

EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

ISSUE II

THE FORESTERS

[2. July 1787]

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

[Continued from Page 456.]

ABOUT the time in which these first attempts were making, and the fame of them had raised much jealousy among some, and much expectation among others, there happened a sad quarrel in John Bull's family. His mother, (1) poor Woman, had been seized with hysteric fits, which caused her at times to be delirious and full of all sorts of whims. She had taken it into her head that every one of the family must hold knife and fork and spoon exactly alike; that they must all wash their hands and face precisely in the same manner; that they must sit, stand, walk, kneel, bow, spit, blow their noses, and perform every other animal function by the exact rule of *uniformity*, which she had drawn up with her own hand, and from which they were not allowed to vary one hair's breadth. If any one of the family complained of a lame ancle or stiff knee, or had the crick in his neck, or happened to cut his finger, or was any other way so disabled as not to perform his duty to a tittle, she was so far from making the least allowance, that she would frown and scold and rave like a bedlamite; and John was such an obedient son to his mother, that he would lend her his hand to cut their ears, or his foot to kick their backsides, for not complying with her humours. This way of proceeding raised an uproar in the family; for though most of them complied, either through affection for the old lady, or through fear, or some other motive, yet others looked sour, and grumbled;

(1) The church of England.

some would openly find fault and attempt to remonstrate, but they were answered with a kick or a thump, or a cat-o'nine tails, or shut up in a dark garret 'till they promised a compliance. Such was the logic of the family in those days!

Among the number of the disaffected, was PEREGRINE PICKLE, (2) a pretty honest, clever sort of a fellow about his business, but a great lover of sour crout, and of an humour that would not bear contradiction. However, as he knew it would be fruitless to enter into a downright quarrel, and yet he could not live there in peace; he had so much prudence as to quit the house, which he did by getting out of the window in the night. Not liking to be out of employ, he went to the house of NIC. FROG, (3) his master's old friend and rival, told him the story of his sufferings, and got leave to employ himself in one of his garrets 'till the storm should be over. After he had been here a while, he thought Nick's family were as much too loose in their manners as Bull's were too strict; and having heard a rumour of the Forest, to which Nick had some kind of claim, he packed up his little all, and hired one of Nick's servants who had been there a hunting, to pilot him to that part of the Forest to which Nick laid claim. But Frog had laid an anchor to windward of him; for as Pickle had said nothing to him about a lease, he supposed that when Peregrine had got into the Forest he would take a lease of his old master, Bull, which would strengthen his title, and weaken his own; he therefore bribed the pilot to shew Peregrine to a barren part of the Forest instead of that fertile place (4) to which he had already sent his surveyors, and of which he was contriving to get possession. Accordingly the pilot

(2) The Plymouth Adventurers.

(3) The States of Holland.

(4) Hudson's River.

having conducted Pickle to a sandy point which runs into the lake, (5) it being the dusk of the evening, (6) bade him good night, and walked off. Peregrine, who was fatigued with his march, laid down and went to sleep, but waking in the morning, saw himself alone in a very dreary situation, where he could get nothing to live upon but clams, and a few acorns which the squirrels had left. In this piteous plight the poor fellow folded his arms, and walking along the sandy beach, fell into such a soliloquy as this. "So much for travelling! Abused by Bull, cheated by Frog, what am I at last come to? Here I am alone, no creatures but bears, and wolves, and such vermin around me! Nothing in the shape of an human being that I know of, nearer than Pipeweed's plantation, and with him I cannot agree, he is so devoted to old Dame Bull that he and I cannot live together any more than I could with the old woman. But, why should I despair? That is unmanly; there is at least a *possibility* of my living here, and if I am disappointed in my worldly prospects, it is but right, for I professed not to have any. My wish was to have my own way without disturbance or contradiction, and surely I can here enjoy my liberty. I have nobody here to curse me, or kick me, or cheat me. If I have only clams to eat, I can cook them my own way, and say as long a grace over them as I please. I can sit or stand, or kneel, or use any other posture at my devotions, without any cross old woman to growl at me, or any hectoring bully to cuff me for it. So that if I have lost in one way I have gained in another. I had better therefore reconcile myself to my situation and make the best of a bad market. But company is good! Apropos! I will write to some of

(5) Cape-Code.

