

# EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

## ISSUE III

### THE FORESTERS

[3. August 1787]

The FORESTERS.

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

[Continued from Page 517.]

AFTER Ploughshare's departure, John Codline with his family kept on their fishing and planting, and sometimes went a hunting, so that they made out to get a tolerable subsistence. John's family grew, and he settled his sons as fast as they became of age, to live by themselves; and when any of his old acquaintance came to see him, he bade them welcome, and was their very good friend, *as long as they continued to be of his mind* and no longer; for he was a very pragmatist sort of a fellow, and loved to have his own way in every thing. This was the cause of a quarrel between him and *Roger Carrier (1)*, for it happened that Roger had taken a fancy to dip his head into (2) water, as the most effectual way of washing his face, and thought it could not be made so clean in any other way. John, who used the common way of taking water in his hand, to wash his face, was displeas'd with Roger's innovation, and remonstrated against it. The remonstrance had no other effect, than to fix Roger's opinion more firmly, and as a farther improvement on his new plan, he pretended that no person ought to have his face washed till he was capable of doing it himself, without any assistance from his parents. John was out of patience with this addition, and plumply told him, that if he did not reform his principles and practice, he would fine him, or flog him, or kick him out of doors. These

threats put Roger on inventing other odd and whimsical opinions. He took offence at the letter X, and would have had it expunged from the alphabet. (3) He would not do his duty at a military muster, because there was an X in the colours. After a while he began to scruple the lawfulness of bearing arms, and killing wild beasts. But, poor fellow! the worst of all was, that being seized with a shaking palsy (4), which affected every limb and joint of him; his speech was so altered that he was unable to pronounce certain letters and syllables as he had been used to do. These oddities and defects rendered him more and more disagreeable to his old friend, who, however, kept his temper as well as he could, till one day, as John was saying a long grace over his meat, Roger kept his hat on the whole time. As soon as the ceremony was over, John took up a case knife from the table, and gave Roger a blow on the ear with the broad side of it, then with a rising stroke turned off his hat. Roger said nothing, but taking up his hat put it on again; at which John broke out into such a passionate speech as this "You impudent scoundrell! is it come to this! Have I not borne with your whims and fidgets these many years, and yet they grow upon you? Have I not talked with you time after time, and proved to you as plain as the nose in your face that your notions are wrong? Have I not ordered you to leave them off, and warned you of the consequence, and yet you have gone on from bad to worse. You began with dipping your head into water, and would have all the family do the same, pretending there was no other way of washing the face. You would have had the children go dirty all their days, under pretence that they were not able to wash their own faces, and so they must have looked like the pigs

till they were grown up. Then you would talk your own balderdash linguo, [sic] *thee and thou, and nan--forsooth--* and now you must keep your hat on when I am at my devotions, and I suppose would be glad to have the whole family do the same! There is no bearing with you any longer--so now--hear me, I give you fair warning, if you don't mend your manners, and retract your errors, and promise reformation, I'll kick you out of the house. I'd have no such refractory fellows here, I came into this forest for *reformation*, and reformation I *will* have."

"Friend John (said Roger) dost not thou remember when thou and I lived together in friend Bull's family, how hard thou didst think it to be compelled to look on thy book all the time that the hooded chaplain was reading the prayers, and how many knocks and thumps thou and I had for offering to use our liberty, which we thought we had a right to? Didst thou not come hitherunto for the sake of enjoying thy liberty, and did not I come to enjoy mine? Wherefore then dost thou assume to deprive me of the right which thou claimest for thyself?"

"Don't tell me (answered John) of right and of liberty--you have as much liberty as any man ought to have. You have liberty to do right, and no man ought to have liberty to do wrong."

"Who is to be judge (replied Roger) what is right or what is wrong? Ought not I to judge for myself? or thinkest thou it is thy place to judge for me?"

"Who is to be judge (said John) why *the book* is to be judge--and I have proved by the book over and over again that you are wrong, and therefore you are wrong, and you have no liberty to do any thing but what is right."

"But friend John (said Roger) who is to judge whether thou hast proved my opinions or conduct to be wrong--thou or I? [sic]

(1) Rhode-Island.

(2) Anabaptists.

(3) Roger William's zeal against the sign of the cross.

(4) Quakers.

“Come, come, (said John) not so close neither--none of your idle distinctions, I *say* you are in the wrong, I have *proved* it, and *you know* it, you have sinned against *your own conscience*, and therefore you deserve to be cut off as an incorrigible heretic.”

“How dost thou know (said Roger) that I have sinned against my own conscience? Canst thou search the heart?”

