

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VIII.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 10.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, October 20, 1847.

LOUISA STEINBERG;
OR, THE NUN OF ST. LAWRENCE.

CHAPTER IV.

"Look down, ye gods, and on this couple drop a blessing."

I left Vienna for Italy, by the way of Venice, and from that time had never seen or heard from the charming nun of St. Lawrence, until I had so providentially met her in the mansion I have mentioned; but her image had never been effaced from my remembrance: and my waking hours and midnight dreams had frequently borne testimony to the deep influence she had made upon my mind. I had met with Louisa, again, it is true—she was the same lovely creature—aye, more bright and radiant; but for the sadness which so strongly tinged all her actions at Vienna, has disappeared, and she seemed the personification of happiness itself—for a moment I felt disposed to envy the man who possessed such a treasure; it was but for a moment, and it was banished forever; and I felt disposed to thank heaven, that by her conversion to the man she loved, so much happiness had been secured. I felt that I could have loved her—she was an individual who would, make life delightful—that in whatever society she might be thrown, she would always have been its brightest ornament; and I should have been a friend, indeed, to have endeavored to awaken in her pure bosom, had it been possible, feelings of dissatisfaction with the man who adored her, and who was evidently not less loved in return; and I went to sleep with a full determination to learn from her lips, in the morning, the circumstances which had so unexpectedly liberated Louisa Steinberg, from the nunnery where I had left her.

Morning came, bright and cloudless—the soft wind wafted to my open windows the perfume of the sweet scented clover fields, which were spread in such wondrous luxuriance far over the valley—the rising sun was tinging the bold peaks of the north mountains, with golden tints, and throwing its deeper valleys and abrupt precipices in copper and bold shades; and in the far south west, the smoke of Carlisle were just visible, as they formed a light fleecy cloud, where they mingled light in the atmosphere. The gay and beautiful Baltimore, was chanting its sweet notes from the top of one of the majestic elms, which stood near the mansion, and on one of the dependent branches of which, its curiously woven nest was floating suspended in the air; on the lower branches of an apple tree, within a few feet of the window, the robin was pouring forth the melodious tones, as if enlivened of his more beautiful and fluting from tree to tree; the yellow bird and the blue bird, glanced like lightning and whizzed hither and thither, through the pine and spruce; and as I sat musing on the prospect, and reflecting on the past, the rising sunbeams spread their flood of radiance over the valley; and converted the slow-flowing Connetquot to a long waving line of liquid silver. In a short time breakfast was announced: at the table I had again the pleasure of meeting my kind friends. Louisa met me with a smile; and the affectionate greeting of Lovendorff, was most cordial and sincere.

After breakfast we entered the parlor, which commanded a fine view of the scenery I have attempted to sketch; and little Francis, who from the time I had been able to admit him to my room, had staidly left me, now clung around me with a fondness which delighted his affectionate parents.

"I fear from your look," said Lovendorff, "that the pleasure of the mutual discovery we made last evening, has kept you, wakeful: certainly the delight we felt, produced that effect on us."

"It did so, in some measure," I replied; "the events of the past, which the discovery of last evening had made an impression on my mind, which time will not be able to obliterate; and in thinking of them, and in endeavoring to account for your being here, I spent much of the night I found, however, that all was wild conjecture. I dismissed the subject, that I might have the pleasure of hearing it from you this morning."

"We shall gratify you, with pleasure, for the events of these days we like to recall," replied Lovendorff; "they were days of indescribable anxiety, mingled with the sweetest visions of happiness; but, Louisa, where shall we begin?"

"At the beginning," I replied; "I must hear it all that concerns you will be interesting to me."

