

PART SECOND.

AFTER the death of Madame Nicolas, Toussaint remained with her husband. M. Nicolas lived on the first floor of a house, with one servant, who was his cook; and Toussaint continued to go to market for him, and to perform many gratuitous services. In this manner they resided together for four years, in Reed Street.

Marie Boucman had also a room on the same floor of the house, and supported herself by her industry.

Rosalie, who was still a slave, was engaged to be married, and Toussaint at once put into execution the project he had long contemplated, and for which he had been accumulat-

ing the needful money by degrees. This was the purchase of his sister's freedom. Of his own freedom he never seems to have thought, but it was all-important to him that Rosalie should enter life under the same advantages as her husband and those around her. With a delicacy for which he was always remarkable, he never mentioned this subject to Madame Nicolas, though we cannot but think that she would at once have bestowed it without price. Probably the subject never occurred to her.

Toussaint paid his sister's ransom, and she was soon married. He had now time to think of himself. He had formed an attachment for Juliette Noel, and they were married in 1811, and continued to live in the same house with Monsieur Nicolas, having two rooms in the third story.

At the end of four years M. Nicolas left New York for the South, and a constant interchange of letters and kind offices on Toussaint's part took place, continuing till the death of M. Nicolas. The following

extract from a letter of M. Nicolas to Toussaint, written long after, will show how highly this gentleman respected and appreciated him : —

“ July, 1829.

“ I have received your letter, my dear Toussaint, and share very deeply the sorrow which the loss of your niece must bring upon you. No one knows better than I, how much you were attached to her; however, as you say very truly, we must resign ourselves to the will of God. I am sorry to hear that Juliette has been ill, and hope that your next letter will speak of her reëstablished health. I have not written to you for a long time, my dear Toussaint,— not that I do not think of you, or that I love you less, but I was troubled because I was not able to send you any thing; however, I know your heart, and feel quite sure you will not impute this delay to want of inclination. You have no idea how unhappy I am when I cannot meet little debts. But, my dear Toussaint, I fail every day; I am at least ten years older than when

I last saw you. Both courage and strength begin to fail, and add to all this, that I do not hear a word from France about our claims. You can understand my sad situation; but a few years longer will put an end to my misery. However, I do not despair to see you again before I pay the debt to Nature. In the mean time think of me, write to me, and be assured that you will always find me your true friend,

“G. NICOLAS.”

A period of prosperity seemed now to have dawned on the faithful Toussaint. He was happy in his conjugal connection. Juliette was of a gay, cheerful disposition, and fully estimated the worth of her husband. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? She saw him universally respected, and treated as a friend by every one. As a hair-dresser for ladies, he was unrivalled: he was the fashionable coiffeur of the day; he had all the custom and patronage of the French families in New York. Many of the most distinguished ladies of the city employed him; we might mention not a few who treated him as a particular friend.

A pleasant novel, said to be written by a Southern lady, but published in New York, "The Echoes of a Belle," gives a graphic description of Toussaint as a hair-dresser: "He entered with his good tempered face, small ear-rings, and white teeth, a snowy apron attached to his shoulders and enveloping his tall figure."

He went continually from house to house performing the office of hairdresser, and was considered quite as a friend among the fair ladies who employed him. They talked to him of their affairs, and felt the most perfect reliance upon his prudence; and well they might, for never in this large circle was he known to give cause for an unpleasant remark. Once a lady, whose curiosity was stronger than her sense of propriety, closely urged him to make some communication about another person's affairs. "Do tell me, Toussaint," said she, "I am sure you know all about it." "Madam," he replied with dignity, though with the utmost respect, "Toussaint dresses hair, he no news journal."

At another time he was requested to carry a disagreeable message. He immediately answered, "I have no memory."

Toussaint had delayed his marriage with Juliette, till he saw his sister Rosalie, as he believed, well settled in life, and mistress of her own freedom; but all his affectionate endeavors could not secure to her the happiness he had so fondly anticipated.

In 1815 Rosalie had a daughter born, but her prospects had been cruelly frustrated; her husband proved idle and dissipated, and Toussaint almost entirely supported her. The little infant was named Euphemia by her uncle, but the mother's health rapidly declined. Dr. Berger was her able and humane physician; he pronounced her in a decline. Juliette took home the infant of six months old, and brought her up by hand. Very soon the mother was removed to Toussaint's roof, and, after lingering a few months, breathed her last. Previously to this event, Marie Boucman had died, carefully watched over by Toussaint,

who considered her as a legacy bequeathed to him by his mistress.

