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## POETRY.

### THE LOVE LETTER.

Another soft and scented page,  
Fill'd with more hotted words;  
What motives for a pilgrimage  
A shrine like mine efforts!  
I know before I break the seal,  
The words that 't shall find—  
"The wound which you alone can heal—  
So fair, yet so unkind!"

There take your fortune on the wind!  
Ah how the breeze has borne  
(As if our souls were combined)  
The fragments I have torn!  
So let the vows he offer pass—  
Yours fugitive and vain;  
I should as soon expect the glass  
My image to retain.

I care not for the heart whose youth  
Is gone before its years,  
Which asketh a mockery of truth,  
Which finds a beast in tears.  
That is not love, when absence  
Would fill a listless hour—  
'Tis vanity, which prizes less  
The passion than the power.

I hold THAT love which can be kept  
As silent as the grave,  
And pure as dew by evening swept  
Upon the heaving wave—  
Embodying all life's poetry,  
Is highest dearest part;  
And till such love my own may be,  
I bear a charmed heart.

### THERESA.

By MISS L. E. LAMBON.  
(Concluded from our last.)

One evening all Vienna was assembled at a re-union given by the French Ambassador. Dazzling with jewels, and looking her very loveliest, Theresa was seated beside the lady who accompanied her, when her eye suddenly rested on Adalbert. A dense crowd was between them, but the platform on which he was standing enabled him to see over their heads; and he was evidently gazing on her. With a faint cry, she half started from her seat—fortunately she was unobserved; and again sinking back in her chair, she endeavored to collect her scattered spirits from their first confusion of surprise and delight. Her astonishment had yet to be increased. The Baron appeared on the scene, greeted the stranger most cordially, and arm in arm they descended among the throng. At intervals she caught sight of his splendid uniform; it came nearer and nearer; at last they emerged from the very ocean of velvet and plumes and her father addressed her—

"Theresa my love! I am most anxious to present you to the nephew of my oldest friend Prince Ernest von Hermanstadt."

Adalbert, or Ernest, bowed most admiringly it is true, but without the slightest token of recognition. Faint, breathless, Theresa sought in vain to speak.

"You look pale, my child," said her father "the heat is too much for you. Do Ernest try to make your way with her to the window, and I will get a glass of water."

Theresa felt her hand drawn lightly through the arm to which she had so often clung, and the Prince with some difficulty conveyed her to the window. There they stood alone for some minutes, before the Baron could rejoin them; yet not by word or sign did her companion imply a previous knowledge. His manner was most gentle, most attentive; but it was that of a perfect stranger.

Theresa drank the glass of water, and by a strong effort, recalled her presence of mind. She looked in Prince Ernest's face—it was no mistake; every feature of that noble and striking countenance was so deeply treasured for forgetfulness. Her father by continually addressing her, showed how anxious he was for her to join in the conversation. At last she trusted her voice with a few brief words; the Prince listened to them eagerly, but it was evident, only with present admiration.

They remained together the rest of the evening, and the Prince von Hermanstadt handed her to the Baron's carriage.

"What do you think of my young favorite?" asked her father, as they entered their abode. "But I hate unnecessary mysteries, so shall tell you at once, that in Prince Ernest you see your destined husband; you have been betrothed from your birth. This however, is no time to talk over family matters, for you too fatigue to death."

Theresa retired to her chamber, her head dizzy with surprise and sorrow. She had gleaned enough from the conversation to discover that Ernest's absence from his country had been entirely voluntary; that she had known him under a forged name; therefore, from the very first he had been deceiving her. Strange that until this moment her heart had never admitted the belief of his falsehood! As she paced her room, she caught sight of her whose-length figure in the glass; then those upon her memory her own reflection as she had seen it shadowed in the river near her early home, and the change in herself struck her forcibly. "I marvel that he knew me not!—it were far greater marvel had he known me!"

She looked long and earnestly in the mirror; a rich colour rose to her cheeks, and the light flashed from her eyes—

"What if I could make him love me now? and then let him feel only the faintest part of what I have felt?" But the last words were so softly uttered, that they sounded like any thing rather than a denunciation of revenge.

