

# THE LITERARY TRANSCRIPT,

## AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

VOL. I.—No. 103.]

TUESDAY, 23RD OCTOBER, 1838.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

T E R E S A.

A Tale of Revolutionized Rome.

BY V. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

Concluded.

With these words, which made Moreton's head swim—so easily are heart and head affected at his age—she advanced to a side door, which she opened; and in a small but most tastefully arranged boudoir, the Englishman discovered the beautiful *harpiste*, seated on a small sofa, her back turned towards them, while she intently played a most difficult passage from some music placed on a stand before her. Lord W.—gently placed one hand on the mother's arm, and restrained by his looks her intention of disturbing the musician. Both he and Moreton gazed on the unconscious girl for some minutes, in admiration of her sylphic form, her graceful attitude, and the profusion of dark hair which fell in long ringlets over her neck and shoulders. Though the strangers did not speak, they perhaps breathed their admiration too strongly, Moreton certainly heard an audible sigh; and, startled by the interruption, Teresa turned round, rose up abruptly, and nearly overturned her music-stand. Moreton darted forward to assist her efforts to get it right, but in so doing he threw down the harp, and when he was able to set it upright again, he saw Lord W.—holding the hand of the young beauty and answering a compliment and an apology—the first on his own account, the latter for the sake of his awkward secretary. Poor Moreton was overwhelmed with shame and anger at his own mishap, and the supercilious air of his employer. But while in the language of romance, he could almost have sworn Lord W.—his eyes (in the same) gazed the lovely being by his side. She was "exceeding beautiful," perfectly Italian; scarcely (Moreton thought) like anything human that he knew of; it was as though one of Raphael's intense imagination had magically started from his frame, imbued with more than a mortal perfection.

Whatever mortification Moreton felt, it was once turned to triumph with the bewitching smile which Teresa gave him. However her slight had appeared to the cold eye of the diplomatist, awkward in his fall or blundering as he recovered from it, she was nothing but gracefulness and agility in the accident, and a proud conquest afterwards. A sensitive mind has no instinct of penetration, which a selfish one does not comprehend. The latter constantly commands modesty without presumption. It must be confessed their symptoms are sometimes very much alike.

Lord W.—was a true prophet; both he and Moreton were invited to supper—a slight repast, but prepared with excellent good taste, and neatly served. In the course of the evening two visitors dropped in, apparently by chance. The one was the *Abbate* a little mingled, middle-aged fellow, his dress and well powdered hair arranged with the greatest care altogether an admirable specimen of his class. He had travelled much, spoke French (which was an evening's conversation) was chiefly carried off with great fluency. He ran over all the news and chit-chat of the day, and finally took leave an hour after supper to run off to the half-dozen houses of his friends, as the *monsieur* assured her other guests, to retail all the political lies and scandal of the city. The other visitor was an *avvocato* evidently *mi de la maison*. He had in fact, in the *city painter's* time, been the lady's *cavaliere route*; but her state of widowhood did not allow her publicly to admit the services of such a functionary. He was therefore introduced to the Englishman merely as a dear friend, who, being an admirable musician, instructed Teresa both the harp and guitar, her mother's narrow circumstances depriving her of the advantage of regular masters. After supper, Teresa sang. Her manner was modest, timid, even—but her style superb; masterly pride on the harp was followed by a cavatina, executed with the skill of a pro and the voice of an angel. Several duos with her master succeeded in every sense;

it was a rich musical treat. The conquest of poor Moreton was complete; he was fascinated—overwhelmed; he knew nothing of time or space; when the clock struck midnight, he was thunderstruck, "Is it possible?" exclaimed he.

When Lord W.—rose to take his leave Moreton would have willingly held him down, by the skirts, that was not possible; so they returned home to their hotels. But it must be observed that while Moreton had been wholly absorbed in admiration of the daughter; the mother had entered into some farther details relative to her son with Lord W.—; and that the *avvocato*, in order to make him quite master of the affair, had placed in his hands a *memoire* of the whole transaction, which his Lordship coolly put in his pocket, promising to give it his ample attention.