At this John was so enraged that he gave him a smart kick on the posteriors, and bade him be gone out of his house, and off his lands, and called after him to tell him, that if ever he should catch him there again he would knock his brains out. Roger having experienced that the logic of the foot, applied to the breech is the most powerful of arguments, walked off; but had so much of human nature left in him, as to turn up the folds of his coat, and expose the insulted part to view, which action, however expressive, has always been deemed no swearing, nor breach of the peace.--Thus they parted, and Roger having travelled as far as he supposed to be out of the limits of John's lease, laid himself down by the side of a clear rivulet, which flowed down a hill; here he composed himself to sleep, and on his awaking found several bears about him, but none offered him any insult. Upon which he said, and minuted it down in his pocket book, “Surely the beasts of the wilderness are in friendship with me, and this is designed by *Providence* (5) as my resting place; here, therefore, will I pitch my tabernacle, and here shall I dwell more in peace, though surrounded by bears and wolves, than when in the midst of those whom I counted my brethren.”

On this spot he built an hut, and having taken possession, made a visit to his old master Bull, who gave him a lease of the place, with an island or two in an adjoining cove of the great lake, and recommended to him a wife, by whom he had a few children; but his plantation was

chiefly increased by the flocking of strangers to him; for he was a very hospitable man, and made it a rule in his family not to refuse any who should come, whether lame or blind, short or tall, whether they had two eyes or one, whether they squinted or stammered, or limped, or had any other natural defect or impediment; it was another rule that every one should bear with the infirmities of his neighbours, and help one another as they were able. I remember once as I was passing through Roger's plantation I saw one man carrying another on his shoulders, which, at first, I thought a very odd sight; upon coming up to them, I perceived that the lower one was blind, and the upper one was lame, so as they had but one pair of eyes, and one pair of legs between them; the lame man availed himself of the blind man's legs, and he of the other's eyes, and both went along very well together. I remember also, that as I passed along, the fences were in some places made of very crooked, knotty rails; but the crooks and knots were made to say [sic] into each other so cleverly, that the fences were as tight as if they had been made of stuff sawed ever so even; a circumstance which convinced me that very crooked things might be put together, to advantage, if proper pains were taken about it. This, however, was some time ago.--i have since heard that the old crooks and knots and got out of order, and that they have not the art of making new ones say into one another so well as formerly. Whenever this happens it affords a kind of burlesque on the art of fence-making, but alas! how can it be otherwise when not but the lame and the blind are employed in the work?

When John Codline had settled the controversy with Roger by kicking him out of doors, he began to look about him to see what his neighbours were doing. Having found a young fellow on his north-eastern limits, who had come thither without his knowledge or permission; he took it into his head to survey the extent of his grounds. The words of his lease were rather ambiguous, and by virtue thereof he

thought it convenient to extend his claims over the lands on which *Robert Lumber* (for that was the name of the young fellow) had settled. (6) It seems that Bob had been sent by some of John Bull's family to erect a fishing stage on the borders of the Lake, and the lawyer who had the care of the forest not being acquainted so much as he ought to have been with the situation of the lands, or having no knowledge of the art of surveying, had made out a lease which lapped over Codline's; so that each of them had a claim upon it. In some circumstances this might have been deemed unfortunate, but as it happened it proved lucky for poor Bob--his employers had left him in the lurch, and he would have starved to death if John had not taken him under his wing and sent him provisions to keep him alive. He also lent him a hand to clear up the bushes, and furnished him with materials to build a saw-mill. This set Bob on his own legs, and he proved a sturdy faithful fellow. He was of great service to John in killing bears and wolves that infested his plantation; and when he himself was in danger, John lent him powder, shot, and flints, and sent hands to help him, and in so doing he served himself as well as his neighbour, which was no breach of morality. Thus they lived pretty peaceably together, till after a while Bob's old owners found the land was grown good for something, and then (without paying John for his assistance in making it so) appealed to Mr. Bull, and got it away, and took a large slice of John's land into the bargain. (7) This was a matter which stuck in John's throat a great while, and if I am rightly informed he has hardly swallowed it yet. He did not think himself fairly dealt by though he had all Peregrine Pickle's land put into a new lease which Bull gave him. To be short, John Codline and John Bull never heartily loved one another; they were in their temper and disposition

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(5) The town of Providence was built by emigrants from Massachusetts, of whom Roger Williams was head.

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(6) New-Hampshire was granted to John Mason, and the claim descended to Robert Mason.

(7) The settling the line between Massachusetts and New-Hampshire.

too much alike; each was eternally jealous of the other: Business was, indeed, carried on pretty well between them for many years, and had Mr Bull hearkened to the advice of his best friends, I suppose there would never have been any open quarrel between them.

