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Apples and Gentlemen:

I was last winter honored with an invitation by President Grant, to accompany a commission composed of three distinguished gentlemen: Mr. Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, Hon. Andrew D. White of Cornell University, and Doctor Samuel G. Howe of Boston. The honorable commission, created by a resolution of Congress, was authorized and directed to proceed to the island of Haiti, to inquire into and ascertain, and report, the political state and condition of the Republic of 

Haiti, the present number of inhabitants, and the desire and disposition of the people of the said Republic, to become attached to, and to form part of the people of the United States.

I accepted the invitation and accompanied the Commission.

I intend the present note with a view to a statistical report as one by witnesses which however entertaining in a book would scarcely be expected place in a lecture, but as an explanation of the choice of the subject, which I have ventured to make my theme for this evening. To obtain and complete information upon all the points of inquiry suggested to Congress, I commend the able report of the honorable commission.
Among that vast group or series of islands, adjacent to the American Continent, and which, by neighborhood at least, may claim a right to share its destiny, extending from the shores of Florida, eastwards and southwards, far into the broad Atlantic, fringing the gulf of Mexico, and the blue Caribbean Sea, as with a wreath of tropical flowers, with Cuba on the west and Puerto Rico on the east, cultivated by two Governments, Haiti on the one part and Dominica on the other, three days sail from Key West, and six from Nauorko, stands the island of Santo Domingo, nearly as large as Ireland and capable of sustaining a larger population, but to day, has not within her border more than eight hundred thousand souls and three fourths of these, are in Haiti, the smallest division of the island.

Putting aside the momentous political questions supposed to be involved in the future of Santo Domingo, putting aside the pronounced and sharpe
defined differences of opinion to which the proposition
to annexe a part of that country to the United States
has given rise, putting aside the eloquent and forceful
opposition to that measure, by one of the Nation's
ablest and most trusted Senators and on the other
hand, the support given that measure, by one of the
Nation's most cool minded and trusted Presidents.
Whether in consider Santo Domingo geographically, and with
reference to climate, soil, commercial and other important
resources, or historically, as illustrating, familiar phases
of civilization, and as enforcing, lessons worthy upon
the attention of mankind, there is enough in that
country, to invite the American people to a better
acquaintance with its life and fortunes, than has
hitherto existed.
Santo Domingo may be viewed from two points of
observation. While abounding in material worthy
the attention of scholars and statesmen, to whom
no part of our planet, or our species can be
matter of indifference, this beautiful island.
is abundant in those great facts and features, which appeal directly and powerfully, to the poetic and better side of human nature, not from the selfish, grasping, ambitious, and rapacious side of human nature, not from that side which claims only of wealth and power, of silver, gold, and precious stones, which respects all natural limitations, and in the name of manifest destiny, which is often but another name, for injustice and violence by the strong towards the weak, would annex the whole continent to the United States, but from that mother and better side, which allows man to the infinite, leads him to despise narrow prejudices of race and color, rejoicing in human progress and in the diffusion of light and liberty among men, while deepened the contemplation makes all the world our country and all mankind our countrymen. Would I commend the contemplation of Sauls Domino's.
from the United States, but to that mother and better side, which
represents our human progress and the diffusion of light and
liberty throughout the world, would I commend the
contemplation of Santa Domingo.

There are countries not less than individuals, which
have their own sad experiences to tell the world, and
its whole story, and to whose story the world is ever
more or less disposed to listen.

Poland, crushed and bleeding under the heel of despotic power,
lifted a shriek which pierced the heart of the world. The
great Hungarian patriot and statesman caused all eyes and
hearts to turn to the wounds of his bleeding country,
Ireland, whose sorrows are ever present, melts by her
wail from across the sea, France writing in the folds
of a double calamity, although plainly the author of her
own misfortunes, stirs compassion rather than reproach.

Great ones put tongues in the earth whereon
they lie and dream. Greece and Rome, have nothing for heart
or imagination; a part from the great peoples of whom
they constantly remind us.

It is no forced or extravagant association
to say, in this connection, that Santa Domingo,
with her black and swarthy population, diminished and
and apparently diminishing, apparently by nature, and carefully cursed by man, now trembling
by the very verge of civilization, doubtful of her fate,

debating the question, whether she shall at last
be saved to peace, progress and happiness, or fall
away, into the measureless depths of barbarism; has
after her manner, and according to her measure
of importance in time and space, her claims to
present her appeal to make her story to tell.