Euphemia was a sickly, feeble child. Dr. Berger did not give much encouragement that she would live; but Toussaint, who was always sanguine, fully believed that her life would be granted to them. Both his and Juliette's assiduity was unremitting for her; no parents could have done more. Every day Toussaint took the feeble little creature in his arms, and carried her to the Park, to the Battery, to every airy and pleasant spot where the fresh breezes sent invigorating influence, hoping to strengthen her frame and enable her lungs to gain a freer respiration. The first year of her life was one of constant struggle for existence, but God blessed their untiring efforts, and the frail plant took root and flourished.

An incident occurred in Toussaint's life about this time, which deeply interested him. He was summoned to the City Hotel to dress the hair of a French lady, who was a stranger. She could speak no English, and

therefore was very glad to converse with him in her native language. She spoke to him of her lonely feelings, and of her painful separation from a dear friend, who was now in Paris. Toussaint told her there were many agreeable French families in New York. "Yes," she said, "she had letters to a number, but no one could supply the place of her Aurora Bérard."

It was the first time he had heard his godmother's name^e mentioned for many years. Could it be *her* of whom the lady spoke? A few inquiries settled the matter; it was indeed the same, — she who in the happy period of his infancy had stood sponsor at the baptismal font, who had sometimes visited his dreams, but of whose very existence he was doubtful. How many touching recollections arose to his mind! Again the palmy groves of his beautiful native isle were before him; again he was gathering fruits and flowers for his little godmother, and performing a thousand antic sports for her amusement. But such delusions are momen-

tary; he was once more Toussaint the hair-dresser, and hastened back to communicate this delightful surprise to his faithful Juliette. The lady was soon to leave the city and return to Paris; he wrote to Aurora by her, but from some unfortunate mistake, when he carried his letter she had sailed.

His disappointment was great, but in three months afterwards he received the following letter from Aurora, saying she had heard of him through her friend, and expressing her affection for his grandmother and mother, and her kind interest in him.

“À MONSIEUR TOUSSAINT, *Coiffeur*.”

“Paris, November 27, 1815.

“Madame Brochet, on her return to this city, fifteen days since, has given me intelligence of you, my dear godson. I, as well as my brothers and sisters, am truly grateful for the zeal that you manifested in wishing to learn

* It is but justice to observe, that all the original letters in this volume addressed to Toussaint are translations from the French.

something of us, and for the attachment which you still feel for us all. After the information that Madame Brochet gave me, I cannot doubt that you will be glad to receive a letter from me. I write to you with pleasure, and I have felt much in learning that you are prosperous in your affairs, and very happy. As to us, my dear Toussaint, we have never quitted Paris. Our situation is not happy. The Revolution deprived us of all our property. My father was one of the victims of that frightful period. After being confined six weeks in prison, and under constant inspection of the government, on their own place, near Paris, both he and my mother died of grief. My brothers and sisters are married, but I am not, and am obliged to make exertions to live which have impaired my health, which is now very poor. Were it not for that, I might be tempted to accomplish the voyage you desire; but I am not the less sensible to the offers you make me, through Madame Brochet, and I thank you sincerely. It is consoling to me to know,

amidst all my troubles, that there exists one being who is so much attached to me as you are. I wish we could live in the same town, that I might give you details by word of mouth about my family. [Here follows a short account of her brothers and sisters and their children.]

“Write to me, my dear Toussaint, about your wife; I know you have no children. Do you know any thing relating to St. Domingo? What has become of all our possessions, and our ancient servants? Tell me all you know about them. Have you any of your former companions in your city? My nurse Madeleine and your mother, are they still living? Tell me every thing you know. Adieu, my dear godson. Do not forget to write to me, and depend upon the affection of your godmother, who has never forgotten you, and who loves you more than ever, since she finds you have always preserved your attachment to

“AURORA BÉRARD.”

This letter Toussaint immediately answered, and accompanied it by a dozen

Madras handkerchiefs. The French ladies highly prized this article, for at that time they were considered a most tasteful and fashionable head-dress. Juliette always wore them, and was often asked to teach ladies to fold them, and give them the graceful and picturesque air which she gave to her own. From this time letters were frequently exchanged between Aurora and her affectionate godson. He sent her Canton crape dresses, and other articles which were of great price in France, and all of the best quality. These presents she gratefully acknowledged, but there is a very natural fear expressed that he has sent too expensive ones. In alluding to the crape dresses, she writes: "To judge from the dearness of the articles here, I fear you may have made some sacrifice to purchase them, and this idea gives me pain."

Soon after the letter sent by Aurora, Tous-saint received the following from Monsieur Bérard, the brother of Aurora:—

“Paris, 1815.

“I have learned with pleasure and grati-

tnde, my dear Toussaint, all that you have done for my brother Bérard and his widow, and the attachment you still entertain for our family. Since I have known all this, I have wished to write to you, and express the love and esteem I feel for you. It is from Mesdames D——, R——, and C——, I have received these details. I was so young when I left St. Domingo, that I should certainly not recognize your features, but I am sure my heart would acknowledge you at once, so much am I touched with your noble conduct. All my family share these feelings, but more particularly my sister Aurora. I do not despair of returning to St. Domingo, and of finding you there, or in the United States, if I take that route.

