, of diluted vinegar, of tartar to induce vomiting; and, above all, pre-scientific medicine's favorite treatment for everything, bleeding—typically the draining of twenty to thirty ounces of blood at a time. In search of something strong to attack the disease, one medical officer gave his patients balls of dough wrapped around cayenne pepper, which only made things worse, for yellow fever weakens the stomach lining. Small wonder that a French official set free a British military surgeon he had captured, telling his

surprised prisoner that "wherever he went he would do much more harm than good with his medicines and flannel shirts."

Alcohol was thought to protect against fever, and the meat preserved in salt that the troops ate increased everyone's thirst. Doctors believed Madeira had particularly medicinal qualities, and so the Royal Navy sent a hospital ship to fetch supplies of it at the Portuguese island of that name. The officers' drink was claret, and some consumed up to twenty bottles a week. Sick or well, enlisted men were issued rum daily, and they liberally supplemented it by filling their canteens with more from the bars and cafés of the ports. In addition to leaving the troops in a stupor, much of the rum was badly distilled moonshine with a high ethanol and lead content, which added lead poisoning to the army's woes.

A vivid microcosm of the British military experience in St. Domingue can be found in a detailed journal kept by Thomas Phipps Howard of the York Hussars. He was a bluff career cavalry officer, filled with thoroughly conventional ideas about the splendor of his regiment, the rightness of slavery, the generosity of masters, and the character of slaves ("extremely sulky," "obstreperous" [*sic*], and full of "Obstinacy"). Even after seeing his own regiment mauled by the greatest of all slave armies, his beliefs never changed, nor did he consider it the least bit odd that two brother officers, in the midst of the deadly campaign, took time out to fight, over "some trifling dispute," a duel.

The magnificent uniforms of the York Hussars made them a favorite of military painters: scarlet jackets with green cuffs and high collars, red breeches, long leather boots, high cylindrical black helmets with white cord and plume. After Howard and his men disembarked, the officers unwisely waited until well into the morning before marching the troops off to an attack.

The Sun being so extremely hot & not a drop of Water to be met with on the Road[,] none but those who have been obliged to March in this Country can have an Idea of the extremities to which the Army was reduced. [S]o great was it that before they halted, which was about 3 oClock in the Afternoon, no less than between 50 & 60 Men had absolutely perished with thirst & were lying dead along the Road. . . . At

every three or four hundred yds you met Men lying on their backs, their tongues lolling out of their Mouths & in the agonies of Death for want of Water. Many were absolutely by way of moistening their Mouths obliged to drink their own Urine. . . . We were . . . infinitely Obligated to the Humanity of Dr. Baillie, our Surgeon, who tho' ill himself & suffering every Deprivation with the rest of the Army, exerted himself in the relief of the Unfortunate Men by bleeding.

Soon came malaria and yellow fever. "The Dead Carts were constantly employed, & scarcely was one empty, tho' they held from 8 to 12 each, but another was full. Men were taken ill at dinner, who had been in their most apparent Health during the Morn; & were carried to their long Homes at Night. . . . Hundreds, almost, were absolutely drowned in their own Blood, bursting from them at every Pore. [S]ome died raving Mad, others forming Plans for attacking, the others desponding."

Although the horrors that loomed largest for Lieutenant Howard were those of heat and disease, between the lines of his journal we catch repeated glimpses of Toussaint's ragtag, unexpectedly disciplined ex-slaves. Howard never dignifies them with any name other than "Brigands," and talks contemptuously of how "they for the most part go naked except perhaps a peice of Cloth tied round their mid[d]les," but it is clear that they ran circles around the gloriously plumed and redcoated York Hussars. All Howard's training in sword-waving cavalry charges was for naught. "Their Method of making War consists chiefly in Ambuscades, for which the face of the Country is particularly calculated, & surprises. [A]s to meeting you openly on the Plains or having any regular System of Tactics, they are totally unacquainted with it, & seldom or ever have been able to be brought up in a regular manner against our Troops. . . . Five hundred European Cavalrie would destroy five thousand of them in [the] Plain, but the Case is much altered when they fight in their own woods & Mountains." In Howard's voice is the same bewilderment that conventionally trained army officers have felt over the centuries when faced with guerrillas. As another British observer described it, the British advances were "like a vessel traversing the ocean;—the waves yielded indeed for the moment, but united again as the vessel passed."

