

EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

ISSUE I

THE FORESTERS

[1. June 1787]

THE FORESTERS,

An AMERICAN TALE, being a Sequel to the History of JOHN BULL, the Clothier.

EVERY one who has read the history of *John Bull*, the clothier, must have observed, that though "he was in the main an honest, plain dealing fellow, yet he was choleric and inconstant, and very apt to quarrel with his best friends." This observation we shall find fully verified in the course of the following narrative; and as the opinions and manners of superiors have a very great influence in forming the character of inferiors, we need not be surprized if we find a family likeness prevailing among the persons whose history we are about to recite, most, of whom were formerly residents in Mr. Bull's house, or apprentices in his shop.

There was among the appendages to John's estate, a pretty large tract of land, which had been neglected by his ancestors, and which he never cared much about, excepting that now and then some of his family went thither a-hunting, and brought home venison and furs. Indeed this was as far as I can find the best pretence that John had to call the land his; for he had no legal title to it. It was then a very woody country, in some parts rocky and hilly, in other parts level; well watered with brooks and ponds, and the whole of it bordered on a large lake, in which were plenty of fish, some of which were often served up at John's table, on fast-days.

The stories told by one and another of these adventurers, had made a deep impression on the mind of *Walter Pipe-Weed* (1) one of John's

domestics, a fellow of a roving and projecting disposition, and who had learned the art of surveying. Walter having frequently listened to their chat, began to think within himself, "If these fellows make so many pence by their excursions to this wild spot, what might not I gain by sitting down upon it? There is plenty of game and fish at hand, for a present supply; plenty of nuts and acorns to fatten pigs, and with some small labour I may be able to raise corn and feed poultry, which will fetch me a good price at market.--I can carry basket enough in my pockets, to keep me alive till my first crop comes in, and my dog can live upon the offals of the game that I shall kill.--Besides, who knows what treasures the land itself may contain--perhaps some rich mines!--od zounds!--then I am made for this world."

Full of this dream, Walter applied to his master one day for a lease of part of *the forest*, as it was called. Bull at first laughed at the proposal, and put him off; but Walter followed it up so close, and told what advantages might be gained by settling there, and promised, if he should succeed, to turn all his trade into his master's hand, and give him the refusal of whatever he might bring to market, and withal shewed him some draughts, which he had made with chalk, from the reports of the huntsmen, that Bull began to think of the matter in good earnest, and consulted his lawyer upon the subject, who, after due consideration of the premises, and stroking his band, advised him as follows. "Why yes, Mr. Bull, I don't see why you ought not to look about you as well as your neighbours. There is *Lord Street*--he has a large manor adjoining to your forest, which, they say, yields him a fine rent, and, who knows, but this

may bring you in as much, or more? --Then there is old *Lewis*, the cudgel-player, and *Nic Frog*, the draper, who have, perhaps, (I say *perhaps*, Mr. Bull, because it may be a little doubtful on both sides, and in that case, you know, sir, it would not become gentlemen of our cloth, to speak positively) as good a claim as your honor to this land; but then it is a maxim, you know, that possession is eleven points of the law, and if you once get your foot upon it--they can not out you without a process, and your honor knows that your purse is as long as theirs, and you are as able to stand a suit with them as they are with you. I therefore advise you to humour your man Walter, and give him a lease, and a pretty large one--you may find more advantages in it than you are aware of--but lease it, lease it at any rate." Upon this he was ordered to make out a lease; and Walter being thus invested with as good authority as could be obtained, filled his pockets with bread and cheese, took his gun, powder-flask, and shot of various kinds, with a parcel of fishing-lines and hooks, his surveying instruments, and a bag of corn on his shoulders, and off he trotted to his new paradise.

It was some time before he could fix upon a spot to his liking, and he at first met with some opposition from the bears and wolves, and was greatly exposed to the weather, before he could build him a hut; once or twice the savage animals had almost devoured him, but being made of good stuff, he stood his ground, cleared a little spot, put his seed into the earth, and lived as well as such adventurers can expect, poorly enough at first, but supported by the hope of better times. After a while he began to thrive, and his master Bull recommended a *wife* (2) to whom he married, and by whom

(1) Sir Walter Raleigh was the first adventurer to make a settlement in America, which he named

Virginia.