“Adieu, my dear Toussaint. Give me news of yourself, and believe in my sincere friendship.

“BÉRARD DU PITHON.”

This renewal of his early intercourse with the Bérard family was a source of great happiness to Toussaint. We regret that none of

his letters to his godmother remain; but hers sufficiently prove the affection on both sides. He even proposed removing to Paris with Juliette, and consults her on the eligibility of such a step. Her answer, an extract from which is here given, is most kind, considerate, and disinterested. His wish is evidently to support her, as he had his mistress, by his own industry.

“Paris, December 1, 1818.

“I have seen Mr. S — to-day. This gentleman appears to be much attached to you, which gives me great pleasure. We talked together of your wish to come to France. If I only consulted my own desire to see you, I should say, come at once; but your happiness, my dear godson, is what I think of above all things, and since every one from New York tells me that you are happy, highly esteemed, and much beloved by most respectable persons there, would you be as well off here? Those who know your resources better than I can, may advise you with more confidence. If I were rich, this would be of little consequence.

I should call you near to me, for I should be too happy to have a person to whom I could give all my confidence, and of whose attachment I should feel certain. This would be too desirable for me, not to ask you to come ; but my position is a sad one. I could not be useful to you, and I fear you would not be so happy as you deserve. I speak to you like a mother, for be assured that your godmother would be most happy to see you. Although I have not seen you since my childhood, I love you like a second mother, and I can never forget the services you have rendered to my brother and his wife. My brothers and sisters share these feelings, and we never speak of you without emotion."

The following is from another letter of Mademoiselle Bérard, of a little later date :—

" Your friends have not left me ignorant of all the good you do, and that you are the support of the colored women of our plantation. You must induce them to work, for you should not give away all your earnings. You must think of yourself, of your wife, and

niece, whom you look upon as a daughter. I hear that Hortense is with you; she belonged to me, and must be young enough to work and support herself. You will do her a service if you induce her to work; tell her so from me. It gives me pain to find that you are still without news of your family; here we know nothing. Let us trust in Providence. Your feelings of piety make me believe that God is also your consolation; you are right, and the assurance that every one expresses of your religious character gives me great pleasure. I feel deeply, my dear godson, all that you tell me of your desire to see me, and to serve me. I understand your noble feelings. Your attachment adds much to my happiness, for there are so few persons in the world who resemble you, that I appreciate you as you deserve."

This pleasant intercourse continued for many years. At length the following letter came:—

"July 28, 1834.

"You are already in sorrow, my dear Tous-

saint, and the sad news I must announce to you will only augment it. Two months have passed since your beloved godmother was taken from us by sudden death. My heart is so deeply oppressed by this affliction, that I can scarcely write. A few days before her death she spoke of you; she wished to write to you, being very anxious at not having heard from you for a long time. What pleasure she would have experienced in receiving your last letter, which arrived about fifteen days since! The news I send to you will be sad, but you may be assured of the affection that every member of our family feels for you, and myself in particular. My dear Toussaint, it will be a great pleasure to hear from you. I hope that Divine Providence will mitigate the painful remembrance of your adopted niece. Man can offer only words, but God, who sends the affliction, can diffuse into our souls all necessary fortitude. May you have recourse to the throne of grace, and that blessed future life where all our thoughts ought to centre. I hope that

your dear godmother now enjoys perfect happiness; since the death of our parents she has suffered much. Indeed, for several years she has experienced the pain of rheumatism in frequent attacks; her patience and resignation to the will of God, and her entire confidence in the Mother of God, will be her propitiation. I love to think that God is good; he knows our hearts, and will judge us."

The letter closes with assurances of the love and gratitude of all the family. It is from Madame de Berty, the sister of Aurora Bérard.

Toussaint's situation was now prosperous in every way; he lived in a pleasant and commodious house, which was arranged with an air of neatness, and even gentility. Juliette was gay and cheerful; she loved her little parties and reunions; they had wealth enough for their own enjoyment, and to impart to those who were in want. They were conscientious Catholics; charity was for them, not only a religious duty, but a spontaneous

feeling of the heart. One instance may here be mentioned of the quiet, silent manner in which they bestowed their good deeds. A French gentleman, whom Toussaint had known in affluence, a *white man*, was reduced to poverty; he was sick and suffering, craving a delicacy of food which he had no means to procure. For several months Toussaint and Juliette sent his dinner, nicely cooked, in such a way that he could not suspect from whom it came. "If he had known," said Toussaint, "he might not have liked it; he might have been proud." "Yes," said Juliette, "when Toussaint called to see him sometimes, he would say, 'O, I am well known! I have good friends; every day somebody sends me a nice dinner, cooked by a French cook'; and then perhaps he would enumerate the different viands. My good husband would come home, and tell me, and we would laugh very much."