Of what that story is, in all its fullness, detail,
and coloring, my lecture must be taken as the mere
indication. From the nature of the occasion
and the limits of the hour, I can at best but hint
its character, and faintly echo its import.

My object will, however, be attained; if by
any thing I may be able to say, your minds may
be turned to this island, and to other and better sources
of information concerning it, than a brief lecture
necessarily devoted to generalities can possibly be.

The islands of Santo Domingo is an interesting
object of thought and feeling, not only because of its
past and present condition, but because of its
association, with the discovery and settlement of
of the American Continent by the white race.
First things, by virtue of being first things, especially when they are the beginnings of great epochs, the starting points of great events, have a peculiar fascination for the mind and heart of men. The cradle is a sacred spot among household furniture. Since Adam, imagination has strained for a glimpse of Eden, and has labored hard to set it forth in words, forms, and colours.
Perhaps, no single event has occurred since the migration of men which has more radically affected the conditions and relations of men than the discovery and settlement of America by Europeans, and from this great fact, Santo Domingo borrows a real importance. As a country it stands among America and first things, and must ever be recognized as the cradle of American beginnings.

Though not of the Caucasian race, and making no claim to any share of its greatness, and though I am not remarkably emotional, I must confess to something like a thrill, when for the first time I stepped upon the shores upon the shores of Santo Domingo, and thought that here, under my feet, and all around
Me is the first American soil trodden by Europeans
that here first appeared the head of that mighty
Caucasian column, in its prodigies and wonders
march from east to west, and which has already
sent the lightning to announce its coming around
the world.

The mountains of Santa Domingo, for it is preciously
a land of mountains. Some there, bold and striking
in outline, grand and majestic in altitude, lifting
their crests to the heavens. The thousand feet between
sea and sky, clothed all over with the verdure of the
summer, were the first lands to soothe and gladden
the trained and feverish eyes of him, who in the twilight
of Deuteric faith, sought the shores of a new world.

Here surrounded by the surpassing splendors of tropical
nature, this balmy air, these delicious fruits and fragrant
flowers, where every prospect pleases. Here under this most
beautiful of all skies, were first planted the virtues and the
pines, the beauties and the discomforts, of what was once
known as European Civilization. A civilization destined
to bear here, as it borne else where, its natural
fruit of good and evil. Opulence, ease, luxury and
degradation on the one hand, toil, slavery, destitution and
misery on the other, but in sharper contrast.
Here too, was first professed the solemn mysteries of the Hebrew scriptures, and the sacred traditions of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Here, the New World first heard the sound of the Christian gospel, and saw raised on high that wondrous symbol of religious power, the Cross of Christ. Long before old Plymouth Rock had got a tongue and the psalms and prayers of Pilgrim fathers were heard on the wild New England shores, Santo Domingo was the recognized centre of a vast and powerful religious organization whose ramifications reached far into South and Central America.

From the beginning of its settlement, this island became the radiation point for Catholic Christianity, and the ambition of its Colonists, was to make it little Spain in Character, as well as in name. Spain sent here, her best scholars and her most eloquent preachers, and here were displayed a zeal and energy in Church building for which Catholic Christians are remarkable. What they did for God, at least, had the merit of great earnestness. Their altars, their Churches, their Colleges and their Cathedrals, were on a scale of magnificence and grandeur hardly
Surpassed by ecclesiastical architecture and ornamentation in the parent Country. Wonder and amazement must have filled the minds of the simple natives as they beheld these tremendous works in process of erection.

Santo Domingo, to day not only in the manners and bearing of its people, but upon the face of the Country itself, proclaims the great religious earnestness of the people who framed its institutions and shaped its modes of thought and life. It is literally a land of Crosses and of Saints. At every stream and at almost every turn in its narrow roads and winding paths you meet with the Cross, and wherever you see it is an object of respect and veneration. It marks all places of accident and unusual occurrences. Huddled up in a small round heap of stones, made by hewing together on highways or by ways, however exposed to the elements, the Cross is safe. No impious or wanton hand will be spared to strike it down. Wherever human life has perished or human bones repose, there is planted this mighty symbol to comfort the pious and warn the thoughtless. Had the man himself been the object of half the respect that the Mission had, wooden Cross made by men the history of this island might be read to day with greater freedom. But Religion was everything, means was not much.
Of all the cities in this sainted island, this holy land of the New World, where towns, cities, bays, streams, nearly all bear the name of some American saint, the former old seat of Saint Domingo affords to day, the best evidence of the power of the priesthood over the careless settlers of the Country.

