

January 18, 1828

Original Communication. FOR THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL. THERESA, _____ A Haytien Tale.

DURING the long and bloody contest, in St. Domingo, between the white man, who flourished the child of sensuality, rioting on the miseries of his slaves; had the sons of Africa, who, provoked to madness, and armed themselves against French barbarity; Madame Paulina was left a widow, unhappy - unprotected, and exposed to all the horrors of the revolution. Not without much unhappiness, she saw that if she would save her life from the inhumanity of her country's enemy, she must depart from the endeared village of her innocent childhood; still dear to her, though now it was become a theatre of many tragic scenes. The once verdant plains, round its environs had been crimsoned with the blood of innocence, and the nature of the times afforded no security to the oppressed natives of Saint Nicholas.

Famine which had usurped the place of plenty and happiness, with her associate security, were banished from the humble dwellings of the injured Haytiens.

After much unpleasant reflections on her pitiable situation, Madame Paulina resolved to address a letter, soliciting the advice of her brother, then at Cape Marie', and at the head of a party of his patriot brethren, who like him, disdained slavery, and were determined to live free men, or expire in their attempts for liberty and independence. But reason had scarce approved this suggestion of her mind, when suddenly she heard a simultaneous volley of musketry, and the appalling roaring of heavy artillery rumbling along the mountain's ridge, like terrifying thunders; to this distant warfare, the lapse of fifteen minutes brought a cessation, which announced, that on either side, many that were, had ceased to be. Silence having ensued, there was a stillness in the air. All at Saint Nicholas, desirous to know the issue of the combat, remained in doubtful anxiety.

Each one's heart was the abode of fear and doubt, while the dense smoke, escaping the despot's fury, and evading the implacable resentment of those armed in the justice of their cause, was seen to overtop the dusky hills, winding its way upwards in sulphureous columns, as if, to supplicate at the Eternal's Throne, and plead the cause of the injured.

The French in this combat with the Revolutionists, suffered much, both from the extreme sultriness of the day, and the courage of those with whom they contended; disappointed and harrassed by the Islanders; they thought it a principle of policy, to resort to acts of cruelty; and to intimidate them, resolved, that none of them should be spared; but that the sword should annihilate, or compel them to submit to their wonted degradations; and St. Nicholas was the unfortunate village, first to be devoted to the resentful rage of the cruel enemy. All the natives were doomed to suffer; the mother and the infant that reposed on her bosom, fell by the same sword, while groans of the sick served only as the guides which discovered them to the inhumanity of the inexorable, at whose hands they met a miserable death.

The sun was fast receding to the west, as if ashamed of man's transactions, boasting itself in the dark mantle of twilight, when Gen. Le' - [], fired the few dwellings, then remaining in the village. Misery was now grabbed in her most terrifying robes, and terror possessd itself the heart of all,

except the French, in whose hands were placed the weapons of destruction.

The intelligence of the defeat of the army recently stationed at Cape Marie, reached the ears of the unhappy Paulina, and with horror she heard that her beloved brother in his attempt to regain St. Nicholas, breathed out his valuable life in the cause of freedom, and for his country. But it was now no time to indulge in grief - Safety was the object of the wretched villagers.

To effect an escape from the horrors of this ominous night, was difficult in the extreme; for the passes leading out into the country were all occupied by the enemy's troops, who were not only vigilant, but relentless and cruel. Madame Paulina apprehended her own danger, but her greatest solicitude was for the safety of her daughters, who in the morning of life, were expanding, like the foilages of the rose into elegance and beauty. She had kept them long concealed from the knowledge of the enemy, whose will she knew was their law, and whose law was injustice - the mother's wretchedness, and the daughter's shame and ruin. In happier days, when peace blessed her native island, she had seen a small hut, during a summer's excursion, in an unfrequented spot, in the delightful valley of Vega Real, and on the eastern bank of the beautiful Yuma; and now she resolved if possible, to retreat thither with both her daughters.

Necessity being the source of human inventions, was now ready to commune with her mind on subjects of moment, and to give birth to the events of its decision - and in the midst of the general uproar in which the village now was - The shrieks of the defenceless, the horrible clashing of arms, and the expiring groans of the aged, Paulina hurried herself in the execution of her plans for escaping.

