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TOWANDA:

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LOUISA STEINBERG:

OR, THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"You have often begun to tell me what I am,
But stopp'd and left me to a boodless inquisition;
Concluding—stay; not yet!—SHAKESPEARE.

It was a serene, beautiful afternoon in September in the year 18—, that I and my friend Charles Jenkins, crossed the Susquehanna river, on our journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. The route we chose led us through Reading and Harrisburg to Carlisle, at which place we were to meet another friend, and together pursue the remainder of our journey across the Allegheny ranges to Pittsburg, to reach which place business of importance called us. Our course was leading us through the fertile and highly cultivated country of central Pennsylvania. Here a system of excellent farming combines with valuable soils, to abundantly renumerate the farmer for his toil. We did not expect to reach Carlisle until the next day; and having abundance of time to accomplish our wishes in that respect, we rode at leisure, occasionally stopping to catch glimpses of the rich and beautiful valley of the Conodoit, through which that stream was meandering in a thousand graceful and picturesque curves; or gaze on the blue range of the North mountain, which swept with a bold and rocky outline, on the right as far as the eye could reach. Sometimes the stream and the mountain met, and there the road with great labor had been dug in the precipitous descent, exhibiting passes where the rocks rose on the right, piled in threatening grandeur, and on the left, immediately below, the deep and rushing Connedoit seemed ready to receive whatever should pass the narrow barrier which art had opened from the mountain. But the slight dread which these places excited, was always instantly dispelled the moment they passed, and the eye rested on the finely cultivated farms and neat dwelling houses of the German settlers, who occupied this romantic and beautiful valley.

The heavens were without a cloud, save that a few dark pyramidal masses began slowly to peer their heads above the mountains—field and forest were clothed in the richest and brightest green—at every turn of the river glittered in the rays of the sinking sun, like molten silver, as it wound its way through the luxuriant harvests of the plain. "By heavens! said Jenkins, with animation, this is the most beautiful country I ever saw!"

"It certainly combines two features which in my opinion are indispensable to the beauty of a landscape—quietness and sublimity," I replied.—"Take out the mountain, with its rocky peaks and irresistible precipices, and substitute a country like this on our left, and however luxuriant the scene might appear, the general effect would be insipidity and tameness."

"Either must be struck out, strike out the mountain, I say," replied Jenkins; "although I acknowledge that one tires of a succession of objects precisely alike. It is like your good uncle's dinner at Kensington, where every thing is arranged with such regularity that the old gentleman would fancy all rules of gardening violated, if a cabbage or ruta-baga, had not a brother."

"Jenkins, you are severe on my uncle; though he is not here, he would be of your opinion, and condemn that magnificent range at once. He always contended that mountains were useless excrescences, that deformed the fair face of nature."

"If he is displeased with mountains, he would certainly die of displeasure in this region of Pennsylvania," answered my companion, "though to one the truth such vallies as this of the Connedoit, would almost reconcile one to their existence.—Give me a German for a land hunter; no matter how high the mountains, or secluded the vallies, there is a nook of good land he is sure to find it

"The Germans certainly deserve credit for their sagacity in this respect," I replied; "in New York, on the Mohawk, on the Schoharie, and on the Walkill rivers you will find abundant evidences of their foresight, in the selection of their plantations."

"Ah!" interrupted Jenkins, "why wander to the Mohawk or the Walkill? just look before us—I wanted to give a friend of mine an idea of paradise I would have him stand here where we are now. If I wanted to show an English farmer a specimen of finished farming I would send him to the valley of the Connedoit; if I wished to get a wife who would never allow a particle of dirt about me, herself, or the premises, I would select a German blue eyed lass, from some of these neat white mansions in the Connedoit; if—but heavens! what is this? ride for dear life, Conway, or we shall be too late to destruction together!"