[*To be continued.*]

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## HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE

[3. November 1790]

But doubtless, my dear, your generous sensibility is alarmed at my silence about Mrs. Kittle; I think we left her reposing under a tree—she was the first that awaked as the sun began to exhale the crystal globules of morning, when half rising, and reclining on her elbow, she surveyed the lovely landscape around her with a deep sigh; they were on an eminence that commanded an unlimited prospect of the country every way. The birds were cheerful; the deer bounded fearless over the hills; the meadows blushed with the enamel of Flora; but grief had saddened every object in her sight—the whole creation seemed a dark blank to the fair mourner. Again recollection unlocked the sluices of her eyes, and her soft complaints disturbed her savage companions, who, rising and kindling up the dying embers, began to prepare their victuals, which they invited her to partake of. This she declined with visible detestation; and turning to her brother, with the dignity of conscious merit in distress, “No,” said she, “I never will receive a morsel from those bloody hands yet dropping with recent murder!—let me perish—let the iron hand of famine first pinch out my vitals and send me after my children!” Notwithstanding this, Henry added his solicitations that she should accept of some refreshment, reminding her of the consequence of her fatal resolution, which could be deemed no otherwise than suicide. Finding this had no effect, he tried to touch her feelings on a softer key—“Remember, Maria,”

said he, “you have a tender husband yet living; would you wish to deprive him of every earthly consolation? Would you add affliction to affliction, and after he has performed the sorrowful obsequies of his children, to crush all his remaining hope by the news of your voluntary death? No, live my sister! be assured he will soon get us exchanged, when soft sympathies shall wash away your sorrows, and after a few years, who knows but the smiles of a new lovely progeny may again dawn a paradise of happiness on you.” Maria was affected, and half raising her eyes from the earth, she replied, “Oh, my brother! How consoling do your words sink on my heart! Though my reason tells me your arguments are improbable and fallacious, yet it soothes the tempest of my soul—I will try to live—perhaps I may again behold my dear—dear—dear—husband!” Here a flood of tears interrupted her.

As this conversation was held in English, the savages were inquisitive to know the subject of it, at the same time enjoining them both never to utter a syllable in the presence except in their own uncouth dialect, which, as they perfectly understood, they could not excuse themselves from. Henry then informed them that his sister, objecting to their method of preparing food, had desired him to prevail with them to indulge her in dressing her meals herself. This they readily granted, and farther to ingratiate themselves in the prisoners’ favour, they dispatched a young Indian to hunt for partridges or quails in the groves adjoining them: He instantly returned with a brood of wood-pigeons, scarcely fledged, which he presented to Henry, who cleaned and broiled them on sticks, with an officious solicitude to please his sister, which she observed with a look of gratitude, and taking a pigeon from the stick, began to eat more from complaisance than inclination. Henry was delighted at her ready acquiescence, and their repast being ended, they proceeded on their tiresome journey with less repining than the preceding night. Maria was exempted from carrying a burden, yet she found the fatigue almost intolerable. They continually passed

through a scene of conflagration, the savages firing every cottage in their way, whose mournful blaze catching the dry fields of grain, would scorch off hundred of acres in a few moments, and form a burning path for their destroyers. As the sun advanced to his zenith, its rays beat fiercely on our travelers, augmented by the crackling flames around them; when meeting with a cool stream of water, Maria was commanded to sit down (being overheated) while the rest approached the rivulet; the Indian that guarded Maria was stooping down to drink, when a loud rustling among the leaves, and trampling of bushes attracted his attention; he listened awhile seemingly much alarmed, then starting up suddenly, he flew to Maria, and caught hold of her hair, aiming his hatchet at her head: the consequence was obvious, and her fate seemed inevitable; yet, with a stoical composure, she folded her arms across, and waited the fatal stroke with perfect resignation; but while the weapon was yet suspended over her, chancing to look around, he perceived the noise to proceed from a large deer, whose antlers were entangled in the branches of a thicket. Though an uncivilized inhabitant of the forest, he blushed at his precipitancy, and returning the instrument of death to his girdle, after some hesitation made this apology: “Maria, this sudden discovery is well for you; I thought we had been pursued, and we never suffer our prisoners to be retaken; however, I was imprudent to attempt your life before there was a probability of your being rescued:” then desiring her to rise and drink, he quickly shot the deer, his associates helping him to skin it. Instead of quenching her thirst she sat down pensive on the flowery margin, casting her eyes carelessly on the stream; she knew not whether to esteem her late deliverance from death a happy providence or protraction of misery. Observing the spotted trout, and other fish, to dart sportively across the water, she could not help exclaiming, “Happy! happy animals! you have not the fatal gift of reason to embitter your pleasures; you cannot anticipate your difficulties by apprehension, or prolong them by recollection; inca-

