

EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

ISSUE IV

THE FORESTERS

[4. September 1787]

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

[Continued from Page 568.]

BETWEEN the lands occupied by Frederick Marygold, and those on which Humpry Ploughshare had made his settlement, was a large tract of waste, where none of Mr. Bull's family had ever been; but the report of the plantations which one and another of them had made, drew the attention of Bull's neighbours. Among these, *Nicolas Frog* (1) was not an idle spectator. He was as sly a fellow as you will meet with in a summer's day, always attentive to his interest, and never let slip an opportunity to promote it. Observing that Mr. Bull was rather careless of the Forest, and trusted his lawyers and servants with the management of it, and knowing there was a large slice of it unoccupied, he clandestinely sent out some surveyors in the disguise of hunters, to make a description of the country, and report to him at their return. Another good neighbor GUSTAVUS, the ironmonger (2) was gaping after it, and gave out word among his journeymen, that if any of them would adventure thither and set up their trade, he would uphold them in their pretensions, and lend them any assistance in his power. Accordingly one of them, by the name of *Casimir*, ventured to make a beginning on the shore of a navigable creek; (3) but did not care to penetrate far into the country, on account of the wolves and bears, which were very numerous thereabouts. As soon as Frog heard of this he picked a quarrel with Gustavus, and

insisted that the land was his by possession, because he had already sent surveyors thither. It happened however, that the place which Frog's people had pitched upon was at the mouth of another creek, (4) at a considerable distance; where they had built a hut, on a point of land, and farther up the creek they had erected a kind of lodge or hunting-house, (5) for the convenience of collecting game. On this plantation Frog had placed PETER STIVER, a one-legged fellow, as his overseer. As soon as Peter heard of the quarrel between his master and Gustavus, he thought the quickest way of ending it was the best; and therefore, without waiting for orders or ceremony, he went and commanded Casimir off the ground; and with one of his crutches beat his house to pieces about his ears. The poor fellow stared at this rough treatment; but was glad to escape with whole bones, and humbly requested leave to remain there with his tools, promising to follow his business quietly, and become an obedient servant to Mr. Frog; upon these conditions he was permitted to remain, and the whole tract was reputed Frog's property.

While these things were doing John Bull was confined to his house with a violent fever and delirium (6), under which he laboured for a long time, and his imagination was the seat of every wild freak and strange vagary. One while he fancied himself an absolute monarch, then, a presbyterian clergyman, then a general of horse, then a lord-protector; his noddle was filled with a jumble of polemic divinity, political disputes, and military arrangements, and it was not till after much blood-letting, blistering, vomiting and purging, that he began to mend. Under this severe, but wholesome regimen, he at length grew cool and

came to himself, but found on his recovery that his affairs had gone behind-hand during his sickness. Beside the loss of business, he had physicians and apothecaries bills to pay, and those who had attended upon him as nurses, watchers, porters, &c. all expected wages or douceurs, and were continually haunting him with, How does your honour do? I am glad to see your honour so well as to be abroad. Some one or more were continually putting themselves in his way, and if they did not directly *dun* him for payment, their looks were so significant that a man of less penetration could easily have guessed what was their meaning.

Bull was somewhat perplexed how to answer all their demands and expectations. He was too far behind-hand to be able to satisfy them, and withal too generous to let them remain unpaid. At length he hit on this expedient: "These fellows (said he to himself) have served me well, and may be of use to me again. There is yet a considerable part of my forest unoccupied. I'll offer to lease them tracts of land which *cost me nothing*, and if they will accept them at a low rent, they may prove useful servants, and I shall be a gainer as well as they." Having come to this resolution, he began to enquire into the affairs of his forest, and found that his neighbours had intruded upon his claim. LEWIS had taken possession at one end (7); Lord STRUT at the (8) other; and NIC FROG in the middle (9), and his own tenants had been quarrelling with their new neighbours, as well as among themselves. "Hey day, (says John) this will never do; I must keep a good look out upon these dogs, or they will get the advantage of me." Away he goes to Frog, and begun to complain of the

(1) The Dutch.

(2) The king of Sweden.

(3) The Delaware.

(4) Hudson's River.

(5) Albany.

(6) The civil wars in England.

(7) Canada possessed by the French.

(8) Florida possessed by the Spaniards.