"Well then, if at the beginning," answered Lovendorff, "so let it be. I was born near Graz, a Hungary, of wealthy and respectable parents, of the middle class, received such an education as was deemed suitable for me: an education confined to reading, writing, and a slight knowledge of the Italian. At the age of fifteen the controversy between Germany and France began, and full of patriotic ardor, I entered the service of my country in one of the regiments raised in Hungary. I continued in the service until peace was concluded at Campo Formoso, and that found me an officer in one of the regiments which was disbanded—the state of the nation no longer in the opinion of government, demanded such a large military force. There is something so fascinating in the profession of arms—something so bewitching in the very danger that attends it—something so dazzling in the glory that surrounds the successful warrior, that he who has once assumed the sword, as a profession, rarely feels willing to relinquish it for the quiet and peaceful course of ordinary life; and it was not without a feeling of regret, that I bade adieu to my companions in arms, and returned to my parents. I had left them a boy, but I returned to them a man; and not without marks of honorable distinction. I had been careful of what property I had acquired in the course of my campaigns; and at the close of the war, found myself in possession of several thousand florins and a fortunate speculation, in

which at this time happened to engage, speedily doubled them. At this time I was importuned by my parents to settle for life, as by the death of an elder brother, it had become evident that they must depend upon me for support, in their declining years; but the aspect of the times forbade such an event. The peace of Campo Formoso, proved to be nothing but a hollow truce; and the lapse of a few months saw Europe again in arms. A true subject of the empire, I hastened to its standard; and from the defeat of the Austrians, at Marengo, to the close of that disastrous campaign, by the retreat of the imperial army from Italy, I was in almost every engagement, and was twice severely wounded. The last was in a desperate struggle near Trent, when I received a musket ball in my arm broken, by another shot at the same moment. As my wounds were deemed mortal, I was left on the ground until the contest was over, when it was found that I was still living; and I was immediately carried to the hospital, and my wounds properly attended to. I had an uncle who lived near Ens, on the Danube, above Timna; and as soon as I was able to be moved, I requested that I might be moved thither—a request readily granted by the archduke. Here I was received and treated with the greatest kindness, and during the winter found myself gradually recovering from the effects of wounds I had received. Spring came and though my arm was far from being entirely well, I requested permission to join my corps in the army, which was again about to descend from the heights of Tyrol and Carniola, into the plains of Italy. The application was refused, but it was accompanied with a most complimentary note, from the veteran Wurmsler, who had witnessed the affair that came so near closing my military career, assuring me that, whenever my health was sufficiently recovered, I would be welcomed to the army and receive an honorable command. I had now nothing to do, but to spend my time in the manner that would be the most profitable and agreeable to myself, and that was reading; and I gained strength, riding and hunting. For some time I had contracted an aversion to the society in the neighborhood of my uncle; and having once been subject to the usual routine of receiving and paying their visits, I declined any further acquaintance with them as much as possible.

"Have you heard the news?" said my uncle to me one morning, as we sat down to coffee.

"Certainly not; what can it be?" I eagerly inquired: for the situation of the armies was such, that they were daily expecting important intelligence, and my mind instantly reverted to that as the subject to which he had alluded.

"The news is," he replied, "that Miss Louisa Steinberg has returned from Vienna, to her father's, and report speaks of her as the loveliest girl ever seen in the capital."

"Poli," said I, "such a parade of words to announce the arrival of a girl, when I expected to hear of events which might have decided the fate of nations. Forgive me my dear Louisa, for such an ungallant expression," continued Lovendorff, turning to his beautiful wife, "you will remember I had then never seen you."

"You have long ago been forgiven," replied Louisa; and the affectionate glance she cast upon Lovendorff, showed how readily the forgiveness had been accorded.

At this instant the servant opened the door, and a little rosy-checked blue-eyed girl, five or six years of age, entered the room.

"My mamma is sick," said the girl, "and if you are willing, she wishes you to come down to her house, to see her."

"I will, immediately," said Mrs. Lovendorff; and rising, she took from the drawer a handful of sweetmeats, which she gave to the child, while she directed the servant to bring her shawl and bonnet.

"I am sorry to have you leave at the moment you have been introduced to us," said I to Mrs. Lovendorff.

"I shall leave myself in kind hands," replied the lady, smiling, and looking at Lovendorff.

"I shall expect your return impatiently, but since Eleanor requires your attendance, it would be cruel to refuse it."