With a feigned passport and letter, she ingeniously contrived to pass out of the village conducting her daughters, like the pious Aeneas, through all the horrors, in which St. Nicholas was now involved.

But though protected by the mantle of night, Madame was hastening on her way to safety and quiet; she frequently would turn her eyes bathed with the dew of sorrow, and heave her farewell sigh towards her ill-fated village; and like [] when departing out of Sodom, Paulina prayed for mercy for the enemies of her country, and the destroyers of her peace. She and her daughters, driven by cruel ambition, from their peaceful abodes were wretched. Their souls were occupied by fearful doubts and anxiety. Every whisper of the winds among the leaves of the plantain and orange trees, caused her daughters to apprehend the approach of danger, and she to heave the anxious sigh.

The green lizard crossed not the road in the way to its hole, at the noise of the fugitives feet, but they beheld through the shade of the night a body of the enemy; the distant glare of the firefly, was a light which pointed to the enemies camps; while the bat beating the [] in its nocturnal ranges, often was the false messenger of danger to the fair adventurers. Every tree kissed by the zephyrs, that ruffled its leaves, was an army approaching, and in the trunk of every decored mahogany, was seen a Frenchman in ambush - not less alarming to the fugitives, were the ripe fruit that frequently fell to the earth. Then having turned into a by-path, Paulina felt herself more secure; and with a soul oppressed with mingled grief and joy, she with maternal affection embraced her daughters, and observed to them, that however just may be the cause which induces us to practice duplicity, or the laudable object which gives birth to hypocrisy. Truth alone can make us happy, and prevent the

Internal Judge of the human mind, filling us with fearful apprehensions, and painting to our imaginations the result which would attend detection. S.

(To be Continued.)

Date: January 25, 1828

Original Communications. FOR THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL.

THERESA, - _____ A Haytien Tale.

MORNING had just began to peep forth, and the golden rays of the returning sun were seen to burnish the tops of the majestic cibiao mountains, when the bewildered adventurers were suddenly startled by the shrill blast of a bugle; their surprise was not less than their wretchedness, when at no great distance, they beheld approaching them a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. At this unexpected crisis madame Paulina overcome with fearful apprehensions, trembled lest she should be wanting in the discharge of her difficult undertaking. But it was now too late; she must either act well her part or be reconducted by the foe [] Nicholas, and there, after witnessing the destruction of those for whose happiness, she was more concerned, than for her own, receive a cruel and ignominious death.

The party of horsemen being now very near, she gave some necessary instructions to her daughters, and conducted them onward with no little confidence in her success. The lieutenant, by whom the French were commanded, observing her attired in the uniform of a French officer, took her for what she so well affected to be - (a captain of the French army) he made to her the order of the day, and enquired the time she left St. Nicholas, and whether conducting the two prisoners, (for Paulina had the presence of mind to disguise her daughters as such) she replied, and taking forth her letter, she handed it to the lieutenant. Succeeding thus far admirably, our adventuress was led to make some enquiries relative to the welfare of the French troops, stationed west of St. Nicholas, and having collected much valuable information, they parted, and Madame Paulina favoured by a ready address, and with much fortitude, escaped death - conducting the dear objects of her tender solicitude far, from the ill-fated village of their infancy.

Being informed by the lieutenant, that at the distance of a few miles, there were encamped a company of the French, she thought it judicious to avoid all public roads, and having turned into a thick grove of the Pimento trees, she proposed to her daughters to rest in this spot until darkness again should unfold her mantle.

In this grove of quiet security, the troubled souls of the fugitives ceased partially to be oppressed with fear - the milky juice of the cocoanut allayed their thirst and moistened their parched lips, and the delicious orange, and luxurious mango, in spontaneous abundance, yielded a support to their nearly exhausted natures.