(6) The month of December.

my fellow-prentices; I know they were as discontented as myself in old Bull's family, though they did not care to speak their minds as plainly as I did. I'll tell them how much happiness I enjoy here in my solitude. I'll point out to them the charms of liberty, and coax them to follow me into the wilderness; and by and by, when we get all together, we shall make a brave hand of it." Full of this resolution, he sat down on a windfallen tree, and pulling out his inkhorn and paper, wrote a letter to JOHN CODLINE, HUMPHRY PLOUGHSHARE, and ROGER CARRIER, three of his fellow-apprentices, informing them of the extreme happiness he enjoyed in having liberty to eat his scanty meals in his own way, and to lay his swelled ancles and stiff knee in whatever posture was most easy to him, conjuring them by their former friendship, to come to join them in carrying on the good work so happily begun, &c. &c. As soon as he had finished the letter, (which had deeply engaged his attention) a huntsman happened to come along in quest of game. This was a lucky circumstance indeed, for Peregrine had not once thought of a conveyance for his letter; it proved also favourable to him in another view, for the huntsman taking pity on his forlorn situation, spared him some powder and shot and a few biscuit which he happened to have in his pocket; so taking charge of the letter, he delivered it as it was directed.

This letter arrived in good season, for Old Madam had grown much worse since Pickle had left the family : her vapours had increased, and her longings and aversions were much stronger. She had a strange lurch for embroidered petticoats and high waving plumes; her Christmas pies must have double the quantity of spice that was usual; the servants must make three bows where they formerly made but one, and they must never come into her presence without having curled and powdered their hair in the pink of the mode, for she had an aversion to every thing plain, and an high relish for every thing gaudy. Be-

sides, she had retained an high met-tled chaplain (7) who was constantly at her elbow, and said prayers night and morning in a brocaded vest with a gilded mitre on his head; and he exacted so many bows and scrapes of every one in the family, that it would have puzzled a French dancing master to have kept pace with him. Nor would he perform the service at all unless a verger stood by him all the while with a yard-wand in his hand; and if any servant or apprentice missed one bow or scrape, or made it at the wrong time, or dared to look off his book, or said Amen in the wrong place, rap went the stick over his head and ears or nuckles. It was in vain to appeal from the chaplain or the old Dame to their master, for he was so obedient a son that he suffered them to govern him as they pleased; nay, though broad hints were given that the chaplain was an emissary of lord Peter (8) and was taking advantage of the old lady's hysterics to bring the whole family into his interest, John gave no heed to any of these insinuations.

As soon as the letter of Peregrine Pickle arrived, the apprentices, to whom it was directed, held a consultation what they should do. They were heartily tired of the conduct of the chaplain; they lamented the old lady's ill health, and wished for a cure; but there was at present no hope of it, and therefore concluded that it was best to follow Pickle's advice, and retire with him into the Forest. Though they were infected with the spirit of adventure, yet they were a set of wary fellows, and knew they could not with safety venture thither unless they had a lease of the land. Happily, however, for them, Bull had a little while before that put the affairs of the Forest into the hands of a gentleman of the law, (9) with orders to see that the matter was properly managed so as to yield him some certain profit. To this sage they applied, and for the proper fees, which they clubbed for be-

tween them, they obtained a lease, under hand and seal; wherein, for "sundry causes him thereunto moving, the said Bull did grant and convey unto John Codline and his associates, so many acres of his Forest, bounded so and so, and which they were to have, hold, and enjoy for ever and ever and the day after, yielding and paying so and so, and so forth." When this grand point was gained by the assistance of the lawyer and *his clerks*, who knew how to manage business: they sold all their superfluities to the pawnbrokers, and got together what things they supposed they should want, and leaving behind them a note on the compter, (10) to tell their master where they were bound and what were their designs : they set off all together and got safe into a part of the Forest adjoining to Pickle, who hearing of their arrival, took his oaken staff in his hand and hobbled along as fast as his lame legs could carry him to see them, and a joyful meeting indeed they had. Having laid their heads together, it was agreed that Codline should send for a girl whom he had courted, (11) and marry her, and that he should be considered as the lord of the manor, that Pickle should have a lease of that part which he had pitched upon, and that Ploughshare and Carrier should for the present be considered as members of Codline's family. John had taken a great fancy to fishing, and thought he could wholly or chiefly subsist by it; but Humphry had a mind for a farm; so after a while they parted in friendship. Humphry, with a pack on his back and a spade in his hand, travelled across the Forest 'till he found a wide meadow with a large brook (12) running through it, which he supposed to be within John's grant, and intended still to consider himself as a distant member of the family. But as it fell out otherwise, he was obliged to get a new lease, to which Mr. Frog made some objections, but they were over-

(7) Archbishop Laud.