(9) New Amsterdam and the New Netherlands by the Dutch.

ill treatment which he had received. Frog who had no mind either to quarrel, or to cry peccavi, like a sly, evasive whore-son as he was, shrugged up his shoulders, disowned what his servants had done, and said, he supposed they only meant to kill game, and did not intend to hold possession. Bull was not to be put off so; his blood was up and he determined to treat Frog's servants as they had treated Casimir. So, calling a trusty old stud out of his compting house, "Here Bob (10) (said he) take one of my servants with a couple of blood hounds, and go to that part of the forest where Peter Stiver has encroached, give him fair warning; tell him the land is mine, and I will have it; if he gives up at once, treat him well and tell him I'll give him leave to remain there; but if he offers to make any resistance, or hesitates about an answer, set your dogs at him and drive him off; kill his cattle and set his house on fire; never fear, I'll bear you out in it." Away goes Bob and delivered his message; Peter at first thought it a matter of amusement, and begun to divert himself with it; but as soon as the dogs opened upon him he found his mistake, and rather than run the risk of being driven off, he quietly submitted to the conditions proposed. "Hang it (said he to himself) what care I who is my landlord? Gain is my object, I have already been at great expense, and have a prospect of getting an estate, to remove will ruin me, I'll therefore stay here, and make money under Bull, or Frog, or any other master that will let me stay."

In a subsequent quarrel which happened between Bull and Frog--the latter seized upon this plantation again, and Peter recognized his old master; but upon a compromise it was given up to Bull in exchange for a tract of swamp (11) which lay far to the southward. Peter continued on the ground through all these changes, and followed his business with great diligence,

collecting game and pelts, and vending them sometimes to Mr. Bull, and sometimes to Mr. Frog. However, Bull thought it best that, in token of subjection, Stiver should change his name; to which he consented, and partly to please his new master, and partly to retain the remembrance of his old one, he assumed the name of BULL FROG.

The whole tract which was thus gotten from Frog, was thought too large for one plantation, and therefore Mr. Bull, in pursuance of the plan which he had formed appropriated the rents of the plantation, on which Bull Frog was seated to his brother, and the other part which had been taken from Casimir was leafed to two of his servants, CART-RUT and BARE-CLAY, and sometime after another tract was set off to WILLIAM BROADBRIM, whose father had been an assiduous rat-catcher in Mr. Bull's family; but more of this hereafter.

Cart-rut and *Bare-clay* agreed to divide their land into two farms, which they called the east and west farms; (12) but when they came to run the division line, their compasses differed so much that they could not fix the boundary. This was one cause of dissention. Another was the different humors and dispositions of their families. Those on the East farm were brought up under Mr. Bull's sister PEG (13); and as it is well known that she and her brother had long been at variance, so their domestics had got tinctured with the notions and prejudices of their respective families. The family on the West farm was made up of persons who were subject to the epidemic ague or shaking palsy (14); with some stragglers from Bull-frog's and Casimir's families. From this diversity of constitutions and humours arose bickerings and quarrels, a disinclination to work and submit to family government. These disorders continued a long while, and business went on very slowly, till at length the heads of both families agreed to give up their

separate leases, and take a new one of the whole, and let Mr. Bull appoint an overseer. By these means peace was restored, and the new overseer, who was supposed to be a descendant of JULIUS CÆSAR, gave the name of his ancestor to the farm, which has ever since been called CÆSAREA.

There was another large portion of the forest, which lay southward of Walter Pipe-weed's plantation, and which no person had yet taken up, though some had made attempts and had been driven off by the numberless mosquitoes and sand-flies, which abounded in those places. Mr. Bull was still desirous to reward his friends in the *cheapest manner*, and at the same time to keep his neighbors from encroaching upon him, and secure the possession of the forest to himself. In pursuance of his plan, and to make short work of it at once, he leased the whole of this southern extremity to CHARLES INDIGO, (15) who was expressly ordered to take under his care and into his family all persons who had attended Mr. Bull, in his late sickness, in quality of nurses, druggists, apothecaries, laundresses, upholsters, porters, watchers, &c. &c. By this order Charles found himself at once surrounded by a large body of retainers of various ranks and qualities, and being a speculator himself, he employed a speculative man, Mr. *Padlock* (who had written a large treatise upon *Ideas*) to draw up some rules, for the management of such a family, intending when he should build an house, to paste it up in the parlour, as a directory to his wife. Accordingly Mr. Padlock went to work, and with an exquisite mixture of political and metaphysical knowledge, distinguished between the hall, the parlour, the dressing room, the gallery, the music-room, the bed-chambers, the chapel, the kitchen, the water-closet, &c. shewing what was to be done in each, and the proper subordination of one to the other, all which would have been of excellent service in a palace, and among people who had got to a high degree of refinement, but was

(10) Sir Robert Carr's expedition against New Amsterdam, now New York.

(11) Surinam.

(12) East and West Jersey.

(13) The church of Scotland.

(14) The Quakers.