(2) The charter of Virginia.

he had a number of children. Having found a new sort of grain in the forest, and a certain plant of a narcotic quality, he cultivated both, and having procured a number of (3) *black-cattle*, he went on prettily in the planting way, and brought his narcotic weed into great repute, by sending a present of a quantity of it to his old master, who grew excessively fond of it, and kept calling for more, till he got the whole trade of it into his own hands, and sold it out of his own ware-house to old Lewis, Nic Frog, and all the other tradesmen around him. In return he supplied Walter with cloths and stuffs for his family, and utensils for his husbandry; and as a reward for being the first, who had courage to make a settlement in his forest, and in token of his high esteem of him as a customer, as well as for certain other reasons, he made it a practice every year, to present him with a waggon-load of ordure, (4) the sweepings of his back-yard, the scrapings of his dog-kennel, and contents of his own water closet. This was a mark of politeness which John valued himself much upon. "It may seem odd (said he one day to a friend) that I make such a kind of compliment as this to my good customer; but if you consider it aright you will find it a piece of refined policy--for by this means I get rid of a deal of trash and rubbish that is necessarily made in such a family as mine; I get a cursed stink removed from under my nose, and my good friend has the advantage of it upon his farm, to manure his grounds, and make them produce more plentifully that precious weed in which we all so much delight." Walter was often seen, on the arrival of Bull's waggon, to clap his handkerchief to his nose; but as he knew his old master was an odd sort of a fellow, and it was his interest to keep in with him, he generally turned off the compliment with a laugh, saying, good naturedly enough, "Let him laugh that wins," without explaining his meaning, tho' it might admit of a *double entendre*,

--and calling some of his servants, he ordered them to shovel out the dung, and make his black cattle mix theirs with it--and when spread over the land, the air took out most of the scent, and the salts were of some advantage to the soil.

After Walter Pipe-weed had got his affairs into tolerable order, he was visited in his retirement by *Frederick Peterson* (5), another of Bull's apprentices, who had taken a fancy to the same kind of life, from a disgust to some things that had happened in the family. He had not been long with Walter before he found it would not do for him to remain there. Frederick was supposed to be a natural son of old *Lord Peter*, after whom he was nick-named. He had the same affected airs, and a tincture of the high flying notions of his reputed father. These made him rather disgusting to Walter, who had learned his manners of Mr. Bull's mother, when she was in her sober senses, and between her and Lord Peter there had been a long variance. When Frederick perceived that his company was not desired, he had so much good sense as to leave Walter's plantation, and paddling across a creek, seated himself on a point of land that ran out into the lake. Of this he obtained a lease of his old master, and went to work in the same manner as Walter had done, who, liking his company best at a distance, was willing to supply him with bread and meat till he could scramble for himself. Here he took to husbandry, raising corn and the narcotic weed, and buying up *black cattle*, and after a while turned his produce into his old master's ware-house, and received from him the annual compliment of a waggon-load of dung, excepting that when there had not been so much as usual made, he and Walter were to share a load between them.

To ingratiate himself still farther with his old master, he accepted of

(5) Frederick Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who first settled Maryland, was a Papist, his successors abjured Popery, and conformed to the Church of England.

a girl out of his family for a wife, (for John was always fond of his tenants marrying for fear of their doing worse) he took as little notice as possible of his reputed father, and dropping, or disowning his nickname of Peterson, he assumed that of *Marygold*, which old Madam Bull understood as a compliment to one of her daughters.--He also made his court to the old lady by kneeling down and kissing the fringe of her embroidered petticoat, as was the fashion of that day. This ceremony, tho' a trifle in itself, helped much to recommend him to Mr. Bull, who was a very dutiful son, and took his mother's advice in most parts of his business. In short, Frederick was too much of a politician to suppose that filial affection ought to stand in the way of a man's interest, and in this he judged as most other men would have done in the same circumstances.

[*To be continued.*]

HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE

[1. September 1790]

For the New-York Magazine.

An original and interesting letter, by the late Mrs. Ann E. Bleecker, to her friend Miss S. T. E. describing the sufferings of Mr. Kittle's family, at Schohticook, in the French and English war, prior to the last.—Several short practical essays from the same elegant and descriptive pen, we have had the high satisfaction of presenting to the public eye in our former numbers.

HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE

Dear Susan,

HOWEVER fond of novels and romances you may be, the unfortunate adventures of one of my neighbours, who died yesterday, will make you despise that fiction, in which, knowing the subject to be fabulous, we can never be so truly interested. While this lady was expiring, Mrs. C-- V--, her near kinswoman, related to me her unhap-

(3) Negroes.

(4) Convicts.

py history, in which I shall now take the liberty of interesting your benevolent and feeling heart.—

Maria Kittle was the only issue of her parents, who cultivated a large farm on the banks of Hudson, eighteen miles above Albany. They were persons of good natural abilities, improved by some learning; yet, conscious of a deficiency in their education, they studied nothing so much as to render their little daughter truly accomplished.

Maria was born in the year 1721. Her promising infancy presaged a maturity of excellencies; every amiable quality dawned through her lispng prattle; every personal grace attended her attitudes and played over her features. As she advanced through the playful stage of childhood, she became more eminent than a Penelope for her industry; yet, soon as the sun declined, she always retired with her books until the time of repose, by which means she soon informed her opening mind with the principles of every useful science. She was beloved by all her female companions, who, though they easily discovered her superior elegance of manners, instead of envying, were excited to imitate her. As she always made one in their little parties of pleasure on festival days, it is no wonder that she soon became the reigning goddess among the swains. She was importuned to admit the addresses of numbers, whom she politely discarded, and withdrew herself a while from public observation. However, the fame of her charms attracted several gentlemen of family from Albany, who intruded on her retirement, soliciting her hand. But this happiness was reserved for a near relation of her's, one Mr. Kittle, whose merits had made an impression on her heart. He, although not handsome, was possessed of a most engaging address, while his learning and moral virtues more particularly recommended him to her esteem. Their parents soon discovered their reciprocal passion, and highly approving of it, hastened their marriage, which was celebrated under the most happy auspices.

Maria was fifteen when married. They removed to his farm, on which

he had built a small neat house, surrounded by tall cedars, which gave it a contemplative air. It was situated on an eminence, with a green enclosure in the front; graced by a well-cultivated garden on one side, and on the other by a clear stream, which, rushing over a bed of white pebble, gave them a high polish, that cast a soft gleam through the water.

Here they resided in the tranquil enjoyment of that happiness which so much merit and innocence deserved; the indigent, the sorrowful, the unfortunate, were always sure of consolation when they entered those peaceful doors. They were almost adored by their neighbours, and even the wild savages themselves, who often resorted thither for refreshments, when hunting, expressed the greatest regard for them, and admiration of their virtues.

In little more than a year they were blessed with a daughter, the lovelier resemblance of her lovely mother; as she grew up her graces increasing, promised a bloom and understanding equal to her's; the Indians, in particular, were extremely fond of the smiling Anna; whenever they found a young fawn, or caught a brood of wood-ducks, or surprised the young beaver in their daily excursions through the forests, they presented them with pleasure to her; they brought her the earliest strawberries, the scarlet plumb, and other delicate wild fruits, in painted baskets.

How did the fond parents' hearts delight to see their beloved one so universally caressed? When they sauntered over the vernal fields with the little prattler wantoning before them collecting flowers, and pursuing the velvet elusive butterfly, Maria's cheek suffusing with rapture, "oh, my dear!" she would say, "we are happier than human beings can expect to be; how trivial are the evils annexed to our situation? may God avert that our Heaven be limited to this life!"

Eleven years now elapsed before Mrs. Kittle discovered any signs of pregnancy; her spouse silently wished for a son, and his desires were at length gratified; she was delivered of a charming boy, who was named,

after him, William.

A French and Indian war had commenced sometime before, but about eight months after her delivery, the savages began to commit the most horrid depredations on the English frontiers. Mr. Kittle, alarmed at the danger of his brother, who dwelt near Fort-Edward, (the eldest being just married to a very agreeable young woman) invited them to reside with him during the war.