(8) The pope.

(9) The council of Plymouth.

(10) Letter written on board the *Arabella*, after the embarkation of the Massachusetts settlers.

(11) The Massachusetts charter.

(12) Connecticut river.

ruled; and soon after another old fellow-servant, TOBIAS WHEATER, (13) came and sat down by him. They being so much alike in their views and dispositions, agreed to live together as intimates, though in two families, which they did 'till Wheater's death, when Ploughshare became his sole heir, and the estate has ever since been his. This Humphry was always a very industrious, frugal, saving husband; and his wife, though a formal strait-laced sort of a body, yet always minded her spinning and knitting, and took excellent care of her dairy. She always clothed her children in homespun garments, and scarcely ever spent a farthing for outlandish trinkets. The family and all its concerns were under very exact regulations: not one of them was suffered to peep out of doors after the sun was set. It was never allowed to brew on Saturday, lest the beer should break the Fourth Commandment by working on Sunday: and once it is said the stallion was impounded a whole week for having held *crim. con.* with the mare while the Old Gentleman was at his devotions. Bating these peculiarities, (and every body has some) Humphry was a very good sort of man, a kind neighbor, very thriving, and made a respectable figure, though he lived a retired life and did not much follow the fashions, yet he raised a good estate, and brought up a large family, who knew how to get their living wherever they could find land.

[To be continued.]

HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE

[2. October 1790]

Maria then walked sadly back again, and having assembled the family in a little hall, they closed and barred the doors. Mrs. Cornelia Kittle, Maria's sister-in-law, was far advanced in her pregnancy, which increased her husband's uneasiness for her; and they were debating in what

manner to accommodate her at Albany, when the trampling of feet about the house, and a yell of complicated voices, announced the Indians' arrival. Struck with horror and consternation, the little family crowded together in the center of the hall, while the servants, at this alarm, being in a kitchen distant from the house, saved themselves by a precipitate flight. The little Billy, frightened at such dreadful sounds, clung fast to his mother's throbbing breast, while Anna, in a silent agony of amazement, clasped her trembling knees. The echo of their yells yet rung in long vibrations through the forest, when, with a thundering peal of strokes at the door, they demanded entrance. Distraction and despair sat upon every face. Maria and her companions gazed wildly at each other, till upon repeated menaces, and efforts to break open the door, Cornelia's husband giving all for lost, leisuredly advanced to the door. Cornelia seeing this, uttered a great shriek, and cried out, "oh God! what are you doing, my rash, rash, unfortunate husband? you will be sacrificed." Then falling on her knees, she caught hold of his hand, and sobbed out, "oh! pity me, have mercy on yourself, on me, on my child!"—"Alas! my love," said he, half turning, with a look of distraction, "what can we do? let us be resigned to the will of God!" So saying, he unbarred the door, and that instant received a fatal bullet in his bosom, and fell backward writhing in the agonies of death; the rest recoiled at this horrible spectacle, and huddled in a corner, sending forth the most piercing cries; in the interim the savages rushing in with great shouts, proceeded to mangle the corpse, and having made an incision round his head with a crooked knife, they tugged off his bloody scalp with barbarous triumph. While this was perpetrating, an Indian, hideously painted, strode ferociously up to Cornelia, (who sunk away at the sight, and fainted on a chair) and clift her white forehead deeply with his tomahack. Her fine azure eyes just opened, and then suddenly closing forever, she tumbled lifeless at his feet. His sanguinary soul was not yet satisfied with blood; he deform-

ed her lovely body with deep gashes, and tearing her unborn babe away, dashed it to pieces against the stone wall, with many additional circumstances of infernal cruelty.

