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

LOUISA—mounted my horse—and in using the tender recollections of what had passed, and thinking of the future, and the dangers that threatened me, I had rode about two miles, when I saw the galloping of a horse behind me, and looking around perceived that it was young Stienberg. I instantly checked my horse; and thinking that perhaps he was charged with some message for me, I waited his coming up. To my surprise I saw that he was a death-like paleness on his features; and when I hastily inquired what he wanted, he made no reply, except by throwing the reins down, and leaping from his horse, and in a hollow and unsteady voice, requesting me to dismount, which I instantly did. I was no sooner on my feet than he said in a voice trembling with passion, "I have come to inflict merited punishment on a villain, and defend yourself!"

Charles Stienberg, said I, here is some strange understanding; I shall not draw my sword until I have learned the cause of your infatuation. "It is easy, quite easy for you to be cool," he replied—"the man who can be guilty of such puerile conduct as yourself, may well play the unwarlike villain."

"By heavens! were you not the brother of Louisa Stienberg, you would soon rue the use of such language to me," said I; "but to you I can only say, such treatment is wholly undeserved." "Your hypocritical attempt to conceal your knowledge of the cause which has called me here avail nothing; it is for your treatment of Louisa Stienberg that you are now to account. You are wronged her and she—you have seduced her from a man worthy of her, and who has long considered her as his, and induced her to bestow her person upon you, a recreant from the field of honor and duty."

"For your last words an atonement must be made," was my reply; "but first, say, Louisa authorized you to use such language to me? Does she know your intentions?" "No," was his answer; "perverse fool she has declared her love for you; and to my father, this morning, avowed her determination to exclude herself from the world forever; rather than give her hand to the Count."

"Dearest Louisa, such faithfulness will not go unrewarded," said I, as Stienberg placed himself near me, and in a menacing tone commanded me to draw or die.

I threw the reins, which I had hitherto held in my hand, over the neck of the horse and drew my sword, determined to act only in the defensive. Stienberg attacked me with a fury that bordered on desperation, while I confined myself simply to a defence. Charles was a good swordsman; but his impetuosity gave me great advantages over him, and I might easily have finished the conflict with a single thrust. Such, however, was not my intention. I knew that he wholly misunderstood my motives, and those of his sister, and felt more disposed to pity his devotion to the interest of the Count, than to punish him for it.

I watched my opportunity, and in one of his parries, by a dexterous movement, struck his sword from his hand, threw it a considerable distance from him. He dropped his arms by his side, and without any symptoms of fear, said: "I am at your disposal, strike, and say that you have completed the mission of the Count."

"No, Charles," I replied, "I give you your life, and I shall be in defence of my country; and the time will come when you will correct the injustice you have done me and your faithless sister." Young Stienberg dropped his head, and was silent for a minute, while his bosom was the seat of a violent struggle, between his pride and his sense of duty.

"I believe that I have wronged you and my sister both," said he; "but my honor is pledged to the Count, and I cannot recede—you must see Louisa no more; or if we meet again, it must be as enemies."

"I have no wish to incur enmity where I most desire friends," I replied; "but until Louisa consents me to forget her, and see her no more, I must remain silent. I shall not promise to do so."

I sheathed my weapon and mounted my horse, and young Stienberg as I did so, that I hoped he would consult the happiness of his sister, and not tempt her to a union with a man she detested. "She is already disposed of," was his reply, "she must marry the Count or perish."

"Remember, then," said I sternly, "I shall hold you accountable for your treatment of that dear girl, your sister; to me you shall answer—remember, to me."

So saying, I rode off, leaving Stienberg standing like a statue, and evidently a prey to the most conflicting emotions. I returned to my uncle's, and thinking that an attempt on my part to see Louisa again, might be attended with disastrous consequences, I wrote a hasty sketch of the affair, requesting her brother from blame; and while I returned my promises of fidelity to her, left the decision of my fate entirely to her. This letter I sent in such a manner, that I was confident she would be full of receiving it; and then arranging my affairs, without delay, I departed for the army.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go get these to a nunnery."—HAMILT. The grand object of the imperial army had in view, the relief of Mantua; and after a vast variety of manoeuvring, and some hard fought battles, by rapid marches, Gen. Wurmsler succeeded in forcing the blockade and throwing himself, with a body of troops and a supply of provisions, into the town to relieve the worn out and exhausted garrison. To this body I was attached, and there I was so closely blockaded as to preclude the

possibility of hearing from abroad, we suffered every kind of privation, until despairing of relief, and reduced by starvation and disease to a handful, the brave defenders of the city which had withstood all the efforts of the French armies, were, with the veteran Wurmsler, compelled to surrender.