The next day and the next saw Ernest a constant visitor; and Theresa in vain sought to hide from herself the truth, that she felt a keen pleasure in observing how much more authentic her new self was to her former lover. Then they had nothing, now they had so much in common with each other; they read together, they talked together; and Hermanstadt was delighted with the melancholy and thoughtful style of her conversation.

The summer was now advancing, and Hatzinger proposed visiting the Castle. Thither the whole party adjourned; the two elder Barons—for Ernest's uncle had now joined them—leaving the young people alone entirely to themselves. Here Theresa could not but perceive that Ernest grew daily depressed; sometimes he would leave her abruptly, and she would afterwards learn that for hours he had been wandering alone.

One evening, while walking in the old picture-gallery, Theresa turned to admire the luxuriant growth of a parasitic plant, whose drooping white flowers hung in numberless fragrant clusters. Ernest approached to her side, and they leant from the casement—both mute with the same emotion, though from different causes. Suddenly he broke silence, and Theresa again listened to the avowal of his love. But now the voice was low and broken, and he spoke mournfully and hopelessly; for in the same hour in which he owned his passion for the Countess, he also acknowledged to her his marriage with the peasant.

Ernest had in truth, been spoiled by circumstances; his conquests had been too easy, and he had mistaken vanity and interest for love. But a deep and true feeling elevates and purifies the heart into which it enters. His passion for Theresa brought back his better nature; and he now bitterly deplored the misery he must have caused the young and forsaken creature, whose happiness he had destroyed by such thoughtless cruelty. "The sacrifice know made may well be held as atonement."

He turned to leave the gallery as he spoke, but Theresa's voice arrested his steps.

"I have long known your history, Prince Ernest—long looked for this confession. Your wife is now in the Castle; I will prepare her for an interview; from her you must seek your pardon."

She was gone; before Von Hermanstadt recovered his breath. It would be vain to say what were his thoughts during the succeeding minutes; shame, surprise—something too of pity, blended with regret. He had no

moved from the spot, when the Countess's page put a note into his hand.

"I do not wish to let my father know all yet; join us at the end of the acazia wood—your wife there awaits your arrival—Theresa." The Prince obeyed the summons mechanically—as in dreams we obey some strange power. A sharp angle in the walk brought him, before he was aware, to the place; and there, as though he had but just parted from her, stood his wife, leaning for support against the old oak. She wore the scarlet cap bordered with fur, the grey stuff dress, and the plained apron; her beautiful profile was half turned towards him.

"Theresa!" he whispered; when starting at the face, which was now completely fixed in view, he exclaimed, "Is it possible that I saw instantly that it was the Countess before him."

"Yes, Adalbert—or Ernest—by which name shall I claim you?" And the next moment she was in his arms. Confession and forgiveness followed of course; though the Baron von Hatzinger resolved that he would give no encouragement to his grand-daughters being brought up in unsophisticated seclusion, as it rarely happens that two experiments of the same kind turn out well. Still, it is but justice to state, that Theresa never had any further occasion to regret that her husband's heart was once lost and twice won.

### MATERNAL LOVE.

I have seen a mother's love endure every test unharmed, and come forth from the refiner's furnace purged from that dross of selfishness which the heart is wont to find mingled with its purest gold. A widow expended on her only son all the fulness of her affections, and the little gains of her industry.—She denied herself every superfluity, that he might receive the benefits of education and the indulgences that boyhood covets. She sat silently by her small fire, and lighted her candle, and regarded him with intense delight, as he amused himself with his books, or sought out the lessons for the following day. The expenses of his school were discharged by the labor of her hands, and glad and proud was she to bestow on him privileges which her own youth had never been permitted to share. She believed him to be diligent in acquiring the knowledge which she respected, but was unable to comprehend.—His teachers and idle companions knew otherwise.—From his studies he acquired sufficient to astonish his simple and admiring parent with high sounding epithets and technical terms, and despised her for not understanding them.—When she saw him discontented, at comparing his situation with that of others who were above him in rank, she denied herself almost of bread that she might add a luxury to his table or a garment to his wardrobe.