During this horrid carnage, the dead were stripped, and dragged from the house, when one of the hellish band advanced to Maria, who circling her babes with her white arms, was sending hopeless petitions to Heaven, and bemoaning their cruelly lost situation--as he approached, expecting the fatal stroke, she endeavoured to guard her children, and with supplicating looks, implored for mercy. The savage attempted not to strike; but the astonishing Anna sheltered herself behind her Mamma, while her blooming suckling quitting her breast, gazed with a pleasing wonder on the painted stranger.— Maria soon recognized her old friend that presented her with the belt, thro' the loads of shells and feathers that disguised him. This was no time, however, to irritate him, by reminding him of his promise; yet, guessing her thoughts, he anticipated her remonstrance. "Maria," said he, "be not afraid, I have promised to protect you--you shall live and dance with us around the fire at Canada; but you have one small incumbrance, which, if not removed, will much impede your progress thither;" so saying he seized her laughing babe by the wrists, and forcibly endeavoured to draw him from her arms. At this, terrified beyond conception, she exclaimed, "oh God! leave me--leave me my child! he shall not go, though a legion of devils should try to separate us!" holding him still fast, while the Indian applied his strength to tear him away, gnashing his teeth at her opposition, "help! God of Heaven!" screamed she, "help! have pity--have mercy on this infant! Oh God! oh Christ! can you bear to see this? O mercy! mercy! mercy! let a little spark of compassion save this inoffending--this lovely angel!" By this time the breathless babe dropt its head on its bosom; the wrists were nigh pinched off, and seeing him just expiring, with a dreadful shriek she resigned him to the merciless hands of the savage, who instantly dashed his little fore-

head against the stones, and casting his bleeding body at some distance from the house, left him to make his exit in feeble and unheard groans.— Then indeed, in the unutterable anguish of her soul, she fell prostrate, and rending away her hair, she roared out her sorrows with a voice louder than natural, and rendered awfully hollow by too great an exertion. "Oh, barbarians!" she exclaimed, "surpassing devils in wickedness, so may a tenfold night of misery enwrap your black souls, as you have deprived the babe of my bosom, the comfort of my cares--my blessed cherub of light and life--Oh hell! are not thy flames impatient to cleave the center and engulf these wretches in thy ever burning waves? are there no thunders in Heaven--no avenging Angel--no God, to take notice of such Heaven-defying cruelties?"— Then rushing to her dead infant with redoubled cries, and clapping her hands, she laid herself over his mangled body--again softened in tears and moans, she wiped the blood from his ghastly countenance, and prest him to her heaving bosom, alternately caressing him and her trembling Anna, who, clinging to her with bitter wailings, and kissing her hands and face, entreated her to implore the savages for mercy. "Do, my angel Mamma," she urged, "do beg them yet to pity--beg them yet to save you for my poor, poor Papa's sake!— Alas! if we are all killed, his heart will break!--Oh! they can't be rocks and stones!--Don't cry Mamma, they will spare us!" Thus the little orator endeavoured to console her afflicted mother; but their melancholy endearments were soon interrupted by the relentless savages, who having plundered the house of every valuable thing that was portable, returned to Maria, and rudely catching her arm, commanded her to follow them; but repulsing them with the boldness of despair, "leave me, leave me," she said, "I cannot go--I never will quit my murdered child! too cruel in your mercies, you have given me life only to prolong my miseries!"-- Mean while the lovely Anna, terrified at the hostile appearance of the enemy, left her Mamma (struggling to disengage herself from the Indians)

and fled precipitately to the house. She had already concealed herself in a closet, when Mrs. Kittle pursuing her, was intercepted by flames, the savages having fired the house. The wretched child soon discovered her deplorable situation, and almost suffocated by the smoke, with piercing cries called for help to her dear, dear mother.--Alas! what could the unhappy parent do? whole sheets of flames rolled between them, while in a phrenzy of grief, she screamed out, "oh! my last treasure! my beloved Anna! try to escape the devouring fire--come to me my sweet child—the Indians will not kill us—Oh! my perishing babe! have pity on your mother--do not leave me quite destitute!" Then turning to the calm villains who attended her, she cried, "why do you not attempt to rescue my sweet innocent? can your unfeeling hearts not bear to leave me one—a solitary single one?" Again calling to her Anna, she received no answer, which being a presumption of her death, the Indians obliged Maria and her brother Henry to quit the house, which they effected with some difficulty, the glowing beams falling around them, and thick volumes of smoke obscuring their passage; the flames now struck a long splendor through the humid atmosphere, and blushed to open the tragical scene on the face of Heaven. They had scarce advanced two hundred yards with their reluctant captives, when the flaming structure tumbled to the earth, with a dreadful crash. Our travelers by instinct turned their eyes to the mournful blaze, and Maria bursting afresh into grievous lamentations, cried, "there, there my brother! my children are wrapt in arching sheets of flames, that used to be circled in my arms--they are entombed in ruins that breathed their slumbers on my bosom--yet, oh! their spotless souls even now rise from this chaos of blood and fire, and are pleading our injured cause before our God, my brother!" He replied only in sighs and groans--he scarcely heard her, horror had froze up the avenues of his soul, and all amazed and trembling, he followed his leaders like a person in a troublesome dream.