They were scarce arrived when the enemy made farther incursions in the country, burning the villages, and scalping the inhabitants, neither respecting age or sex. This terribly alarmed Mrs. Kittle; she began to prepare for flight, and the next evening after receiving this intelligence, as she and Mr. Kittle were busily employed in packing up china and other things, they were accosted by several Indians, whose wigwams were contiguous to the village of Schochticook, and who always seemed well affected to the English. An elderly savage undertook to be prolocutor, and desired the family to compose themselves, assuring them they should be cautioned against any approaching danger. To enforce his argument, he presented Maria with a belt interwoven with silk and beads, saying, "there, receive my token of friendship.—we go to dig up the hatchet, to sink it in the heads of your enemies: we shall guard this wood with a wall of fire—you shall be safe." A warm glow of hope deepened in Maria's cheek at this. Then ordering wine to be brought to the friendly savages, with a smile of diffidence, "I am afraid," said she, "necessity may oblige you to abandon us, or neglect of your promise may deprive us of your protection."—"Neglect of my promise," retorted he with some acrimony, "no, Maria, I am a true man; I shoot the arrow up to the Great Captain every new moon: depend upon it I will trample down the briars round your dwelling, that you do not hurt your feet." Maria now retired, bowing a grateful acknowledgment, and leaving the savages to indulge their festivity, who passed the night in the most vociferous mirth.

Mrs. Kittle with a sort of exulta-

tion, related the subject of their conference to her husband, who had absented himself on their first appearance, having formed some suspicion of the sincerity of their friendship, and not being willing to be duped by their dissimulation. "And now," added Maria, smiling, "our fears may again subside: oh! my dear, my happiness is trebled into rapture, by seeing you and my sweet babes out of danger." He only sighed, and reaching his arm round her polished neck, pressed her to his bosom. After a short pause, "my love," said he, "be not too confident of their fidelity, you surely know what a small dependence is to be placed in their promises; however, to appear suspicious, might be suddenly fatal to us, we will therefore suspend our journey to Albany for a few days."— Though Maria's soul saddened at the conviction of this truth; though her fears again urged her to propose immediate flight, yet she acquiesced; and having supped with the family, this tender pair sunk asleep on the bosom of rest.

Early the next morning Mr. Kittle arose; first impressing a kiss on Maria's soft cheek, as she slumbered with her infant in her arms. He then awakened his brother, reminding him that he had proposed a hunting match the preceding evening. "It is true," replied Peter, "but since hostilities have commenced so near us as the Indians inform, I think it rather imprudent to quit the family."—"Come, come," replied the other, "do not let us intimidate the neighbours by cloistering ourselves up with women and children."—"I reject the thought," rejoined Peter, "of being afraid." Then having dressed himself, while his brother charged their pieces, they left the house, and traversed the pathless grass for many hours without perceiving any thing but small birds, who filled the fragrant air with melody. "Peter," said Mr. Kittle, casting his eyes around the lovely landscape, "what a profusion of sweets does nature exhale to please her intelligent creatures. I feel my heart expand with love and gratitude to Heaven every moment, nor can I ever be grateful enough. I have health and competence, a lovely

fond wife, whose smile would calm the rudest storm of passion, and two infants blossoming into perfection; all my social ties are yet unbroken— Peter, I anticipate my Heaven--! But why, my brother, do you turn pale? what dreadful idea stiffens your features with amazement? what in God's name ails you, Peter, are you unwell? sit down under this tree awhile."—"To these interrogatories Peter replied, "excuse my weakness, I am not unwell, but an unusual horror chilled my blood; I felt as if the damps of death prest already round my soul; but the vapour is gone off again, I feel quite better." Mr. Kittle cheered his brother, attributing his emotion to fear, who, by this time, having reassumed his composure, entered into discourse with cheerfulness, refusing to return home without having killed any thing.

Then rising, they proceeded thro' lofty groves of pine, and open fields, that seemed to bend under the heavy hand of Ceres. At last, disappointment and fatigue prevailed on them to return home; they had gone farther than they apprehended; but passing along the bank of the river, within a few miles of Mr. Kittle's, they espied a fat doe walking securely on the beach, which Peter softly approaching, levelled his piece with so good an aim, that the animal dropped. Instantly at the explosion, this seeming success was, however, the origin of their calamities; for immediately after two savages appeared, directed in their course by the firing. Setting up a loud yell, they ran up to the brothers and discharged their fire arms. Mr. Kittle started back, but Peter received a brace of balls in his bosom. He recoiled a few steps back, and then sunk down incomepassed by those deadly horrors of which in the morning he had a presentiment. Mr. Kittle stood awhile aghast, like a person just waked from a frightful dream; but on seeing the Indian advancing to tear the scalp from his dying brother, he suddenly recollected himself, and shot a bullet through his head. Then grappling with the other, who was loading again, he wrestled his firelock from him, and felled him to the ground with the butt end of it. This was

no time for reflection, or unavailing laments; the danger was eminent! So leaving the savages for dead, with a mournful silence Mr. Kittle hastened to throw the deer from off his horse, and laid his bleeding brother across him.