Howard could not get over the fact that the barely clothed "Brigands" attacked again and again, often against great odds. Their ranks bloodied and diminished by these assaults, Howard's own men began melting away. "On the 21st: eight Men deserted to the Enemy. [O]n the 22th we lost two more; & on the 23th another which made eleven in three Days, out of which four were Corporals." Did these eleven soldiers end up fighting in Toussaint's army of ex-slaves? Unfortunately, at this point they vanish from our sight.

Besides suffering a heavy toll in St. Domingue, the British were battling French republicans or rebel slaves elsewhere in the Caribbean, including several British islands on which the long-feared slave uprisings had finally begun. On Grenada in 1795, for example, rebel blacks and mulattos captured the governor, massacred whites, destroyed most of the plantations, and held the bulk of the island for months. When the rebels used up their cannonballs, they loaded their artillery with blocks of sugar wrapped in cloth, and fired these at the British.

The army was running out of soldiers and something had to be done. British officers had long experience in India of getting colonial subjects to do their fighting for them, and after watching successive waves of British soldiers die, they began to raise regiments of blacks, who were already acclimated to tropical weather and diseases. The army bought slaves quietly, in small groups, to conceal what it was doing and to avoid making Prime Minister Pitt, who still gave lip service to abolition, look like a hypocrite. Nonetheless, the news leaked out and Wilberforce wrote a mild, very belated letter of protest to Pitt. Over time, the British Army purchased some 13,400 slaves, which probably made it the largest single buyer of slaves in the Caribbean. This program, of course, gave the government itself a huge vested interest in preventing abolition, and helps explain why Pitt, who had once denounced the slave trade with memorable eloquence, now did so no longer.

Paying £60 to £70 apiece, depending on a man's strength and fitness, the army bought many of these slaves directly off ships from Africa. At the wharf, a slave would be poked, prodded, measured, found fit to bear arms, and given a name, which might be anything from Hannibal to Othello. Then, in the words of Roger Buckley, historian

of these black regiments, "He was tagged around the neck with a white card bearing his new name, to which the now-recruited African was abruptly introduced by the repeated shouts of a splendidly uniformed black noncommissioned officer. Still silent, and, perhaps, still ignorant of his new vocation, he was marched off . . . to a West India regimental depot where he would be adorned with a dazzling scarlet tunic and begin immediately to earn the King's shilling. All this for his troubles in coming across the ocean!" To better motivate them, some slaves were promised freedom after five years of service, but, as the British commander in St. Domingue dryly noted, "At the expiration of that period, probably very few of these individuals will be alive to partake of the terms now offered."

St. Domingue remained embattled and divided. On one side were British troops, white and black, and the white slave owners and French royalists who had welcomed them so enthusiastically. On the other were Toussaint and his slave rebels, plus a small number of French troops. Toussaint was nominally in the service of the French republic, which had also sent thirty thousand muskets, supplies, and money. But the money ran out, and disease felled many French soldiers. It was really Toussaint's war. He had to scrounge for supplies, trading coffee and rum to American smugglers for barrels of gunpowder. French republican officials in the colony, despite their speeches about the rights of man and Toussaint's protestations of loyalty to France, were increasingly uneasy with a black man as the de facto leader of much of the territory. They suspected that he had independence on his mind.

After suffering additional defeats at the hands of a mulatto army in the southern reaches of St. Domingue, the British decided to reinforce their battered forces there and on the other islands with a vast fleet of troopships in late 1795. As they waited to board, soldiers filled thousands of white tents lined up in farmers' fields on the south coast of England and seized final moments of comfort in dingy local boarding houses offering, as a cartoon had it, "Lodgings for Single Men and Their Wives."