Madame Paulina and her daughters were now seated under the shade of a majestic spreading Guava. The day was fast declining, and though the heat of July was intensely oppressive; in this secluded spot, the air was rendered fragrant with the variety of aromatic shrubs, that grew

spontaneously in this grove of peace. The hummingbird skipping capriciously from blossom to blossom, displayed its magnificent plumage, and for a while diverted the minds of the unhappy fugitives from grief and from ominous forebodings; wearied and fatigued by a journey which was not less tiresome than hazardous, their much exhausted natures, were greatly refreshed by the cool breeze which gave to their whole bodies a calm sensation, in which their souls soon participated and Madame and her eldest daughter were now lost in the arms of sleep, the kind restorer of vigour to the minds and bodies of men. All around was now still, save the western woodpecker was heard at times to peck the hollow trunk of some decayed tree, or the distant roaring of heavy cannon, which announced that all creative beings were born to enjoy peace, but man, who stimulated by ambition, is more cruel than the beasts of the forest, which soil he ever renders fertile with the blood of his victims. But Mademoiselle Theresa, the youngest of the three adventurers, greeted not sleep. The vigour of her body was indeed much exhausted, but the emotions of her mind were more active than ever; she saw with the mind's eye the great services which might be rendered to her country; she brought to her imagination the once delightful fields of her native Hayti, now dy'd with the blood of her countrymen in their righteous struggle for liberty and for independence.

Not less did she contemplate the once flourishing plantations ruined and [] Domingo once the grana yo [?] the West Indies, reduced to famine, now the island of misery, and the abode of wretchedness.

It was but the last night, that she witnessed the most terrifying scenes of her life - when the shrieks of her dying friends made her apprehend justly what her own fate must be, should she fail to effect an escape from the village of her happiest days. Theresa thought of the brave St. Clair; she imagined she saw her beloved uncle weltering in his blood, and the barbarous French fixing his venerable head on a pole, and it exposed on a cross road, as the head of a rebel. She shuddered at this thought; her soul was subdued, and the fount of grief issued from her eyes in copious streams, bathing her febrile cheeks with the dews of sorrow. Why, said she, O, my God! hast thou suffered thy creatures to be thus afflicted in all thy spacious earth? Are not we too thy children? And didst thou not cover us with this sable exterior, by which our race is distinguished, and for which they are contemned and ever been cruelly persecuted! O, my God! - my God! - be propitious to the cause of justice - Be near to the Haytiens in their righteous struggle, to obtain those rights which thou hast graciously bestowed on all thy children. Raise up some few of those, who have been long degraded - give to them dominion, and enable them to govern a state of their own - so that the proud and cruel may know that thou art alike the Father of the native of the burning desert, and of the more temperate, region."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Date: February 8, 1828

Original Communications. FOR THE FREEDOM'S JOURNAL. THERESA, --- A Haytien Tale. (Continued.)

IT was in the presence of Theresa that the conversation between M. L'Motelle and her heroic

mother took place. Madame Paulina, on her part leaving nothing undone, which might serve to accomplish the object for which she had been induced to practice duplicity; M. L'Motelle regarded her for what she really appeared to be; and unhesitatingly spoke of matters concerning the nature of the times; of the military and local situations of the French troops: their condition and strength were topics of interest; and Theresa learned that the distance to the camp of the brave Touissant, L'Ouverture, was a single league from the place where he communicated the intelligence. Seeming to be inattentive, she pensively bent her eyes towards the earth, listening the while as he unconsciously developed many military schemes, which were about being executed, and if successful, would, in all probability, terminate in the destruction of the Revolutionists, and, in the final success of the French power in this island. These were invaluable discoveries, and could they be made known in due time to those against whose rights, their injustice was intended, it would not fail to give success to Haytien independence, disappoint the arch-enemy, and aid the cause of humanity. But, alas! important as they were to the cause of freedom, by whom shall they be carried.