The Lord and Secretary arrived at their hotel. It would be hard for any one to tell from the manner of the first, either on that or any other occasion, whether he had or had not a secret on his mind. But now it seemed as if the latter had the weight of the whole world on his. He spoke not a word; but, seizing a taper, he was rushing off to his bed-room, when Lord W.—quietly begged off him to sit down. Lord W.—sank softly into an arm chair, fixed his eyes on Moreton, and spoke as follows:

"Now, my dear Moreton, you see we are thoroughly in for a serious affair—pray don't speak, or blush, or look fidgety—absolutely in for it. I wish and intend to be very candid with you on this occasion—no thanks, pray! I find it necessary to speak plain; but you are not required to say one word. You were surprised at my taking you to supper this evening uninvited—more so, perhaps, at our being asked afterwards. Never mind—I know what you would say—but I must tell you that it was all arranged beforehand. What the devil do you start for, and look so confounded silly! Excuse me, and keep yourself cool. Yes, all settled beforehand, by my worthy friend the *abbate* and the *avvocato*, though we all appeared to be strangers to each other. I went under pretence of buying pictures, but it is something more important I meant to procure.—Now I entrust you to make no fuss about what I am going to mention. I am over head and ears in love with Teresa. I have been so for some time, although you knew nothing of me. The priest and the lawyer are deep in my confidence and my interest. You will not I hope and trust, be less zealous to serve me. You would ask me what you can do: I will tell you then. While I follow up my designs against the daughter's heart, you, my dear Moreton, must do your best to keep the chief obstacle out of my way—you must make love to the mother!"

At this climax my readers will of course expect that young Moreton bounded from his chair, burst into indignant exclamations, acted the hero, and all that. No such thing. He was as mute as a mouse, as cunning as a fox, as cool as a cucumber.

"Well, Moreton; why don't you say something?—Can't you answer me?" said Lord W.—

"Your lordship has asked me no question." "Well; then, let there be no question about it. I take it for granted that you agree to my proposal."

"Certainly, my lord; it is my duty to do your bidding."

"My dear friend, I am eternally obliged to you—you may depend on my gratitude!" exclaimed Lord W.—, springing from his chair, and grasping his companion's hand.

I may appear strange that love should have so instantaneously made Moreton a diplomatist, and Lord W.—a jape. The truth is, that the secretary was inspired with the true passion, his employer with the spurious! The first teaches man prudence, the latter throws them off their guard.

"Now, my good fellow," continued Lord W.—, squeezing Moreton's hand, and drawing the *memoire* from his pocket, "go to bed, think over how you can best set up to my wishes on this occasion, and pray read this long *improvisation*—I know the whole thing by

heart—and you will see how little anxious I am likely to be to push the prayer of the petition. Good night! good night!"

"What an unprincipled scoundrel!" muttered Moreton to himself, as he saw a few minutes later in his own room, that the *memoire* was put into the shape of a petition from the afflicted mother and sister to the Neapolitan General in command of the city, praying for the immediate release of young Antonio, their son and brother.

The petition was verbose—genuine sorrow generally is so—but it was to the following effect:—

"On the second invasion of the Roman territory, in 1796, the capital was garrisoned by a handful of French troops, stationed in the castle of St. Angelo. The tyranny which they exercised drove the citizens to despair. A tumult took place, in which the Republicans were brought down a severe punishment. The garbison was enforced; fresh contributions were levied; every citizen able to bear arms was drafted as conscripts and artists of all nations were obliged to serve in the communal guard. The father of Antonio and Teresa fell a victim to fatigue, and on his death his son, then only seventeen, was forced to supply his place. He was sent to join a corps at Civita Vecchia. He caught the malaria in that detestable station, and had nearly suffered his father's fate. But being permitted to return to Rome, he recovered his health; and being a good musician and excellent violin player, he was frequently ordered to assist with his instrument in playing republican airs at the national fetes.—The success of the allied Austrian and Russian armies in Lombardy paved the way for a counter-revolution. Rome was again liberated, the civic guard was disbanded, and the young conscript set free."