There was, indeed, no time to lose. The heavy mass which had fallen two days previous, or some other cause, had loosened from its bed, one of those heavy rocks which overhung its cliffs, high up the mountain side; and at the very moment we were in the narrow pathway below, it commenced its tremendous descent, bearing before it stones, rocks, and the trees which had taken root in the projecting cliffs. Our first warning was a dreadful crash and deafening roar as of a heavy thunder—the mountain trembled on its base, and casting a glance forwards, it seemed as if forest and precipice were proceeding together to overwhelm us. Our good horses were instantly put to the top of their speed, but escape was hopeless: and the last I recollect of this dreadful moment, was seeing a rock, which might have weighed tons, broken in its downward course by a projecting cliff, and the pieces whirled through the air, or rolling and leaping with the velocity of lightning, down the mountain, exactly upon us.

Four days afterwards, I found myself at the mansion of a hospitable German, who lived about half a mile from the spot where the accident occurred, with my left arm broken, and the back part of my head severely bruised. To me those four days are with those beyond the flood, for I was perfectly insensible of their existence. Jenkins escaped amidst the shower of stones, with only a slight contusion, though his horse was knocked down under him in the melee. Finding that there were signs of life about me, though covered with blood and insensible, he mounted my horse and hastened to the nearest residence, where he obtained assistance, and had me conveyed to that place, while medical aid was immediately procured. On the fourth day, I began to have a faint, a kind of twilight recollection of what passed around me, though none suspected that such was the case. It was at first a sensation of a simple existence, then a half waking dream. There was a lovely creature that hovered around me—applied cooling liquids to my fevered head—carefully watched every motion of mine; and although I was unable to give the least symptom of recognition, I even remember seeing the tears dropping from her long silken eyelashes, as she hung over me. There were men, too, who sometimes assisted her, and one who she always met with a smile, and who sometimes relieved her in her attendance at my bed side. Almost every one has a remembrance of seeing angels in his dreams; so pure, bright, heavenly and etherial! such this beautiful being seemed to me, as with noiseless step she glided about the apartment, or with affectionate attention administered the healing draught. On the forenoon of the fifth day, I fell into a gentle slumber, from which I awakened perfectly rational.—My dreams had vanished, and were changed to realities. The angelic creature was still there, and when I awaked to the possession of my reason, was standing near the bed, watching every movement with anxious solicitude. I was instantly sensible of the manner in which I had been injured, and of which, before, I had a very indistinct impression; but I was unconscious of their extent, and attempted to move.

"You must not move," said the lady, in a soft, sweet tone, while her dark eye lighted up with pleasure at the expression which my countenance assumed; "you must not move: you are seriously hurt, and your arm is broken."

"I believe," I replied, "that I have been the means of occasioning you much trouble, though for how long a time I am unable to tell; but:"

"Say not a word," interrupted the lady; "the pleasure of seeing you so well, more than compensates for the anxiety we have felt on your account;" and as she spoke, she stepped to the door of the apartment. "Heerman," continued she, "will you come this way a moment?" and the gentleman I have mentioned entered the room.

A glance at my countenance told him what she wanted; and advancing to the bedside, he kindly pressed my hand, while he assured me of his happiness at finding me so much better. He was apparently about thirty-five year of age; strong and well built; a high forehead, and penetrating eye; but the notice I bestowed on him was momentary, for the lovely being who had so deeply interested me, was, while he was speaking, leaning on his arm, and her bright eyes were lighted up with an expression which partook of love, and thankful gratitude. When conversing with me they used the English language, but when with each other, the German, which, however, I well understood.

"May I know," said I, "to whom I am indebted for this kindness?"

"To those who are happy in being able to show it, when needed," was the gentleman's reply.

"That answer is sufficien for my thankfulness; but the name of my benefactors I must know also," I said.

"Our names," he replied with a smile, "are Heerman and Louisa Lowendorff."

Still I was not satisfied; an irresistible impulse hurried me forward, and I added, "a brother and sister, I am to suppose?" hoped, the word would have been, had a full utterance to my feeling been given.

"No," answered the gentleman, smiling, while his arm fell round the slender waist of the beautiful Louisa, and she appeared to lean with still greater affection upon him—"No" we are connected by a tie more powerful and endearing than that; is it not so, my dear Louisa?"