"It cannot be thought of," replied Louisa; "she has been too kind, and attached a servant to me, to be refused any favor she may request; so saying, taking the little girl's hand she left the parlor.

CHAPTER V.

"My lord, what do you hunt?"
"I hunt with pleasure, what is the game?"
"Your choice is good, the heart is noble game."
"Oud Erand!"
No sooner had Louisa departed on her errand of kindness, than Lovendorff resumed his narrative.

"My uncle," said he, "did not press the subject he had mentioned, as he found it was so little interesting to me; and Miss Steinberg was not mentioned again by any one, while the conversation turned on the probable issue of the campaign. Two days after I took my gun, and determined to devote the day to the sports of the field to which I was so much attached. It was a beautiful morning in May; I had already wandered several miles through the scarcely inhabited and picturesque country, through which flows the Enns, as it rolls its rapid course from the mountains to the Danube; when heartily tired, I threw myself on a moss covered bank, at the foot of which swelled a pure and copious spring, which frolicked and tumbled over a succession of miniature cascades, into the river, which was foaming along at the base of the rock. My gun was lying by me on the ground, and my faithful greyhound by that. The sky was pure and spotless; far off in the southwest, the blue ranges that marked the valley of the Enns, were plainly to be seen; and nearer, the majestic Danube was rolling its dark grave, far below me. In the shade of a thick clump of Alpine firs, I lay musing on the past, and listening to the murmurs of the gushing spring that flowed from the moss covered rock. In the course of my pereginations that morning, I had seen a large party engaged in the chase or in a pleasurable excursion, among whom were several females; but they passed at such a

distance, that I was undiscovered, and as they were soon out of sight I thought no more on the matter. I was now, however, roused from my reverie, by the near trampling of a horse; and thinking it possible it might be some of the party I had seen, I looked up, and saw that the person who had thus broken in on my solitude and musing, was a young female, mounted on a fine black steed, which was gracefully cantering to the gentle eminence, which led to the spot where I was lying. A few specks of foam from his bit were scattered over his breast; but he obeyed the least touch of the bridle, and moved as if conscious and proud of the burden he supported. No sooner had the fair huntress approached near enough to permit me to examine her features attentively, than I was instantly struck with her youthful appearance and her beauty. She no sooner discovered me than I rose to my feet and in an instant she had checked the noble beast on which she rode, and he was standing beside me. There was a rich glow upon her countenance, caused by the morning's exercise—a few curls were floating loosely around her neck—her eyes were sparkling with animation—and flinging me the reins of her horse, she sprang from her seat without the least ceremony, and with the lightness and grace of a fairy. To me she seemed more enchanting than any being I had ever before seen, and a second glance convinced me that I was not mistaken in my first impressions.

"I believe I have lost my way," said she smiling, as she loosened the ribbons that confined her bonnet, and threw it back, "and I must press you into my services, as my dutiful knight errant, to extricate myself from this difficulty."

"Every order that commands me to be near you I shall obey with pleasure," was my reply.

"Very complimentary," said the lovely girl; "but that water looks pure and inviting, I should like to devise some method of tasting it."

"If you will accept of such a cup as I have used, your wishes can be easily gratified," I answered.

"I would wish for no other," said she as she picked a few leaves from the mountain honey-suckle, and speedily converted them into a form, which answered every purpose of a drinking vessel. She took it from my hands, and seating herself on the bank from which I had just risen, dipped up some of the refreshing waters.

"You, too, have been playing the truant, I perceive," said the lady, as she noticed my fine dog and my gun.

"The morning was too inviting," I answered, "to be wasted in duller pursuits; and dinging the reins over a dry branch, I seated myself near her on the green bank."

"I have been so long accustomed to a city life," said the lovely girl, "that I had almost forgotten the pleasure I used to receive from traversing these desolate tracts, and breathing the pure air of these mountainous regions; and I felt rather awkward when my brother insisted that I should accompany the party this morning, on horseback. But getting tired of the chase and my company, I started to return; and now, when I ought to have been at home I find myself here."