The city itself, in all its appointments is a curious object, almost worth a voyage to see it, and even a ship week of time to wander there than the paper made of the same.

Standing at the entrance of the Casa de la Barra, a beautiful river current is here met by the canal, and which makes for the city a remarkably quiet harbor, is also an ample highway for its commence with the interior, Saint Domingo facing the south, looks grandly out to sea, with its villas only bounded by where the blue waters meet the blue sky.

Nestled at a distance of four or five miles from the land, surrounded as it is, on three sides, by distant mountains, as they are one, with shadows from the fleecy firmament, the city in the foreground makes a decidedly pleasant impression, but an impression however which it but faintly casts upon a nearer approach.
The harbor of Santo Domingo is defended with an old fort, displaying high walls and towers, built according to Spanish science formidable to the eye, but evidently a poor defense against modern artillery. These stand main on the river shore, shut to protect the river from the sea.

For the most part, Santo Domingo, is well laid out. The streets are kept quite clean. They are long, straight and narrow. On either side they are lined by flat-roofed, red-tiled, rough and white, brown houses, or by pavilions, presenting an appearance of great solidity. Each one of these dwellings is built exactly like the others. No line or sign appears to mark a separate residence. All look as if planned by the same architect, built by the same workmen, completed at the same time, owned and occupied by the same family.

The thickness of the walls, and the style of construction, are doubtless, well enough suited to the climate—which of course is the main consideration. They resist alike the hurricane and the fierce rays of the sun, but they are oppressively monotonous, and offensive to our republican love of variety. Of taste and invention, they have none. There is almost a total absence of what we call architectural character of these houses. Neat and clean without and without, but low, staid, gloomy and spiritless.
The outer walls make the impression that they were first completed and were afterwards partitioned off and fashioned into dwellings according to the wishes of their occupants, each family being allowed so much space. Everything about them conveys a peaceful sense of manners which may easily be traced not only to the climate, but to the church, the faith, and the baptism form religion here enter into everything.

We in the United States let something of our regard for ornament show itself at our front doors. Nothing of the sort is manifest in the dwellings of Saint Domingue. The people seem indifferent as to the impression made by the entrance to their houses. Their doors are of huge dimensions and swing on heavy, long iron hinges. They are all after the harem order. And are in fact used as such, for the Spaniards in his happy, does not adorn his domicile. Slight telle within the walls of his house, hence the horse and his rider enter through the same door. The horse is a small but strong, and beautiful animal, full of life, and is never shed with iron. He seems perfectly at home in the family of his master. In this he is not peculiar, for all domestic animals here sustain very friendly
Relation to the families to which they belong.

To those of American ladies, if not to those of American gentlemen, the windows of Santo Domingo dwellings would seem altogether atrocious, designed more to let in the dark than to let in the light. Though broad and high, the floor of the dwelling is so far below the window sill as to conceal all but the heads of the inmates. They are simply porceaine like, iron grated, glassless, curtainless, and are usually kept half closed, on the inside, by huge window shutters made after the pattern of the door.

One marked feature of the place, and which gives it the appearance of great antiquity, is the old wall of solid masonry, still in pretty good condition, mounted at intervals by heavy guns, and pierced at others for the use of small arms, entered at several points through large gates guarded by soldiers. This wall completely surrounds the city, and thus walled, thus walled, thus...
windowed; this situated at the mouth of
of the river of the Bataban, looking out grandly
upon the broad, blue sea, containing a population
of about three thousand. Noiseless and solemn,
as a New England Sabbath, you have the ancient
city of Santo Domingo, the oldest metropolis of the
New World. Once full of life and activity, it
continued within in these same old walls,
severely thousand souls full of life and activity.
Many of the massive and imposing religious
structures, built in the days of its religious
power, wealth, and glory, still adorn the city.
In all her vicissitudes and trials, and
they have been many, the religious character
of Santo Domingo, has never deserted her.
With all sincerity and freedom from doubt, the people
of that old town will tell you, that in time
of drought, they have only to display in the open
street, a certain old cross said to have been
brought over by Christopher Columbus, in order
to bring rain from heaven. According to them
this cross is as potent to upon the windows
of heaven as the prayers of a certain old prophet were to shield them.