When Euphemia was about seven years of age, a friend of Toussaint's proposed her being taught music. Her uncle was

wholly opposed to the idea; he thought it would involve much expenditure of time and money, and he saw no advantage to be derived from it. He said the little girl had her own sweet voice, and sang like the birds, yet they were not taught music.

Some time after, a warm and true friend of Toussaint's, who knew his worth, urged him to let her give lessons to Euphemia in music; this was the lovely and amiable Miss Metz.* She persevered in going to his house, with her notes in her hand. Finally he consented, on her suggesting that it might hereafter become a means of support to his niece. This representation, with her gratuitous instruction, obviated his objections; but then another arose. So tenderly guarded was the little Euphemia, that he never suffered her to go into the streets alone, and he felt that his time could not be spared to attend her. Miss Metz, in her benevolent zeal, beautiful and young as she was, offered to come herself and

* Now Mrs. Moulton, residing in Paris.

give the lessons. But Toussaint's never failing sense of propriety would not allow of this arrangement; and Juliette, her good aunt, accompanied her three times a week to her kind young friend, to receive her lesson. This was continued for four years. Toussaint purchased a piano, and she made all the progress that could be expected.

It was obvious, however, that her religious and moral cultivation was the first object with her uncle; his tenderness and judgment were constantly blending their efforts for the improvement of her heart and mind. He was most desirous to make her a being who would be capable of fulfilling her duty towards her Creator and her fellow-beings. No household instruction was omitted. Juliette was an excellent housekeeper, and the little girl was her aunt's assistant. They were constantly inculcating lessons of charity with her pleasures.

Toussaint was much interested in the Catholic Orphan School for white children. "On Euphemia's saint's day," he said, "I

always took her with me to the cake shop, and we filled a large basket with buns, jumbles, and gingerbread, which we carried to the Orphan Asylum." I said to him, "You let her give them to the children?" "O no, madam! that would not be proper for the little black girl. I tell her, ask one of the sisters if she will give them to the children. When they were sent for, Euphemia stood on one side with me to see them come in, and when they received the cake they were so glad, and my Euphemia was so happy! One day as we went there, she asked me, 'Uncle, what are orphans?' I answered, they are poor little children that have no father or mother. For a moment she looked very sad; then she brightened up and said, 'But have they no uncle?' O madam! I feel so much, so much then, I thank God with all my heart."

He had the happy art of making every one love him, by his affectionate and gentle manner. His deportment to his wife was worthy of imitation even by white men. She was

twenty years younger than he was, and no doubt had a will of her own; but she always yielded it to Toussaint's, because she said she *was not obliged to do it*. A friend related to me an amusing scene she witnessed. Juliette was about to purchase a mourning shawl, for she had just lost a relative. The shawls were exhibited. "How do you like this for mourning?" said she to Toussaint. "Very pretty," he replied. "I think," said she, "it is handsome enough for church." "O yes! very good for that." "Don't you think it will do to wear if it rains?" "O, certainly!" "I think it will do sometimes to wear to market, don't you?" "Very nice," he replied; "pray take it, Juliette; it is good for mourning, for church, for rain, and for market; it is a very nice shawl." Juliette secured it, much satisfied with her bargain.

Since I began this memoir, I have learned that Toussaint purchased Juliette's freedom before he married her. To this circumstance he did not allude in the history of his early life; probably from that sense of delicacy for

which he was so remarkable. He went immediately after the ceremony to the City Hall to have the papers ratified.

Euphemia was taught reading, writing, and all pursuits adapted to her age. When she was five or six years old, she was a most engaging child; her manners were strikingly gentle, her countenance and expression pleasant, and her behavior excellent, modelled upon her uncle's ideas of obedience and deference, which he had always practised himself. He often contrived to throw in a word of admonition to the children round him; to one little girl where he visited he said, "Miss Regina, your mother very good; obey her now, you will be happy when you are older." This lesson years after she gratefully mentioned.

How devotedly he loved his little niece, many will yet remember. She seemed fully to understand his affection, and clung to him as the vine clings to its support. She was delicately formed, and her figure slight; he would put his arm around her, and say, "My

Euphemia," with a tenderness that was affecting ; there appeared something sacred in his love, as if he felt that God had intrusted her to his protection, and, by depriving her of all other earthly support, had made him responsible for her future welfare.

When she was about twelve years old, Toussaint procured her a French teacher. French was his own and his wife's language, of course that of his family ; but he wished her to speak it grammatically. He also let apartments in his house to a respectable white woman, a widow, who taught Euphemia English, and who after a while collected a small school of young children.