So gallant had been the defence, that the officers were immediately dismissed on their parole of honor, not to serve against France during the war and were even permitted to retain their arms and baggage. If those engaged in the defence of Mantua were unable to hear from abroad, those abroad were equally unable to obtain intelligence from those within; and it was not known who had fallen and who had survived the combined assaults of disease and the sword. On my arrival at Vienna, I found that rumor had given my name as one that had early fallen, and the surprise and joy of my friends may be more easily imagined than described. I remained but two days at Vienna, so impatient was I to visit the valley of the Enns, and learn the destiny of one on whom I felt my happiness depended. I arrived at my uncle's and was received by him and his family as one risen from the dead. My first inquiries related to the family at Stienberg castle; for though my worthy uncle knew that during the latter part of my residence with him, I had been a frequent visitor at the castle, yet he had never suspected the real cause, and knew not how deeply I was interested in their welfare.

"All gone—blotted out—destroyed," was his reply; "the family of Stienbergs is no more." "I started to my feet," I exclaimed, "I have important business at that place, and must go there without delay."

"Lowendorff," said my uncle, surprised at my agitation, "you will obtain no information there; Joseph, on whom the title and estate devolves, has not returned from the army, if indeed he is living—old Stienberg is dead—grief occasioned by the death of Charles, in a quarrel with Hohenlohe, brought him to the grave—and the daughter, who I think you remember, has entered the nunnery of St. Lawrence, at Vienna."

"I do indeed remember her?" was my reply, as soon as I could recover sufficient composure to speak; and countermanding my orders to Meeker, after making a few inquiries, I retired to my chamber to deliberate on the course I was to pursue. To sit down without an effort to gain the fair Louisa, and contented with her loss, was not for a moment to be thought of; still I knew the undertaking which was to deliver her from the present seclusion, would prove to be no trifling affair. The nunnery of St. Lawrence had been founded for those of high rank, and its inmates belonged to the first families of the empire. But while they were treated with more indulgence, and within the walls enjoyed more privileges than those of any other religious house in the city, in the intercourse which the fair nuns maintained with the society of their friends and the world, the same unwavering watchfulness was exercised by the ladies who superintended the establishment. Whatever the hazard might be, the attempt however was to be made; and as my uncle was ignorant of my attachment, I concluded it was best to let him remain without any knowledge of my intended undertaking. I remained with my uncle about a week, to recover in some measure from the effects of the hardships and fatigues I had undergone, and make the necessary arrangements for my visit to Vienna. Money, I knew, would be an indispensable requisite to success, and I soon found myself in possession of a sum equal as I imagined, to any exigency. I took my leave of my uncle, at the time I had fixed upon, and repaired, unaccompanied and in disguise to the capital. I had assumed the dress of one of the countrymen who lived by gardening, and disposing of their various articles of produce in the city, and by various attempts, had the satisfaction of knowing that I could remain unknown.

With a basket of rare and beautiful roses which I had procured from one of the gardeners of the city, for the purpose, on my arm, and in my assumed dress, I left my lodging, and with a palpitating heart approached the massive pile that contained the being I loved so well. I obtained admission into the hall without difficulty; and when the lady in waiting inquired my errand; I told her I had been sent by a lady with some roses, as a present to Miss Steinberg. The lady instantly went to call Louisa, and during her absence I seated myself on one of the sofas, drew my slouched hat still further over my face, and anxiously awaited her appearance. She came; and the same sweet smile—the same enchanting girl—and approached the sofa on the other side of the railing, to receive the flowers.