The distant flames now cast a faint

ter light, and the northern breeze bent the columnes of smoke over the south horizon. Sad and benighted they wandered through almost impenetrable swamps, forded the broad stream of Tomhanick, and the rapid river of Hosack; they passed through deserted settlements, where the yelling of solitary dogs increased the solemnity of midnight, nor halted till the stars, emitting a feebler lustre, presaged the approach of day. Maria, overcome by sorrow and fatigue, immediately sunk helpless at the foot of a tree, while the savages (who were six in number) kindled a fire, and prepared their meal, (in a calabash) which consisted only of some parched maize pulverized and enriched with the fat of bears flesh. Observing Maria had fallen asleep, they offered not to disturb her, but invited Henry Kittle to partake of their repast. He durst not refuse them, and having swallowed a few mouthfuls of their unpalatable food, and accepted of a pipe of tobacco, he desired leave to repose himself, which being readily granted, they soon followed his example, and sunk asleep, leaving two centinels to guard against surprise, which precaution they always make use of.

I am sorry, dear Susan, to quit Maria in this interesting part of her history; but order requires that we should now return to her spouse, whom we left on his way through the wood.

The village of Schocticook is situated on a circular plain, surrounded by high hills, rising in form of an amphitheatre. Mr. Kittle had just gained the verge when, chancing to cast his eyes around, he perceived the whole southern hemisphere suddenly illuminated with a bright blaze; however, being accustomed to the forests being often fired to clear it from the under-wood, he was not much surprised, but proceeded to descend the hill. On his arriving with the account of his brother's murder, the place was put in the highest commotion—the men fitting up their arms, and the women clamouring about them, highly importunate to be removed to Albany; but the night being very dark, this manœuvre was deferred till morning;--

nor could Mr. Kittle prevail on a single person to return with him during the darkness—he felt himself strangely agitated at this disappointment, and refusing to repose himself, with great impatience he watched the first orient beam of Phosphor, which appearing, he sat off for home with two waggons and a guard of three Indians. As he approached his late happy dwelling, his bosom dilated with the pleasing hope of soon extracting his beloved family from danger, he chid the slowness of the carriages, and felt impatient to dissipate the apprehensions of Maria, to kiss the pendant tear from her eye, and press his sportive innocents to his bosom. While these bright ideas played round his soul, he lifted up his eyes, and through an opening in the woods beheld his farm—but what language can express his surprise and consternation at seeing his habitation so suddenly desolated! a loud exclamation of amaze burst from the whole company at so unexpected a view—the blood revolted from Mr. Kittle's cheek—his heart throbbled under the big emotion, and all aghast, spurring on his horse, he entered the enclosure with full speed.—Stop here unhappy man! here let the fibres of thy heart crack with excruciating misery—let the cruel view of mangled wretches, so nearly allied to thee, extort drops of blood from the cleaving bosom!—It did—it did. Uttering a deep groan he fell insensible from his horse, while his attendants, hastening towards him, were shocked beyond conception at the dismal spectacle, and starting back with averted eyes from the dead, were thunderstruck, not having power to move or speak. After a while two Indians (who being used to sanguinary scenes, recovered themselves first) took a blanket, and walking backward to the mangled Cornelia, threw it over her naked body; the others then timidly advanced, and Mr. Kittle opening his eyes, groaned again bitterly; then raising himself on his knees, with a look of unutterable anguish he called upon his dear Maria. Alas! No voice, but the solemn repetition of his own cries were articulated to him: then rising with an air of distraction, he stalked round the bloody scene,