"For myself, I esteem it a fortunate occurrence, since it has procured me a pleasure unexpected, and therefore, in these solitudes doubly welcome," was my reply.

Philosophy says it is not in courts or camps that we are to look for happiness," replied the amiable girl; "and if the sources of it are within ourselves, why may it not be as successfully sought and enjoyed in solitude as in a crowd?"

"There can be no good reason assigned why it may not," I replied; "yet in society, if not in the crowd, we are accustomed to look for it in its greatest perfection."

"If society was always composed of such individuals as we ourselves should select, it would undoubtedly be preferred by every one; but it too often happens that in society we are compelled to endure, instead of being permitted to enjoy," she answered.

There was a soft sigh swelled her gentle bosom, as she uttered the last words that convinced me she was unhappy; yet as I gazed upon the beautiful creature, it seemed impossible that anything that was not of the most ethereal and heavenly origin, could have aught to do with a being of such artless innocence and love.

She now rose from the ground, and said with a smile, "I must be hastening my return, and I shall claim the fulfillment of your promise in being my guard."

"Shall I assist you to your seat on your palfrey?"

"O no," she answered, "I intended to walk; I am sick of riding; but give yourself no trouble about my horse; fling the bridle over his neck and he will follow."

I did as I was directed, and then taking my gun, gave my arm to the fair stranger, and we proceeded towards the high road she wished to gain.

"You are an imperial officer," said she, as she walked by my side.

"How have you made such a discovery?" I inquired with a smile.

"O, we women are inquisitive," she answered, laughing; "do you think I would have entrusted myself in your hands, nay, more, have taken you into my service as I have done, had I not, at first sight, determined what you were?" Since you have guessed at what I am, may I inquire who you are? I asked the lively girl.

"Yes, if you please; and I will answer as if at confession," replied the witching creature. "My name is Louisa Steinberg; you see that turretted old mansion near the Danube; that is my father's residence."

"Castle Steinberg, I think I have heard it called," said I, "and a fine looking pile it appears to be, at this distance."

"It is so," she answered, "and I could now easily find the way thither, but I am not disposed to part so quickly."

These words were accompanied with a meaningful look, but were spoken in such a careless manner,

that I could scarcely divine their meaning. In all doubtful cases we make such inferences as we desire; and so I did in this case.

"I have no disposition to break the bonds you have so playfully imposed upon me," replied I, in her own manner; "there are some cases in which to be deprived of liberty is a pleasure."

"Thank you so!" said she, with a searching glance of her dark eye; "I have been taught to think differently."

Our first impressions are often erroneous, and it is a mark of wisdom to correct them," said I smiling, while she blushed deeply as I drew her arm closer to mine.

"They may be incorrect; but it must take some time to remove impressions so deeply rooted as mine," answered the maiden.

At that instant we saw two horsemen galloping over the hills, in a direction towards us, although at a considerable distance.

"Ah," said my fair companion, "there comes some messenger after the runaway."

"Are you certain you know them at this distance," I inquired.

"Quite certain," she answered; "one is my brother Charles, and the other is—she hesitated a moment—I dislike him so much that I am unwilling to pronounce the name—the Count Hohenlohe."

"Why do you dislike him?" I inquired earnestly.

"O! I see you have some curiosity," she answered, smiling, "and I have promised to gratify you. That man is to be my lord—and whether I will or no, I am by my kind friends, destined to be his bride."

"God forbid!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

Louisa started. "I would say Amen," said she, "most devoutly, could I avail any thing; but it would not and I must submit."

"Never! without you choose to do so," said I, hastily; "you shall not be compelled to a union with any man. Rather than see you reduced to that alternative, I would save you, if it was at the very altar."

"Merciful heaven!" replied Miss Steinberg, "I called you my knight errant, and I think you are becoming so in good earnest."

"Call me what you please," I replied; "I hope I have too much regard for the happiness of Miss Steinberg, to permit her sacrificing herself, while I have the power to prevent it."

"For your good wishes I thank you," said Louisa, with a slight tremor in her voice, "and believe me I shall never forget your kindness."