"O yes!" she answered: and as her sparkling eyes met his, they spoke more than words could have done.

Louisa Lowendorff, at that instant, appeared one of the most charming creatures I had ever seen; her dress was exquisitely neat—an emblem of the purity of her mind—and admirably adapted to her fine figure. Her eyes—until that time I had deemed it impossible that those of any person could have combined such loveliness and sweetness with such brilliancy: the saying of the Arabian, that the "eagle might have proved the eyes of her young by them," would not in her case be hyperbolical.—From the gentleman I learned that Jenkins, after assuring himself that every care should be taken of me, and that I should want for nothing, had on the third day proceeded on his journey; and thus the failure of our enterprize, which in my first moments of reason I had feared, was, I hoped, effectually prevented.

CHAPTER. II.

"For every inch of woman, in this world—
Aye, every dram of woman's is false, If she be."
WINTER'S TALE.

But a few days had elapsed before I was able to sit up, and mingle with the family circle; and the days I spent there will long be remembered by me as some of the happiest of my life. Mr. Lowendorff and his amiable wife, had, I found, been married about three years; and one little son, a sprightly, active child, had formed another connecting link in the chain of mutual affection, by which they were united, Louisa did not appear to be more than twenty-two, although she might have been older. There was something in her countenance which forcibly reminded me of some one I had seen in by-gone days; and I was constantly, when in her presence and company, which was much the greater part of the time, haunted with the idea that I must have seen those beautiful features though where, I in vain taxed my memory to ascertain.

Lowendorff, Louisa and myself, were one even ing sitting in the parlor—Francis climbing upon my knee and amusing us with his innocent prattle—Louisa at intervals, gratifying us with some of those touching airs for which the German musicians are so justly celebrated, upon fine a toned piano, or listening to Lowendorff, who read for our amusement in a German periodical, which he had that day received from Europe, via Philadelphia. I had seen the same volume in the city, and when not particularly interested by it, was reading in a much more beautiful volume, the countenance of the charming Louisa. She, however, was unconscious of the notice she received. and busily engaged with her tambour frame and needle, was listening to her husband. The light shone strongly on the side of her face—a few loose curls were waving around her white neck—there was a feeling of sadness depicted on her countenance, as in deep and glowing colors the writer described the sufferings of his heroine, which I had not before seen—and the thought, that in the nun of St. Lawrence, at Vienna, I had seen the lovely being who was then before me, flashed across my mind, with all the convictions of undoubting assurance.

"The mystery is unravelled," said I as Lowendorff closed his book.

"What mystery?" inquired my friend.

"I have been racking my memory these two days," I replied, "to discover where I first saw your Louisa, for confident I am, that I have met her before."

"You say the mystery is solved," answered Lowendorff, laughing; "we should be glad to know where it was."

"If it is not an absolute impossibility," I replied, "I should say it was at Vienna, and in the nunnery of St. Lawrence."

"There is nothing impossible in it," said Louisa, "if you have ever visited that place."

"I was in Europe, four years ago," I answered, "and in passing through Germany, from Hamburg to Trieste, I spent a month in Vienna."

"Did you visit the nunnery you have mentioned?" inquired Louisa.

"I did, repeatedly," I answered "and not merely from motives of curiosity;—there was one young nun there in whose fate I was deeply interested; and that person, unless I am much mistaken, was Louisa Lowendorff."

"I shall always recollect the circumstances," I replied, as Louisa took from her bosom a portrait, and handed it to me.

"It is the same, said I, as I looked upon it, "the portrait of a sister, dear to me as life, and which I would not have parted with to any one who less resembled her."

"My dear Heerman, we too have made a discovery," said Louisa, smiling; "for our friend, it seems, is the very American, (Englishman, we called him then,) to whom we owe so much for his kind aid in enabling us to escape, and the person of whom you have so often heard me speak."

They both arose and took my hand; I was surprised.