Who shall reveal them to the Revoluists [sic]. No one interested was near, and they were in the possession of none friendly to the cause of justice, except the three defenceless ones. Theresa herself must be the bearer, or survive only to witness them executed agreeably to the desires of the enemy. In what manner must she act? The salvation of her oppressed country to her, was an object of no little concern; but she also owed a duty to that mother, whose tender solicitude for her happiness, could not be surpassed by any parent, and a sister too, whom she tenderly loved, and whose attachment to her was undivided. Her absence from the grove, she was confidently assured, would be to them their greatest source of affliction; it would probably terminate the already much exhausted life of her dear mother, and complete the measure of Amanda's wretchedness. Her own inexperience in the manner, she should conduct in an affair so important and hazardous, was an obstacle which in connexion with her sense of duty, and care for her mother's happiness, would deter her from embarking in it. She paused, then as if aroused by some internal agent, exclaimed, "Oh Hayti! - be independent, and let Theresa be the unworthy sacrifice offered to that God, who shall raise his mighty arm in defence of thy injured children. She drew from her bosom a pencil and wrote on a piece of bark of the Gourd tree, telling her mother and Amanda, whither she was gone - her errand; begged that, they would not be unhappy on account of her absence; that they would remain at their place of peace and quiet, until she should return to them with an escort, who should conduct them to a safer retreat, and commit them to the protection of friends. This scroll, Theresa pinned on her mother's coat, while she and Amanda were yet indulging in repose, and like an heroine of the age of chivalry, she forsook the grove of Pimento and hastened on her way to the camp of L'Ouverture. She had scarce reached the third part of her journey, when her mother dreaming, that one of her daughters had been borne off by an officer of the enemy, awoke from sleep and missing Theresa, believed her dream prophetic. It was now that the keenest anguish filled her soul. Paulina wished not to live. Life to a mother thus sorely afflicted, is misery - she would go in search of the dear object of all her affliction, but where, she knew not. Keen is the grief of a mother, whose child has been forced from her. She is extremely wretched, and her affliction then, cannot be less severe, than it was when in the anguish and sorrow of her soul, the dear object of her tenderest

solicitude was introduced into the world, to take its station among the Probationers for eternity. Amanda was now awakened by the unhappy and pitiful grief of her bewildered mother. Hastily she enquired for her sister; Paulina in a burst of grief and wild despair, told her, she had been borne off while they slept; with half articulated accents, she related her ominous dream, and the fact was now realized in her absence from the grove. An icy chillness pervaded her whole nature - a dark mist covered her eyes - all the objects by which she was surrounded seemed to recede - her senses were bewildered, and Amanda, unobserved by her mother, swooned and fell to the earth. But soon recovering, she beheld the piece of Gourd bark pinned to the skirt of her mother's coat - she hastened to unpin - it was the hand writing of Theresa - they read it with avidity - joyful in the happy discovery, the mother and the daughter embraced each other. From neither, words found utterance. Silence was perched upon their tongues, while the tears of mingled joy and sorrow poured from their eyes; The troubles of their souls were greatly subsided, but happiness could not be restored, until the success of Theresa be ascertained, and she again be encircled in their arms.

It was uncertain whether she could, in safety reach the camp of the Revolutionists; the roads were at all times travelled by reconnoitering parties of the French; and what would be the fate of the heroic Theresa, if taken by any of them! How cruel would be her usage, particularly, if her intentions and the circumstances, which gave them birth be known. Death inevitable would deprive the world of one so fair, virtuous, and so noble.

Such were the thoughts of the mother and sister of the noble adventuress. But while they were thus grieving, Theresa, favoured by fortune, had safely arrived at the military quarters of the great Toussant: had communicated to the chieftain the object of her visit to his camp, and was receiving all the distinctions due her exalted virtue, and which her dauntless resolution so justly merited.

The sun was now fast receding behind the lofty Cibao, whose rugged summits in the morning, appeared burnished by its resplendent rays, and darkness was out-stretching here spacious mantle. The orange and citron groves, and all the rich enameled luxuriance of torrid luxuries, now began to wear a sombre aspect, while the chattering Paroquet ceased to imitate man, and disturb the sweets of solitude, with prating garrulity, had retired to her roost on the sturdy logwood. Now it was, that Theresa, under a strong military escort, left the general's camp of hospitality, retracing her steps towards the grove of Pimento, where, at her departure, she left her dear mother and Amanda, enjoying calm repose; seated in a close carriage, her thoughts reverted to the deplorable state of her country; with a prophetic eye she saw the destruction of the French, and their final expulsion from her native island. She entreated the Creator, that he would bless the means, which through her agency, he had been pleased to put in the possession of her too long oppressed countrymen, and that all might be made useful to the cause of freedom. But turning her thoughts toward her mother and sister, Theresa was conscious, that her absence from the grove could not fail to have given them extreme sorrow and unhappiness; her gentle nature recoiled at the recollection, and she gave way to a flood of tears. But recollecting again the important services, she had rendered her aggrieved country and to the Haytien people - the objects which prompted her to disobedience, which induced her to overstep the bounds of modesty, and expose to immediate dangers her life and sex. She felt that her conduct was exculpated, and self-reproach was lost in the consciousness of her laudable

efforts to save St. Domingo. Her noble soul re-animated, recovered its wonted calm, as the ocean its quiet motion when the gentle breeze, and the returned sunshine, succeed a tempestuous sky and boisterous winds.