It was a striking trait in his character, that every thing in which he engaged was thoroughly done ; there was a completeness in his plans, and their execution, which commanded confidence, and which perhaps was one of the causes of the respect which he inspired. This sometimes led ladies to say, that Toussaint "was a finished gentleman." His moral qualities, however, gave him this distinction ; for with

the most perfect modesty he knew exactly what was due to others and to himself, while his heart overflowed with that Christian kindness which far surpasses mere worldly politeness. He was observant of all the forms of the Roman Catholic Church; through winter and summer he missed no matin prayers, but his heart was never narrowed by any feeling as to sect or color. He never felt degraded by being a black man, or even a slave; for he considered himself as much the object of Divine protection as any other human being. He understood the responsibility, the greatness, of the part allotted him; that he was to serve God and his fellow-men, and so fulfil the duties of the situation in which he was placed. There was something truly noble and great in the view that he took of his own nature and responsibility. No failure on the part of the master could in his opinion absolve a slave from his duty. His own path was marked out; he considered it a straight one and easy to follow, and he followed it through life. He was born and brought up

in St. Domingo at a period which can never return. In the large circle around him there were no speculations upon freedom or human liberty, and on those subjects his mind appears to have been perfectly at rest. When he resided in New York, he still preserved the same tranquil, contented state of mind, yet that he considered emancipation a blessing, he proved, by gradually accumulating a sum sufficient to purchase his sister's freedom. It was not his own ransom for which he toiled, but Rosalie's, as has been previously said, for he wished that she might take her station as a matron among the free women of New York. But he does not appear to have entertained any inordinate desire for his own freedom. He was fulfilling his duty in the situation in which his Heavenly Father chose to place him, and that idea gave him peace and serenity. When his mistress on her death-bed presented him his liberty, he most gratefully received it; and we fully believe he would not have suffered any earthly power to wrest it from him.

There are many in the present day who will view this state of mind as degrading, who consider the slave absolved, by his great primary wrong of bondage, from all obligation to the slaveholder. Not such was Toussaint's idea. He did not ask, like Darwin's African slave, "Am I not a man and a brother?" but he felt that he *was* a man and a brother. It was the high conception of his own nature, as derived from eternal justice, that made him serene and self-possessed. He was deeply impressed with the character of Christ; he heard a sermon from Dr. Channing, which he often quoted. "My friends," said Channing, "Jesus can give you nothing so precious as himself, as his own mind. May this mind be in you. Do not think that any faith in him can do you good, if you do not try to be pure and true like him." We trust many will recognize the teachings of the Saviour in Toussaint's character.

Madame Toussaint loved Euphemia with the same affection that she would have bestowed on her own children, had she pos-

sessed any. She was an excellent wife, and respected her husband's feelings in all things. She was gay and good-humored, had a most pleasant, cordial laugh, and a ladylike deportment. Her figure and features were fully developed, and much more African than Toussaint's, though she was several shades lighter. Their house was the abode of hospitality, and many *pale faces* visited them.

At the age of fourteen, Euphemia seemed to have attained firmness and strength, and we can hardly imagine more domestic happiness, or a picture of more innocent enjoyment, than Toussaint's household afforded. His peculiar devotedness and tenderness towards Euphemia seemed to be richly rewarded. He had no idea of making her a being that would be incapable of fulfilling the daily avocations of life. She was carefully taught all domestic duties; it was her great pleasure to aid her aunt, and she was never happier than when she was allowed to assist in the work of the family. When she grew old enough to make her uncle's coffee, it

would be difficult to say which received most pleasure, the uncle or the niece, the first time she brought it to him, and said, "I made it all myself."

Toussaint's friends knew well they could afford him no higher gratification than by bestowing kind attentions upon this child of his adoption and darling of his heart. Many and constant were the little presents she received. Toys, dolls, and bonbons were the early gifts; afterwards books, and those things suitable to her increasing years. He always spoke of the kindness and solicitude of his beloved friend, Mrs. Peter Cruger, originally Miss Church, for his Euphemia, with a gratitude that could hardly be expressed. He had another devoted friend, to whom his heart was bound by the strongest ties of reverence and affection,—the one to whom we have before alluded. One has long since passed away, the other but yet a little while was with us. They both loved and cherished the little girl for her uncle's sake, and she seemed to be daily fulfilling his fond wishes.

She was carefully educated in the forms of the Catholic Church, and no lesson of love, charity, or kindness was forgotten, that might soften and penetrate her youthful heart. What delight to Toussaint to return to his happy home after the fatigues of the day, and meet this young creature of his affections, who enlivened him with her music, cheered him by her smiles, and interested him by relating all her little pursuits since they had separated! Perhaps she would repeat to him some story she had read during his absence, and she would say, "It is a true story, I read it in a book."

Her exercises in writing were very regular; every week two little notes in French and English were handed to Toussaint from his niece. We have many of them before us; we insert a few, which are about equal to those of white children at her age.