"To you," said Lowendorff, "I owe home, contentment, and wealth; and more than all, the possession of this lovely creature;" "and I," continued Louisa, "the escape from a destination dreadful as death, and the happiness I now enjoy."

Francis their little son, witnessing the emotion of his parents, ran to me, and clasped my other hand.

"See," said Louisa, "Francis has come to assist us in discharging our debt of gratitude;" as she stooped and kissed the sprightly boy, a tear dropped upon the hand which the child still held.

"You must explain," said I after a silence of a minute, in which I endeavored to recollect what could have given rise to a scene of such evident feeling.

"You have not forgotten that, when in Vienna, as you was passing down the Prater, one afternoon," said Lowendorff, "you met some soldiers who had seized a countryman, and were hurrying him to the rendezvous of a regiment then under marching orders for Italy. You cannot have forgotten that he requested permission to speak with you—that you promised to assist him—that a handful of silver from your pocket postponed their march for an hour—and that in that time, by your interposition with the chief of the department, and by the judicious use of another handful of silver, I was set at liberty."

"Those circumstances I remember well," I replied, "but I little thought of meeting that countryman, in my friend Lowendorff. I was disposed to listen to your application, because I had seen you bring a basket of wild flowers as a present to the individual in the nunnery, who had interrested me so deeply.

"Ever my better angel," said Lowendorff, with a look of affection on his charming wife. "To have made application in my own name, would have ruined me forever—redress would not only be denied, but imprisonment for life would have been the consequence of the disclosure of my name—in that dilemma I saw you—I knew you to be a foreigner—distracted with the fear of losing my Louisa, I determined to address you and implore your interposition—I ventured and succeeded. It was my intention to have given you any recompense you could ask; but I could not find you and that afternoon I left Vienna forever."

"In contributing to your happiness, I have been abundantly recompensed," I replied; "but how did you succeed in releasing this fair nun?—of breaking walls and vows, which I fancied bid defiance to lovers, or I might have been tempted to do as you have done?"

"You shall hear the whole," said Lowendorff, "but not to night, for we have already, in the interest we feel in the subject, forgotten your weakness."

I felt that he had spoken the truth; and kissed him and Fransis, and wished them a good evening, retired to my room; but it was not to sleep, until memory had called up, and ran over the history of my acquaintance with the beautiful nun of St. Lawrence. That incident had never been erased from my memory, and the recollections of the lovely creature I then saw, had furnished the MATERIAL of many a delightful waking reverie, or enchanting visions.

I was on a tour through Germany, and though it was during the heighth of the struggle between revolutionary France and the Austrians, I was as a foreigner, and provided with letters from both the English and Russian governments, permitted to pursue my object undisturbed. The high expectations I had formed for the Austrian capital were not disappointed, and the magnificent streets, with their ranges of palaces—the splendor of the court and the nobility—and the attractions furnished by the literati, and the beauty of the surrounding country, rendered Vienna one of the most pleasant places I had yet seen. The women too—I have seen Italian women, French women, and English women, but I have never seen women more really beautiful, than may be found among the higher ranks at Vienna. Americans are prejudiced against the Germans, as a standard of female beauty and perfection; but we have not seen them under any circumstances favorable to the development of their character, in that respect. A more firm, attached, noble-spirited, generous female cannot be found, than the well educated German lady: and any person who will leave the Prater, that favorite resort of the Austrian nobility, when the season calls forth the flower and beauty of the capital, without being convinced of the truth of the above remarks. must have less predilection for sparkling eyes and fine forms, than myself. Although, owing to the war which was then raging, strangers to the capital were frequently viewed with suspicion, yet my situation was such, that I soon found myself perfectly at my ease. and my reception was rather flattering than otherwise. Amongst the various places I visited, was the nunnery of St. Lawrence—a noble and spacious building, devoted as a religious house to the reception of females from the first families in the empire, who of their own choice assumed, or, as is frequently the case in Catholic Countries, were compelled to assume the veil. I was accompanied by a young lady, the niece of Count Waldberg, who volunteered to be my cicerone. The count's carriage, set us down at the door of the convent—we were admitted without hesitation, and conducted to a large and elegant apartment, devoted to the reception of visiters. This apartment was furnished in the best manner, and was separated from a spacious hall, only by an open partition, made of polished rounds of wood, about an inch in diameter which extends from the floor to the ceiling. Sofas were placed against this slight separating railing on both sides; and through this partition all intercourse between the residents and their visiters was carried on.

