

THERESE ; OR, THE GAZELLE OF CATARO.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

All my fond love thus do I blow to Heaven :

'Tis gone——

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,

To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics, tongues.*Shakspeare.*

THERESE was the only daughter of a merchant named Csurgo, residing in Cataro, a dependency of the Austrian domination, and had been sought in marriage by a young and rich Montenegrin mountaineer, Argab Zagyya. Their union was speedily concluded, and the nuptials of Therese and Argab were celebrated at Tsernry, where the residence and the principal property of the latter were situated. Therese was remarkably beautiful ; there could not be a more striking figure than that of the young Austrian ; her " eyes dark charm " the grace and lightness of her form, had obtained for her the name of the Gazelle. She had always exhibited a pious disposition, blended with the utmost filial affection for her aged parents. Nevertheless, though pure as snow, she had not been completely spared by the venom tongue of calumny, and before her marriage a rumour had obtained some circulation, that she entertained a secret affection for a gay officer of the Hungarian hussars.

Argab Zagyya, whose ears the rumour reached, treated it with apparent indifference. Their marriage took place, and for some time he seemed to forget every other consideration in his devotion to his bride. Unfortunately for the latter, the young Hungarian hussar appeared at Tsernry. This, then, confirmed Argab in his belief that the injurious rumours concerning Therese were too well founded, and that which was held before to be a calumnious supposition, was a dishonouring reality. From this day commenced for Therese a life of torture and humiliation ; after struggling through some weeks of the most incessant mental torture, she determined to fly, and executing her resolve, gained the frontier through the midst of a thousand dangers, and joined her father at Cataro. Zagyya at first exhibited no resentment on the occasion of his young wife's flight ; he even sent to her a messenger to obtain from her an image of the Virgin, which in her escape she had carried off with her, through a pious superstition. But a very few days elapsed before this apparent indifference gave place to ungovernable fury, and projects of implacable revenge. In consequence of some false intelligence which he received, Zagyya

became persuaded that his bride had thrown herself into her former lover's arms.

From Tsernry to Cataro was but a short distance ; Zagyya, after having gathered together sixty Heydouks, or mountain brigands, and armed himself and his followers, marched toward the house of Csurgo. Having been stopped on the frontier by an Austrian military post, which sought to oppose his passage, he attacked it, slew nine men, and arrived the same night at Cataro. Old Csurgo and his servants, surprised in their sleep, could offer no resistance. Zagyya seized their persons, caused them to be tied naked to trees in the old man's garden, and flogged with cruel violence, reproaching his father-in-law with having deceived him with respect to Therese's innocence. The brigands then set fire to the house and buildings adjoining, took possession of all the valuables on which they could lay hands, destroyed the cattle, and then took the road which led back to the mountains, dragging the unfortunate Therese with them.

With a rope round her neck, her feet naked, the miserable creature was forced to walk from Cataro to Tsernry.—When the party arrived there, the Heydouks, by order of Zagyya, tied her to a post in the market-place, and began to beat her with leather thongs. The wretched woman, in the midst of the sufferings inflicted by their savage barbarity, declared her innocence, and implored them to send for a confessor.

" Die, dishonoured wretch !" replied her husband, with a demoniac smile ; " you have added sacrilege to your other crimes ; you have stolen the image of the Virgin—you have nothing to expect from Zagyya's pity."

The blood streamed from Therese, her piercing cries rent the air, and resounded to the remotest extremity of Tsernry. But the Heydouks did not in the slightest degree relent in the infliction of their furious blows, and the leather thongs still tore fragments of flesh from the victim's body, after her sufferings had terminated, and the last paroxysm of pain and exhaustion was over.

Even with his victim's death the vengeance of her husband did not cease, and the lacerated corpse of Csurgo's ill-fated daughter, removed from the pillar where her mortal agony had taken place, was carried by his own hands to the hill which overhangs the town, and hung upon a gibbet, to become the prey of eagles and vultures, and his brigands then held a feast on the spot.

ERROR.

O hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not ! O error soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.