"You informed me I think," said Louisa to the lady, as they came up, "that the flowers were presented from Madam Wellman?" "So I understood the peasant gardener," was the reply.

"They are indeed, beautiful roses, and so early," said the charming nun, as she took them through an opening in the railing; "will you be so kind as to convey my compliments to my friend, for her goodness?"

Louisa as she ceased speaking, put a piece of money into the basket, and returned it to me. "I will execute your commands with pleasure," I answered; "but I cannot take your money; Miss Wellman has already made me compensation."

"An honest Gardener?" exclaimed the lady "who ever saw a man refuse money before?—friend, we will look to you for our flowers, if you are so reasonable in your demands."

"I may not be able always to furnish you with as sweet ones as those you now have," I replied, "and even these in my opinion, was far exceeded by one I once saw with between castle Stienberg and Enns."

Louisa started, but I had averted my face and she resumed her composure. "Are you unwell?" inquired the attendant, who had noticed her movement.

"No, madam," answered Louisa, "the mention of castle Stienberg called up recollections, which even the kindness of my friends here, and the lapse of time, has not wholly obliterated."

"The ties that bind us to the world, I am sensible are very powerful," answered the lady; "they cannot be shaken off in a moment; but it is our duty to guard against their obtaining ascendancy."

"Are you acquainted at Enns?" asked Louisa. "Very little," I replied, in the most indifferent voice I could assume; "but I was there last week, and it was reported that Col. Lowendorff, whose uncle resides at Enns, has returned, and was not killed as the rumor stated at Mantua."

"Mandolina if you will bring my shawl I shall feel much obliged to you," said Louisa, to the attendant, and she immediately went for it. "Now good peasant, lose not a moment, but tell me all you know respecting Lowendorff's return," said Louisa, in a hurried tone.

"I know but little about him," I answered, "except that he has returned, and is said to be inconsolable because a young lady to whom he was tenderly attached, has entered a nunnery, and proved herself unfaithful to his love."

"This false!" said Louisa, emphatically, "and those who report such stories, are mistaken indeed."

"You know Col. Lowendorff, then?" said I. "I once knew him well, far too well," said Louisa. "If I am to spend my days here: would to the Blessed Virgin I could see him again, were it but for once; yet," continued she, as if unconscious that any one was present, and as if thinking aloud, "it would be worse than useless, could my wish be gratified; my destiny is fixed and it is a cruel, cruel one."

While she was pronouncing, with downcast eyes, those words, I had unbent my peasant frock, raised my hat, and arranged my hair as I had worn it when she was the happy mistress of Stienberg castle, and in my own voice now answered the lovely girl—"you shall see him again;" and the pressure of her hand, and the tone of her voice was enough. She started from the reverie—a penetrating glance at me—and with a voice trembling with agitation exclaimed, "I do indeed see him—my own Lowendorff!"

For a moment she was pale as death, and I feared the result; but she recovered in a short time, and the rich crimson that overspread her countenance, as I pressed her hand to my lips, and her eloquent eyes, told the overflowing joy of that moment of meeting.

"Lowendorff, this is a moment I have often and fervently wished," said the charming girl; "but if there is bliss in meeting there must be misery in parting, and we must part, and that now and forever, forever."

"No, my dear Louisa," said I firmly, "unless you wish it. If you remain the same attached Louisa I once knew you—if the same sentiments now warm your bosom, which you then avowed, and which I fondly believed you entertained, I may bid defiance to fate, and you shall be saved from these walls, for love and happiness."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever forget the days that are past," said Louisa, earnestly, "or cease to consider you my dearest friend—must I say the only one."

"No, Louisa, not the only friend," I answered, "but the one who loves more than all others, and who will rescue you from these walls at every hazard—but Mandolina is returning—I must not be known—I will see you again if possible to-morrow, if not sooner"—and I assumed my former appearance.

"I have requested this peasant to bring me some more of those roses to-morrow," said Louisa to Mandolina, as she came up and apologized for not being able to find her shawl sooner; "the leaves of this kind are excellent when dried and I think we can devise some method to preserve their fleeting perfume."