(15) The Carolina Company.

ill suited to the circumstances of new adventurers in a forest. They rather needed to be instructed in the method of felling trees, draining swamps, digging clams, guarding against musquitoes, killing wolves and bears, and erecting huts to keep off the weather. To these necessary affairs they were obliged to attend, and Mr. Padlock's fine-spun rules were laid by and little thought of.

Charles had pitched upon a sandy point, between two brooks for his mansion-house, and had made a small beginning when his repose was disturbed by one AUGUSTINE, a lubberly fellow, who had taken a lease of Lord STRUT, and lived farther southward. This Strut was the largest landholder in the country, and was never satisfied with adding field to field. He had already got much more than he could manage, and had greatly impoverished his home-stead by attending to his extra-territories. His tenants were infected with the same land-fever, and wished to have no neighbors within sight or call. From this envious disposition Augustine collected a rabble of lousy fellows, and was coming to dispossess Charles, thinking him too weak to make a defence; but Charles was a lad of too much *spunk* to be brow-beaten by such fellows. He armed all his people with some weapon or other, and advanced till he came within sight of the place where Augustine was, who on seeing him, took wit in his anger and went back, without attempting any mischief.

Another difficulty which Charles expected to encounter was from the wild beasts; but luckily for him, these creatures got into a quarrel among themselves, and fought with each other till they had thinned their numbers considerably, so that Charles and his companions could venture into the woods, where they caught some few and tamed them, as was the usual practice among all Mr. Bull's tenants at that day. Of this practice a more particular account shall be given, by way of digression.

[*To be continued.*]

HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE

[4. December 1790]

After their exit the Governor Turning round to Maria and Henry, demanded who they were? Mrs. Kittle's perplexity prevented her reply; but Henry, in a most respectful manner, gave him a succinct account of their misfortunes. The Governor perceiving him sensible and communicative, interrogated him farther, but he modestly declined giving any political intelligence. Observing that Maria suffered greatly in this interview, he soon concluded it, after having presented several pieces of calicoes and stuffs to them, desiring they would accept what they had occasion for. Mrs. Kittle immediately singled out a piece of black calimanco with tears of gratitude to her benefactor; who, smiling, observed she might chuse a gayer colour, as he hoped her distresses were now over. Maria shook her head in token of dissent, but could make no reply. He then dismissed them, with a small guard, who was directed to provide them with decent lodging.

Henry was accommodated at a bakers, while his sister, to her no small satisfaction, found herself placed at the English woman's who, on her arrival, had expressed so much good nature.--She had scarcely entered, when Mrs. D--, presenting her with a cordial, led her to a couch, insisting on her reposing there a little, "for," says she, "your waste of spirits requires it."

This tenderness, which Maria had long been a stranger to, relaxed every fibre of her heart: She again melted into tears; but it was a gush of grateful acknowledgment, that called a modest blush of pleasure and perplexity on Mrs. D--'s check. Being left alone, she soon fell in a profound sleep; and her friend having prepared a comfortable repast, in less than an hour awaked her, with an invitation to dinner—"and how do you find yourself, my sister?" said she instinctively, seizing Maria's hand and compressing it between hers; "may we hope that you will assist

us in conquering your dejection?"—Maria smiled benignly through a chrystal atmosphere of tears, and kissing the hand of her friend, arose. Having dined, and being now equipped in decent apparel, Maria became the admiration and esteem of the whole family. The tempest of her soul subsided in a solemn calm; and though she did not regain her vivacity, she became agreeably conversable.

In a few days, however, she felt the symptoms of an approaching fever. She was alarmed at this, and intimated to Mrs. D—her fears of becoming troublesome. "Do not be concerned," returned that kind creature; "my God did not plant humanity in my breast to remain there an inactive principle." Maria felt her oppression relieved by this generous sentiment; and indeed found her friendship did not consist in profession, as she incessantly tended her during her illness with inexpressible delicacy and solicitude. When she was again on the recovery, Mrs. D—one day ordered a small truck covered with Morocco leather to be brought before her, and opening it, produced several sets of fine linen, with some elegant stuffs and other necessaries—"See," said she, "what the benevolence of Montreal has done for you. The ladies that beg your acceptance of these things, intend likewise to inhance the favour, by waiting on you this afternoon."—"Ah!" interrupted Maria, "I want Them not; this one plain habit is enough to answer the purpose of dress for me. Shut the chest my dear Mrs. D--, and keep them as a small compensation for the immense trouble I have been to you."—"If this is your real sentiment," replied her friend, (shutting the chest, and presenting her the key,) "return your gifts to the donors; and since you will reward me for my little offices of friendship, only love me, and believe me disinterested, and I shall be overpaid."—"I see I have wronged your generosity," answered Maria. "Pardon me, my sister, I will offend no more. I did not think you mercenary—but—but—I meant only to disengage my heart of a little of its burden."—As this tender contest was

painful to both parties, Mrs. D—rising abruptly, pretended some business, promising to return again directly.

