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### THERESA.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

"There are individuals doomed to misfortune, and such is my destiny. There must be narrow windows had been built as if quite unconscious of their proper destination, and excluded the light and air as much as possible still, many of the panes having been broken, little streams of the rain now beat against them came driving in; and a variety of small zephyrs, in the shape of draughts, did any thing but add to the Count's comfort. Half a tree would not have sufficed to fill the ample hearth, on which could just be perceived a flickering flame, almost lost in the immense volumes of smoke that rolled into the room like waves on a beach; till Adalbert rushed in despair into the outward hall, which was inhabited by the two or two antiquated servants who still remained in the large but ruinous building."

Count Adalbert walked up and down the gloomy chamber which had been hurriedly prepared for his reception. The high and narrow windows had been built as if quite unconscious of their proper destination, and excluded the light and air as much as possible still, many of the panes having been broken, little streams of the rain now beat against them came driving in; and a variety of small zephyrs, in the shape of draughts, did any thing but add to the Count's comfort. Half a tree would not have sufficed to fill the ample hearth, on which could just be perceived a flickering flame, almost lost in the immense volumes of smoke that rolled into the room like waves on a beach; till Adalbert rushed in despair into the outward hall, which was inhabited by the two or two antiquated servants who still remained in the large but ruinous building."

Like most other young men, Count Adalbert had relations who conceived they knew better what was good for him than he did himself; and his uncle—whose experience was certainly very efficacious as a warning and who believed that an error was easier prevented than remedied—on perceiving the young Count's predilection for the profession of Vienna, deemed that some reward and even a diamond necklace, would be saved by his nephew's being introduced to the historical records of his family—a which the old Count of Aremberg occupied a distinguished place. Advancing accordingly to the aid of a slight degree of military observance, and the consequent forced to leave Vienna at a quarter of an hour's notice—quite unsuspecting how active his uncle had been for his good. Had Adalbert been aware of this most fatherly act, it is probably his guardian would have more than shared the execrations which the exile lavished in his inmost heart or fate, Colonel Rasaki, may even on the august person of the Emperor.

A long ride had completely fatigued him, and he resolved to postpone his discontents. "I shall have time enough to grumble," thought he, as he followed the lighted pine-splinter—the only taper the place afforded—to the state chamber. The motto flew out of the tapestry as he entered—they had half devoured the court of Solomon, no more "in all his glory?" the green velvet hangings of the enormous bed had shared the same fate; and Adalbert was again driven to the hall where he fell asleep thinking of suicide, and awoke dreaming of Angelina, whose image, however instantly took flight before the melancholy reality of the old castle.

Yet a week had not elapsed before Adalbert thought the said castle very well for a change, and the neighbourhood delightful. The truth is, he had fallen in love—as pleasant a method of passing time in the country as any young gentleman could devise. Wandering in search of the beauties of nature—(people who have nothing else to do, become picturesque in self defence)—he met with one of her beauties indeed, the loveliest peasant girl that ever "made sunshine in a shady place." A scarlet cloth cap, trimmed with fur, partly covered a profusion of fair hair, which was parted on the soft forehead,

and fell in bright and natural ringlets on the neck; her dress was of grey serge, and short enough to show a foot and ankle such as not even the rude country shoes could disguise; her cheek had the bright beaming crimson of early youth and morning exercise; and her deep blue eyes shone with the vivacity of uncurbed gaiety and unbroken spirits. She came along, bearing a willow basket of wood strawberries and wild blossoms, with a dancing step, and a lively song on her lips, singing in the very gladness of her heart.

The strawberries led to an acquaintance—Adalbert was thirsty, and Theresa (for such was her name) generous: she divided her fruit with the stranger, eagerly pressing the best upon him? in all the frank and earnest good-nature of a child. She was too simple, and too much accustomed to meet with kindness from every one, to be bashful. They arrived at the cottage, where Theresa's mother made Adalbert as welcome as herself; and in a few days, whether seated by her side as she turned her spinning-wheel of an evening or with her when wandering in search of wild flowers and fruit, the contented exile and the beautiful peasant were constantly together. The dame was exceedingly quick in observing their love, which she seemed to consider quite natural. Though very ignorant, she had seen something of society beyond her own valley, and its peasantry, and at once discovered that the Count was their superior: but the goodness and loveliness of her child entitled her, in the old woman's eyes, to be a princess at last.