A little before this period Teresa returned to her family from the convent where she had been educated, and where she was on the point of taking the vows. Rome was revived from a foreign yoke: its gaieties were revived; and in the ensuing carnival all her sufferings were forgotten. The widow, desirous to indulge her daughter with the spectacle of a masked ball, conducted her under the protection of Antonio and the *avvocato* to the theatre, both the ladies being masked, and the whole party strictly confining themselves to their *loggia*. But in order to partake of some refreshments, the encumbrance of the masks was for a few minutes thrown aside; and although every precaution was taken, by placing Teresa far back and out of the public gaze, still she had the misfortune to be observed by a man in the adjoining box, who obstructed his half masked countenance over the partition.

He immediately addressed Teresa, and besought her to dance with him. Such a demand, which would have been a great impertinence, at any other season, was perhaps warranted by the licence of carnival manners. The proposal was civilly declined; but the intruder continued to persecute the ladies with compliments, in a foreign voice, bad Italian, and foreign accent. His domino thrown open for an instant, by accident or design, betrayed a ribbon and a star richly decorated, on his breast, which led to the confusion that he was a foreigner of rank. His bushy reddish beard and whiskers seemed to speak him from the North, and his spirits being evidently elevated from the effects of wine, gave force to the supposition.

No sooner had the party reached the corridor than the stranger joined them, and attempted to take Teresa's hand in his. Antonio's blood could mount no higher; he re-entred the insult in angry words. The stranger seized him by the collar. Antonio struck him to the floor. A loud scene of bustle ensued. Groups of masks separated the combatants. The frightened *avvocato*, and the discomfited foreigner were left alone with his indignity and revenge.

Antonio and his friend, the lawyer, were next morning arrested on a charge of having committed an outrageous assault on a Russian prince.

To this accusation the prisoners made the best defence they could. The *avvocato* was liberated, and hopes were held out by the *commissario* of pardon to Antonio, on his making a suitable submission.

On that very evening a packet was placed in Teresa's hands by a mysterious looking messenger. It contained a letter with a most passionate declaration of love, and entreating a meeting for that evening at sunset, in the Colonnade of St. Peter's. Besides this there was a case of superb oriental pearls worked into the necklace and earrings. Teresa, agitated and indignant, would have torn the latter in pieces, and dashed the ornaments on the ground. Her mother, more cautious, re-sealed the packet, and sent it back by the person who bore it.

The rejection of this first overture seemed decisive of poor Antonio's fate. He was not liberated. Successive letters, in the same strain of exaggerated rapture, followed daily, and Teresa, yielded to those odious solicitings was made the positive condition of her brother's freedom. In the meantime new charges were heaped on him, of having been guilty during the French occupation, of playing republican airs, and treasonable designs and practices. He was again kept in secret confinement; his health began to fail; and Teresa, to avoid the persecution of her detested admirer, was forced to keep entirely to the house. The name of her brother's accuser was entirely concealed, and repeated petitions to the Governor for trial or redress, were treated with total neglect; and the civil power protected in those critical times against interfering with the all-powerful military Government.

The petitioners pressed themselves to be in utter hopelessness of obtaining justice, unless the benevolence of Lord W.— might induce him to interpose his interference, the manner of which was left entirely to his own judgment, their only request being that it might be prompt in order to be efficacious.

A great deal of what passed in Moreton's mind, on reading this document and reflecting on Lord W.—'s proposal, may be imagined by the sensitive reader. The result was summed up in a resolution to defeat his machinations, and if possible to snatch the lovely Teresa from the hands of both the Russian Prince and the English noble, who, to his ardent view of the case, appeared equally unprincipled and ignoble.