"New York, February 23, 1827.

"DEAR UNCLE:—

"O, how sorry I am that you was not there to see Miss Metz married; she looked so sweet and beautiful; she looked like an

angel; but what I think was so good in her, that she should come and kiss my aunt and me, before all the company. I believe nobody would do it but her. It will come quite difficult to me to call her Mrs. Moulton. I have made one mistake already.

“Adieu, dear uncle.

“EUPHEMIA TOUSSAINT.”

“DEAR UNCLE :—

“What bad weather we have now! I hope it will not last long, for it is very disagreeable for you, who have to run all over the town, and everywhere; but God knows better than we do; he does every thing for the best, and it is so singular that we cannot be contented. Dear uncle, I will be very much obliged to you if you will give me one shilling to buy cotton to finish my frock; now I have begun it I want to finish it very much, and after that I want to embroider a vandyke. I have not seen Mrs. Cruger a long time; I wish to see her very much.

“Adieu, dear uncle.

“EUPHEMIA TOUSSAINT.”

“DEAR UNCLE : —

“O, I must write to Mrs. Moulton to tell her about your having your miniature taken ;* I know that it will please her, and make her laugh. I have several things to tell her that will please her very much. Dear uncle will you excuse me for writing so short a letter this week, for I composed it in a great hurry.

“YOUR EUPHEMIA TOUSSAINT.”

The little girl's attachment to this kind friend, Mrs. Moulton, was unceasing through her short life. She often complained of the difficulty of calling her by her married name, and said, the other was much more natural.

It is with grief we see dark clouds gathering over this smiling prospect. The health of Euphemia began to decline, and she was threatened with consumptive complaints. Juliette mentioned her fears to her uncle ; he could not believe it, he could not listen to it. But alas ! it soon became too evident that the

* The miniature alluded to is the one from which the lithograph has been taken.

disorder of the mother had sown its hereditary seeds. Then there was no rest for poor Toussaint night or day. He required the unremitting consolations of his friends to soothe and calm his mind. He hung over the darling of his affections with an intensity of feeling which seemed to threaten his own life.

The good Father Powers devoted himself to uncle and niece. It was judged best not to acquaint Euphemia with her situation. It was her delight to rest in her uncle's arms, to tell him how she loved him, and what she would do for him when she got well.

Sometimes when friends called, they would find him seated on her bed, where she lay supported by pillows, her presents strewed around her, for people were untiring in sending her little gifts to interest and amuse her. Her uncle would hand her the articles that lay beyond her reach, and amuse her by recounting her treasures. So many more good things were sent her than she could even taste, that she said playfully, "I make uncle eat all these up, but I keep the flowers to look at."

Toussaint felt deeply the proofs of friendship which were daily accumulated in attentions to his darling, and often expressed his unworthiness in the humblest manner, saying, "I thank God for all his goodness."

It was a great consolation to him that Euphemia suffered but little. She gradually wasted away, without any painful struggles. He said one day, "God is good; *we* know that here on earth, but my Euphemia will know it first *there*," pointing upwards.

A few months brought the rapid decline to a close; and the loved one who had been so carefully cherished and guarded, and whose slumbers had been watched over from infancy, slept the last sleep of death.

"And what is early death, but sleep
O'er which the angels vigils keep;
Around the white-robed seraphs stand,
To bear the young to the spirit-land."

For a long while Toussaint could only say to those who came to comfort him, "My poor Euphemia is gone"; and as his lips uttered these words, he covered his face with

his hands. He grew thin, avoided society, and refused to be comforted. But his mind was too pious and too rational to indulge long this excess of sorrow. He listened to high and holy consolations, and found resignation in the prayers of his Church. Those who witnessed his struggles to command himself at this time, and perform his daily duties, have spoken of him with reverence.

Toussaint received a most consolatory letter from his friend, Mrs. Cruger, who was then in France, soon after the death of his niece. We give the following translation :—

“ 1829.

“ I need not say, my dear Toussaint, how much I sympathize with you ; my heart and my soul follow you in your last cares for this cherished child, to whom you have ever been the best, the most tender of fathers. My tears have flowed with yours ; but I could not weep for *her*, I wept for *you*. When we resign to the Eternal Father a child as pure as the heaven to which she returns, we ought not to weep that an angel has entered into a

state of happiness which our feeble conceptions cannot picture, and you, my good Toussaint, who are piety itself, will realize this consoling thought, the only one you can now welcome in this severe affliction. The life of Euphemia has been almost a miracle; she owes her existence to your constant care and watchfulness. Her short life has been full of happiness; she has never known the loss of a mother; far happier than hundreds of others raised in the wealthiest and most elevated classes, the most gentle virtues and affections have surrounded her from her cradle, and she has been taken from a paradise on earth to enter into an eternity of happiness. Could you have secured the future to her? If death had struck you instead of her, to what dangers might she not have been exposed! May the consciousness of the duty you have so faithfully discharged mitigate this bitter sorrow. You have given back to a cherished sister the child of your adoption, before either sin or sorrow had touched her, and they will both wait for you in that man-

sion reserved for beings as excellent and virtuous as you are."

