

# 59 59 THERESE;

OR,

## The Orphan of Geneva:

AN

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*Thérèse surprised by Valther.*



*The thunderbolt destroying the Pavillion.*



*Thérèse appearing with the Bloody dagger.*



*Thérèse appearing to Valther.*

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**THERESE,**  
**THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA.**

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THE cloud-topped glaciers of Switzerland reflected wide the rays of the sun, now rising majestic from the eastern ocean. Already the youthful villagers of Senange were busily employed; some, culling the fairest flowers in their little gardens; some, gathering hawthorn blossoms, evergreens, and honeysuckles from the hedges: some, traversing the fields and meadows, in quest of buttercups and daisies, to interweave crowns, wreaths, and garlands: the whole village wore one unclouded face of joy, as if on the eve of some great festival, some day peculiarly set apart for general happiness.

At this hour, a man of sullen brow, and gloomy visage, but of a more sullen and gloomy mind, was passing on his dark errand through the happy crowds. Though his callous heart was as far from participating in the scene before him as Satan's, on beholding the innocence and pleasure our primitive parents enjoyed in Paradise, curiosity, malignant curiosity, impelled him to inquire, and ascertain, that these festivities were designed to celebrate the nuptials of Madame de Senange's only son; that he was to be united to an orphan his mother had lately taken under her protection, without fortune, friends, and family---a perfect stranger; but, for beauty, goodness, and gentleness of heart, and every other virtue and accomplishment, worthy of the lot that awaited her.

His eagerness for information increased at every particular mentioned. Inquiry followed inquiry; and every answer rendered the subject more and more interesting. At last he resolves to seek the Castle de Senange immediately, it being no more than a league from the village. This space of ground he hurried over with that haste which ever distinguishes the evil-doer, when determined on committing some deed of darkness. "Eight months since, an orphan had escaped from his fangs; he had her completely in his toils; in age and beauty such as he had heard so described, so praised---fortunate circumstance, were she the same: he must be convinced." Thus reasoning, he passed through the wood that skirted Senange with the speed of a demon, intent on the ruin of some wretched victim he had doomed to destruction, crossed the bridge leading to Madame de Senange's castle, and