Between a young man of twenty and a girl of seventeen a passion rapidly excited and fanned by stirring circumstances is not long in ripening—particularly in that amorous land, whose very atmosphere is love. In about a fortnight from the first meeting Moreton was the avowed and accepted suitor of Teresa. He saw her every day on a thousand various pretexts; he told her of Lord W.—'s designs, of the part he was himself expected to play, and the wily diplomatist was thoroughly deceived. He made many protestations, of his anxiety to obtain Antonio's release, told sundry falsehoods as to the steps he intended to take for that purpose, followed up his assiduities to Teresa, bought several more of the widow's pictures, and reckoned with certainty on his obsequious secretary playing the game he had dictated to them.

One evening he obtained admission to the widow's house through a garden gate which lay conveniently open. He calculated on Moreton being in his own *legitimate* occupation of flitting with, and flattering the widow in the parlor, in order to leave the coast clear for his own preconcerted visit to the daughter in the *salon* above. He slipped softly up stairs, entered the chamber, heard the murmur of two voices in the boudoir, peeped gently in the half-closed door, saw Teresa half sitting, half reclining on the identical little sofa where he had first surprised her, and Moreton kneeling before her, pouring out whole rhapsodies of passion—while with one hand in his and the other laid on his shoulder, she listened with an intention quite equaling his ardor.

Lord W.—, also list'ned attentively for some minutes, then cautiously withdrew, and made his escape from the garden without being heard or perceived. Moreton continued to

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM LATE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PAPERS.

From an article in the London and Westminster Review, it appears that at the last census, the number of domestic servants in the United Kingdom was—Females, 923,646; men and boys, 211,966; total, 1,135,612.

A. Worslip Street police office, London, Bazi Deners, a Canadian refugee was committed for trial for having slaughtered a cow belonging to a Mr. Dawkins, of Tottenham, and stolen a part of the carcass. A butcher who examined the carcass pronounced that the hind quarter had been cut from the beast before it was dead, that there were gashes on each side of the windpipe, inflicted with a clasp knife, but nothing to cause its death. In consequence of the excitement created by a report of the prisoner's brutality, he had to be conveyed to the station-house under the protection of a large body of the police. The prisoner was subsequently tried, and found guilty. He obstinately refused to plead or utter a syllable; but this trick did not avail him, and the Recorder told him he should consequently be transported.

Active preparations are making for opening the campaign at the winter theatres. Bunn at Drury Lane, and Macready at Covent Garden, are on the alert. The latter opens on the 21st, and the former on the 24th.

From a census made in July last, by order of the Minister of the Interior, it would appear that there are 47,500 British subjects residing in France; but this return is said to be very imperfect, there being more than twice that number in France.

It is rumored that the husband of the late distinguished singer, Madam Malibran, is about to be united to her sister, Millie Garcia, whose vocal powers but fair to rival those of the late lamented favorite.

It is a singular fact ever since their alleged acceleration by the rail-roads, the delivery of general post letters in the metropolis has been retarded full an hour upon the average, while the people of Liverpool make a similar complaint.

The total annual export of Sherry from Spain according to the custom-house returns, is 28,627 butts, each containing 600 bottles; but as this is considerably less than the amount professedly imported into England alone, it follows that some other article must be substituted for sherry, and it would be curious indeed to know how much of the Sherry for which a bottle is charged at inns was ever imported from Spain.

The following is the account of the contributions obtained in the year 1837-8 by the four principal Missionary Societies in London:—Church of England, 288,547; Wesleyan, 491,320; London, 270,255; Baptist, 217,826. It is calculated that the Royal Exchange will be re-built, upon the proposed enlarged scale, and ready for business within three years; whilst of the two houses of Parliament, burnt down in 1834, not a stone is yet laid, nor is the kind of stone of which they are to be built yet decided on.

The consumption of Paris for the month of August consisted of 5,414 oxen, 1,581 cows, 7,613 calves, and 2,600 sheep.

A company is forming at Rouen for the purpose of raising the ship *Tlemusque*, at an about fifty years ago, at the mouth of the Seine, and which is supposed to contain specie and plate to a large amount, as well as other valuables, among which is a necklace which belonged to Marie Antoinette, a painting by Raphael, &c.