At the slightest sound of each

Religious service is duly performed in all the

Churches of the place. While the darkness of

Night still makes visible the great Cross in the southern sky, and her watchmen

who pace her streets all night, faithfully

telling the hours and the state of the weather

have scarcely ceased their dreary round

when the ears of the people of Santo Domingo are saluted with a perfect tumult of bell

more confused and excited than a fire alarm,

summoning the faithful to their altars, and
to their prayers, nor do they summon the

in peace. At the first wild clang of these

of these Church bells, the streets are thronged

with pious men and women demurely winding

their way through through the darkness to

confess, if not to foretake their sins

and pray for pardon.

An American visitor would find in Santo

Domingo many objects of curious interest,

and among these about which he would
Longest is the old church of San Francisco. It is the most ancient, and was once the most splendid religious edifice in that city. If not in the island of it was once vast ruin, and the base used to which it once, sacred walls are put involves a name that puzzles contradiction to the generally superstitious character of the Native people, with strange and unaccountable reverence, this this holy place, this solemnly consecrated temple of God, where he was supposed to meet his saints, the very approach to the gates of which once feigned and thrilled the minds of men with deep religious awe. It is now only a large pen used to enclose goats, swine, and other animals and raising them for the market. It is tended by old women, who seems to have no sense of inappropriateness in converting the solemn temple into a stable for domestic animals.
Besides raising pigs and goats and such, in the holy places, the keeps bees, and has long lines of beehives there for making honey. This done chiefly for the wax—a large item of sale to Domingo Anconra.

With a queer taste for seclusion, the old lady, poor old proprietress of this ghastly old henequen, makes her home in one of the best preserved parts of its walls and seems very well pleased with her residence, gloomy residence. An American much less superstitious would as soon think of hiding away at night among tomb stones, as within the walls of this old henequen. Some what shy in her manner, the old lady does not take it amiss to be called upon to show the henequen nor does she feel offended by any little grateful testimonials that those whom she serves may be pleased to leave in her hands.
But what a change is here! And what a lesson of the transient character, of the most enduring and sacred works of men does this old relic teach. A vision of the zeal, energy, the toil, sweat, and still more, of all employed, laid before us as we behold it, it was meant to stand forever. But now its mouldering remains. No longer are objects of pride and piety to all Santo Domingo, but piously meeting with the dust whence it was taken, and devoted to uses never dreamed of by its founders. Its lofty domes, its towers and turrets, its galleries, its pulpits and altars have fallen. The day of its greatness and power, like that of its founder is past. For its desolation, it has not become the habitation of bats and owls, but the dreary shelter of pegs, grates and pulleys. The whole scene is melancholy. Here and there amid the general decay, you see a vaulted old Roman archway, a broken pillar, an angle of an inner wall, which has sternly resisted the slow but certain and destructive shafts of time. But arch, pillar, and angle, only loom over the more perishable parts of the fallen structure like monuments over the shapeless graves of the dead! Some thing is added to the dreariness of this ruin; by the contrast it presents to the life, fulness, of present nature— which fairly sports—
and laugh, in triumphs over art. Man's noblest achievement in architecture are but play tools in her hands. She touches his cloud capped towers and gorgeous palaces and they crumble to pieces to dust and ashes.

Favored by all her forces of climate and soil, she reigns in destruction. The palm, the casuarina, the banana, Jasperillo, and graceful plamada, with other tropical growths, rich and beautiful, rise high above, and fling their shadows, interlacing trees and creepers, which now cover the holy floor, where wealth and fashion once kneel in pride.

As prayer. The priest, the altar, and the incense are gone, and the delightful chants of her beloved songsters have given place to the hum of industrious bees.

I am looking here and elsewhere in the city, at the changes made by time and the elements, grovng apprehensions will come for the fallowed structures of noble demesnes, which have thus far braved their destructive power and yet made a solid and respectable appearance. It is impossible not to feel that where old San Francisco has gone these once go also.
Tropical heat and humid moisture, both ever active and sleepless here, powerful agents alike to create and to destroy, are already displaying their destructive tendency upon the altars, the pulpits, and upon the walls, of the best preserved among these.

If in the United States, time wears, cities burn, churches fall, there is a spirit and a power in the land to build and restore them. Chicago, alas! to day, is granite to morrow, but this old city of Santo Domingo, perishing in the thick of an effete civilization, gives no sign of the wealth and energy that called these hollowed structures into existence. Her people, worship at their altar, feel the almost-less faith and the tremendous energy that built and fashioned them. She is there, but the soul is gone.