and examined the dead bodies, first uncovering the pale visage of Cornelia, he surveyed in silence her distorted features; but perceiving it was not Maria, he gently laid the cloth over again, and turning furiously, caught up his ghastly infant, whose little body was black with contusions, and his skull horribly fractured. Almost fainting under his mournful load, and staggering at the dreadful discovery, he deposited it again on the bloody earth, and clapping his hands together repeatedly with violence, oh hell! hell! he cried, you cannot inflict torments so exquisite as those I now suffer! how am I crushed to the center! how deeply am I degraded below the worms of the sod! Oh! my children! my children! where are you now? Oh! my wife! my Maria! the beloved of my bosom, are you too fallen a sacrifice? Why do I survive these miseries, my God? how can mortality support them? Burst—burst my shrinking heart, and punish a wretch for not having died in the defence of such lovely and innocent beings! Oh! why was I absent in this fatal hour? why did not their groans vibrate on my soul that I might have flown to their aid? Thus wildly lamenting and wandering among the smoaking ruins, he picked up some of the calcined bones of his once beautiful Anna. At this sight despair shook his soul afresh, new agonies convulsed his features, and dropping the sad evidence of his miseries, he extended his arms to Heaven, and roared out—revenge, great God! revenge if thou art just and kind as represented! Oh! that I had the power of an archangel to thunder eternal horrors on the guilty wretches who have blasted the bud of my happiness, who have darkened the brightest eyes that ever opened on the light!

The men here interfering, to console him observed, the bones were probably those of his brother Peter; but on finding his skeleton entire, Mr. Kittle insisted that it must have been Maria and Anna, who having hid themselves, had doubtless perished in the flames. Again, in the furious extravagance of passion, he tore the hair from his head, and casting himself prostrate on the ashes, he ga-

thered the crumbling bones to his bosom, while the big drops of anguish issued at every pore, till life, unable longer to sustain the mental conflict, suspended her powers, and once more deprived him of sensation. His companions having laid him on a wagon, now conferred together in what manner to proceed, and apprehending an attack from the savages, they unanimously concluded to lay the dead bodies on the remaining carriage, and make the best of their way to Schocticook, which they accordingly performed with great silence and expedition.

You may judge, my dear, what a panic the appearance of this mournful cavalcade struck over the inhabitants of this defenseless village. Mr. Kittle was gently laid on a bed, and being let blood, his respiration became less obstructed, though he continued senseless till his unfortunate family were interred.—Six weeks elapsed before he recovered any degree of strength; but even then he appeared pale and emaciated, like a second Lazarus; his disposition was entirely changed, his looks were fierce, his attitudes wild and extravagant, and his conversation, which formerly was sensible, commanding attention by a musical voice, now was incoherent, and his cadence deep and hollow, rather inspiring terror than any pleasing sensation. Thirsting for revenge, and perceiving that solitude only tended to corrode his moments with the blackest melancholy, he soon after entered the British service in the capacity of gentleman volunteer, and signaled himself by his prudence and intrepidity, attracting the particular notice of his officers, who being affection with his misfortunes, proffered their services to him with so much friendship and candour, as obliged him to accept of them, and yet lightened the obligation.

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE

[2. 9 May 1801]

(Continued.)

THE moment he suggested the thought, he ordered all the servants to be assembled in the hall, but all firmly protesting, that they were innocent, and no proofs of guilt appearing, they were discharged. What confirms this unanimous declaration, and contradicted his former opinion, was the door being locked within, and the height of the chamber from the ground so great, that it appeared to be impossible to approach it from without. Another circumstance happened soon after this unaccountable disappearance, which filled the breast of Monsieur Dupont with alarm, and tended to strengthen the suspicion he had entertained of the Count's being concerned in the transaction. Louis returning one evening from Dijon, meditating on the strange accident which had so deeply afflicted him, rode on before his attendants: but he had not proceeded far, when he was assaulted by six armed ruffians. He defended himself with such dexterity and resolution, that when his servants came to his assistance they found one of the villains lifeless at his feet, the others having fled at their approach. The wounds he received in this encounter confined him to the house for several weeks: and when he was restored to health Monsieur Dupont, sensible that the safety of the son of his deceased friend depended on his removal to another part of the kingdom, privately departed for the chateau of Monsieur Boileau. The family of Dupont, which consisted of himself, his wife and daughter, willingly relinquished the pleasures of society in favour of Louis, for his engaging behaviour had so won their regard, that there was no gratification which they would not yield when put in competition with his safety. His pleasures were here embittered by the recollection of many painful scenes, and his imagination painted in lively colours the happiness he had once enjoyed on this spot, in the society of his father and brother.

Not far distant from their present residence stood an old castle, the seat of Monsieur Boileau's ancestors, now in the possession of the Count de Vauban; this place young Louis had frequently wished to examine when a child, but the dusky appearance of the whole, had prevented the gratification of his curiosity. Monsieur Dupont beheld with concern the melancholy that had taken possession of the mind of his young ward, and in order to divert his attention, proposed that they should explore together the recesses of the castle.