The expedition was the largest that had ever left Britain. Sometimes, however, it seemed to be sailing directly out of a comic opera. British forces in the Caribbean in this era included a Colonel Quar-

rell, a Colonel Riddle, and a Captain Muddle. The names seemed to describe the expedition's departure, delayed by interminable rivalries, a creaky military bureaucracy, and naval manpower shortages that had press gangs roaming the streets of British cities. The military repeated all its earlier mistakes on a huge scale. Service in the West Indies had never held the same glamour as that in Europe or India, and officers assigned to the region were traditionally those who failed to win other posts. "Blockheads at the heads of Regiments. . . . The most indolent, ignorant and negligent men," one frustrated general called them. Nor were the enlisted men any better: "The very scum of the Earth," a West Indian governor exclaimed. "The Streets of London must have been swept of their refuse, the Gaols emptied. . . . I should say the very Gibbets had been robbed to furnish such Recruits."

Two regiments in Ireland briefly mutinied when word came that they were being sent to the Caribbean. Several units of German mercenaries resisted the assignment with gunfire. When the expedition finally set sail, a storm promptly wrecked five of the ships, stranding some six hundred redcoated corpses along the beach and the bottom of the English Channel. Reorganized for a second attempt, the armada grew still larger: 218 ships carrying 19,284 soldiers. Some officers, as was the custom of the day, brought their wives and children.

In this and earlier convoys, an estimated one thousand soldiers died before they even arrived, for the small, packed troop transports that tossed and dipped their seasick passengers across the Atlantic were no cruise liners, especially once they reached tropical waters. An army doctor wrote, "You will readily imagine . . . such a body of men, sick, and ill, and crowded in every quarter of the ship. . . . They lie down in their clothes at night, where they have been standing or sitting the whole of the day, and from making the deck at once their sitting bench, their dinner board, and their bed, all about them soon grows filthy and offensive: pieces of broken food—sloppings of broth, or grog, bits of meat, old bones, crumbs of biscuit, and various other kinds of filth collect under them, and about their clothing; and, from the great heat of climate, and still more unpleasant heat of the crowd, this dirty commixture soon becomes sour and fetid."

After weeks in conditions like these, the troops were not exactly in top fighting form. Those who straggled off their ships in St. Domin-

gue found that the British were steadily losing territory and thousands of men—to disease, to roving black guerrilla bands known as *congos*, to Toussaint's troops, and to those of his rival in the south, the skillful mulatto general André Rigaud.

Before long, War Secretary Dundas seemed to realize the cause was hopeless. He toyed with several face-saving schemes that would have turned the British-controlled portion of St. Domingue over to someone else. At one point he considered giving it to a coalition of French royalist planters—the very people who had not been able to maintain control in the first place; at another, to Britain's ally, Russia. By 1798, it was clear that the redcoats could not keep their foothold much longer, and Parliament and the press were filled with contentious debate about the costs of the campaign in money and lives. In Edmund Burke's memorable phrase, it was like fighting to conquer a cemetery.

Toussaint had been wounded in combat many times, but never seriously, and the legends around him grew. From a local black corps fighting for the British, three hundred men deserted en masse to Toussaint's side. The crackle of musketry grew ever closer to the major British stronghold of Port-au-Prince. The few hundred followers Toussaint had started with some five years earlier were now an experienced army of fourteen thousand. "Do not disappoint me," he said in a proclamation to his soldiers. "... Do not permit the desire for booty to turn you aside. . . . It will be time enough to think of material things when we have driven the enemy from our shores. We are fighting that liberty—the most precious of all earthly possessions—may not perish." Before long, he captured Morne l'Hôpital, a hill overlooking Port-au-Prince, and British soldiers below could hear the ex-slaves singing a martial song to the tune of "La Marseillaise."

The British had had enough, and agreed to withdraw. A strange episode during the evacuation of the capital shows how hard it was for British troops to acknowledge that blacks had gotten the better of them. Two sentries of the 69th Foot Regiment, standing guard at the city's Government House, were forgotten in the confusion of withdrawal. Toussaint's men found them at dawn, still on duty. They refused to believe that their fellow troops had all left, and refused to leave their posts unless relieved. Finally they were sent off under guard to catch up with the last of their departing compatriots.