"He has my liberty to bring as many as he pleases, most certainly," said the lady; "they are most charming ones." And after promising to comply with their wishes if possible, I took my leave of the nunnery, and my fair Louisa.

CHAPTER VIII.
"Build you walls to Pachel's height,
Love will surely soon burst them;
When he's angry, his purple light
They will fall before him."

I did not fail to be punctual in fulfilling the promise I had made Louisa, of seeing her the next day; and by means of the basket of roses, we soon understood each other perfectly. We discussed by means which love alone could have prompted the chances of escape, and while she was willing to encounter every risk in her own person, she shrunk from the consequences which would ensue to me, should we ultimately fail of success. To get Louisa out of the walls of the nunnery, presented the greatest obstacles to our plans; once free from that, I felt that our triumph would be certain. If I failed, I knew my destination; in the quicksilver mines of Idria, I should have been shut out from the light of day, and die a living death; yet with such an invaluable prize in view as Louisa, who would have thought of the alternative.

During my several visits, I had examined the rounds which formed the partition between the hall of the nuns, and the visitors room, in the hope of finding that some of them were moveable; but I found every one firm and secure. The thought then struck me, that as they were of wood, and placed a few inches apart, that a slender and delicate person, such as Louisa, might pass between them, if an opportunity offered to do it unobserved. I tried the experiment of springing them asunder, and we convinced ourselves that it was practicable. It was necessary to procure some individual who would consent to take the place of Louisa, and thus prevent instant detection: while it would give us a few hours chance to make our escape from Vienna. Among that class of unfortunates, who are ready to perform any act for money, I soon found one, who in height and general appearance, sufficiently resembled Louisa, and who readily consented to play the part I wished her, on this occasion.

As Louisa had nothing to detain her in Europe, and I considered myself a citizen of the world, we had agreed to make the best of our way to Hamburg, and from thence proceed, as soon as possible, to the United States. My money I had exchanged for drafts on the Hamburg bankers; and in order to disguise ourselves effectually, I had procured a cart and mule, such as is used by the itinerant biblioplists of Germany, who are employed in circulating the literary wares which are yearly collected in the great book mart of Leipzig: and with a supply of the same material, to cover our expedition, we trusted to get off free.

The day was fixed upon: and with an anxiety which cannot be described, we awaited the arrival of the hour which was to be the crisis of our fate. That hour was the time immediately preceding the vesper bell, as the lamps were not lighted up, and the duskiness of the time, would favor our operations. It was during this last day that I thought our prospects were all blasted, and our hopes destroyed; and I almost tremble now, when I remember what I then felt. That day I was seized for the purpose of being hurried into the army, and marched off without delay for Italy. By revealing my name I should have been liberated, but that I would have frustrated our plans, and without doing it, it seemed that my destiny was certain.

To make it still worse, I learned that my superior officer was to be my enemy Hohenlohe; and I well knew if once in his power, there would be no escape. Escorted by a file of men, I was on my way to the rendezvous, when I met you. I had seen you in the nunnery; I had seen you in conversation with Stewart, the British envoy, at Vienna—and took you for an Englishman, and I determined to interest you, if possible, in my behalf. You know the result; and to the last hour of my life I shall never forget the services, the distinguished services you rendered me. A few florins a piece to the guard and a bonus to the superior, reconciled them to the delay, and him to the injury which the imperial service might sustain. Evening came on—every thing was in readiness—the peasant dress for Louisa was provided—the cart and mule were placed so that no delay could be occasioned—and calling on the young woman who was to personate Louisa, we proceeded to the nunnery.

I had my basket of roses, and as usual was immediately admitted, with pleasure, by the lady in attendance. Louisa, too, was there; and when her eyes met mine, the mingled emotions of hope and fear, were strikingly depicted in the variations of her beautiful countenance. The dusk began to throw the hall and its inmates into the shade—we had separated ourselves from the group of persons present—and when the bell rung for vesper, the person I had provided joined us, as if to depart with us. Louisa passed the railing without the least difficulty, and her place was occupied by the substitute with as little. Slipping some money into her hand I then took Louisa on my arm, but such was her agitation, that I was almost forced to carry the trembling girl; and when after we had passed the gates and found ourselves at liberty, I pressed her to my bosom, I felt her heart beating as though it would burst the narrow bosom that confined it. One kiss, one endearing embrace—and we left the nunnery of St. Lawrence, and in a few minutes saw Louisa seated in the cart, and her white dress exchanged for the coarse one which better befitted her assumed character.