"I shall show you some of the loveliest females you have ever seen," said my fair companion, as she rung the bell; "but I must caution you against being captivated by any of them," as we good Catholics should deem it a mortal sin to do so."

"You need be under no apprehension on that account," I replied, in the same tone of raillery which Theresa has assumed, "so long as there are such sweet flowers blooming in the parterre, I shall not think of seleeting from the pale tenants of the shade."

At the summons of the bell, a well dressed matronly lady appeared in the hall, and requested to know our wish.

"I would wish to speak with Louisa Stienberg," replied Theresa, "if she is not employed;" and the woman left us to communaicate the information.

"I have selected Louisa in preference to the others," said Theresa, "because she is my favorite, and besides she is so lovely and amiable—but here they come."

They did so indeed. The matron was accompanied by three young ladies who each addressed Theresa in the most familiar and affectionate manner. I was introduced as an American gentleman, to each of the fair nuns in succession. I had no difficulty in entering into conversation with them—they were intelligent and inquisitive—and to an inattentive observer, might have appeared in the garb of perfect content and happiness. With the ordinary topics of the day, I found they were well acquainted, and that circumstances confirmed the information Theresa had previously given me, that they had greater privileges and more liberty than was usualy allowed to such fair recluses. The young ladies were all that would be termed handsome: but the one introduced as Louisa, was I then thought, and still think, the loveliest female I had ever seen. Her dress was a white muslin robe, fastened with a girdle secured by a diamond clasp—a necklace of pearl was around her neck—a light borber of Brussels lace shaded a most most bewitching bosom—a wreath of buds confined her luxuriant and polished tresses, and her eyes sparkled from beneath their long silken lashes, like the diamond.

Seating ourselves on the opposite sofas, a pleasing conversation ensued; and after a little time, I contrived to place myself opposite to Louisa, while Theresa managed by a skilful discussion of some matters in which they were much interested, to withdraw the attention of the matron and the two young ladies, almost entirely from us. I confess I was not less charmed by the conversation of Louisa, than by her personal appearanee. Unassuming, she was cheerful, though at times I fancied I could perceive beneath her smiles, a sentiment of regret, smothered, indeed, but still the source of unhappiness. In a short time we were joined by the others, and after a pleasant visit of an hour, we took our leave, and Theresa and myself returned to our dwelling.

CHAPTER III.

"I may disjoin my hand, but not my heart."
KING JOHN.

Strange as it may seem, the visit to the nunnery of St. Lawrence had awakened a feeling in my bosom, new and delightful, and one I loved to indulge. As a matter of consequence, I felt myself irresistably drawn to the place, and but two days elapsed before my fair companion and myself found ourselves in the building that contained the fair Louisa: and I, as before was happy enough to engross the company and conversation of the fair nun, who had so deeply interested me.

We were seated as before. Her white hand lay on the back of the sofa as we were conversing—the distance between the railings permitted it and I gently laid mine upon it.

"Louisa," said I, in a half whisper, as I did so, "this is not the place for Louisa Steinberg, you are unhappy."

Louisa started—blushed, turned her penetrating eyes upon me, with an expression of half anxiety and half entreaty, but suffered her hand to remain in mine as she replied—

"You are for once mistaken."

"No certainly I am not," I answered.

"Then Theresa has revealed to you my—" she paused.

"No," I replied, "Theresa has told me nothing; but it needs not the gift of necromanty to know that such a being as you are, cannot be happy within these walls."

"Happiness is a relative term," said Louisa; "it is useless to expect it in perfection, this side of heaven; and if we have the greatest degree that circumstances admit, we ought to be cheerful and contented."