When our souls are gloomy, they seem to cast a shade over the objects that surround us, and make nature correspondent to our feelings: so Mr. Kittle thought the night fell with a deeper gloom than usual. The soft notes of evening birds seemed to be the responses of savage yells. The echo of his tread, which he never before regarded, now rung dismally hollow in his ears. Even the rustling of the winds through the leaves seemed attended with a solemnity that chilled him with cold tremors. As he proceeded with his mournful charge, his feelings were alarmed for his dear Maria; he dreaded the agitation and distress this adventure would throw her in—but it was unavoidable!

The sound of his horse's feet no sooner invaded the ears of Maria, than seizing a light, she sprung with a joyful impatience to the door, and was met by her partner pale and bloody, who endeavoured to prevent too sudden a discovery of this calamity. But at the first glance she comprehended the whole affair, and retiring a few steps, with the most exquisite agony in her countenance, "oh! Mr. Kittle," she cried, clasping her hands together, "it is all over—we are betrayed--your brother is killed!"—"Too true, oh! too fatally true," replied he, falling on his knees beside her as she sunk down," "my angel! the very savages that solemnly engaged to protect us have deprived him of life; but I am yet alive, my Maria, be comforted--I will instantly procure carriages, and before morning you and your innocents shall be beyond the reach of their malevolence."

By this time the family had crowded about them, and with grievous wailings were enquiring the particulars of this sad adventure. Mr. Kittle having related every circumstance with brevity, ordered the corpse to be laid in a remote chamber, desiring at the same time a horse to be saddled

for him. Then, more oppressed by his wife's griefs than his own, he led the disconsolate fair to her chamber, where, being seated, she sighing demanded where he intended to go at that time of night. "Only," said he, "to the village of Schocticook to hire a couple of waggons; I shall return in an hour I hope, with a proper guard to secure our retreat from this hostile place." Maria was silent; at length she burst into a flood of tears, which his endearments only augmented. Then expostulating with him, "is it not enough," cried she, "that you have escaped one danger, but must you be so very eager to encounter others? besides, you are spent with sorrow and fatigue--let one of your brothers perform this silent expedition.--"It is impossible," replied the tender husband; "how can I dare to propose a danger to them from which I would shrink myself? their lives are equally precious with mine--but God may disappoint our fears, my love." He would have continued, but his spouse, rising from her seat, interrupted him--"At least, my dear, before you leave us give your lovely babes a farewell embrace, that if fate should—should—separate us, that yet shall sweeten our hours of absence." Here she found herself clasped in her consort's arms, who exclaimed, "my Maria! I love you passionately, and if the least shadow of danger did appear to attend this night's travel, for your sake, for my blessed children's sake I would decline it--but I have left the Indians lifeless, who, no doubt, attacked us from some private pique--nor will they be discovered until morning."—"Well then," Maria answered, "I no longer oppose you; forgive my fears." Mean while as she stepped to the cradle for her suckling, the fair Anna, who was listening at the door, anxious to hear her parents' sentiments on this occasion, quitted her station, and flew to them swift as light, dropping on her knees before her father, and looked up in his face with the most attractive graces, and the persuasive eloquence of simplicity. Her neck and features were elegantly turned, her complexion fairer than the tuberose, and contrasted by the most shining ringlets of dark hair.

Her eyes, whose brilliancy were softened through the medium of tears, for a while dwelt tenderly on his countenance. At length, with a voice scarce audible, she sighed out, "oh, Papa! do not leave us; if any accident should happen to you, Mamma will die of grief, and what will become of poor Anna and Billy? who will care for me? Who will teach me when my Papa, my Mamma's Papa is gone?"—"My sweet child," replied he, embracing her and holding her to his bosom, "there is no danger; I shall return in an hour, and before to-morrow you shall be safe on the plains of Albany, and my heart shall exult over the happiness of my family."