My passports were furnished, and the dawn of morning saw us at a respectable distance from Vienna, on our way to the frontiers, in the direction of Bohemia. It was my design to leave the great road, and by a more circuitous route, in the direction of Prague, pass the Carpathian range of mountains, and then bearing to the left, strike the valley of the Elbe, through which the road we intended to travel passed above Dresden. This course would be somewhat longer, but it was less frequented, and I was sensible that if pursued, it would be in the direction of the Elbe, and would probably be confined to that road alone. Accordingly, with the fair Louisa, disguised as much as possible, we took the route I have mentioned, and proceeded several days' journey, travelling at our leisure, congratulating ourselves on our escape and indulging in those delightful reveries of young and loving hearts, and which are so often fallacious and illusory. Before leaving Vienna, we had mutually agreed that our marriage should be deferred until we were on the eve of our departure for America; since, if we were overtaken, the rules of monastic discipline would have made the punishment of Louisa; in that case severe in the extreme; and on our journey she passed as my sister, who had taken the method of travelling, to pay our friends at Dresden a visit.

From Louisa I had now an opportunity of observing the circumstances that accompanied her refusal to become the wife of the imperious Hohenlohe. Scarcely had I departed from Stienberg castle, than she was summoned to her father's apartment, where she found him already attended by Hohenlohe and her brother.

"I have sent for you, Louisa, to learn from you the truth, relative to some reports which I have heard, and which deeply interest the honor of the family," said Stienberg, in a tone of determined sternness and authority.

"I should be very sorry, my dear father," replied Louisa, "if I could think you believed I would do any thing which would injure your feelings, or tarnish the honor of the family."

"That was spoke like my daughter," said Baron Stienberg, as he kissed Louisa's cheek, "but you will forgive the anxiety of a parent, when he wishes to know the meaning of the partially you have shown the young officer, who has lately made himself so much at home here?"

Louisa colored, but instantly regaining composure replied, "It means nothing more than the respect which I, as the daughter of a man who had shed his blood in the service of his country, thought it

might be paid without disgrace, to a stranger similarly situated."

"You are right my daughter; God forbid that any of the Stienbergs should forget what is due to the defenders of the empire!" said the baron, with energy.

"If the business is explained to your satisfaction, I will retire," said Louisa, who was anxious to escape from the scrutinizing glance which the Count cast upon her; as he traversed the room, with his arms folded behind his back.

"There is one thing more," said the baron; "you are sensible that for a considerable time, you have by us, and our friend, Count Hohenlohe, been considered as his affianced bride; and in our opinion, the time has arrived when it is proper that your marriage be solemnized: you will, of course, be permitted to fix the day; remembering, however, that it must be one not far distant."

Louisa was thunder-struck—she knew the inflexible obstinacy of her father, in things which he imagined concerned the honor of his house—and she read in the cold and haughty demeanor of the Count, the calculating certainty of ultimate triumph. Her resolution was, however, fixed, and to it she determined to adhere: "Father," she said, after a moment's pause to collect her thoughts, "once I should have asked time to have given you an answer, on a question of such magnitude, but now my mind is fully made up; and I here say, that Louisa Stienberg, can never become the bride of Count Hohenlohe."

The Count, now turned on his heel and said, "It is you see as I suspected; the perfidious Hungarian has played his part successfully."

(To this speech of Hohenlohe, Louisa gave no answer, other than a look of scorn and contempt.) "And he shall answer it dearly," said Charles, starting to his feet from the sofa, on which during the preceding conference, he had been reclining.

"Silence, all of you," said the baron sternly; and striking his heavy heel upon the floor, then addressing his daughter, said, "Louisa, did I understand you aright; do you dare to refuse the hand of this honorable gentleman?"

"You understand me right," said the trembling girl, "I do refuse the honor of his hand, and I throw myself on your love for forgiveness."