The effect of Euphemia's death, and the deep affliction it caused Toussaint, seemed eventually to produce a more energetic purpose of usefulness; his earnest desire was to benefit others. To accomplish this object, when funds were wanting, he would use his influence in promoting fairs, and, in individual cases, raffles; disposing of elegant and superfluous articles at a just price, when their owners were reduced by poverty.

His ingenuity in contriving means of assistance to others was remarkable. A French lady, who was much embarrassed in her circumstances by the depreciation of her small property and the failure of her rents, consulted Toussaint on the possibility of doing something for her support. He suggested her teaching French. She said very frankly, that she was inadequate to it, that she had no grammatical knowledge. "Madam," said he, "I am no judge, but I have frequently heard it said that you speak remarkably pure

and correct French." This was really the case, for she had been educated in the best society. "That is a very different thing," she replied, "from teaching a language."

Toussaint, after some moments of reflection, said, "Should you be willing to give lessons for conversing in French?" She replied that she should be quite willing.

He at once set about procuring scholars among his English friends, many of whom appreciated the advantage of free and familiar, and at the same time correct conversation, for their children; and thus pupils were not wanting for the lady, and she was able to support her family by these simple means till the sudden rise of her rents relieved her from her embarrassment. This method was quite an original idea of Toussaint's at that time, though it has since been adopted even in our own language.

On occasion of some fair for a charitable purpose, Toussaint would go round to his rich friends and represent the object, and they placed so much confidence in his judg-

ment, that they would often add trifles to swell the list, and always take a number of tickets ; and in this way he was able to collect considerable sums for the benefit of the orphan and the widow.

It must not be supposed that Toussaint's charity consisted merely in bestowing money ; he felt the moral greatness of doing good, of giving counsel to the weak and courage to the timid, of reclaiming the vicious, and, above all, of comforting the sick and the sorrowful. One of his friends said that "his pity for the suffering seemed to partake of the character of the Saviour's tenderness at the tomb of Lazarus." When he visited his friends in sorrow, his words were few ; he felt too deeply to express by language his sympathy. Once he said, "I have been to see poor Madam C——." (She had met with a most heavy bereavement.) "And what did you say to her?" said a friend. "Nothing," he replied, "I could only take her hand and weep with her, and then I went away ; there was nothing to be said." He felt that, in the

first moment of stunning grief, God alone could speak to her.

When he entered the house of mourning, an air of sympathy pervaded his whole manner, the few words he uttered were those of faith and love, and he was often successful in communicating comfort to the sorrowful.

We must not omit his wonderful capacity in sickness; how often he smoothed the pillow and administered relief to disease. He was constantly summoned as a watcher, and gave his services to the poor without money or price. At a time when the yellow fever prevailed, and the alarm was so great that many were deserted, Toussaint discovered that a man was left wholly alone. He was a stranger, but he took him to his house, nursed him, watched over him, and restored him to health. This stranger was a white man!

Like others, he sometimes met with ingratitude for his services; in one particular instance he persevered through difficulties and discouragements in endeavoring to serve a French family, and succeeded in procuring

situations for two of the young men; but as they grew successful, they rather avoided their benefactor. "I am glad," said Toussaint, "they so well off; they want nothing more of me."

Because Pierre Toussaint was an unlettered man, many people who were surprised at his character, and at his numberless good deeds, attributed his excellence wholly to his natural disposition. They said, "He has the best *instincts*,—he was born good." Those who knew him better saw that he was governed by a high and noble principle. In a world of passion and error it is idle to talk of human instincts as securities of virtue. Toussaint reflected deeply; he had no theories of philosophy; he would not have understood much of the sentimental language with which our novels abound; but, as we have before seen, he understood the plain teachings of Christianity. He often quoted, in his native language, from the Sermon on the Mount, and the beatitudes seemed to have found their way to his heart. His whole life

was one of thought and observation; he had a surprising insight into character, and a wonderful tact in classing his friends. To some, even where he was sincerely attached, he was never communicative, for he knew they were not judicious; to others, with whom he had daily intercourse, he was careful not to commit himself, for he knew they were not sincere; but there were others to whom he gave his whole heart, as though he truly believed them but little lower than the angels.

When we speak of Toussaint's friends, we do not include his own people of color, though most gladly would we procure their testimony were it in our power. That he was a fast and true friend to them we know, but our walks have not led us among them; yet by this noble specimen we are induced to believe what they may become by treading in his footsteps. The friends we mean to particularize were those to whose houses he daily resorted, — people in New York of the highest class in rank, cultivation, and wealth.