It does not appear from the religious history of Santo Domingo that piety and morality, religion and justice, are inseparable, but the contrary. If humanity has bred, and justice has been outraged, they have never needed the sanction of the # pie in precept or example.

If in the United States we have had our Slaves,
they in Santo Domingo have had theirs also.
If we have told men to build churches, tabernacles, bakeries, to buy bibles, and women to support missions, the Protestant of the North has but imitated the
bad example of his Catholic Brother of the South.
In whatever way the fact may be construed
whether to the support or to the prejudice of religion,
it demonstrates that there is a striking resemblance
between human creeds and human nature, and that the
one is seldom better than the other.
The tendency of religion to desire the order
and stability of society does not gain much strength
from the example of Santo Domingo. While no people
have been more religious, in people have been more
frequently or more violently driven asunder and broken
to pieces by social disturbances and by rapid alternations
of fortune.
Tracing the history of Santo Domingo from
the point of time when as Popishman has it, the
"daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages
and opened to one world the surce of knowledge,
power, and happiness, and to another all insufferable
life" down to the present hour, and we find, happily
for a national life of a thousand years.
In view of the experience of this island, there is something
paralyzing in the responsibility assumed by those who undertake
to plant civilization in what they may call a barbarous
country.

Of course, nothing can be definitely known of the life
of Santo Domingo under the rule of her chiefs, the Caribes,
but it is evident that her life under their rule, was more friendly
to humanity than the civilization by which she was invaded.

Whatever may have been the stillness of that fair and
beautiful island, previously, she has known no repose
since civilization entered her borders.

It was her lot to be roamed from her innocent barbarism
in a rude and startling manner. The sight of her ignorance
was broken by the gradual dawn. Civilization took as it
was come upon her all at once, in the unclouded
blaze of tropical noon day. Her wealth was her misfortune.
She has that within the sides of her mountains and in
the lands of her river beds, which in all ages has throned
the highways of the world with fierce and daring
adventurers.

The first thing inquired for by the Spaniards on landing
was gold. They wanted gold. The burning, bewildering
maddening lust for gold; the unappealable desire for
wealth, riches, the most heedless and hardening
of all desires, attracted to her shores, a multitudinous and overwhelming tide of emigration. Her native population, feeble both in mind and body, vanished before it, as if smitten by the breath of Almighty power.

It is hard to believe when we remember the precedent religiousness of the Spaniards, that in less than a half a century they had nearly exterminated the native population. From one million their numbers had fallen to living thousand souls. Yet such is the irresistible voice of history.

It is said, that in the mountains of Senora, a few of these were smitten Caribean races are still to be found. The mission of Christian civilization to these people, was robbery, slavery and death, and the fact that any of them remain to perpetuate the forms and features of their ancestors, is due to the care and pains by means of which they were able to keep out of the way of that deadly civilization.

It was once said by Daniel O'Connell, that the history of Ireland might be traced like the track of a wounded man by the blood. A strong and startling figure, but one more strong and startling,
is required, for a true picture of the life of Santo Domingo. The experience of the western part of this island, under France, and the eastern part under Spain, and the whole alternately under one or the other of these fierce Latin powers, has been of the bitter and most destructive character. Every form of war, that could unite a nation, every species of oppression and treachery from within and from without, the effect of which is to destroy confidence, and to plant distrust and hate in the heart of men, were here applied. Every calamity that can follow in the broad, black track of war, including famine and pestilence, have here conspired to render human society impossible.

With a look of wonder, if not of doubt, Men ask why the population of Santo Domingo, is so sparse, and why its civilization is so feeble. At the glance of the nature and history of its war, its slavery, its slave trade, its terrific and continual revolutions, and they will wonder less, that the population and the civilization is so feeble, than they will wonder that it has any population at all, or little change to the forms of civilized life.
This island was not only the first American soil to behold the sacred cross, and to hear the gospel of the son of mercy, but the first Cisatlantic country to engage in the African trade and to darken the dashing fellowship of the Atlantic with Congo blood.

Thus thirsting for gold, for ease, and splendor, the pecos Spaniards, having murdered in their fields and mines nearly all their native slaves, and dried up the fountain of their native supply, thrust their brutal eyes to the shores of Africa.

A holy priest, a man with a feeling of humanity above his fellows, afflicted by the tears and suffering of the lighter nations, or the fear that remained of them—suggested as a measure of Christian benevolence, the importation of slaves from Africa.