Mrs. Kittle now approached with her playful infant in her arms; but its winning actions extorted nothing but groans from her pained bosom, which was more stormy than Ontario Lake, when agitated by fierce winds. Mr. Kittle perceiving this uncommon emotion, gently took the child from her, and repeatedly kissed it, while new smiles dimpled its lovely aspect. "Oh!" said he to himself, "this gloom that darkens Maria's soul is supernatural!--it seems dreadfully portentous!--Shall I yet stay?" But here a servant informing him that his horse was ready, he blushed at his want of fortitude; and having conquered his irresolution, after the most affecting and solemn parting, he quitted his house, never to review it more!

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE

[1. 2 May 1801]

Adventures in a Castle.
An Original Story.

PREVIOUS to the revolution which has convulsed Europe, and before peace and order were banished from the bosom of France, lived Monsieur Boileau. His chateau was situated on the border of a small stream which glided through a romantic valley in the province of Burgundy.

He had formerly resided in the capital, and had ever borne an unblemished character; but having the misfortune of being bereft of the partner of his felicity, he purchased this small spot, to which he retired, accompanied by his two sons, Louis and Henry, neither of them of an age capable of feeling the severity of their loss: Louis the eldest being but thirteen, and his brother two years younger. Monsieur Boileau here employed the principle part of his time in instructing his two children in every branch of science, and with pleasure observed the progress they made in their studies, and the justice of their observations on the various authors, whose works he had submitted to their perusal. Several years had passed away, and the two brothers had nearly attained the age of maturity, when the hand of death deprived them of their father: sincere was their grief on this occasion, for they had always loved him with the fondest affection. On his death-bed he committed them to the care of his friend Monsieur Dupont, then an inhabitant of Dijon, the capital of the province, who received the weeping orphans with tenderness, sympathized with their sorrows, and soothed their afflictions, by his kind attention. It may not be amiss here to observe, that Monsieur Boileau was a descendant of a noble house, and that if he had survived his brother the Count de Vauban, he would have inherited his title, therefore Louis his eldest son, became the heir apparent of his uncle: between the Count and his brother a difference had long subsisted, and which was not terminated by the death of the latter, but the enmity was continued to his innocent nephews; though as his brother had left a very considerable fortune, and his own was too small to support his extravagance, he pretended to entertain a great affection for them, that he might have an opportunity of executing his villainous designs. Monsieur Dupont, whom his friend Boileau, appointed guardian of his children, was a gentleman who had too great an acquaintance with the world and its arts, to suffer himself to be deceived by a specious appearance, he therefore minutely noticed the Count's conduct, and acted with caution in any thing with which he was concerned. Shortly after the young Boileau's were numbered amongst the family, Dupont removed to his country seat: it was a large house, and it appeared as if it had stood for centuries, by the ruinous condition of many parts of it. It had been bequeathed to him by a distant rela-

tion in its present state; by admiring the grandeur of its situation, and the beautiful scenery which surrounded it, he had resolved to spare no expense in making it suitable to receive his family, during the summer months. He had therefore repaired the north wing of the building, and determined to refit the whole in the ensuing year. This spot they made their retreat, and were frequently visited by the Count de Vauban, who would often spend whole weeks with them.

But this seeming friendship for his nephews did not lull the watchfulness of Mr. Dupont, and frequently while tracing the various avenues to the southern wing of the house, he would perceive himself carefully followed, by the scrutinizing eye of the faithful guardian. Although he was sensible that he was the object of the suspicion of Monsieur Dupont, yet it did not deter him from contriving further plans to deprive his nephews of their estate. One night Henry, the youngest, complained of a slight indisposition, and retired unusually early to bed; at breakfast hour the next morning he had not appeared, which his guardian attributed to his not having rested well the preceding night, owing to his trifling illness, but when the dinner-bell rung, and he had not been seen, he became seriously alarmed for his safety, and instantly attended by Louis, entered his chamber, when to their astonishment, he was not to be found. To conjecture where he was, or by what unaccountable manner he had disappeared, was almost impossible, but all the supposition that could be entertained by Mr. Dupont was, that it had been effected by foul means, and the suspicion of the deed rested on the Count, who had departed early on the morning. Thus did they remain, when the idea presented itself to the mind of Mr. Dupont that probably some of the servants had been prevailed upon by the Count to poison their food, and that though himself and Louis had escaped, yet Henry might have fallen a victim to the plot, and had been removed in the night.