It was by such he was sought and honored, and long after his labors as hair-dresser had diminished, by the simpler fashion of the times, he was requested by them to continue his daily visits. His profession began with the age of powder and pomatum, when immense fabrics were reared upon the female head; and to have an idea of these, the young must go back to ancient pictures, where they will see them in all their glory. When powder was relinquished, still the style of hair-dressing was somewhat architectural. During the French Revolution perukes or wigs were introduced, and of course adopted by our American ladies. These seemed to furnish the strongest proofs of the caprice of fashion, as it was generally found that those on whom nature had liberally bestowed black hair went through the process of the razor, and appeared with flaxen or light brown wigs; so, in reverse, the blonde belles astonished their admirers by appearing with glossy raven curls. Of course there could be no attempt at deception in this matter; it was one

of the caprices of fashion which had its reign and passed away.

Through all these changes Toussaint continued to be the favorite, and was summoned to shave the beautiful heads he had so often dressed, and prepare them for the modern wig. Then again the perukes were discarded, and the natural hair suffered to grow, and what were called crops succeeded, with the short hair curled over the head. Still Pierre stood in high favor; no curls were so beautifully arranged as his. As the hair began to recover its growth, the Grecian fashion was adopted, — the hair fastened on the back of the head and falling in curls like those of the sculptured Venus. Still Toussaint was all-important, and ready to adopt any fashion his employers chose; but he looked on with the eye of a philosopher. "Fashion keep change, change," said he; "all good, the way poor people live."

A lady told me that one day, when he came to pay his daily visit, they were preparing dresses for a wedding. "I well remember,"

said she, "the thoughtful manner with which he stood looking at the flowers, laces, and gay silks strewed about the room. I said, 'Why do you look so grave, Toussaint?' 'O madam,' said he, 'I go to a great many places; I go into one house and they cry, cry, cry, — somebody dead. I go into another, and it is all laugh, laugh, — they are happy and glad. I go to another, it is all shut up dark, they move very softly, they speak in a whisper, — somebody very sick. I come here, it is all dance and sing, and flowers and wedding-dresses. I say nothing; but it makes me think a great deal.' "

Although always received with gladness and respect by the heads of the house, his humility, good sense, and kind feeling made him equally welcome to the domestics. He was often consulted by them, and when he entered the house, he generally exchanged a few words; he excited in them no envy or ill-will, which it might have been expected would arise, from seeing a colored man treated with so much more distinction than themselves.

The truth was, that they respected him, they felt the value of his good opinion, of his recommendation, and, above all, they confided in the kindness of his heart.

This was in truth his great characteristic, the goodness of his heart. "The heart will live for ever. Of mere ingenuity, learning, and ability, much must fail us on the floor of heaven, left behind with the world it knows of, and to perish with it." But the heart will live on, not only hereafter, but here. Obedience and resignation towards God, faith in the future, patience and commiseration for the sick and suffering, and love towards those of your own household, and to those around you, are not perishable in their nature; their influence is felt on all who come in contact. And thus it was with Toussaint; his heart was not only kind and affectionate, but gay and cheerful; it was filled with trust and confidence, and gave him the happy power of dispelling gloom and anxiety in others. Perhaps few reflected on the subject, yet they all felt that they loved to see him throughout the household.

On New Year's day he was always among those who came to tender their good wishes; every house from the drawing-room to the kitchen was open to him, and every hand extended. We presume few remember him in his early manhood. Then he was tall and well made, and with the flexibility of limb which belongs to his race. He was truly an African, not as we see him in a degenerate form, but as Mungo Park describes him in his travels through Western Africa. "Every evening when the sun goes down, all Africa is alive with dance and song. The sound of music, rude though it be, stirs the leaves of the palm-tree from the marts of Ophir to the coast of Congo." Toussaint's lively description of these evenings on his native plantation reminds us of the traveller's account. Some of the songs of the West-Indian negroes are yet preserved amongst us, and are remarkable for their childlike expression of human nature. The specimen which Park gives of an African song must be familiar to us all: "The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree," &c.

The death of Toussaint's most dear and beloved friend, Mrs. Cruger, was a heavy affliction to him as well as to others. We insert a letter addressed to him on that occasion, from a French lady:—

“Havre, 1840.

“I am very sorry to learn the death of your truly estimable friend, Mrs. Cruger. The good Archbishop of Bordeaux, Bishop Chevereux, said to me, ‘We are left on earth to weep for our friends.’ We must believe that her good deeds and her virtues will find favor in the sight of the God of mercy, whose precepts she has followed all her life.

“Adieu, my dear Toussaint! Although we may not meet again in this land of exile, yet I trust we shall be reunited in our true country,—heaven. Let us live so as to merit this happiness.”