The horsemen were now rapidly approaching. "Miss Steinberg, said I, taking her hand and pressing it to my heart, "I must have the happiness to meet you again."

"You shall have the opportunity if you wish it," said the beautiful and blushing girl; "but now for thoughtless welcome and less candor—I hope you have enjoyed your sport this morning," continued the lively girl, as the horsemen came up, and I think you must, as you seemed to have entirely forgotten your humble servant."

"Not so, sister," replied young Steinberg, "you deserted us, and when we found you had not arrived at home, we immediately set out after you."

"Well let that pass," answered Louisa, "I believe I got rather bewildered; and had it not been for this gentleman, whom I introduce to you as Col. Lovendorff, the hero of Arcola and Trent, I must, for aught I know, have wandered here until doomsday."

Louisa's brother advanced and took my hand, expressing the pleasure he felt at the meeting; but the Count took no further notice of the introduction, or of me, than a distant bend of his body—a slight nod of the head—which was returned by me with an air as cool and contemptuous as his own.

Young Steinberg was about two years' older than his sister, and a fine looking young man. "I am much obliged to you for your kindness to my sister, and regret the trouble it has occasioned you," said he, addressing me, "and if you will do us the honor to call at our home, we shall be happy to in part repay it."

"I should accept your invitation with pleasure," I answered; "were it not uncertain when I shall be called to join the army in Italy." As I spoke, I raised my eyes to Miss Steinberg, and saw that though the Count was apologizing to her with great gallantry, he was unheard, and our conversation listened to with great interest.

"You will accept," said Louisa, with an earnestness which could not be mistaken, any more than the eloquent expression of her dark eyes.

"It shall be expected," I answered in the same manner.

"Lovendorff! Lovendorff!" said the Count, as if striving to recollect himself, "that, I think, is the name of the officer who, with his regiment of Crous, defended the causeway of Arcola, against the whole French army; have I the honor of seeing that gentleman?"

"He is before you," said young Steinberg.

"I understood he was killed at Trent," said the Count.

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Louisa; "but you see," continued she, pressing her white hand on my forehead, as she playfully raised the curls, "you see from his paleness, that he must have had narrow escape from the effects of his wounds."

"It is the chance of war," said the Count, coolly, as he reined his horse around, while Louisa whispered—cold blooded brute!"

"We shall expect you to-morrow," said young Steinberg, as I placed his sister on her palfrey, and kissing her hand to me, she and the Count were soon rapidly leaving us—and perhaps your walk has been so extended, and your strength so feeble, that you will accept my horse to return to your uncle; I can walk home with pleasure."

I thanked him for his kindness, but declined his offer; and I soon bade him adieu, as with my new train of imaginations I commenced my return to the hospitable mansion of my uncle.

CHAPTER VI.

Father.—Daughter, your objections to this gentleman in your
Daughter.—First he is old—secondly, he is passionate—and
thirdly, I can never bring myself to like him.
Father.—To your first I say he will never be younger—to
your second, your smiles will keep him in good temper—and
to your last, you will like him better when you get acquainted.
MARRIAGE CONTRACTED.

That night I felt disposed to sleep but little, and that little was to dream-over again my interview with the beautiful huntress. Men who have never loved, may sneer—prudes may scornfully curl their lips with disdain—but I can safely aver, that of all the sensations of life, there is none so thrilling, so ethereal, so extatic, as those which come over the bosom in its first and earliest love: it is then pure and free from those debasing ingredients—those unworthy motives, which so often, in after life, have their influences in deciding our destinies. All is then fair and bright—hope smiles—pleasure beckons—love's witchery allures—and gay and happy, we heed not the future. Years pass, and experience, cold and chilling, comes to convince us, that every thing that is not based on more solid foundations than those of fancy or imagination, will speedily disappear before its penetrating analysis, and charm dissolving touch. But love, pure and rational—founded on mutual sympathies, and engraven, and cherished as a sacred flame from heaven, will burn with unwavering light, when hope itself forsakes us. Such, at least, are my feelings, and such my belief.