ALBERT AND ELIZA

[1. 8 June 1802]

The public are assured that the principal incidents

in the following story are literally true. They were transacted more than one hundred years ago, and have never before appeared in print.

IN the early settlement of North-America, the only son of a gentleman of Long-Island, devoted his addresses to a young lady of his neighbourhood, and as no unpropitious impediment opposed their union, the marriage day was appointed under the most flattering auspices. Previous, however, to the consummation of that event, the father of the young man received advice from England, his native place, that by the death of one of his predecessors he became rightful heir to a considerable inheritance, and that he himself, or some immediate branch of this family, should appear to substantiate the claim. As the old gentleman was considerably advanced in age, and his health in decay, it was concluded to send his son, whose name was Albert, and that his marriage should be suspended until his return. This was a heavy stroke to the young lovers, but as the circumstance was indispensable, they submitted to the decision, and Albert immediately prepared for his voyage, expecting to return in about one year. The parting scene was of the most tender nature; but with the greatest confidence in each other's fidelity, they looked forward to the time when they should, happily, again meet, and all past sorrows be lost in days of uninterrupted felicity.

Albert took his departure for England, and Eliza (the name of the lady) from Montauk-Point, pursued the ship with her eyes, until it mingled with the blue glimmer of distance, and lessening, gradually receded, first the hulk, then the sails, till at last the whole was totally lost beneath the convexity of the billowy main. She stood a long time anxiously gazing at the place where the ship disappeared, and at length pensively returned to her father's house.

Eliza was a girl, whose feelings were alive to all the refinements of sensibility. In her present situation, therefore, melancholy superceded her high-wrought expectations of happiness, which manifested itself in gloomy manners and rigid seclusion. She would frequently wander along the shores of Montauk, and from its extremest point, would rivet her eyes to that distant part of the ocean where the ship which bore her Albert away was lost to her view. Here fancy presented innumerable barriers to the completion of her hopes. Perhaps the ship in which Albert sailed was already buried in the waves. Perhaps the fatigues of the sea, or some deleterious fever had forever closed the eyes of him she loved. Or, perhaps, absence and the charms of some transatlantic beauty might dissever his attachment from the maid of his vows, and bind them to more advantageous prospects. These reflections tended to sink her still deeper in dejection. Her health became impaired, and her friends, after vainly attempting to arouse her attention to visible and cheerful objects, resolved to send her to reside awhile at the city of New-York, with her father's brother, hoping that change of situation might produce a change of ideas, and she again be induced to realize the blessings of society. To this arrangement she consented, more out of complaisance to the solicitations of her friends, than from her own choice.

At New-York, objects widely different from any which Eliza had before experienced, presented themselves, which, in some measure, awoke her from the stupor of thought. She had never, before, seen the gay and busy world. So sudden a removal from the scenes of rural simplicity, to the theatre of active and brilliant life, could not fail to illuminate the dark mists of sadness, which, by degrees, gave place to more lucid ideas.

There were no stage-representations in New-York, at this early period; but there were fashionable amusements, and polite company. To these was Eliza frequently introduced, and every effort was made, by her new acquaintance, to render her situation pleasing and interesting. Her uncle was one of the settlers who came over from England with a splendid fortune, and classed with the first characters in the city; consequently the best company resorted to his house. He had a daughter of about the same age with Eliza, and a son somewhat older. Nothing was wanting, on their part, to promote the happiness of their friend, and by all the visitors she was held in the highest consideration. Her bosom felt the pleasing power of social reciprocity, and the discordant thrill of anguish more feebly vibrated the chords of affection. While she wandered along the margin of the shore, and beheld the distant approaching sails, as they dimly appeared to rise out of the farthest verge of the ocean, she breathed a sigh to the remembrance of former joys, fondly anticipated a speedy return of those happy hours, which would effectually obliterate every vestige of former care and anxiety, and became tranquil.

(To be continued.)