"Talk not to me of forgiveness," said the enraged parent, "your choice is before you—the hand of the Count, or banishment from my presence forever. Louisa threw herself before the baron, clasped his knees with her hands, and burst into tears: "O do not compel me to sacrifice my happiness forever, consider!"

"I shall consider nothing," interrupted the impetuous Stienberg, "make your decision now."

"Choose the latter," said Louisa, rising and throwing back her hair, which in her agitation, had escaped from the wild flowers which confined it and had fallen on her bosom—"I choose the latter; and in the seclusion of a nunnery, will forgive the precipitation, and pray for the happiness of my father."

As Louisa pronounced the last words, she saw that Hohenlohe and Charles were in close conversation together, and that the flushed brow of Charles indicated the tumult of his bosom; but she only heard the words of the Count, as Charles took his hat to leave the room: "by doing it you will prove yourself my friend, and lay me under eternal obligations to you."

"The meeting between me and Charles you already know," said Lowendorff, as he continued his narrative.

Louisa was constant to her choice; and the baron although it cost him many a bitter struggle, was inflexible. He tenderly loved Louisa, but his word, his honor was pledged, and he would not forfeit either; and a few days after my departure, the lovely Louisa was within the walls of St. Lawrence, and shut out from the world.

A short time afterwards a few words passed between the Count and Charles, whom the former charged of passing into my service, instead of avenging his wrongs, and who retorted, by accusing the Count of sacrificing, for the basest and most selfish motives, the happiness of his sister. High words ensued—words were drawn—and Charles fell before the cool and practised villainy of the Count. This was all that was wanting to complete the wretchedness of the unhappy baron. He saw that he was sinking under his accumulated trouble, and anxious too to see his only son, a messenger was despatched for him, but before he could arrive, the baron was no more;

Louisa's tears fell fast, as she recounted these events; but they only seemed to convince us that the strongest ties which might have bound us to Europe, had been forever severed.

CHAPTER LAST.
"The truly virtuous may bid defiance to fortune: they are above his frowns."—SIR THO. MOORE. We had now left the hereditary dominions of Austria far behind us—had penetrated the almost inaccessible defiles of that wild and romantic range, which separates the imperial possessions from the Bohemia—had followed the course I had proposed until we reached the picturesque, and fertile valley of the Elbe, and now found ourselves within two days' journey of Dresden, where we should be free from pursuit and danger. In no part of the world does a great thoroughfare pass such dangerous defiles, as the one which follows the river Elbe, through the passes between Bohemia and Prussia. In many places the road is cut from the solid rock, and while precipices of tremendous height are piled over the traveller, and the noble river is rolling its dark wave a hundred feet below, and a false step might tumble the unwary passenger to instant annihilation.

One day passed away—we were within an hour's travel of the frontier Prussian towns—the fear of apprehension had mostly subsided—and in high spirits, and mounted on the only seat in our little vehicle, we were congratulating ourselves in our good fortune. The lovely Louisa was partly reclining on my shoulder, and her veil, which she wore to conceal, from the rude gaze of the peasantry, her

delicate and fine features, was thrown back, that she might the better enjoy the view of the magnificent scenery with which we were surrounded.

"One hour more, and we are beyond pursuit—then, my dear Louisa, I shall dare to call you mine," said I, as I parted the curling hair, and kissed the white forehead of the faithful girl.

"Heaven grant that we may be as fortunate as we have hitherto been," replied Louisa, "though since I left Vienna the fact that some foe would at last overtake us, has not allowed me to breathe freely, and often have I, when sleeping, been torn from you to be carried back to the nunnery, while you were dragged away to be buried alive and poisoned in the mines of Idria, or broke upon the wheel."

"Heaven, said I, will preserve us, not only from enemies, but from these fearful precipices; a dozen men might, in this place, keep an army in check."

"Ah, I see," said Louisa smiling, "that you have not forgotten your old trade of war; you must remember that we are going to a land of peace."

"I do my dear," I answered; "but surely, if person who owes so much to war, may be permitted sometimes to revert to its scenes; to war I owe my acquaintance with you, and all my fond dreams of bliss to come—but hush! who comes here?"