In the afternoon Maria received her visitants in a neat little parlour. She was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a small muslin cap, from which her hair fell in artless curls on her fine neck: her face was pale, though not emaciated, and her eyes streamed a soft languor over her countenance, more bewitching than the sprightliest glances of vivacity. As they entered she arose, and advancing, modestly received their civilities, while Mrs. D—handed them to chairs: But hearing a well-known voice, she hastily lifted up her eyes, and screamed out in an accent of surprise, “Good Heaven! May I credit my senses? My dear Mrs. Bratt, my kind neighbor, is it really you that I see?” Here she found herself clasped in her friend’s arms, who, after a long subsiding sigh, broke into tears. The tumult of passion at length abating—“Could I have guessed, my Maria,” said she, “that you was here, my visit should not have been deferred a moment after your arrival; but I have mourned with a sister in affliction, (permit me to present her to you,) and while our hearts were wrung with each other’s distress, alas! we enquired after no foreign calamity.” Being all seated, “I dare not,” resumed Maria, “ask after your family; I am afraid you only have escaped to tell me of them.” Not so, my sister,” cried Mrs. Bratt; “but if you can bear the recollection of your misfortunes, do oblige me with the recital.” The ladies joined their entreaty, and Mrs. Kittle complied in a graceful manner.

After some time spent in tears, and pleasing melancholy, tea was brought in; and towards sun-set Mrs. D—invited the company to walk in the garden, which being very small, consisted only of a parterre, at the farther end of which stood an arbour covered with a grape-vine. Here being seated, after some chat on indifferent subjects, Maria desired Mrs. Bratt (if agreeable to the company) to acquaint her with the circumstances of her capture. They all

bowed approbation; and after some hesitation Mrs. Bratt began:--

“My heart, ladies, shall ever retain a sense of the happiness I enjoyed in the society of Mrs. Kittle and several other amiable persons in the vicinage of Schochticook, where I resided. She in particular cheered my lonely hours of widowhood, and omitted nothing that she thought might conduce to my serenity. I had two sons; she recommended the education of them to my leisure hours. I accepted of her advice, and found a suspension of my sorrows in the execution of my duty. They soon improved beyond my capacity of teaching. Richard, my eldest, was passionately fond of books, which he studied with intense application. This naturally attached him to a sedentary life, and he became the constant instructive companion of me evening hours. My youngest son, Charles, was more volatile, yet not less agreeable; his person was charming, his wit sprightly, and his address elegant. They often importuned me, at the commencement of this war, to withdraw to Albany; but as I apprehended no danger, (the British troops being stationed above us, quite from Saratoga to the Lake) I ridiculed their fears.

“One evening as my sons were come in from reaping, and I was busied in preparing them a dish of tea, we were surprised by a discharge of musketry near us. We all three ran to the door, and beheld a party of Indians not twenty paces from us. Struck with astonishment, we had no power to move, and the savages again firing that instant, my Charles dropped down dead beside me. Good God! what were my emotions? But language would fail, should I attempt to describe them. My surviving son then turning to me, with a countenance expressive of the deepest horror urged me to fly. “Let us begone this instant,” said he; “a moment determines our fate. O! my mother! you are already lost.” But despair had swallowed up my fears; I fell shrieking on the body of my child, and rending away my hair, endeavoured to recall him to life with unavailing laments. Richard in the mean while had quitted me, and the

moment after I beheld him mounted on horseback, and stretching away to the city. The Indians fired a volley at him, but missed, and I flatter myself that he arrived safe—And now, not all my prayers and tears could prevent the wretches from scalping my precious child. But when they rent me away from him, and dragged me from the house, my grief and rage burst forth like a hurricane. I execrated their whole race, and called for eternal vengeance to crush them to atoms. After a while I grew ashamed of my impetuosity; the tears began again to flow silently on my brow, and as I walked through the forest between two Indians, my soul grew suddenly sick and groaned in me; a darkness more substantial than Egyptian night fell upon it, and my existence became an insupportable burthen to me. I looked up to Heaven with a hopeless kind of awe, but I murmured no more at the dispensations of my God, and in this frame of sullen resignation I passed the rest of my journey, which being nearly similar to Mrs. Kittle’s, I shall avoid the repetition of. And now permit me (said she, turning to the French ladies) to acknowledge your extreme goodness to me. I was a stranger, sick and naked, and you took me in. You indeed have proved the good Samaritan to me, pouring oil and wine in my wounds.” “Hush! hush!” cried Madame de Roche, “you estimate our services at too high a rate. I see you are no connoisseur in minds; there is a great deal of honest hospitality in the world, though you have met with so little.”