The following notice lately appeared in the shop window of a tailor at Cork:—Wanted two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

The city of Orleans, one of the most considerable of the second-rate towns of France, was lighted with gas for the first time only a few days (nights) ago.

## UNITED STATES.

The St. Louis Bulletin of the 25th September states that the Mormon troubles had ended. Peace and quietness reigned among them; and the general opinion was that they have been greatly slandered—"more sinned against than sinning."

The Jury in the case of John Shea, for the murder of Patrick O'Dowd, at New-York, declared their inability to agree on a verdict, and the prisoner has been remanded for a new trial at the next term.

WEST INDIES.—Intelligence from Key West to the 30th Sept. has been received by the editor of the New Orleans Bulletin. The Floridian of the 29th says that the accounts

from Nassau: of the disastrous consequences of the gale of the 8th, are still distressing. The hulls of vessels, some bottom upwards, and others dismantled, have been seen floating about the gulf in almost every direction, on the Bahama side. Many vessels have gone entirely to pieces, and the loss of life and property must consequently be great. In one house in Nassau, there were boarding 25 sea-captains that had been wrecked.

## UPPER CANADA.

We hear that a sergeant, a corporal and three privates of the 43rd, deserted the other day from the Fells. Two officers of the regiment happening to be on the other side, met with the sergeant who had become tired of the land of "sympathy?" and on their promising to plead his cause at a Court Martial, he returned with them; but Colonel Bath would not have anything to do with him. So he was obliged to go back to enjoy "liberty and equality" in the best way he could.—*Niagara Reporter*.

A few days ago, two men of the name of Karangah, and one named Gray, was tried at the Johnstown District Assizes, for attempting to seduce two soldiers of the 71st Regiment to desert, and found guilty. They were sentenced to six months imprisonment.

THE STEAMBOAT CYNTHIA BURNETT.—On Saturday last the sternboat *Cynthia*, commanded by Capt. J. H. Hudson, when two miles this side of Amherstburgh, on her way to Sanduschi was discovered to be on fire. So rapidly did the flames spread over the upper works that it was deemed expedient to run her on shore immediately, in order to save the lives of those on board, which was accordingly done.—*Saratoga Herald*.

## LOWER CANADA.

Montreal, Oct. 20.—We believe that in Quebec as well as in Upper Canada, the shilling sterling passes current for one shilling and three pence, and the sixpence sterling for sevenpence half-penny Halifax currency, while in Montreal they are current for one shilling and a penny and sixpence half-penny. If it is any object that a good silver currency be kept in the country, the rates for British silver should be raised to the Quebec standard.—*Herald*.

Yesterday morning at ten o'clock, the whole of the troops in the garrison, consisting of the 7th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, the Royal 24th, 71st, and 73rd Regiments of the line, were brigaded on the Cote à Baron hill, which displayed all "the pride and pomp and circumstance of glorious war."—*ib.*

Notwithstanding all the bungling of the post, and the escape of political prisoners from Fort Henry and the jail of this city, we were certainly not prepared to learn that Theller and one of his associates have made good their retreat from the impregnable fortress of Quebec! Well may it be asked—where will all this end? The British name has already suffered sufficiently by the stultified conduct of the authorities, and every trifling helps to bring it lower in public estimation. National honor requires that every public duty should be well and properly performed, even the secure keeping of the lowest fence. This escape will be made a fine thing of among the ignorant habitants.—*Courier*.

## THE TRANSCRIPT.

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 23rd OCT. 1838.

### LATEST DATES.

From London, Sept. 20 From New York, Oct. 19  
From Liverpool, Sept. 20 From Halifax, Oct. 2  
From Paris, Sept. 17 From Toronto, Oct. 6

No later European intelligence is received by this morning's mail. New York papers are to be morning of Thursday last.