She erred in judgment, and he in conduct, but her chaste love surmounted all. Still there was little reciprocity, and every year diminished that little, in his cold and selfish heart. He returned no cares, and his manner assumed a cast of defiance. She strove not to perceive the alteration or sadly soled herself with reflection, that "it was the nature of boys."

He grew boisterous and disobedient. His returns to her humble cottage became irregular. She sat up late for him; and when she heard his approaching footsteps, forgot her weariness and kindly welcomed him. But he might have seen reproach, written on her paleness of her loving brow, if he would have read it. During those long and lonely evenings, she sometimes wept as she remembered him in his early years, when he was so gentle and to her eye, beautiful. But "that is the way of young men," said her lame philosophy. So she armed herself to bear it.

At length it was evident that darker vices were making him their victim. The habit of intemperance could no longer be concealed even from a love that blinded itself. The widowed mother remonstrated with unwearied energy. She was answered in a dialect of insolence and brutality.

He disappeared from her cottage. What she had dreaded had come upon her. In his anger he had gone to sea. And now, every night, when the tempest howled and the wind was high, she lay sleepless, thinking of him. She saw him, in her imagination, climbing the slippery shrouds, or doing the bidding of rough, unfeeling men. Again she fancied that he was sick and suffering, with none to watch him, or have patience with his waywardness; and her head, with silver hairs began to sprinkle, gushed forth, as it were a fountain of waters.

But hope of his return began to cheer her. When the new moon looked with its slender crescent in at her window, she said, "My boy will be here ere that moon is gone," and when it waned and went away, she sighed and said, "my boy will remember me."

Years fled, and there was no letter, no recognition. Sometimes she gathered tidings from a cousin, that he was on some far sea, in some foreign land. But no message for his mother. When he touched at some port in his native country, it was not to seek her cottage, but to spend his wages in revelry, and re-embark on a new voyage. Twenty years and no better. Yet she had abridged her comforts that he might be taught to write, and she used to exhibit his penmanship with such pride. But she dismissed the reproachful thought. "It was the way with sailors."

Amid all those years of neglect and cruelty, the mother's love lived on. When hope refused its nourishment, it asked food of memory. It was satisfied with the crumbs from a table which must never be spread again. Memory brought the broken bread which had gathered into her basket, when the least of innocence was over; and she received it as a mendicant, and fed upon it, and gave thanks. She fed upon the cradle smile, upon the first caress of infancy, upon the loving years of childhood, when putting his cheek to hers he smothered the live-long night; or, when teaching to walk, he tottered with outstretched arms to her, as a new-fledged bird to its nest.

But religion found this lonely widow, and communed with her at deep midnight, while the storm was raging without. It told her of a "name better than sons or daughters," and she was comforted. It bade her to resign herself to the will of her Father in heaven. And she found peace.

It was a cold evening in winter, and the snow lay deep upon the earth. The widow sat alone by her little fire side. The marks of early old age had settled upon her. There was meekness on her brow, and in her hand a book from whence that meekness came.

A heavy knock shook her door, and she could open it, a man entered.—He moved with pain like one crippled, and his red downcast visage was partially concealed by a torn hat: Among those who had been familiar with his youthful countenance, only one save the Being who made him, could have recognized her through his disguise and misery. The mother looked deep into his eye, saw a faint tinge of that fair blue which had charmed her when it unclosed from the cradle dream.

"My son! my son!" Had the prodigal returned, by a late repentance to atone for years of ingratitude and sin? I will not speak of the revels that shook the peaceful roof of the widowed parent, or of the profanity that disturbed her repose. The remainder of his history is brief. The effects of vice had debilitated his constitution and when he was apparently recovering from a long paroxysm of intemperance, apoplexy struck his heated brain, and he lay a bloated and hideous carcase.

The poor mother faded away and followed him. She had watched over him with a meek nursing patience to the last.—Her love had never been turned away from him through the years of neglect,—brutality and revolting wickedness.

"Beating all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things," was his motto.