“I now reject,” interrupted Mrs. Bratt, “all prejudices of education. From my infancy have I been taught that the French were a cruel perfidious enemy, but I have found them quite the reverse.”

Madame de R. willing to change the subject, accosted the other stranger—“Dear Mrs. Willis, shall we not be interested likewise in your misfortunes?”—“Ah! do,” added Mademoiselle V. “my heart is now sweetly tuned to melancholly. I love to indulge these divine sensibilities, which your affecting histories are so capable of inspiring.”—Maria then took hold of Mrs. Willis’s hand, and

pressed her to oblige them.—Mrs. Willis bowed. She dropt a few tears; but assuming a composed look, she began—

(*To be continued.*)

ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE

[4. 23 May 1801]
(Continued.)

MEANWHILE the Count de Vauban, whose unbounded extravagance reduced him to the verge of ruin, was obliged to abscond from the importunity of his creditors; but when Louis and Henry were both lost, he thought proper to come forward and claim their fortunes: at the earnest prayer of M. Dupont the grant of them to the Count was deferred by the king for one year, promising, that if in that time, one of them did not appear, he should be put in possession of them. As M. Dupont still entertained suspicions of the Count, he did not think it necessary to inform the King, that the lawful owner of the estates was found, till Louis was able to carry himself the evidence of it. Therefore as soon as he was well enough to travel, he set out, attended by two servants, well armed for the security of their master, and proceeded by easy stages to Paris, to claim the investiture of the states, as his age authorised the demand. Louis the fifteenth, who then ruled over that fertile and extensive kingdom, without hesitation ordered him to be put in possession of all the fortune his father had left, which was far from being small, though principally vested in the funds: his landed estate only consisted of the chateau and grounds occupied by M. Dupont. Upon his return, night overtook him two leagues from the chateau, but his desire of reaching it determined him to proceed, notwithstanding the darkness, and a wood which he was obliged to pass through, in which several robberies and murders had been perpetrated. He had passed through the greater part of it without any alarm, when just as he approached the farther side, a report of a pistol, followed by the clashing of swords, roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. Clapping spurs to his horse, he hastened forward with the servants at full speed; the moon at intervals shone forth from the broken clouds, and very opportunely yielded her light for

him to perceive a group of men, apparently of different parties, as the clashing of swords announced an encounter. Impelled by the natural generosity of his disposition, he hastened to join the weaker party, who thus reinforced soon put their adversaries to flight. A gentleman who seemed to be the superior of the party, was slightly wounded, and thro' fear of its being irritated by riding far, he accepted an invitation to the chateau, which he had accorded in the politest terms. They found M. Dupont and his family expecting Louis with anxiety, and his guests they treated with the most hospitable politeness. Before they retired, Louis begged to know what had occasioned the rencounter in the forest, and whom it was he had the good fortune to assist upon that occasion. The stranger informed him, that he was no other than the Duke of Alencon, who upon his way to his seat a short distance beyond the chateau, had the misfortune of breaking his carriage, and as he did not wish to stay till it was repaired, he proceeded on horseback with a few servants, and in the forest had been attacked by some men, whom he supposed to be banditti. He overwhelmed Louis with his thanks, and the next morning insisted upon his accompanying him to his castle, to which he consented, as the easy behaviour of the Duke had entirely won his confidence. He remained with him several weeks, and every day raised them in each other's estimation, till Louis had resolved to open his whole soul to him. This he deferred till his venerable guardian should come to the castle, whither he had been urged to present himself. The Duke of Alencon had one son and one daughter, to whom all his immense estates would belong; the daughter possessed all the graces of the sex, but her brother the Marquis de Lantz, disgraced his distinguished rank by his vicious propensities. Antoniette de Lantz (this was the Duke's family name) had been universally admired, and Louis understood that a young nobleman, who was one of her suitors, was favoured by the Marquis, and approved by Alencon. Notwithstanding the caution which this information was calculated to give, young Boileau could not exclude the passion of love from his bosom, and the image of Antoniette haunted him continually. At length he was told that the lover of Mademoiselle de Lantz, was expected at the castle the day following, and the day after M. Dupont had announced his intention of visiting the Duke. Curiosity to see the man to whom

his admired Antoniette would probably be joined in the bands of marriage, prevented him from sleeping, and he arose early the next morning, with his ideas occupied by the same subject. After he had breakfasted, he remained in the parlour with the Duke, Antoniette and the Marquis, when a carriage drove into the yard. "It is the Count," exclaims the Marquis, and flew out of the room to receive him, while Louis walked to one of the windows and saw a light from his carriage the *Count de Vauban*.