The next day much to the surprise of my good uncle, I announced my intention of visiting Steinberg Castle; nor was it long before I found myself there. I was more and more charmed with Louisa, and, of consequence, became a frequent visitor to her father's mansion. There was so much frankness, so much innocence, so much undisguised sweetness and kindness in the fair girl's manner, that she fascinated all and governed the *imperium in imperio* in which she moved, with a sway that was absolute; yet who thought of murmuring or rebelling against her bondage. In her interviews with me she was unreserved—I felt that I possessed her confidence—but on a subject that lay nearest my heart, and I believe hers also, a number of days passed away without coming to an explanation. It is true I read her blushing cheeks and her tale telling eyes, deep and mysterious words of hope, which I would not have exchanged for sceptres. When others were present, she was the same gay and reckless girl, though there were moments of deep feeling mingled with her gay hours. When we were alone, there was a slight tincture of sadness which came over her at times, only to make her appear more lovely; and the cause of which I must have been blind not to have discovered.

That cause was her contemplated union with Count Hohenlohe; older than the youthful Louisa, by a score of years there was a total dissimilarity in their disposition and feeling—he was stiff and formal, rigid so—she was lively; and on such a flow of spirits as she possessed, the morose countenance of the Count, operated with chilling and deadening effect—it was like the union of May and December. But her friends were determined on the match—he was rich and honorable—had great influence at court—and obtained an unbounded ascendancy over Louisa's brother, who looked to the Count as the sure source of promotion. My health had recovered so rapidly, that I was, as I fancied, able to endure the fatigue of the service, and had reported myself accordingly; and was now in daily expectation of receiving permission to join my division. Louisa was the only object that could have detained me a moment. I was one day walking in the fine gardens of the castle, when I saw Louisa, who was absent on my arrival, advancing over the walks in the same dress which she wore at my first interview.

"I have been looking for you this half hour," said she, smiling, and giving me her hand; "I was fearful that you had deserted me for another mistress."

"Desert you, Louisa!" said I, in surprise, "you do not know me, if you suppose me capable of such an act; and there was an earnestness in my manner that covered the beautiful girl with crimson."

"You must understand," said she, in reply, "I did not mean that you could be guilty of an act that soared of unfaithfulness; but glory, I have been taught to believe, was the soldier's mistress, and I have understood that you soon intended to leave us for her arms."

"When my country demands my services, they will most cheerfully be rendered," was my answer, as I took her hand and led her to a little alcove, over which a wild honeysuckle spread its luxuriant branches, and mingled with the tall and graceful sweetbrier, and front which we had a fine view of the noble Danube, as it waded to the imperial city the proudest of its upper and fertile regions. I seated Louisa beside me; and in her varied conversation, and the fascinations of her manner, I soon forgot every thing that was not connected with the lovely being by my side.

"The situation of the country does indeed demand the assistance of every one who is a friend to the empire," said Louisa, in a tone of subdued feeling; "but you—you, surely, are not sufficiently recovered, to risk your life in the fields, where you have already suffered so much."

"Cease, Louisa," said I, "you surely would not have me a mercenary from honor, and tarnish the fair fame which the very sufferings and dangers you have mentioned, has conferred."

"O no," she replied, "I was only thinking you might never return, and then—"

"What then?" I hastily inquired of the hesitating girl.

"You must not ask," she answered, with blushing countenance and averted eyes.

"I obey you," said I; "but, Louisa, my own Louisa, I shall return; and may I have the consolation of thinking, when I am away, that there is one in the circle of friends I have left, who will think of the soldier, and should he fall, drop one tear for his fate?"

She was silent for a moment; then raising her

dark eyes, and in a voice which trembled with the deepest emotion, said—There is one—one who will never forget you—but whom you must never again call yours."

"Louisa, do I understand you? am I never to call you mine?" Never? was the reply.

"Louisa, we must now understand each other," said I, as I clasped her hand in mine; "am I to understand your answer as the result of circumstances, or chance? If I have made such a fatal mistake—if I have flattered myself with an interest in your remembrance, in your love, which I do not possess—from your own lips I must hear the dreadful confirmation—from no other lips will I listen to a sentence of banishment from you."