Britain agreed to leave Toussaint alone, and to have a trading relationship. In return, Toussaint promised not to invade Jamaica or to spread "dangerous principles," as a later, more formal treaty put it, to Jamaican slaves. Although still nominally under the French republic, Toussaint acted like a head of state in negotiating the peace agreement. He knew he would need friendly relations with Britain to declare independence from France.

"Thank God I have at length got Great Britain rid of the whole of the incumbrance in this Island," wrote Thomas Maitland, the British commander. Of the more than twenty thousand British soldiers sent to St. Domingue during five years of fighting, over 60 percent lay buried there. In October 1798, the Union Jack was lowered and Toussaint rode as liberator into Port-au-Prince and Cap François—on whose streets he had once driven as a liveried coachman.

British newspapers now spoke of him with a new note of respect. "According to all accounts," said the *London Gazette*, "he is a negro born to vindicate the claims of this species and to show that the character of men is independent of exterior color." The *Times* acknowledged his skill and bravery as a commander but assured its readers, erroneously, that he had been educated in France.

British mythmaking has long turned military withdrawals or defeats into moments of heroism—consider, in later times, the charge of the Light Brigade or Dunkirk—but with the five-year campaign in St. Domingue this never happened. The colony's name has never appeared on a single British regimental banner. Although the evacuation was negotiated and orderly, with salutes and drumrolls and honor guards and a dinner given for Toussaint by General Maitland, and although departing redcoats smartly marched towards their ships in ranks four abreast, and although disease took a greater toll than combat, there was no disguising one central fact: the soldiers of the world's greatest slave-trading nation had given way before an army of ex-slaves.

- "*their way of thinking*": speaking to Tsar Alexander I of Russia, quoted in Wilson 1, p. 145.
- 248 "a prose translation": quoted in Wilson 1, p. 219 n. 43.
 "his soul were saved": Thomas Allsop, *Letters, Conversations and Recollections of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (1836), vol. 1, pp. 48–49, quoted in Wilson 1, p. 102. Wilson points out that the various attributions of this statement to Clarkson are incorrect.
 "a degree of imprudence": Catherine Clarkson to Robinson, 2 May 1838, quoted in Wilson 2, p. 142.
- 249 "tract on *Maple Sugar*": Sharp to Dawes, 13 November 1800, in Hoare, p. 373.
 "could only whisper": Sharp to Jamaica Sharp, 27 February 1811, quoted in Walvin 1, p. 188.
- 250 "hauling for hours": (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1995), pp. 20–21.
 251 "a company of ladies": n.s., quoted in McCallman, p. 430.
 "impulse of appetite": quoted in Furneaux, pp. 161–164.
 252 "disease in our society": *Parliamentary Register*, 9 April 1799, quoted in Furneaux, p. 193.
 "were in their places": Pynmley diary, Book 43, quoted in Wilson 1, p. 95.
 "majority of his cabinet": see Rees.
- 253 "sight of it alone": George Stephen, p. 51.
 "all their aggravaations": Macaulay to Selina Mills, February 1797, quoted in Richard West, *Back to Africa: A History of Sierra Leone and Liberia* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971), pp. 66–67.
 "damning proof": quoted in Howse, p. 48.
- 254 "weeks I was on board": *Christian Observer*, June 1804, pp. 347–356. Macaulay disguised or changed a few names and dates, but the authenticity of the diary is vouched for by the editors of the magazine in his obituary, December 1839, p. 764. Further information about the voyage is contained in the Eltis et al. CD-ROM database, file 80291. After the stop at Barbados, the ship went on to sell its slaves at Kingston, Jamaica, with several more slaves dying along the way. Six of twenty-three crewmen died during the triangle voyage. Macaulay's memorable account of this journey was plagiarized, in large portions verbatim, in Reverend John Riland's *Memoirs of a West-India Planter Published from an Original Ms.* (London: Hamilton, Adams, 1827), whose preface acknowledges only unspecified "additions made by the Editor to the original papers."
 "more than 150 slave ships": Bean, p. 269; Anstey, p. 47; Behrendt 2, p. 194.
 255 "his hypocritical allies": J. W. Bready, *England! Before and After Wesley—the Evangelical Revival and Social Reform* (London, 1938), p. 341, quoted in Shyllon 1, p. 139.
 "bear no more of": 1795 n.d., quoted in Davis 2, p. 429 n.