Theresa was the most unselfish creature, and had never dreamt of love till she felt it; and world to her was bounded by the wild moor and deep wood which surrounded their cottage. The only human beings she had ever beheld were the ancient domestics at the castle, and a few of the peasants far poorer than themselves; for they had many comforts which their neighbours eyed with much suspicion and some envy. Learning she had none, for neither mother nor daughter could read; but knowledge she had acquired. She knew all the legends and ballads of the country by heart; these gave her poetry to her naturally vivid imagination; and the imagination reflects both feeling and manner. Having lived in absolute seclusion, she had nothing of that coarseness caught from familiar intercourse unrestrained by the delicacies of polished life. Her companions had been the bird and the blossom, her songs, and her thoughts; and if the poet's dream of unpolished, yet refined nature, was ever realised, it was in that sweet and innocent maiden. Her love for Adalbert was a singular blending of childishness and romance: now her inward delight would find vent in buoyant laughter, and the playfulness of a young fawn bounding along the sunny glades of a forest; but oftener would she sink into a deep and tender silence—as if conscious that a new and even fearful existence had opened upon her—and gaze in his face, till her eyes were averted to conceal the large tears that had incessantly gathered in them. They had been acquainted with each other one whole fortnight, when the old priest at Hartsburg was called upon to marry the handsomest couple that had ever stood before the image of the Madonna!

If we did but know how we rush into one world while seeking to avoid another, we should have no resolution to shun any thing. Could Count von Hermanstadt have anticipated that the fascinating dancer was far less dangerous than the then unknown peasant, his nephew would never have been ordered to the Castle of Aremberg. Little either could he dream, that the innocent girl had herself enjoyed would have been found so useful and agreeable by his nephew. For Count von Hermanstadt though very willing that Adalbert should take the Emperor's displeasure for granted, was not desirous that others of the court where the sovereign's favour was every thing should likewise take it for granted.

The first three weeks of Adalbert's married life passed very delightfully away, his

position was one of such complete novelty: the cottage really was pleasant than the castle; and if Theresa's beauty might have been a model for the painter, as the sweet colours flitted over her face, in like manner the many emotions that now disturbed the calm of a mind hitherto so tranquil and so glad, might have been a study for the philosopher. But Adalbert's previous habits had been ill fitted to make their present state one of security—nay, his very youth was an obstacle; and in youth it seems so natural to love and be beloved, that we know not how to value as we ought the first devotion of the entire and trusting heart. Moreover, he had lived in a world of sarcasm; and Theresa's ignorance, which now they were by themselves, was but a source of amusement, would as he was aware, have been fertile matter of ridicule in society—ridicule, too, which must have reflected on him. Besides, all the prejudices of ancestry had, from infancy, been grafted on his mind—and he would as soon have thought of throwing his companion into the river on whose waters they were gazing, as of presenting her at Vienna. And yet that would have been the more merciful course—What was life whose affections were wounded, and whose hopes were destroyed? And such was the life to which Adalbert was about to leave her. It came at last.

Mademoiselle Angelina's engagement had now drawn to its close; she departed for Paris, and Adalbert received his recall to Vienna. To say he felt no regret, would be doing him scant justice—to say he felt much, would be more than the truth. Once or twice he thought of taking Theresa with him; but from this step he shrunk for many reasons. He told them of important business—of a speedy return—and said all that has been so often and so vainly said in the hour of parting. He threw his horse's bridle over his arm, and Theresa walked with him along the little forest path which led to the road.