pable of offending your Creator, the blessings of your existence are secured to you: Alas! I envy the meanest among ye!" A gush of tears concluded her soliloquy; and being called to attend the company, she arose, and they began their journey for the afternoon. Henry desiring to have a piece of venison (having left it behind, seldom incommoding themselves with more than the hide and tallow) they returned and obliged him with a haunch, which was very fat: at the next interval of travel he dressed it for himself and Maria. In the evening they crossed the river somewhat below Fort-Edward, in a canoe left hid under some bushes for that purpose. They observed the most profound silence until they entered the woods again; but it was very late before they halted, which they did in a deep hollow, surrounded by pines whose tops seemed to be lost in the clouds. It was necessary here to light a fire, for the wolves howled most dreadfully, and the whole forest rung with the cries of wild beasts of various sorts. The confines of hell could not have given Maria more dismal ideas than her present situation; the horrid gloom of the place, the scowling looks of her murderous companions, the shrill shrieks of owls, the loud cries of the wolf, and mournful screams of panthers, which were redoubled by distant echoes, as the terrible sounds seemed dying away, shook her frame with cold tremors: she sunk under the oppression of terror, and almost fainted in Henry's arms: however, on perceiving the beasts durst not approach the light, but began to retire, she became a little more assured, and helped Henry to erect a booth of pine branches, making a bed of the same materials in it while he prepared their supper; having eaten, and kindled a large fire in the front of her arbour, she laid down and soon fell in a deep sleep; she felt herself refreshed by this unexpected repose, and the next morning, with some alacrity, continued her journey, hoping at last to arrive at some Christian settlement. Arriving at Lake-Champlain, they raised a wigwam on the bank, expecting the coming of Indians from the opposite shore to carry them over.

Here our unfortunate captives were stript of their habits, already rent to pieces by briers, and attired each with remnants of old blankets. In this new distress Mrs. Kittle ventured to expostulate with the savages, but it was talking to the stormy ocean; her complaints served only to divert them; so retiring among the bushes, she adjusted her coarse dress somewhat decently, and then seating herself silently under a spreading tree, indulged herself in the luxury of sorrow. Henry, sensible that they expected more fortitude from him, and that if he sunk under his adverse fortune, he should be worse treaded, affected to be cheerful; he assisted them in catching salmon, with which the lake abounds; an incredible quantity of wild fowl frequenting the lake also, he laid snares for those of the lesser sort, (not being allowed fire-arms) and succeeded so well, that his dexterity was highly commended, and night coming on, they regaled themselves on the fruits of their industry. The night was exceedingly dark, but calm; a thick mist hovered over the woods, and the small ridgy waves softly rolled to the shore, when suddenly a large meteor, or fiery exhalation, passed by them with surprising velocity, casting on every side showers of brilliant sparkles. At sight of this phaenomenon, the Indians put their heads between their knees, crying out in a lamentable voice, "Do not—do not—do not!" continuing in the same attitude until the vapour disappeared. Henry, with some surprise, demanded the reason of this exclamation; to which they replied, "What he had seen was a fiery dragon, on his passage to his den, who was of so malevolent a temper, that he never failed, on his arrival there, to inflict some peculiar calamity on mankind." In about five minutes after the earth was violently agitated, the waves of the lake tumbled about in a strange manner, seeming to emit flashes of fire, all the while attended with most tremendous roarings, intermixed with loud noises, not unlike the explosion of heavy cannon. Soon as the Indians perceived it was an earthquake, they cried out, "Now he comes home!" and casting themselves in their former

posture, filled the air with dismal howlings. This was a terrible scene to Maria, who had never been witness to so dreadful a convulsion of nature before; she started up and fled from her savage companions towards an eminence at some distance, where dropping on her knees, she emphatically implored the protection of Heaven: however, she was followed by an Indian and Henry; the latter highly affected with her distresses, taking hold of her trembling hand, "But why, my sister!" said he "have you fled from us? is the gloom of a forest more chearing than the sympathizing looks of a friend?" "No, my brother!" replied Maria, "but the thought was suggested to me, that the supreme God perhaps was preparing to avenge himself of these murderers by some awful and uncommon judgment, and I fled from them as Lot did from Sodom, lest I might be involved in the punishment of their guilt." They conversed in English, which displeasing the Indian, he ordered them to return to the wigwam, threatening to bind Maria fast if she offered to elope again. The shock being over, silence again spread through the realms of darkness, when a high wind arose from the north and chilled our half-naked travelers with excessive cold. The savages, (whose callous skins were proof against the inclement weather) not caring to continue their fires, lest they should be discovered and surprised by some English party, they passed here a very uncomfortable night; but the wind subsiding, and the sky growing clear, the sun rose peculiarly warm and pleasant, streaming ten thousand rays of gold across the lake. Maria had scarcely performed her oraisons, when the savages, forming a circle round her and Henry, began to dance in a most extravagant manner, and with antic gestures that at another time would have afforded mirth to our travelers. Having continued their exercise some time, they incontinently drew out boxes of paint, and began to ornament their captives with a variety of colours; one having crossed their faces with a stroke of vermilion, another would intersect it with a line of black, and so on until the whole company had

given a specimen of their skill or fancy.