S.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Date: February 15, 1828

(For the Freedom's Journal.) THERESA - A Haytien Tale. Concluded.

FATED to experience trials, she was now to be made more wretched than ever. St. Lewis was now near the forward progressing company of his brethren in arms. He had been despatched to the Pimento grove, to acquaint madame Paulina and Amanda of the approach of their dear Theresa. But, alas! by whom, or how was the doleful news to be reported to the heroine? Her mother and sister were not to be found at the place where she had left them: and who shall keep the shocking intelligence from her! Already she saw him approaching; he was now near. She observed the gloomy melancholy, which settled on his brow, that plainly foretold all were not well. She inquired into the result of his journey to the grove, and as an earthquake rends the bosom of the earth, so the intelligence her gentle soul.

"Oh! Theresa! - Theresa! said she in bitter grief, thou art the murderer of a mother and a loving sister! Where! where shall I hide me from the displeasure of heaven and the curse of man! - Oh, matricide! matricide! whither shalt thou flee from thy accusing conscience! In life I shall be wretched, and after death, oh! who shall release this soul from the bonds of self-condemnation! "Oh my affectionate mother! Hast Theresa rewarded thee thus, for thy tender solicitude for her; "was it for this, that thou saved me from the devouring flames of my native St. Nicholas! 'Was it for this, that thou didst exert all thy ingenuity, and saved me from the uplifted sword of the enemy of St. Domingo! - 'Oh God! forgive this matricide! "Forgive Theresa, who to save her country, sacrificed a mother and a sister - "Wretched Amanda! and thrice wretched is thy sister, who devoted thee to misery and death!"

The body of escorts were now arrived at the Pimento grove - Theresa sprang from her carriage; hastened to the place where her mother and sister reposed at her departure. She cried in the anguish of her soul, "My mother, my mother! where art thou! - Come forth - let Theresa embrace thee to her wretched bosom. Come Amanda! dear Amanda, come, and save thy loving sister from black despair! "Where, cruel enemy, where have ye conducted them! If ye have murdered my dear mother and sister, let Theresa but embrace their clayey bodies, and while I bless the enemies of the Haytiens!" But her grief was unheard by those, the loss of whom she bitterly deplored; solemn silence occupied the grove, interrupted only by intervals with the moans and sobs of the men of arms, who marked her anguish of soul, and were absorbed into pity. Whither now shall Theresa bend her steps! No kind mother to guide her in life, or affectionate sister, to whom to impart the sorrow of her soul, or participate with in innocent pleasure; friendless and disconsolate, she was now left exposed to many

evils, and at a time too when the assiduous care of a mother was most essential in the preservation of her well being. Theresa was on her way back to the camp of the kind Touissant L'Ourverture to claim his fatherly protection, and seek a home in the bosom of those, to whom she had rendered herself dear by her wisdom and virtue. The trampling of many horses was heard rapidly approaching, and bending its way towards the same direction. It was a party of the French troops, and she was now to witness war in all its horrors. The enemy of Haytien freedom was now near. The war trumpet now sounded the terrible blast for the engagement, and the Revolutionists like lions, rushed on to the fight with a simultaneous cry of "Freedom or Death!" The French, great in number, fought in obedience to a cruel master. The Haytiens for liberty and independence, and to obtain their rights of which they long have been unjustly deprived.

The pass between the Mole and the village St. Nicholas, drank up the lives of hundreds in their blood. The French retreated with precipitance, leaving their baggage with their gasping friends, on the spot where victory perched on the standard of freedom: And now the conquerors had began to examine the property deserted by the vanquished. A faint but mournful groan issued from a baggage cart forsaken by the enemy; directed by the light of a flambeau, captain Inginac bent thither his nimble steps. Curiosity is lost in surprise - joy succeeds sorrow - the lost ones are regained. It was Madame Paulina and Amanda, the mother and sister of the unhappy THERESA. S.