To this Louis readily assented, and they set out early one morning for that purpose, unattended. They intended entering by the gateway, but their passage was obstructed by the stones which had fallen from the battlements, and they were obliged to seek another entrance, which they soon found in a low door leading to the foot of a staircase: this they ascended, and found themselves in the apartments allotted to the servants. Through these they passed into a large gallery, which still contained a number of beautiful pictures. Louis, who was extremely fond of painting, remained to take a narrower view of them, while Monsieur Dupont advanced farther in the castle. He had not proceeded far, before he heard the murmur of voices approaching in an opposite direction to the portrait gallery, where he had left Louis, and he immediately after perceived two men apparently engaged in a very interesting conversation, but the subject of it remained unknown to him, as they descended a flight of steps at some distance before him. Surprised at their appearance, he hastily returned to Louis, and acquainted him with what he had seen, telling him they would come in the afternoon with a few servants armed, in order to penetrate the mystery, as the castle had always been considered as uninhabited. To the chateau they accordingly went, and when they had dined, they loaded their pistols and set out, accompanied by James, Louis's valet, and five others on whom they could depend. They passed into the castle by the same way as before, and entered a narrow winding passage, which seemed to extend along the whole of the building: following this they reached a spiral staircase, that they descended, and on the first floor below they perceived that they were at the junction of the branches of a large entry. Here they hesitated, not knowing which to pursue, when they heard the sound of a distant footstep behind them. They instantly secreted themselves, and immediately perceived a man pass by without noticing them. He was soon met by another, and a dialogue ensued, which was not conducted on so low a key but that they were overheard. "Gerald," said the first, who appeared to have some authority, "the prisoner's fate is now determined, and he must be dispatched as expeditiously as possible." "Why," replied the other, "is this sudden resolution? I thought it was not to have been done."

"No matter," answered the first, "do

you see it is done; I am in haste: when it is finished, prepare to the grand hall." Upon this they separated, and walked down different avenues. When they had got a considerable distance, it was resolved that Louis, his valet, and another servant, should follow the second, while Monsieur Dupont and the remainder should pursue the first. Louis and his small party proceeded after Gerald with great caution, till he entered a small chamber: They remained within sight of the door for nearly an hour, when finding he did not return, they ventured to look into the room, where they perceived he had passed through an opposite door.

Vexed at being thus disappointed, Louis rushed hastily forward, and had soon advanced considerably before his companions, when he perceived the same man striking a light. As soon as he had succeeded, he proceeded till he reached a stair-case, when he began to descend. Louis, desirous of rescuing the unknown prisoner from the murderous designs of his enemies, continued to follow the man, whom he now saw was armed, till at length he was assured by the dampness of the air and the dim glimmering of the light which Gerald carried in his hand, that he was in the vaults of the castle. JULIUS.

ALBERT AND ELIZA

[2. 15 June 1802]

AMONG those who visited at the house of Eliza's uncle, was a young man of the name of Blake, who was nephew to the Governor of the province. Pleased with the manners and appearance of Eliza, he frequently attended her in public, and sometimes in company, only, of her cousins. He experienced, or fancied he experienced, greater happiness when in her presence, than he could any where else enjoy, and he became a more constant visitor to the family.

Blake was considerably older than Eliza. He had seen some gay days in England, which place he had left soon after the death of his father, by whose will he became possessed of an ample fortune, and came over to America with his kinsman on his appointment to the supreme magistracy of the colony. He was a youth of fashionable taste, of easy address, engaging manners, and of an agreeable appearance. He was one of those characters who are distinguished by the appellation of a Lady's man. He had no idea of forming any serious connection with Eliza; but he esteemed her innocent gaiety, admired her beauty, and was charmed, with those indescribable graces, which are ever the attendants of sym-

metry of form, sincerity of mind, and a vivacious, uncontaminated simplicity of manners, Eliza received his addresses as he designed them. She suffered him to attend her because she was willing to be attended by some person of distinction whenever she appeared in public; and to visit her on account of the respect with which he was treated, both in her uncle's family, and by all with whom he was acquainted. Balls were the principal amusements, and at these he was, with few exceptions, her partner. Her being ushered into notice by so conspicuous a character as Blake, gave her general eclat among the gentlemen, and caused her to become an object of envy to some of the ladies. It would be vanity to say that such flattering attention did not, in some degree, elate the heart of Eliza, for what bosom is there which is totally unsusceptible to the fascinating powers of adulation!