Soon after two canoes arrived, in which they passed over the lake, which was uncommonly serene and pleasant. They proceeded not far on their way before they were obliged to halt for two days, on account of Maria's inability to travel, her feet being greatly swollen and lacerated by the flinty path. At length, by easy stages, they came in view of an Indian settlement, when Maria's long unbent features relaxed into a half smile, and turning to Henry, "Here, my brother!" said she, "I shall find some of my own sex, to whom simple nature, no doubt, has taught humanity; this is the first precept she inculcates in the female mind, and this they generally retain through life, in spite of every evil propensity." As she uttered this eulogium in favour of the fair, the tawny villagers, perceiving their approach, rushed promiscuously from their huts with a execrable din, and fell upon the weary captives with clubs and a shower of stones, accompanying their strokes with the most virulent language; among the rest an old deformed squaw, with the rage of a Tisiphone, flew to Maria, aiming a pine-knot at her head, and would certainly have given the wretched mourner her quietus had she not been opposed by the savage that guarded Mrs. Kittle: he at first mildly expostulated with his passionate countrywoman; but finding the old hag frantic, and insatiable of blood, he twisted the pine-knot from her hand, and whirled it away to some distance, then seizing her arm roughly, and tripping up her heels, he laid her prostrate, leaving her to howl and yell at leisure, which she performed without a prompter.— Maria was all in a tremor, and hastily followed her deliverer, not caring to risk another encounter with the exasperated virago. By this time the rage and tumult of the savages subsiding, the new-comers were admitted into a large wigwam, in the center of which blazed a fire. After they were seated, several young Indians entered with baskets of green maize in the ear, which, having roasted before the fire, they distributed

among the company.

Mrs. Kittle and her brother complaining of the bruises they met with at their reception, an old Indian seemed to attend with great concern, then leaving the place, in a little time returned with a bundle of aromatic herbs under his arm, the juice of which, he expressed by rubbing them between two stones with flat surfaces; this he gave them to drink, applying the leaves externally. They instantly found relief from the medical quality of this extraordinary plant, and composing themselves to sleep, expected a good night's repose; but they were mistaken, for their entertainers growing intoxicated with spirituous liquors, which operating differently, it produced a most complicated noise of yelling, talking, singing, and quarrelling: this was a charm more powerful than the wand of Hermes to drive away sleep; but grown familiar with sorrow and disappointment, Maria regarded this as a trifle, and when Henry expressed his concern for her, smiling, replied, "We must arm ourselves with patience, my brother! we can combat with fate in no other manner."

It were endless to recapitulate minutely every distress that attended the prisoners in their tedious journey; let it suffice, that having passed through uncommon misery, and imminent danger, they arrived at Montreal. Here the savages were joined by several scalping parties of their tribe, and having previously fresh painted themselves, appeared in hideous pomp, and performed a kind of triumphal entry. The throng of people that came out to meet them threw Maria in the most painful sensations of embarrassment; but as the clamours and insults of the populace increased, a freezing torpor succeeded, and bedewed her limbs with a cold sweat—strange chimeras danced before her sight—the actings of her soul were suspended—she seemed to move mechanically, nor recollected herself till she found she was seated in the Governor's hall, surrounded by an impertinent, inquisitive circle of people, who were enquiring into the cause of her disorder, without attempting any thing towards her relief. Discovering her situation, she blushing withdrew to

a dark corner from the public gaze, and could not help sighing to herself, "Alas! but a very few days ago I was hailed as the happiest of women—my fond husband anticipated all my desires—my children smiled round me with filial delight—my very servants paid me the homage due to an angel—oh! my God! what a sudden, what a deplorable transition! I am fallen below contempt." As she thus moralized on her situation, an English woman (whom humanity more than curiosity had drawn to the place) approached Maria, and observing her tears and deep dejection, took hold of her hand, and endeavoured to smile, but the soft impulses of nature were too strong for the efforts of dissimulation—her features instantly saddened again, and she burst into tears, exclaiming, (with a hesitating voice,) "Poor, forlorn creature! where are thy friends! perhaps the dying moments of thy fond parent, or husband, have been cruelly embittered with the sight of thy captivity! perhaps now thy helpless orphan is mourning for the breast which gave him nourishment! or thy plaintive little ones are wondering at the long absence of their miserable mother!"—"Oh! no more! no more!" interrupted Maria, "your pity is severer than savage cruelty—I could stand the shock of fortune with some degree of firmness, but your soft sympathy opens afresh the wounds of my soul! my losses are beyond your conjecture—I have no parent! no sportive children! and, I believe, no husband! to mourn and wish for me." These words were succeeded by an affecting silence on both sides: mean while the Indians testified their impatience to be admitted to the Governor by frequent shouts; at Length his Excellency appeared, and Having held a long conference with The savages, they retired with his Secretary, and our prisoners saw them no more.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE

[3. 16 May 1801]

(Continued.)