Nearly all the Upper Canada papers concur in opinion as to the probability of our being on the eve of fresh disturbances on the frontier. All accounts from the "land of sympathy" agree in stating that an active organization is on foot along the whole American line. A kind of freemasonry has been established, and the doings of the fraternity are conducted with secrecy.

The Officers' Barracks at Chambly, have been entirely destroyed by fire, which broke out on Friday morning last about three o'clock, and we sincerely regret to add that Ensign Carey, of the 15th Regiment, perished in the flames. It appears that this gentleman, after having escaped in the first instance from the building, had returned to his room to secure something highly prized by him, which in the

hurry of the moment he had forgotten, and contrary to the earnest entreaties of one of the sergeants, he rushed into his apartment in the face of evident danger, and thus perished. No other lives have been lost; but it is stated that Lieut. Smith, of the 15th Regiment, had been severely burnt.

The circulation of the Lewiston Telegraph in Canada, says a Niagara paper, has been prohibited by order of the Post-Office Surveyor. Last winter, when a spirit of vigorous wickedness presided over its columns, it was allowed to circulate without interruption, but now, when it has sunk into a state of hopeless diviling somnolency, it must be stopped.

His Excellency Sir John Colborne left town on Saturday night, in the steamer Canada, for Montreal. He is expected to return in a few days.

Capt. Dillon, A. D. C. to His Excellency the Governor General, and E. G. Wakefield, Esq. left town on Saturday night, for England, via New York. The former gentleman is the bearer of despatches from His Excellency to the Home Government.

In addition to the reward of \$1000 offered by the Brigade of Guards for the apprehension of Theller and Dodge, the Governor General has issued a proclamation offering \$2000.—Innumerable reports are in circulation respecting the route and destination of the prisoners, but no certain information on the subject has been received. Four privates and one sergeant of the Coldstream Guards, are in close confinement, awaiting an investigation into the circumstances attending the escape of the prisoners. We are informed that Theller sent his measure, about a month ago, to a tailor in the town, with directions to make him a braided coat precisely similar to those worn by the Guards, fearing which it would appear that he escape had been for some time meditated.

By placard posted about the town, we observe that a public meeting is convened or the purpose of forming a "Friendly Union for the suppression of vice and promotion of useful knowledge in Quebec." To the notice calling the meeting is subjoined an outline of the plan to be proposed.

Two companies of the Grenadier Guards, the 4th and 7th have this morning received orders to hold themselves in readiness to go up the country.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. CHIEF JUSTICE NEWELL, On his retirement from the Bench.

"Before I quit this seat, I wish to address a few words to you, my learned brothers, and to you, gentlemen of the bar.

"The state of my health having of late put it out of my power to render that assistance in the execution of the duties of the bench, which I have heretofore been able to afford, I deemed it my duty to tender my resignation of the office of Chief Justice of the Province, to His Excellency the Governor General, and he has been pleased to accept it.

"All partings from friends are painful, and had I consulted my own feelings on this occasion, and those only, I should have retired from the bench in silence. But the recollection of the uninterrupted harmony which has subsisted between us, during the long period of 50 years, in which I have had the honor to preside in this Court, would not suffer me to think of so cold a separation,—I have, therefore, detain you, that I may avail myself of this opportunity, briefly, but sincerely, to assure you that I carry with me into retirement the same feelings of esteem and respect, for the profession at large, which I have ever entertained,—a grateful sense of the conduct which I have experienced from you on all occasions,—and of the able aid and assistance, which from you my learned brethren, and from you, gentlemen of the bar, in your respective stations, and in the exercise of the arduous duties of this tribunal, I have invariably received.

"Accept my most sincere thanks for the past, accompanied by my best and earnest wishes for your health, prosperity and happiness in future; and allow me to hope, that I shall carry with me into private life, your continued esteem and friendship.

"With these sentiments, which are deeply impressed upon my mind, and which I shall retain during life, I respectfully take my leave of you, my learned brothers, and of you, gentlemen of the bar, and bid you all farewell."