Adalbert was almost angry that she showed none of the passionate despair, whose complaints he had nerved himself to meet; pale, silent, she clasped his hand a little more tenderly; she gazed on his face even more intently, than usual; and yet these tokens of sorrow she seemed trying to suppress. It never entered her imagination that any entreaty of hers could alter their position—that any prayer could have prolonged Adalbert's stay for an hour; but every effort was directed to conceal her own grief; she felt so acutely the least sign of his suffering, that she only wished to spare him the sight of hers. At last he mounted his horse—once he looked back—Theresa was leaning against the old oak tree for support, watching his progress—she caught his look, and as she interpreted it into an intention of returning, she held out her hands, and he could see the light come again to her eye and the colour to her cheek while she sprang forward breathless with expectation; he however, averted his head, and spurred his steed to its utmost swiftness; he did not see her sink on the earth—the strength which had sustained her had gone with her husband.

Youth's first acquaintance with sorrow is a terrible thing—before time has taught, what it will surely teach, that grief is our natural portion, at once transitory and eternal. But the first lesson is the severest—we have not then looked among our fellows, and seen that suffering is general; and we feel as if marked out by fate for misery that has no parallel.—Theresa felt more acutely every hour, how wide a gulf had opened between her present and past existence; her girlhood had passed forever; she took no pleasure in any of her former pursuits; she had put away childish things; and nothing had arisen to supply their place, save memory haunted but by one image. Days, weeks elapsed, and Adalbert returned not—her sleep was broken by a thousand fanciful terrors; but one fear had taken possession of her mother Ursuline's mind—that the stranger was false; and bitterly did she lament that she had not

trusted him with the happiness of her precious child.

"And yet I did it for the best!" she would piteously exclaim, whenever her eye fell on the pale cheek of her daughter.

"He is come, my mother!" exclaimed Theresa, bounding one evening into the cottage with a long unaccustomed heart and step. Though eager to go down the path and meet him, yet, the forgetfulness of joy, she had been her of her aged parent, and returned to too might share the happiness of the young. They hurried out, and three were riding up the valley—one in advance of the others.

"Mother, it is a stranger!" was articulated Theresa, and sick at heart for her support.

The rider was full in sight, who shriek that roused her daughter, claimed, "Now the blessed saint unto us, that it is my old master—1 and a thousand!"

The words were scarcely uttered, the horseman dismounted at a round road, and, flinging his bridle over his arms, approached alone. He was fifty, and austere-looking man, well. Ursuline dropped on her knees, raised her kindly, and, following the direction of her look, turned and clasped Theresa's arms.

"My child! my sweet child!" he called long and earnestly on her beautiful face. "Your father, the Baron von Hartsburg, murmured Ursuline.

But as our explanation will be more than one broken in upon by words of respect, and affection, we will withhold that explanation, his advantage of all convenient seasons.

good luck had the Baron von Hartsburg during the first thirty years of his fortune seemed under the necessity of occupying an inordinate portion of evil in space, in order to make up for lost time. The same day brought him intelligence of his wife's desertion, and of his attainment as a traitor; and further, that this accusation had been chiefly brought about by the intrigues of his former partner. A price being set upon his head, usually makes him very spry in his movements; and the Baron fled from his castle with the rapidity of death, but not unaccompanied—We in his mantle he bore with him only child, a little girl of two years old.—As boys, he and the Count von Hermanstadt had often hunted in the forest round Aremberg; his own foster-sister married one of the dependants of the castle, and to the care of Ursuline, now a widow resolved to entrust his Theresa. should she owe her nature to her mother she should grow up pure and unsoiled as the wild flowers on the heath beside dwelling. Ursuline gave the required secrecy, and took the charge.

Years and years of exile had passed; Baron's head; his wife died—that was comfort; and at length, a new partner with the indefatigable efforts friend, Von Hermanstadt, procured the punishment of his innocence, the repeal of banishment, and the restoration of his His first act was to throw himself at the feet of his gracious sovereign, his second in search of his child.

He has stated, it was the Baron that Theresa should be brought up in simplicity; but, as usually happens when our wishes are fulfilled, he was disappointed and somewhat dismayed on finding that she could not read; and that, instead of French, now the only language tolerated in Vienna, and which alone he had spoken years—his exile having been alleviated by constant residence at Paris—his child was unable to greet him save in the guttural of her native German. Aghast at the result of the experiment might total him, he hurried to his family.