Undaunted by the certainty that he was at a great distance from his companions, he persisted in his resolute undertaking, and grasping a brace of pistols, with cautious steps pursued the assassin (who had by this time ceased to descend,) thro' the winding avenues of the subterranean apartments, when he suddenly fell through a trap door into the vault below. Here he remained a considerable time senseless from the fall; one of the pistols, which he had held in his hand was discharged, and the report reverberating from the gloomy cavities, vibrated on the ear of the astonish'd Gerald with such an awful sound, that he remained almost lifeless with terror. When reason had resumed her functions over his mind, he removed himself as fast as his trembling limbs would bear him, from the spot which had inspired him with such dreadful apprehensions, unable to comprehend from what cause they had arisen. While Gerald was proceeding to execute his diabolical purpose, far other sensations pervaded the breast of Louis: providentially he had not received any material injury, and when he had recovered from the swoon into which his fall had thrown him, he arose disappointed, because he now believed himself incapable of preventing the accomplishment of Gerald's murderous designs on the unknown victim. Picturing to himself some unfortunate man fallen into the hands of his enemies, and suffering under the dagger of the nightly assassin, he paced with hasty steps, the cavern into which he had been thrown, when a deep groan assail'd his ear. His first sensation was an involuntary emotion of fear, but listening for some minutes attentively, and not hearing it repeated, he attributed it to his perturbed imagination.

After some minutes had elapsed it was repeated, and he heard it too distinctly to suffer him to consider it as the wanderings of his own disordered fancy. Advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived the reflection of a light proceeding from an iron grate, and which upon a nearer view he found was placed upon a small table in the adjoining vault. Near it was a man in chains, lying on a miserable bed of straw, from whom the groans which had alarmed him issued.

He had scarcely reached the grate when an opposite door opened, and Gerald, the same whom he had followed so long, entered the vault. Louis had one pistol charged, and that he determined to use in the preservation of the helpless sufferer, and as the assassin was preparing to execute his infamous purpose, he exclaimed,—"Infernal instrument of tyranny, go to that world where thy black soul shall suffer torments worthy of so foul a miscreant," and at the same moment Gerald received a ball in his breast from the hand of Louis. Roused by the noise from a broken slumber, the prisoner raised himself from the floor, and presented to the eye of the astonished Louis the ghastly countenance of *his brother Henry*. Joy at once more beholding those beloved features, inspired him strength, and grasping the bars with a nervous hand, he wrenched the whole out of its position, and in an instant he found himself in the arms of his brother. When the first emotions attendant on such an occasion had subsided, they resolved to return by the way Gerald had entered the dungeon. Louis therefore searching the pockets of the deceased murderer, found the keys which fastened the chains round the body of Henry, and liberated him. Leaving the lamp upon the table, they quitted this gloomy dungeon, intending to direct their steps towards the mansions of the living without any light, rather than expose themselves to detection. Carefully moving along the vaults, they passed the trap door, through which Louis had descended, and ascended the staircase; as they were moving along the dark passages at the top, they heard the report of a pistol at some distance, and in a few minutes they were joined by M. Dupont, who placing his finger on his lips in token of silence, beckoned them to follow him, and proceeded with hasty steps in the direction towards the door by which they had entered the castle: but as they were descending the spiral staircase, they heard a hoarse voice at the bottom, calling to others, and bidding them "guard all the out-lets, and they had them safe enough." They, upon hearing this, measured back their steps with rapidity, and were as quickly pursued by others, whose hoarse voices proceeding in different directions, announced their approach. The fugitives were obliged to separate, and Louis and Henry entered a recess, which by its gloom favoured their concealment. Unfortunately, their pursuers thought proper to search it, and they were both discovered, conducted

to separate apartments, and put in fetters, to prevent the possibility of their escape. Henry, reduced in mind and body by the Severity of his confinement, suffered himself

to be bound without murmuring, but the ardent spirit of his brother Louis, disdain'd confinement, and it was with difficulty They secured him. He demanded for what reason he was to be kept a prisoner, and heaped curses upon them, but they only sneered at his impatience, and left him to his own thoughts. Meanwhile M. Dupont, and those who accompanied him, had found their way to the subterranean apartments, and by means of a breach made by the all-destroying hand of time, escaped from the walls of the castle. His first step was to go to court, where he stated to the king every circumstance, and was allowed a body of soldiers to search the castle. They did so, but in vain, not a soul was to be found, all was undisturbed solitude, and he was under the necessity of leaving his wards to their fate. Months passed away, but the cloud of mystery was not dispelled, when one evening, when the family had all retired to bed, a violent knocking was heard at gate. This untimely intrusion roused M. Dupont, who dressed himself, and went below to know the cause; he found the servants huddled together, disputing who should open the gate, for since the inexplicable disappearance of Louis and Henry, a superstitious fear had pervaded the bosom of every domestic. M. Dupont ordered them to follow him, and he opened the gate, when in rushed a figure covered with blood and dust—a sanguine stream issuing from his arm, which hung lifeless at his side.