"That, Louisa in philosophy," I replied; "and that is sometimes widely at variance with our best feelings."

"I well know," she replied, with a tone which went to my heart. "that it is some time at variance with those feelings of ours which are the dearest, and which we must love to cherish."

We were now interrupted in a conversation, which to me had begun to assume an interesting aspect, by the elderly lady, who came towards us, and said, with a smile; "Louisa, you must not claim the company of this young gentleman, wholly to yourself; he will pardon us, if shut up as we are from the world, we are all anxious to learn what is passing in it, especially in his native country, of which we Germans hear much and know little. I have, however, understood that there are few nunneries in the United States."

"There are, I believe, two small establishments of the kind," I replied; "but we have not yet enough of the beauty and grace which belongs to the fair sex, dispersed over the country, to be able to afford any of it for such a seclusion as this."

Theresa now joined us; and after a lively conversation of half an hour we again took our leave.

"If I had never before seen a nunnery, or witnessed the feeling and proceedings connected with one, I have seen enough to day to convince me they are productive of much mischief, said I to my fair companion, as we drove through the Prater, on our return.

"We are never to expect unmixed good in any thing that depends on the human will," said Theresa in reply: and I know that sometimes while the broken heart hides its grief within the walls of a convent, it is not unfrequently the case that they are made prisons, in every sense of the term. For my part, I could never think of such a seclusion without shuderring—those grates always give me chills, gilded as they are."

"A Catholic, and talk in such a hetsrodox manner," said I smiling; "I little expected to hear from you sentiments so exactly in accordance with mine on this subject."

"Have you always been so prejudiced against nunneries," inquired Theresa, with an arch look.

"Always," I answered, "at least since I have been acquainted with their pernicious tendencies. You, Theresa, have seen some sweet songstress shut up in a cage, and fruitlessly endeavoring to escape—sometimes for a moment forgetting it was a prisoner, and warbling forth those notes it had sung when at liberty—then, with throbbing heart, trying every wire, with impotent hope of escape—such is the fate of many of those, who like those we have just left, in a moment of delusion forswear the world, society and its charms."

"When you become more acquainted with these institutions, you will think differently of them and their inmates," said Theresa.

"Never," I replied, with earnestness;—"the youthful bosom will love—it was made for love—penetrate the walls of a convent, but there the purest, dearest a affections of the heart, become the sources of remediless misery."

There was a most provoking smile playing around the lips of the sprightful Theresa, as she laid her white hand on my arm, and said, "I am certain that if you had not seen Louisa Stienberg, you would never talk of nunneries, in such an *il penseroso* strain."

"You may laugh at me, my dear Theresa," I replied "while I admit that the appearance of Louisa has convinced me, had I needed any thing farther to convince me that for a young and lovely female, the convent is a prison: and I have more than half resolved to take her from it, if I should be compelled to do it by force."

"Now may the Virgin protect us!" exclaimed Theresa; "here have I been in your company daily, for a fortnight and yet you have never once offered to run away with me; while you are for battering down the nunnery of St. Lawrence. and carrying off the charming Stienberg before you have ascertained whether she would be willing to leave it."

"You do me injustice Theresa," I answered: "what would young Hapsburg say, were I to pay you the tribute of admiration you have mentioned, and which I am sensible you deserve?"

"Worse and worse," said the young Austrian; "now going to play the flattering Frenchman; I had hoped better things of your anglo-American character."

"Still Theresa, you wrong me," I answered; "you I respect—Louisa I pity."

"And pity is the twin sister of love," said Theresa.

"I do not feel disposed to dispute you," I replied.

"I knew I should drive you to the confession at last," said the laughing maiden.

"I could not have chosen a more lovely confessor," I answered, pressing her hand, which I held in my own to my lips.

"Louisa Stienberg, always excepted," was Theresa's answer: "but you need not think I dread her as a rival." At this instant the carriage stopped at the mansion of Walberg, and we allighted.

