THE COMMERCIAL.

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THE COMMERCIAL

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AGENTS FOR THE COMMERCIAL

NEW YORK: Messrs. Brown & DeRosset.
BOSTON: Frederick Kidder, Esq.

From the Sumter Banner.

TO DR. --------.

Dear Doctor let us not transpire
How much your Lectures we admire;
How at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explain the cause of thunder,
Of lightning and electricity,
With so much plainness and simplicity,
The origin of rocks and mountains,
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains,
Of rain and hail of frost and snow,
And all the winds and storms that blow;
Besides an hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before,
But now dear Doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter;
A matter which you never touch on,
A matter which our thoughts run much on;
A subject, if we wright conjecture,
Which well deserves a long, long lecture,
Which all the Ladies would approve,
The natural History of Love,
Tell us why poor tender hearts,
So willingly admit Love's darts;
Teach us the marks of love's beginning,
What is it makes a beau so winning;
What is it makes a cox-comb witty,
A doetask wise, a sack coat pretty;
Why we believe such horrid lies,
That we are angels in the skies,
Our teeth are pearl, our cheeks are roses,
Our eyes are stars—such charming noses.
Explain our dreams, waking and sleeping;
Explain our laughing, and our weeping,
Explain our hoping, and our doubting,
Our blustering, simpering, and pouting,
Tell us all the enhanting, arts,
Of winning and keeping hearts;
Teach us Dear Doctor if you can,
To humble that proud creature, man;
To turn the wise ones into fools,
The proud and insolent to tools;
To make them all run helter skelter,
Their necks into the marriage halter;
Then leave us to ourselves with these,
We'll rule and turn them as we please.
Dear Doctor if you'll grant our wishes,
We promise you five hundred kisses,
And rather than the affair he blundered,
We'll give you six score to the hundred,
Leap year is past, Ah what shall I do!
I'll try it again in fifty two.

Polly Picknick.

EXECUTION OF GEN'L MOYSE IN ST. DOMINGO.

Among the many barbarous acts of Gen. Toussaint Louverture, during his reign over St. Domingo, the execution of his nephew Moyse, a young man of excellent promise, may properly be classed as the most atrocious. When Toussaint was made governor, most of the French planters had left the Island; but proclamations, suggested no doubt by the English abolitionists, and full of words of kindness and promises of a strict and impartial government, it was sought to lure them back, and the endeavor was crowded with complete success. As Toussaint was surrounded and counselled *by the officers sent from France, for the protection of the planters,* what treachery could they suspect? But the sequel will show that these French officers were more brutish and worse enemies of the French planters, than the uneducated slaves themselves.

At the period of the tragical occurrence which we are about to narrate, Toussaint Louverture was in the very zienth of his fame and height of his criminal career.—Age, with its stealthy step was crawling over him, and, without impairing his ability or weakening his system, was gradually confirming his mind in blood and guilt. All those softer traits of character of which in his younger days, he had not been entirely destitute, were now passing away, leaving but the dark shades of misanthropy and blood-thirstiness carefully hidden under the mask of virtue and religion, by the most devilish hypocrisy. In person he was slightly under the middle size, not very well shaped, and the few wrinkles which time had placed on his brow, were deepened by toil and care. He had lost his teeth and eat nothing but sponge cake, which was made for him in every place as soon as it was publicly announced that he was approaching. Such was Toussaint Louverture, about 1798.