Astonishment transfixed him to the spot, and contradictory ideas passed through his brain with such rapidity, as almost to derange him. To find his uncle, whom he strongly suspected of being the source of all his misfortunes, received into the family of the Duke of Alencon, as the approved lover of his daughter, almost surpassed comprehension. He however, fortunately recovered his presence of mind, before the Count entered the room, and determined to observe his countenance with the most watchful scrutiny. De Vauban entered, introduced by the Marquis with smiles in his aspect, when his attention was arrested by the sight of his nephew, his countenance displayed contending emotions, and guilt and fear were delineated in every feature. The company observed the extraordinary confusion of the Count, and were at a loss to account for it, or the piercing attention with which Louis regarded him: but in a short time de Vauban's wonted ease of manners returned, and he paid his compliments to the company, apologizing for his emotion, which he said was to be attributed to his surprise, at again seeing his runaway nephew, who he had much feared had been lost to his friends for ever. He then acquainted the company with their consanguinity, but was completely at a loss to enter into conversation with Louis, who sat totally silent wrapt in his own reflections. To all their enquiries respecting his absence, of which the Count had spoken, he gave incoherent replies, and instantly relapsed into his abstraction of mind to what was passing before him. The day passed with a degree of unsociability, to which the family of the Duke of Alencon were unaccustomed, but the unusual reserve, to them so mysterious, which clouded the manners of their two guests, deprived them of their wonted cheerfulness. The Duke, to whom Louis had endeared himself in the first place, by according him his assistance when beset in the forest, with so much celerity, and which his affectionate manners had confirm-

ed, was anxious to know what occasioned the uneasiness under which his young friend seemed to labour, and they all separated to retire to bed at night, seemingly pleased that the day was expired. Louis was unable to sleep, from the concurrence of circumstances which a short time had produced; the confusion of the Count upon their interview, almost confirmed his suspicions that he was the cause of his imprisonment. Restless and tormented with his own ideas, he arose, dressed and seated himself at the window;—opening the casement to give admission to the air, he observed a man walking on the terrace below, apparently waiting for some one, and in a few minutes he was joined by another. The casement at which he sat, was too high from the terrace to permit him to hear the whole of the discourse that ensued, but he found that it was an assignation. Curiosity to know who it was that had taken this opportunity for a private interview, prompted him to listen, and he found it was the Marquis and the Count de Vauban. He was so much interested in every thing which concerned his uncle, that he could not refrain from listening, and from what part of their discourse reached his ear, he found it of dreadful import. He had conceived a dislike to the Marquis at first sight, which had been strengthened by his manners towards him, but he now found him to be a man, in whom every species of villainy were concentrated. The attack made upon the Duke of Alencon in the forest, where Louis had been the means of his rescue, had been the act of the Count's desperate dependants under his influence. De Vauban's situation with respect to pecuniary affairs, was desperate, and in order to rid himself of the importunity of his creditors, he had afforded protection to a party of banditti, who resided in the environs of the Castle, which had been the scene of the Boileaus' imprisonment. From this place they made depredations throughout the vicinity, and a considerable dividend of their plunder was appropriated to the use of de Vauban. But as this was a very uncertain dependence, the Count had listened to proposals from the Marquis de Lantz, who also felt his extravagance limited by the prudence of the Duke, to assassinate his father, and share with him the large estates which would then come into his possession. This horrid scheme, of which Louis had been the means of disappointing, plainly proves that de Vauban would hesitate at nothing, that had a tendency to promote

his views. The conversation then turned upon Louis, and the Count de Vauban related to the Marquis the obstacle he was to the possession of M. Boileau's estate, and communicated his desire of having him removed, to his worthless companion, who readily assented to his intentions, and they removed to another part of the terrace to lay the plan of their future proceedings. The horror which pervaded the breast of Louis was indescribable; to find that any Human being should be so lost to every sense of rectitude, as to not only connive at, but to assist in an attempt, to murder his *own father*, was more than he could ever have supposed. Nothing more transpired of their intentions that night, and the day dawned upon Louis, while he remained fixed at the casement so deeply wrapt in meditation, and he was scarcely conscious of his existence. When roused from his reveries, he was almost ready to conclude that it was a horrid dream; but memory recalled to his imagination the conversation he had heard, too forcibly to suffer him to admit the pleasing supposition. The next day brought M. Dupont to the Castle de Alencon, and as soon as possible a private interview was obtained with Louis and the Duke, when, after receiving the request of his two friends, Louis recapitulated his adventures in the castle.