The time allotted for my stay at Vienna had expired, yet I was reluctant to leave it. With Theresa I had frequently called at the nunnery and we were, by the lovely Louisa, always received with a cordial welcome. Still there was a feeling that my reception however affectionate was the same which would have by her been given to any dear friend, who had manifested so much interest in her welfare. Theresa, I found, knew little more of her history than I did. Report stated that an unfortunate attachment had driven her there; but the fair recluse maintainted that she accepted the veil, freely and voluntarily.

The last day of my residence in Vienna, at last arrived. At four I was to leave it for Italy; my passports were signed, but I could not go, without again visiting Louisa; and early in the morning, Theresa and myself called at the convent. There was nothing of constraint in our reception at that place—the rank of Theresa forbid suspicion of improper motives—and every thing wore the appearance of as much hospitality as would the best mansion and society in Vienna.—Louisa was there as usual—it was my last visit—she had insensibly acquired a deeper interest in my heart, than perhaps, I was willing to allow; and a feeling of sadness came over me, as the beautiful girl seated herself on the sofa, and I found her soft hand pressed in mine, with a consciousness that we were to be separated so soon and so widely.

"Lousia," said I, "to-day I leave this city for Verlice."

"So soon?" she answered, with some emotion.

"My time, which I had devoted to my business here, has long since expired," I answered, "but I could not being myself to leave Vienna; and even now I do it with reluctance."

"You will sometimes think, when far away and happy, of the friends you left at Vienna?" said she.

"Yes, and often—too often, must it be of the nun of St. Lawrence."

Louisa colored deeply, but did not seem offended.

"Could I suppose that I should not be forgotton," I continued, "it would be a source of satisfaction, which would much allay the bitterness of my regret at our separation."

"You know little of Louisa Steinberg," replied the charming girl, "if you suppose she can ever suppose she can ever forget the respect a stranger has shown, or the deep sympathy and friendship he has manifested."

"Louisa," said I, "you are not happy: if I could find the means of freeing you from this place, while I gave you your liberty, could you give me your heart?"

"Oh, it must not be thought of—my vow to heaven—"

"Name it not," I replied, interrupting her; "it was involuntary—it was forced—it can never be binding."

Louisa warm hand was clasped in mine—she dropped her head upon her bosom for a moment, then slowly raised it; and when her eyes met mine, a tear was trembling in them.

"Your kindness demands a frankness," said she, "I will not deny that this place is *not* the one I should have chosen—I will not deny that I should be more happy in society—in the world, and with my friends; but I came here to avoid the worst of slavery, and nothing shall induce me to promise what I can never perform." She dropped her eyes while she continued, "I would respect you as my deliverer—I would love you as my brother—but my heart—" she hesitated.

"Is already disposed of—is no longer yours to give, you would say, my dear Louisa?" I said, as I finished the sentence.

"It is so," said the trembling Louisa, "and why should I be ashamed to avow it? He was, he is, worthy of a woman's best affections."

An hour passed, but still I lingered; I could not tear myself away—I took from my bosom the portrait I have mentioned; "Louisa," said I, as I gave it to her, "when you see that, you will remember that there is one who, whatever may be his destiny, will never cease to remember with affection, Louisa Stienberg."

She took it—united a white ribbon which was on her dress—attached it to the portrait and kissing it placed it in her bosom, saying, as she did so, that nothing but death should erase from her recollection, the affectionate remembrance of him from whom it had been received.

The matron who was in attendance, now approached us as the bell chimed the hour for their devotions.

"Farewell," said the lovely girl—"farewell; may you be more happy than I have ever been, or can be."

I hastily kissed her hand—she put it to her lips—a tear dropped upon it—her white bosom was heaving as if it would burst the muslin folds that confined it—and with her hand waving another adieu, she followed the lady without speaking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Irishman, who had just landed, said the first bit of *meat* he ever ate in this country was a *roasted potatoe—boiled* yesterday. And if you don't believe me, I can show it to you, for I have it in my pocket.

Never tread on the tail of a cat, or tell a woman she's not handsome, unless you are fond of hearing music.

"There's a few more left," as the Turk said when he was told one of his wives had eloped from him.