His nephew, General Moyse, was almost the counterpart of this. He was a dark mulatto, of handsome face and person, and deservedly renowned for courage and humanity, the exercise of which last excellent quality cost him his life, at the hands of his destestable uncle. The circumstances of his murder, for such only it can be called, were as follows:

The inhuman policy of Toussaint Louverture's government was worthy of a Nero. In order to destroy the unfortunate with dispatch and security, he divided his troops into two bodies, one of which he took the command, while that of the second he gave to his nephew. Moyse had private orders to march and attack a certain point, which he subsequently did, while Toussaints' corpse d'arme remained stationed at some distance from the scene of action.—When the news of the attack was brought to Toussaint he would fall into a terrific passion, swear vengeance on the disturbers of the public peace, and set out with his troops to deliver the attacked town from oppressors. These, previously notified of his approach by spies set for the purpose, vacated the place in time to prevent collision with Toussaint, who thus arrived too late, though of course, loaded with praises and blessings for his efficient action in the premises by the unfortunate inhabitants of the distressed place. Here it was that he would receive information of an attack made on another quarter, and march forth again with the avowed attention of chasting the rebels, but, in reality, with that of leaving this and other places unprotected, to the tender mercies of the savage horde under the command of Moyse. This was what Toussaint called, in the negro dialect, "*Faire la ronde a moin.*"

The operations of Moyse were highly unsatisfactory to his uncle, from the fact of the humanity of the former sparing many who were hated by the latter, and who were consequently marked for destruction. Hence the resolution of Toussaint, following the bloody instinct implanted in the breast of man, whether in a civilized or a savage state, to destroy Moyse by force or fraud, as soon as fortune might chance to throw the means in his power. These unfortunately for Moyse, were soon forthcoming, and the power of Toussaint was equal to the task of putting all his bloody projects into blooder execution.

The Gonaives had been fixed upon as the next attacked after Toussaint's favorite plan of operations, and near it chanced to be the place of residence of Monsieur De L——e, Toussaint's late master, (who was also his grandfather,) whom he had resolved to destroy, and consequently gave the necessary orders to Moyse, who pleaded in vain against the barbarous decree.—Obey he must, and with heavy heart he went about the work of death. It was executed, and the body of Monsieur De L——e was left naked on the road from the latter place. In a few hours Gonaives was attacked, and the tidings duly forwarded to Louverture, who was even then on his way from Gros Morne. The usual demonstrations of grief and anger were gone through, but to what did not the hypocritical passion of Louverture rise, when, bleeding and mangled on the road before him, he beheld the body of his master.

Kneeling on the sand beside it, and kissing the cold hands over and over, while the tears rolled down his wrinkled and hideous cheeks, he called on heaven for vengeance on the murderers, cursing them in seeming bitterness of soul, while in reality, his heart was full of the most exceeding joy at the accomplishment of his desires, and his mind gloating already on the prospective fulfilment of his most bitter wishes towards Moyse. As if still further in mockery of every human feeling, he caused a grave to be dug, and the body to be buried with all "due observance," intimating his intention of marking the spot with a monument. He then continued his march for Gonaives, but when he arrived, the forewarned enemy had of course disappeared. Toussaint, as usual, took up his quarters for that night at Gonaives.

The next morning a message was sent to Moyes, desiring his immediate presence at Gonaives, on business of importance.—But no sooner had he arrived, than he was arrested and thrown into a solitary dungeon, charged with the murder of Monsieur De L——e, whom it was asserted he had received orders to spare. His imprisonment was not long, however, for scarcely had the next day dawned, when a court martial was ordered to be convened for his trial, a form merely, since the members were severally ordered by the murdering tyrant to find him guilty without taking any evidence and decree his execution.—They, however, having at their morning hesitated at doing this, the court was ordered to be dissolved, and Toussaint, causing Moyes to be brought to Port de Paix, of his own authority declared him guilty of murder, and ordered his immediate execution.

Thus was this young General condemned to death, without an advocate being given him, and refused even permission to plead his own cause, as, when he attempted to speak, the drums were beaten in imitation of Commandant Sauterre, at the execution of Louis XVI, lest he should plead the orders of his sanguinary chieftain in justification of his crime. At noon of the same day he was brought, dressed in white and with a white bandage over his eyes, to the "Place d'arme" of Port de Paix, which was filled with soldiers. He himself gave the word of command, and fell pierced by six bullets from his uncle's guard.

Dispatch.