"I will not deceive you, although I have deceived myself," said Louisa, with an effort which evidently cost her a painful struggle; "I must be unhappy; but I will not willingly be the means of making you so—when we separate, it must be never to meet again—I must become the bride of Hohenlohe, fate has so ordained it—and you must forget the unfortunate Louisa has ever existed."

"Forget you! impossible!" was my reply to the lovely girl; "you shall be mine—heaven will bless us—and often, very often, shall I have the happiness of calling you my dear Louisa."

Her hand was retained in mine—my arm was around her slender waist—I clasped her to my heart—in the moment of delicious ecstasy I kissed her coral lips—and there, before high heaven, we exchanged our vows of mutual and unalterable love. What a moment! Louisa's pure and innocent bosom swelled high with emotions, which have their origin above the stars; and in her love, I felt that I possessed a treasure that monarchs might envy. We returned to the castle, where we found the Count and Louisa's brother, who had but a short time before returned from Vienna, and had been making inquiries for Louisa. The Count received me with his usual hauteur and coldness; and I fancied that something of the same kind of feeling, mingled with the reception of young Steinberg. It was possible, however, I reflected, that I might be mistaken in my surprise, and I determined to take notice of it.

"I understood," said the Count, "that you was intending, before this time, to have left this place for the army."

"When government sees fit to accept of services which have been tendered them, I shall not be found backward in obeying their wishes," I answered, fixing my eyes on the Count.

The Count colored highly; nor he well remembered that by a feigned indisposition, he had evaded the call for his services in the army.

"There are employments more agreeable to the young soldier, than being found in the grim visage front of wars," said the Count in reply; "you have proved the latter, and are now, unless I am mistaken, attempting to essay in the former." As he made this remark, he turned his eyes towards Louisa; but she had taken up a book and did not observe him, though he was evidently not unheard.

We were interrupted in the commencement of this delicate discussion, by a summons to tea; and soon afterwards I left the castle on my return to my uncle.

Two days afterwards I received directions to repair to the army, which was concentrating itself under Wurmsler, for the purpose of making a vigorous effort for the relief of Mantua. I was unwilling to leave the place which had become so interesting to me, to try the fate of arms, without another interview with the amiable Louisa.

"I know," said the weeping girl, as she hung around my neck, "I know what awaits me; I know the indomitable spirit of my father and my brother I know the alternative of refusing the hated hand of Hohenlohe—but I shall meet it fearlessly; with him I can never be happy; and the consent or even death, would be preferable to the unfeeling dignity and cold preference of a man I could never love."

"Louisa do not suffer such desponding fears to fill your bosom," I said, kissing the tears from her cheek; "when the French are driven from Mantua, I shall return; heaven will protect and bless us; and we shall yet be happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Look at This.—It is estimated, says an exchange, that the drunkard consumes as much grain, in the form of alcohol, in one day, as would supply him with bread for three. This is daily proven. Each swallow at a tavern is a forerunner, and three of these a day would buy three loaves of bread; or if laid out in flour, at its present price, would buy seven pounds—enough for seven days' subsistence.

It is not poverty so much as pretence that harrasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

The Buffalo Commercial of the 23 ult., says the late storm is said to have been terrific on the lakes—Two sailors were killed by lightning in a warehouse on the east side of the river, in Oswego. A mast of a schooner in the harbor was also struck.

A lady fortune-teller, of Wilmington Del., has retired from business with a handsome fortune. She is said to have received more money, and seen more fools, than any other lady living.

A raven will live 100 years, a partridge 25; a swine 25; a bull 45; an ox 20; a hare, 10; a cat 10; a goat 8; a ram, 15; a dog 25.

Late advices from California say that the emigrant population from "the States" outnumbered the native in Upper California.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? "Bekaso there was a hole on the other side, to be sure."

A gentleman who has arrived in Texas from San Luis Potosi, reports that the Mexican soldiery formerly at that point had all gone to the capital.