18. AT THE FOOT OF VESUVIUS

- 257 "hearts of all of us": Boulman Duty, quoted in Fick, p. 93.
 "houses of the hour": Carteau, pp. 87–88.
 "troop of cannibals": Parham, p. 28.
- 258 *slave owner himself*: It would be more fitting if the leader of history's greatest slave rebellion were a slave, and he is often described as such, but in fact he had been free for more than fifteen years. See Debién, Fouchard, and Me-nies, and the introduction by Pierre Pluchon to de Lacroix, p. 17.
Bayon de Liberté: Variant spellings include Libertas and Libertad, and, for his first name, Baillon.
 "their bloody remains": Parham, p. 32.
 "administered in five minutes": St. Foäche, *Instructions*, p. 119, excerpted in Debién, *Plantations et esclaves à Saint-Domingue*, no. 3 (Dakar, 1962), quoted in Fick, p. 37.
- 259 "goods of the earth": quoted in Geggus 1, p. 38.
 "waiting man behind him": Rev. John Lindsay to Dr. William Robertson, 6 August 1776, quoted in Grant 1, p. 172.
 "strength with numbers": De Wimpffen, p. 336.
 "tree of Peace": Scott, pp. 2–3.
 "printed in France": Parham, p. 34.
 260 "strangled him in mercy": Edwards 2, pp. 83–84 n.
 "cords and broken tiles": Parham, p. 60.
 "wild beasts let loose": anonymous letter dated 31 December 1794, supplement (1794), p. 1167.
- 261 *St. Domingue's annual production*: Geggus 1, p. 7.
 "the Eden of the Western world": quoted in Martin Ros, *Night of Fire: The Black Napoleon and the Battle for Haiti* (New York: Sarpedon, 1994), p. 55.
Some half million of them: The actual slave population of St. Domingue is hard to calculate. Official census reports placed it just under a half million. But given that many planters understated the number of their slaves to avoid taxes, some historians place the total as high as 700,000. Fick, p. 278, gives a good summary of various estimates.
- 262 "The farce is played out": Moreau de Saint-Méry, p. 134.
 "the young and dissipated": Perkins, p. 5.
 "sailed immediately for France": Hassal, pp. 25, 77, 18–19.
 "merchants at a fair": Abbé Raynal, n.s., quoted in Korngold, p. 14.
 "divulgers of false news": Scott, p. 209.
 on the alert: Williamson to Dundas, 12 February 1792, quoted in Scott, p. 214.
 "John Paine": Scott, p. 232.
- 264 "they will rise": quoted in Geggus 2, p. 277.
 "Obedience to their Masters": Berkeley to Grenville, 18 November 1791. British Library, Add. Ms. 58906.