While in the city of Santo Domingo, I stood upon what was laid to be, the very
Neither turn, to less distressing thoughts and feelings. There are compensations in History as well as in Nature. Santo Domingo, the first American slave to fall upon itself, and upon the New World, the curse and crime of slavery, was also the first to feel the dire consequences of that terrible curse and crime. More than sixty years earlier, thou ourself, she was made to feel the storm of blood and fire, that follows ever sooner or later, on the track of national crime. Her mountains were made to smite, and her valleys to rage with fierce wrath and revenge. Her Toussaint, her Dessalines, and her Christopher, were the first of their race, to teach the world that it is dangerous to good the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm.
As to the passions stirred and fostered here, no talent
is required to show some analogy with the
physical character of the country itself. The
very soil is free of extremes. Wholesome and
nocuous growths abound. Light and shade,
glare and gloom, heat and moisture, a brine
sky above, and slumbering earthquakes beneath.
No orange is so sweet. No orange is so bitter.
Both the better and the sweet grow in the same
garden and draw their respective qualities from
the same rich soil. Kindness and mercy
dearer as tropical flowers, there in the
sweet, as tropical flowers, there in the
character of the brave, considerate, revenge and
hatred, deadly as tropical plagues and poisons,
flash from the eyes and quiver on the lip
of the equally brave and the determined
soul.

There is nothing lovely in virtue or hateful in vice,
Nothing holy in truth, or corruptible in lies, nothing that excites men into heroes and heroes into gods or debases men into monsters and monsters into gods, which we may not find here illustrated, magnified, idealized.

The question as to whether were the more cruel and demoniacal in their barbarities the whites or the blacks has never been so keenly question for American critics now. Judgement has long times been rendered against the blacks.

The horror of Santo Domingo, the frightful horrors of Santo Domingo! Who has not heard and trembled at these horrors! A thousand times they have been invoked to excite the malign passions of the whites against the blacks and to hurl the fire of the mob against the Abolitionists.

It was a dastardly device, and did its work of mischief well. For along time it kept Santo Domingo an outcast among the nations of the earth. For more than fifty years she knelted at the doors of this nation for recognition and was fiercely driven away.

Never said a member of Congress, who is still living, and who at the time, spoke the sentiments of the country, "Never will I never will my constituents be
forced into this recognition. This is the only body of men who have emancipated themselves by cutting their masters. They have been long free, I admit, yet if they had been free for centuries, if time himself should confront me, and make his heart burn at any opposition, I should say to him, I owe more to my constituents, to the quiet of my people, than I owe, or can owe, to unworthy precepts, however ancient.

Well, Galilee, didst the world move, and along comes another compensation. Santo Domingo is recognized, and a better intelligence has lifted the fleeting reproach from the bonds of the black Nordic, who sought only to be free, and fixed it upon the bonds of those who sought to enslave them.

The American people have had their eyes opened to a better experience. The treacherous and savage capabilities of men who have lived by enslaving their fellow men are better understood now than ten years ago.
We read these capabilities now in the characters of our 
braves, Gorreto, and Daniel, in the horrors of Andersonville, 
and Sandburg.

It is not to be denied, that the recipes of 
Great Dominey. When once rescued from their long suffering 
are terrible in their vengeance, and committed excesses at which humanity must always shudder; but the 
wildest and most shocking of these were paralleled and 
proceeded by the crimes and excesses committed by the 
Whites, who made war to enslave them.

The blacks of this island were comparatively moderate 
their dealings with their old masters in the first 
struggle to put off the yoke. It was not until they had 
been free, prosperous, and happy, six years under the 
wise and benevolent Government of Toussaint-Louverture, 
and Bonaparte, the first six years, that of our century— 
last six hundred ships and forty thousand soldiers—under 
the ablest generals that France could boast, to recapture 
them, that the black and mulatto people of that island 
perpetrated their greatest horror. And this thought-provoking 
fact is especially worthy of thought at this moment when 
an effort is being made again to reduce it to slavery, 
the same race among savages who have now been 
six years free from the chains of slavery.
which has been laid of the treachery and treachery of the mulattoes of Santo Domingo and of the prejudice of the latter towards the blacks.

This ill-will, in addition to its other vices, has been cured with that most assured and implacable of all wars, a war of words. It must be confessed too, that the leaders of this conflict still shoulder in that island, and may break out again at any moment.