"We were at the moment turning a precipitous point of the rocky barrier—it was the last in the mountain defiles—and the highly cultivated plains, which from this place extended to Dresden, had begun to be visible, when two horsemen suddenly presented themselves but a few yards from us, and advancing towards us.

"Blessed Virgin protect us," said Louisa, in a low and hurried voice, as she drew her veil over her face; "we are undone: they are Hohenlohe, and the willing agent in his villainies, Wallenstein. Their horses bore the appearance of hard riding, but the riders were evidently well armed, and as they came up, I saw that Louisa was correct.

Hohenlohe was in advance, as the narrowness of the road did not permit them to ride abreast in passing our vehicle, and was already beyond us, when Wallenstein came up, and gazing at us closely, reined his horse directly before us, while a scornful smile lighted up his dark countenance.

"By the eleven thousand Virgins! a prize Hohenlohe, a prize!" exclaimed he, as he stopped his horse, as his master wheeled instantly to join him.

"Well met, my friends," continued Wallenstein, "for such I must call you; I should like to know how you prosper in your new undertaking. I must examine the contents of your cart, and unless I have mistaken the freight, shall, without ceremony, take at least half your burden off your hands."

"I do not know by what authority you use such language to me," I replied; "but you may be assured we are speaking to one who is not accustomed to insult."

"Ha!" said the imperialist, "it is as I suspected; the hero of Arco, escorting in a bookseller's cart, a runaway nun! O, how that will tell in the gay circles of Vienna."

"Villain!" I replied, "you will please to bridle your tongue, or you will never again see Vienna;" while I whispered to the half fainting Louisa, not to be frightened, for I should defend her with my life.

"Come, madam Stienberg, if you have not exchanged that name for a meaner one," said Hohenlohe, with a sneer, "come, let us see your face once more; that hand I should know among a thousand, and I wish to see whether a nunnery has had as little effect on your features as on your your white hair."

"Come, maiden unveil; remember it is your lord who pays commands you," said Wallenstein; "no quivers be squeamishness; we shall, I trust, be better acquainted before we get back to Vienna."

"Offer him money! offer him money!" said the terrified Louisa, who well knew the avaricious disposition of Wallenstein.

"Miss Steinberg has forgotten that there are those who will pay more to have her and her paramour carried back to Vienna, than she can give to prevent it," said the heartless Hohenlohe, "and she must therefore return."

"There is no necessity, for words," I said sternly; "I shall never return to Vienna, nor shall Miss Steinberg be taken thither, without her consent; you will therefore clear the way and let us pass."

"I shall clear the way for you," answered Wallenstein, "but you may throw your literary trumpery into the Elbe; you will not need it to meet your return expenses;" so saying he took my male by the bits, and attempted to turn the cart about.

"The villain who stops a peaceable traveller, on the road, must expect to be treated as a high-way robber," said I, as I drew one of my pistols and fired. Wallenstein let go the bits—attempted to draw a pistol from his holster, but was unable—the reed in his saddle, and exclaimed with a fearful oath, that he was a dead man, dropped lifeless from his horse; but clinging to the bridle with a death grasp and thus completely blocking up the way.

I leaped from the cart, and seized Wallenstein, with a single effort threw him over the precipice; thus clearing the way, called to Louisa to drive forward with all her might; but before she could get up, I found myself confronted by Hohenlohe, who with drawn sword exclaimed: "haste and cowardly murderer, think not to escape thus; vengeance shall overtake the traitor, and the seducer of innocence."

"With the man who has fallen, I had no quarrel," said I as I drew, "but with you—with the murderer of Charles Stienberg—the recreant from worth and honor—my quarrel is fatal; we part not till reparation is made, and made with blood."

Blows were instantly exchanged, and the struggle was close and desperate. Hohenlohe maintained his reputation as a swordsman, and his cool calculating address made him doubly dangerous. At last in making a thrust which I intended should decide the contest, my sword, which had carried me through many a peril, broke in the middle, and thus I was completely disarmed. Before he had time to take advantage of my situation I had closed

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]