- 264 "owners were against it": quoted in Mullin, p. 222.
- 265 "Secrecy to each other": Thomas Barritt to Nathaniel Phillips, 8 December 1791, quoted in Taylor, p. 248.
- 267 "world lay smouldering": Perkins, p. 59.
- 268 footnote: Jefferson to Monroe, 14 July 1795, quoted in Garry Wills, "Negro President": Jefferson and the Slave Power (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2003), pp. 38-39.
- "one year's purchase [*i.e.*, rent]: Times, 19 May 1797, quoted in Ort, p. 76.
- "a war for security": PH, vol. 32, col. 752.
- "Liberty and Equality": Vaughan and Caldwell to Station Commanders, n.d. [1795], quoted in Claudius Fergus, "War, Revolution and Abolitionism, 1793-1806," in Carreau and Carrington, p. 180.
- "a true loyal joy": Bartholemew James, quoted in Duffy, p. 67.
- "joy and fidelity": Capt. John Ford, R.N., quoted in Heintz, p. 63.
- "there are countless others": Parham, pp. 145-146.
- 269 "small, frail, very ugly": Dantes Bellegarde, quoted in Heintz, p. 65.
- "for the same cause": Tyson, p. 28.
- 270 "while he galloped": de Lacroix, pp. 243-245.
- "over his subordinates": de Lacroix, pp. 244-245.
- "a cowardly assassin": Parham, p. 31.
- "naked as earthworms": quoted in Geggus 7, p. 37.
- 271 "in proportion to you": de Lacroix, p. 245.
- "the honor of my country": Toussaint to Brigadier General John White, quoted in Koringold, pp. 144-145.
- 272 "killed them off": J. Fergusson, ed., *Notes and Recollections of a Professional Life, by the Late William Fergusson* (London, 1846), pp. 62-63, quoted in Duffy, p. 365.
- 273 "buried without one": Ross-Lewin, p. 33.
- "medicines and flannel shirts": Ross-Lewin, p. 17.
- a detailed journal. It was published for the first time only in 1985, in an excellent scholarly edition edited by Roger Norman Buckley, from which I quote here.
- "extremely sulky . . . Obstinacy": Howard, p. 106.
- "some trifling dispute": Howard, p. 119.
- 274 "Unfortunate Men by bleeding": Howard, pp. 39, 42, 83-84.
- "the others desponding": Howard, pp. 49-51.
- "own woods of Mountains": Howard, pp. 79-80.
- "as the vessel passed": Edwards 1, vol. 4, p. 227.
- 275 "four were Corporals": Howard, p. 80.
- purchased some 13,400 slaves: Buckley 1, p. 55.
- 276 "coming across the ocean": Buckley 1, pp. 54-55.
- "the terms now offered": Sir Adam Williamson, quoted in Heintz, p. 69.
- 277 "ignorant and negligent men": John Moore, quoted in Buckley 1, p. 35.

- "to furnish such Recruits": Governor Valentine Morris of St. Vincent, 11 February 1777, quoted in Ragatz 1, pp. 31-32.
- carrying 19,284 soldiers: Duffy, p. 206.
- one thousand soldiers died: Geggus 1, p. 362.
- "becomes sour and fetid": Pinckard, vol. 2, pp. 155-156.
- to Britain's ally, Russia: Duffy, p. 298.
- 278 "may not perish": quoted in Koringold, p. 143.
- 279 "incumbance in this Island": Maitland to Liston, 29 August 1798, quoted in Duffy 1, p. 309.
- over 60 percent: Geggus 1, p. 362.
- "Independent of exterior color": 12 December 1798, quoted in James, p. 226.
19. RUDDOWAY'S GRAVEYARD
- 281 "horrid system": Stephen to Willenforce, 24 June 1796, quoted in Pollock, p. 144.
- "entirely melted away": Moore to Abercromby, 2 September 1796, in Beatrice Brownrigg, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Moore* (New York: D. Appleton, 1923), p. 66.
- "kind treatment and good feeling": Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice, ed., *The Diary of Sir John Moore* (London: Edward Arnold, 1904), vol. 2, p. 224.
- more than 3,000 deserted: Duffy, p. 333.
- estimated as at least 19,000: Duffy, p. 334.
- 283 "make all the Negroes free": quoted in Craton 1, p. 218.
- footnote: Portland to Balcarres, 3 March 1796, quoted in Campbell, p. 230.
- 284 "perpetuated by years": Walpole to Balcarres, 24 and 26 December 1795, quoted in Campbell, p. 234.
- "kerrate their numbers": Walpole to Balcarres, 24 December 1795, quoted in Campbell, p. 239.
- "you have entered into": Balcarres to Walpole, 24 December 1795, quoted in Kay, p. 343.
- 285 "facts to the world": Walpole to Balcarres, 11 March 1796, quoted in Campbell, p. 237.
- "more in effection than fear": Pinckard, vol. 1, pp. 229, 233.
- "same home of captivity": Pinckard, vol. 2, pp. 217-218.
- 286 "maggots out of her sores": Pinckard, vol. 3, pp. 66, 72.
- "for the use of the mess": Pinckard, vol. 3, p. 267.
- and even cartoons: by, for example, Lieutenant Abraham James; see Buckley 3, p. 178.
- "misery and hard labour": *Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier* (London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, 1831), p. 20.
- "no business on that Island": Maitland to the Earl of Lauderdale, 15 July 1796, quoted in Howard, p. xxxv.
- 287 "Follow her example": PH, vol. 33, col. 1399.