The servants uttered a cry of terror, and clung round their master, when the stranger sunk on the floor, fainting through loss of blood. A couch was prepared for him, and every attempt made to recall departed animation, but in vain: the face was cleansed of the blood which besmeared it, and the pallid features proclaimed that the stranger was the lost Louis. Grieved to the soul to be obliged to lose him the moment he was found, M. Dupont exerted himself to blow into existence the latent spark of life, and was at length successful. The blood flowing from the wound in his arm was staunch'd, and a deep groan issued from his lips. The faint prospect of recovering him, stimulated the faithful guardian to new exertion, and he had at length the satisfaction of perceiving his

eyes open, and a reviving cordial completely restored him to life: But a delirious fever raged through his veins, and he raved with all the incoherence of madness: "*his brother, his murdered brother,*" was the principal object on which his wandering fancy seemed to rest. Seven days he existed under the influence of madness, when his ravings subsided, and he sunk into a state of insensibility. M. Dupont was sensible that the crises of his disorder was at hand, and conceived his inanimate situation as only a prelude to dissolution. "Ill fated youth, he exclaimed," evil was the planet that presided at thy birth, under its influence have all thy days been tainted with misfortune, and the dart of death is already extended to deprive thee of existence. Small has been thy portion of happiness here, but thy reward is yet to come."

The worthy owner of the chateau had sent for a surgeon from the neighbouring village as soon as he had discovered in the person of the wounded stranger his beloved Louis. M. Burton, the surgeon who was expected, was an English gentleman who had studied physic and surgery under the most eminent of the profession in London, but owing to some disgust he had taken to his native country, he retired to France, and took up his residence at the village in the vicinity of the chateau, where he continued the practice of his profession, with equal ability and success. He possessed a perfect knowledge of the French language, as he had resided in the kingdom for many years, and could converse on any subject with ease: his sentiments were expressed without affectation, and his conversation displayed superior talents and refinement: it may therefore be supposed, that he was a frequent visitant at the chateau, where his arrival was ever greeted with all unaffected welcome. He had married a French lady, by whom he had one daughter, and this endearing tie bound him still closer to the country. Upon Monsieur Burton's examining Louis's arm, while he was insensible, he found that a ball had been lodged there, but it was luckily extracted without injury. At M. Dupont's request, this humane gentleman, whose heart was ever alive to sensibility, consented to remain at the chateau, till reason superceded madness, or his patient paid "the great debt of nature." The crisis of his disorder was fast approaching, his breath grew short, and delusive hope was banished from every bosom, and gave place to despondency. Every countenance

wore the livery of sorrow, and gave the strongest testimony of the love they bore to him; at length he appeared to have entirely ceased to suspire; all his melancholy friends were seated round the bed, waiting the moment when his soul should depart "to him who gave it." The silence which had reigned for some time, was at length interrupted by M. Burton's saying in a low tone, "I believe all is now over, but there is a possibility that he yet lives, and may be only sleeping." Then turning to one of the servants, he ordered him to bring him a small mirror, which he placed before his lips for a few minutes, and upon examining it found it sullied, and communicated the pleasing intelligence to his mournful auditors, that he yet breathed, and was asleep, which he considered as a happy omen. Several hours did the unfortunate Louis remain perfectly insensible, but at length he moved, to the revival of the hopes of his friends, and in a few minutes opened his eyes, and stretching out his hand to M. Dupont gently pressed his, while a faint smile gleamed across his countenance, on which they thought the unremovable seal of death had been affixed. From this time his health gradually returned, and in a few weeks he was able to leave his room, but not a word was uttered by him respecting the affairs of the castle, and whenever it was alluded to, it seemed to turn his brain to madness. As it seemed to affect him in such an extraordinary manner, M. Dupont deferred an explanation of past events, till he was perfectly restored, and time had in some measure obliterated the traces of this unknown misfortune from his memory, or at least destroyed the keenness of the injuries he had received.

JULIUS

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Albert and Eliza

[3. 22 June 1802]

ELIZA flung herself upon her bed, but without any inclination to sleep. Her spirits had been agitated, and it required time to compose them. She saw herself in a dangerous situation. If Blake was sincere, which she had no reason to doubt, when comparing his conduct with his declaration, she knew not to what lengths the matter might be carried, nor how deeply she might be involved in the consequences. She therefore resolved to write to her father, desiring him to send for her home; this determination gave some relief to her mind, she became less restless, and at last fell asleep.

In the morning she was roused by her aunt, who brought her a letter which the carrier had just handed in; as soon as she fixed her eye upon the superscription, she knew it to be from Albert. She broke the seal and found it contained the particulars of his voyage to England, and the kind reception he met with from the friends of his father's house. His business was nearly completed, and he expected in about three months from the date of his letter, to set sail for America. This letter had been written upwards of two months, and was dated nine months after he left America, so that the time was nearly arrived when he was to leave England. Albert, in his letter, had breathed out the tenderness of his soul to Eliza, lamented their long absence, and the wide distance which separated them, and finally, pourtrayed in vivid colorings the joys of their expected meeting.

This letter banished almost every trace of sorrow from the bosom of Eliza. She considered the affair of Blake, and was surprised that it gave her so much anxiety. He had complimented her charms—this was not uncommon. —She believed him to be actuated by generous principles, and that if he understood her situation, he would withdraw his attention. She therefore resolved, whenever a proper occasion should offer to give him some intimation which might deter him from continuing his addresses. This, however, did not prevent her from writing a request to her father to permit her to return home.