(*To be continued.*)

ALBERT AND ELIZA

[4. 29 June 1802]

PALMER was not a libertine in principle. He felt no extraordinary attachment to Eliza. He esteemed her as a gay, fashionable and lovely girl, but had formed no dishonorable designs respecting her. He had not even an intention of tarrying all night at the inn in Haerlem, when driven thither by the storm; but being warmed with wine, which at times, he was accustomed to use with too much freedom, added to the idea of so enchanting a girl in his possession, his senses became perverted, and his reason overpowered by the arbitrary influence of passion. It is not, however, probable that he would have proceeded to any indecencies; a repulse would have awed him into reverence: but the delicate feelings of Eliza, abhorrently alive to every appearance of indecorum, could not brook an advancement beyond the most strict bounds of civility. Blake, under the melancholy burden of disappointment, unconscious of the excursion of Eliza and Palmer, had rode into the country merely for amusement, and on his return had alighted at the inn, a short time after them. — This accounts for the incidents of Haerlem

affair.

The next morning, Blake arose at an early hour, determined, as soon as convenience would permit, to call at the house of Eliza's uncle, to learn something concerning the affair, of which, as yet, he knew but little. He supposed that her attachment to Palmer was the principal cause of his rejection, and he secretly rejoiced at the prospect of a rupture between them. About nine o'clock he went to the house. Eliza was already up, and as soon as she understood he was there, desired to see him. She related to him every minute circumstance of the preceding day's adventure, while he endeavored to represent the conduct of Palmer in the most odious light. Blake was invited to stay to breakfast, which invitation he accepted, and shortly after took his leave, complimented with the polite obligations of the family, and the grateful acknowledgments of Eliza.

When he returned home, a servant was waiting at the door, from whom he received the following note.

To J. Blake, Esq.

"Sir,

"You must undoubtedly have expected to hear from me before this time. You will accept a reasonable excuse—I slept late, and have but this moment arrived in town. A few hours cannot be considered too long to examine our pistols, and prepare for, possibly, serious events. I, therefore, take the liberty to request you to meet me, with a single friend, in the fields, one mile north of the town, just back of the new building, precisely at 5 o'clock in the evening. — Should you have any objections to these arrangements, you will please to notify me.

"Yours, &c. S. PALMER."

9 O'clock, Thursday morning.

To which Blake returned the following answer.

To S. PALMER, Esq.

"Sir,

"I shall punctually attend to the arrangements pointed out in your note of this morning. "I am, &c. J. Blake."

Thursday morning, 11 o'clock.

Blake immediately made the necessary preparations, and at the hour appointed, they were both on the spot. They agreed to fire, on a signal given by the seconds, at the distance of ten paces. They took their stands, in a cool and deliberate manner, and at the signal given, Palmer fired, and Blake received the ball in his breast. He staggered, but did not fall. A momentary pause ensued—

"Do you intend to fire?" enquired Palmer.

Blake. Are you now satisfied?

Palmer. You are wounded?

Blake. I am.

Palmer. Is the wound mortal?

Blake. It is only a flesh wound.

Palmer. Then I am not satisfied.

Blake. I must then act in my own defence— They both fired, and Palmer fell. He rolled upon the ground, and expired with a single groan.

Blake fainted through loss of blood, but soon recovered, His wound, it is true, was only a flesh wound, but it was deep, and had opened an artery. Palmer was shot through the region of the heart. His body was removed to the new

building, which was unoccupied, and secretly buried in the night. The connections of the parties hushed up the affair, and as no surgeon was called, no other persons were privy to the affair, except the seconds. It was given out that Palmer had fled, on account of a prosecution about to be set on foot against him by the friends of Eliza. Blake kept his chamber a few days, and again appeared in public.

Eliza considered herself under the highest obligations to Blake. He had extricated her from a dangerous dilemma; and although she could not receive him on the footing of a suitor, yet gratitude forbade her, totally, to refuse his visits. He was, therefore, frequently at her uncle's, and sometimes permitted to attend her abroad. His conduct, now, appeared disinterested. He did not attempt to renew his addresses, but behaved to her more like a guardian friend and brother, than a lover; and so generously candid were all his actions, that she finally admitted his visits without reserve.

Winter came, and the time had elapsed in which Albert was expected. Eliza had, one day, been reading his letter, when she was suddenly called away by her aunt, on some business. In her absence, Blake entered her room: Albert's letter lay open upon her dressing table; he hastily ran over the contents—he was thunderstruck! A crowd of chaotic ideas rushed into his mind. He found that Palmer had been only the ostensible barrier to his wishes, and although this obstacle was now removed, yet he had a more formidable one to encounter. But who was Albert? He had never even heard his name mentioned. Whoever he was, it was certain he had not yet returned. It was possible he never might return. Or if he should, it might not be so soon as was expected, and in that case, perhaps Eliza might change her mind; at least his own happiness demanded that nothing should be wanting, on his part, to influence her so to do. Blake hurried away without seeing Eliza, resolving to pursue such measures as future circumstances should require.