Blake had been particular to a Miss Smith, a lady of distinction in the city, who now became neglected, and consequently piqued, by his attendance upon Eliza. She considered her as a rival, and of course became her enemy. Of this, however, both her pride and her interest prevented her from making an avowal. She put on the appearance of the sincerest friendship to Eliza, and assiduously participated in her most retired intimacies.

The fame of Eliza had also raised up a serious rival to Blake. A Mr. Palmer, a man of gallantry, obsequiously bowed to her charms, and assiduously strove to ingratiate himself into her favor. Blake and he seldom met, unless in public, but Palmer sought every opportunity, in the absence of his competitor, to engage her attention, and, if possible, diminish the preference and esteem which he supposed she entertained for Blake; this stimulated the latter to a more vigilant perseverance; his visits to Eliza became more frequent, and his attention more sedulous.

He waited on her one evening to offer himself as her partner at an approaching ball, and found, to his extreme vexation, that her hand had been previously engaged to Palmer. He did not remonstrate; this would have been improper; besides, he could claim no privilege so to do. He soon took leave and withdrew, in chagrin and disappointment.

At the assembly Blake danced with Miss Smith, but his spirits were sunk, and his natural vivacity depressed. On this he was rallied, and he complained of an indisposition. Miss Smith and Palmer well knew what antidote would have removed the malady.

The next day he seriously consulted his situation. He found himself under the controul of an unconquerable passion; a passion which, like the electric fluid, finds no restraint but in the object of its attraction, or in its own dissolution. What was to be done? Was not she who had raised this tempest in his bosom worthy of honorable proposals? Was it not probable she would accept them if made then in an honorable way?—Blake knew nothing of Albert, or of her being under any prior engagements. But were there no other barriers to a union with Eliza? There were, and serious ones too.—Barriers which none except himself and one other person were acquainted with, on this side of the Atlantic. Were these impediments insurmountable? Could they not be removed? No plan which had hitherto presented

itself, appeared of sufficient validity to enable him to surmount the obstacle.

Under the pressure of these reflections, he wandered, when evening came, along the banks of the Hudson, above the city, where the elms and the willows, on the verge of the river, cast a dun, umbrageous shade. The Sun was retiring behind the blue western hills, while the brazen summits of the steeped fanes, alone, held the last gleam of his reluctant ray. "The breeze's rustling wing was in the tree," and the faintly murmuring wave dashed in melancholy cadence upon the pebbly shore. Twilight gathered around, when he heard voices and footsteps approaching. They came on—it was Eliza and her cousins, who were returning from participating the beauties of nature in an evening walk. He joined them, and the gloom which hovered about his mind was, in some measure, dissipated.

As they moved slowly on towards home, the company walked on, and Eliza and Blake were left together. She observed that an unusual pensiveness hung about him, and gaily enquired the occasion. This presented a fair opportunity for an eclairsissement. The before mentioned obstacles rushed across his mind, but Eliza was present, and the consequences vanished. He, therefore, freely disclosed his situation, as it respected her; told her that in attending to her from complaisance, his happiness had become seriously interested. That on her determination all his future prospects rested; and that if her feelings did not forbid a reciprocal return of affection, he stood ready to proffer her his hand and his heart.

Had a peal of thunder burst, in sheeted flame, from the heavens, it would not have shocked Eliza more than did this solemn declaration. She had never considered any attention which she had received from the gentleman, other than the officious, refined politeness, which is common to the superior walks of life. She had esteemed Blake as her friend, but never thought of him as a suitor; and although she was pleased with him as an obsequious gallant, yet when set in comparison with Albert, whose likeness still glowed upon her heart in as lively colours as ever, he sunk into deformity. She wished not to realize the idea that any person except Albert should entertain, for her, a more exalted sentiment than that of friendship and esteem. To the professions of Blake, therefore, she could make no answer, which, had she attempted, her sensations would have choked her utterance. She hastily withdrew her hand, which he made but a feeble effort to detain, quickened her step and soon overtook the company. Blake attended her to her uncle's door; as he withdrew he whispered her, "am I to receive no answer?" She hesitated, and then with vehemence replied, "Sir, it is impossible," and immediately retired to her chamber.

(To be continued.)