The foundation of the bad feeling between the two colors is easily comprehended. If the mulatto is treacherous and malignant towards the blacks and white as he seems to have been, it is not because nature has denied to him qualities less noble than other varieties of men, but because of his abnormal relations. The mulattoes from the beginning were constituted a separate caste. By blood and position they were connected with both the white and the black races of the island, and by the same, they were separated from both and made a peculiar people.
The latter race, freer than the Saxon, from mere prejudice of color and race, were not quite base enough to enslave their own flesh and blood in the persons of their mulatto children, and yet, were too not noble enough to place them on a level with themselves.

Hence they made a compromise. They gave their mulattoes an intermediate position, as well as an intermediate position. Color.

Like all other compromises it has resulted in disappointment and misery to the ignorant.

Wrong is as logical and as exacting as right. Man Must alter to fit or slave. He will never beContent with a condition of halfness. Concession is over the fatal apple of discord in the end.

The mulatto, between the slave and the slaveholder, was necessary the friend of neither. He was in a condition to espouse or abandon the side of either, as interest or passion might dictate.

Society, without consulting his wishes in the matter, had in advance, ordained him to be a disturbing force, a natural born Gomorrah. And such he has been and such he will be, to all intents and purposes, probably.

Reasoning of a barbarous Caste shall have been swept from that Country, as it certainly will
be in the end except from our own great Republic. A man here may get be made to receive indignities in the United States on account of race and color—but the overwhelming tendency of our times is to human equality.

I have no disposition to defend the Mulattoes as against the blacks of Santo Domingo—but it is true to the truth of history to affirm that to the Mulattoes belong the credit of the origin of the terrible struggle, which finally gave freedom and independence to the whole people black as well as mulattoes.

I went to Santo Domingo, as also did the Honorable Commissão in an impartial spirit—prepared either to oppose or to advocate annexation. I went there not as upon a holiday excursion—nor without painted the Commission, but to see and learn for myself—see that could be known of the true condition of that Country.
It is, as estimated at the beginning, impossible, to describe in detail all the facts that came to my knowledge, during my visit, but it is due to you and to the completeness of my lecture to state briefly the general conclusions, forced upon me by all I saw and learned.

Little civilization. Whatever may have been its merits and achievements in other times and places, it has here in Santo Domingo, been a most miserable failure. It has brought one of the most beautiful and richest countries on the world to the verge of ruin.

There is nothing in the climate or soil. Nothing in the conditions it affords for health and vigor of body and mind, which have made this failure necessary.

The cause of this failure is to be found in that rapacious spirit, that invariable greed for gold, which forgets the claims of a country in a selfish individualism, which would reap where it has not sown and gather where it hath not sown, which exterminated the native population, and filled their places with slaves from Africa, and spent the wealth gathered here, not in efforts to improve the country, but in the follies and dissipations of foreign countries, leaving ignorance, superstition and misery in the land from which riches and luxuries were derived.
requainting to the country that gave them wealth and honor, only ignorance, superstition and misery.

While the people of Santo Domingo, in their personal relations been quiet, order loving, and peaceable, their political affairs have been in the hands of rival ambitious chiefs, one holding power till put down by a Revolutionary rival. The prominent names of these chiefs fill the air, and keep the country in a constant state of alarm and in a general state of insecurity wholly unfavorable to industry and the acquisition and defense of wealth. He or other property may be stolen by some one of the Revolutionary chiefs who may reside in the mountains, the cry of God and liberty.

4th.
That events here has been too long running in the deeply worn grooves of political disorder
and has become wasted by this peculiar revolutionary life, that there seems no power to lift itself out of these ancient groves.

That this view of the situation is held the most intelligent and patriotic citizens of Santo Domingo, and they are therefore deeply and earnestly desirous to be annexed to some strong government which could and would make successful revolutions impossible and thereby destroy the motive which prompts them, and by securing peace, would lead, industry and commerce, and in a word save the country from a return to barbarism.

It was manifest to all who went to Santo Domingo, including the opponents as well as the friends of annexation, the vast majority of the people of Santo Domingo are distinctly in favor of annexation to the United States.
Now having heard these statements and conclusions, if you ask
and in favor of the annexation of Haiti Domingo,
I answer, most assuredly, I am.

There was a time in the history of our
Republic, when the thought of any extension of its
dominion was painful to me as to the friends of
its free institutions generally.