Quite different were the feelings of Blake.— He had been repulsed where he had the most sanguine hopes of success. He had, hitherto, supposed himself not disagreeable to Eliza. Had he not occasion to believe she held him in preference? — What then could be the cause of her sudden alarm, and seeming disgust at his proposals? Nothing appeared more probable than that some other person had, recently, secured her affections, and this person could be no other than Palmer. This conclusion pierced his soul—Among all the embarrassments in love, none strike so deep—none wound so keenly, as the idea of a rival. Eliza's reply on Blake's pressing for an answer, was, "it is impossible." But what was *impossible*? Was it impossible that she could then come to a determination? or that she could accede to his proposals? The former he wished to hope; the latter he had great reason to fear.

To extricate himself from the torture of suspense, he determined to see her that day, and, if possible to bring her to a decision. As he entered the door of her uncle's house, he met Palmer, who had been to invite Eliza to ride out with him on the following day. They bowed to each other with distant civility, and Blake was admitted into Eliza's room, who happened to be alone. As he entered, an involuntary tremor seized her; but it was momentary; with her usual cheerfulness, she desired him to be seated, and his confidence, which had forsaken him as he approached the house, returned.

Blake soon introduced the subject he came upon. He asked pardon for the discomposure his declaration had thrown her into, the preceding evening; but as his happiness depended upon the result, he desired her to be explicit. She told him that she esteemed him as a friend—thanked him for his former complaisance, but that both her feelings and her situation forbade

her to encourage his addresses; that she was excited to deal thus frankly, from motives of delicacy to them both, but that she must consider herself excused from any further explanation.

So ingenuous a decision disconcerted every argument which Blake had prepared to enforce his suit. His mind became paralyzed and his tongue powerless. They both sat silent, and were happily relieved from a very embarrassing situation by the entrance of company. Blake immediately arose to depart; Eliza waited upon him to the door; he disconsolately took her hand, bowed, and bade her good night.

Palmer had not been more particular to Eliza, than to several other ladies of the city; consequently his attention was less to be feared. She at first declined his offer to ride out with him, the day following, but he solicited, and she finally consented. He came at the appointed hour, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon—Eliza was handed into the coach, and they drove out towards Kingsbridge. It was that season of the year when decaying nature was fast sinking to her wintry tomb. As they passed along, Eliza was highly interested in the picturesque scenes which the landscape exhibited. The yellow splendor of the faded foliage; the lofty grandeur of the rugged mountain; the solitary lapse of the winding stream, as it murmured along the hollow valley; the rustling sound of the lingering gales, as they idly pursued the withering leaves over the variegated fields; the plaintive melody of the autumnal birds, all conspired to thrill her bosom with a pleasing, melancholy sensation. They passed Kingsbridge, and drove a little distance into the country, where they stopped for refreshment, and loitered away the time until evening. As they were about to return, they perceived a shower arising. They hastened into the carriage, and Palmer ordered the postillion to drive on with speed. They passed Kingsbridge, and came very near Haerlem before the shower overtook them. There were, then, but few scattering houses in this (place, and but one inn of any respectability.) Here Palmer proposed to stop, to which, as the storm became furious, Eliza agreed. They were shown into a decent room; Palmer ordered wine and a dish of fruit. The violence of the storm did not abate till sometime in the evening. Eliza grew very uneasy, particularly as she observed that Palmer drank very freely of wine. She intreated that they might proceed: he raised objections; the storm had not entirely ceased—when it had they could soon reach town. He drank more wine, she perceived he became intoxicated, and insisted upon going on immediately. He went out as though to give orders for the necessary preparations, but soon returning, and seating himself beside her, "Dear Eliza," said he, "the postillion is asleep, the evening is advanced, the roads are wet and slippery; you must content yourself to stay here until morning, and then, my blooming charmer, I will, with pleasure, convey you to your friends." Thus saying, he clasped her, with ardor, to his breast; she screamed for assistance; two men rushed into the room and disengaged her—it was the inn-keeper and Blake! Palmer attempted to resist them, and ordered them to leave the room; Blake asked Eliza whether she was detained there against her will, she answered that she was; he

removed her immediately from the room; as they were going out, Palmer seized her arm and attempted to rescue her, but he was thrust back by Blake with so much force that he fell, with violence, to the floor. "If you can be found to-morrow;" said he to Blake, as he rose up, "I shall consider it my duty to acknowledge my obligations for this politeness." "You are not unacquainted that I reside at the government house," replied Blake, and Palmer withdrew to his room.

Blake engaged the inn-keeper to furnish a servant with a horse and chaise, to convey Eliza to town. He mounted his horse and rode behind until they arrived at her uncle's; he handed her into the door, tenderly bade adieu, and retired to his lodging.

*(To be continued.)*

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