Annexation then meant the extension
of slavery— the opening of new slave markets,
the revival of the internal slave trade; the
addition of more slave states, more slave
representation in Congress, and greater
decency to slavery at home and abroad.
It now means the enlargement and security of human liberty, the advancement of knowledge and happiness, and the redemption of manhood from oppression, King craft, priest craft and superstition.

The friends of Saint Domingo, ask why extinguish this absurd nationality? I respect the sentiment that prompts the inquiry but the answer is, when nationality ceases to be a reality when it ceases to be a help and becomes a positive hindrance, it is a plain duty of the people opposed by it, to get rid of it, and it cannot be wrong to assist such people in laudable efforts to that end.

A National government involves no trifling burdens and responsibilities. Such government implies wealth amounts and the power to direct order at home and to command respect abroad.

It means men and money: it means foreign and domestic relations. It means the sending of diplomatic agents to distant governments, and the reception of such agents in return. It means armies and navies. It means the ability to make and enforce treaties, titles, and trace their honor and his excellence, or his gracious majesty, without these qualifications are quickly contemptible.
Nations, like husbands must be either loved or hated, and stillgetStatus. Nations cannot live by faith. In all that concerns nationality, means must be kept steadily in view, and must be proportioned to the ends to be accomplished. A train of rail road iron is just as moved by the wings of a butterfly.

A small nationality is out of joint with our times. Such a nationality, save here barely enough off Europe—here, there is a necessity imposed upon the stronger ones, to protect them by maintaining what they call the balance of power.

But when no such necessity exists a small nationality becomes the crushing armour of a giant, on the shoulders of a pigmy. It is a thin-shelled egg among cannon balls and is apt to meet the fate of broken egg.
The flag of such a nation instead of lifting its citizen with thought and pride, fills them with a gloomy and despairing sense of their weakness... is a flag that ought to be exchanged for another. Organization, attention, unification, and progress are the grand features of our age.

The English and German tongues are spreading the globe. No rival House of Religion—Barons now dispute the "realm of England." "Kaiser" shrugs over unified Germany. The long divided southerns of Italy have reunited. The attempt to divide our coasts—

And set up a little Latin Confederacy, has failed. These facts are but the indications of the irresistible continuity of our times.

Now the truth about Santo Domingo, is that she is to abide to stand alone. Her wise and patriotic

You know it, and feel it. They lay aside ambition and national distinction for the welfare of their country and instead of being counted with selling their country they should be commended for their
wisdom and patriotism.

They believe that it is better to be a part of a strong nation, than the whole of a weak one.

But it is said that the extinction of this enlightened nationalism, will be an untimely and an improper humiliation of the colored race, and that the pains of that race should be their scars against it.

While I admit that the motive or object of this objection is good and one which I highly respect, I am wholly unable to see any force in it. There is no humiliation involved in the measure to either party.

It is remarkable that while abolitionists are endeavoring to guard colored Dominions against the degradation of annexation, the anti
Abolitionists are unceasingly to save the United States from the degradation of such a union. One or the other of these classes may be wrong, but both cannot be right, though both may be wrong.

Should it neither degrading nor humiliating to be made a citizen or a State of the United States, but our honor and a privilege to be either.

Roam through the wide world and where is their a nation, so enlightened, so liberal and so progressive as the people and states of the United States? Wonders there many and great, but where is there one, which there is alike ground to look for reform and improvement?

The men who framed and formed this union knew the dignity and value of nationality. But they were no sentimental dreamers. They had the wisdom to see that the whole is stronger than a part and that small states united, formed a safer condition of nationality than small states alone.
I have told you that annexation is not to end with London.

And I ask what if it does not? What if Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica,
and other islands adjacent to our continent, should one
day, like Nelson, under our flag, count our liberty and
our civilization? Our form of government is ample and
admirably adapted to expansion. It was not our territorial
dimensions that brought division and strife, but slavery.
On religion and in politics, there are two principles that
have ever shook the world. One is liberal and progressive,
the other
and despotic and conservative. It is ever the case to
contrast. The ages may change its form, but never its
substance. And all nations, kindreds, tongues and
people must love or later hate their lot with
the friends of one or the other.
lecture on Sante Domingo
To be delivered in the morning
February
Douglass, Frederick. Manuscript in 2 different hands (neither is F.D.'s)
42 pages. Lecture on Santo Domingo.
To be delivered in The Mercantile Library.
Perhaps dictated. This bears revisions and corrections but not in Douglass' hand.