Eliza became dejected, as the months rolled away after the time she had calculated for Albert to arrive. She framed a thousand excuses for this delay, and abandoned them almost as soon as framed. She had written to him, after receiving his letter, but had no answer thereto; hence she concluded that he must be about to return, or he would have written to her; and though gloomy presages often crossed her imagination, yet she consoled herself in assurances of his speedy arrival.

Blake was constantly inventing some new entertainment to divert Eliza. Balls, select parties and visiting were the amusements of the winter. As Eliza returned from a visit one evening, attended by Blake, she was agreeably surprized to find her father, who had just arrived, and had come, upon her request, to carry her home.

Eliza was highly pleased with the idea of returning to her family, and again enjoying the pleasure of her native shades; but when her father's business was made known, her cousins so earnestly urged her to tarry through the winter, that, with her father's leave, she consented. The old gentleman, upon an invitation, through Blake, waited on the Governor, and in a few days returned to Long-Island.

The winter passed away, and spring arrived, but no news from Albert. Eliza became melancholy, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to see company. One afternoon, as she, with her uncle's family and Blake, was sitting in the piazza, in front of the house, a well-dressed man approached, who, after politely complimenting the company, enquired if a gentleman of the name of Blake was there. Blake answered to the enquiry: The stranger said he had just arrived from England, and had the charge of a few letters, one of which was for him; he handed a letter to Blake, and then asked if post-offices were established in this country, saying he had a letter from a young gentleman in England to his father on Long-Island, which he had engaged should receive safe conveyance. "What is the gentleman's name?" asked Blake. He mentioned the name of Albert's father. "Is the young man about to return to America?" enquired Eliza's uncle. "I believe he will not soon return," answered the stranger; "he went over to take possession of an estate which descended to him from his ancestors, and which he obtained." —"You know him, then!" interrupted Eliza's aunt. —"Know him, madam! very well, indeed; he is my particular friend. —Had it not been for my advice, he would not so easily have made his fortune. A young lady, with thirty thousand pounds in her own power, fell desperately in love with him; he made some scruples, and talked of attachments in this country, but we soon jeered him out of such silly notions; he married the lady, and now figures away in his coach and six, among the first characters in London."

During this short narration, Eliza, with all the symptoms of the keenest anxiety, kept her eye fixed upon the speaker, until he mentioned the marriage of Albert, when, suddenly a death-like paleness overspread her face, intermingled with flashes of glowing red; she was sinking from her seat, when her aunt took her arm and assisted her into the house, and the stranger departed.

(To be continued.)

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

[1. 14 April 1804]

SOME time in the year--, I frequently visit the prison at Philadelphia, for no other purpose than to satisfy curiosity, in one of which visits, I noticed a man sitting in a retired part: Something in his appearance made me wish for a nearer view, to accomplish my purpose, I resolved to address him and offer such little services, as I knew were agreeable to persons in his situation; his countenance was remarkably interesting, it bore the traces of sorrow resisted by a manly fortitude; his dress was plain in a much greater degree, than was common for persons at his age (he appeared about

twenty;) his manners were mild and prepossessing, and his conversation plainly evinced that he possessed no common share of intelligence; I afterwards frequently visited him in his prison and did him any little services my power: -- I would describe his character; but this will be better done, representing the following memoirs of him, written by himself.

TO you my friend who have not suffered appearances to make you impenetrable to the voice of truth; and whose humanity has alleviated the miseries of my situation; I will relate the adventures of my life; you will find them singular and unfortunate, and it will require an exertion of all your candor to enable you to give credit to the relation; -- but I have now no motive, even if I had the inclination, to deceive you; I shall shortly suffer the punishment due to the crime of which I have been convicted, if you think he who is standing on the verge of eternity, and deeply impressed with a proper sense of his situation, will not deceive you, you will give my story a patient and accredited hearing.

The first part of my life was passed on the banks of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania; my father had retired to this place to pass his days in the quiet of an agricultural life: He was one, who, like myself, had early struggled in the thorny paths of adversity and misfortune; he had once filled a station better suited to his talents and industry, and it was chiefly from this excellent being I received the little knowledge I have acquired; but on this is unnecessary to dwell:-- Profiting by his instructions, and aided by a disposition to enquire into the causes of all I saw in the works of nature and art, and generally to add to my fund of knowledge, I early contracted an aversion to the dull uniform, and as I then thought, uninstrucive round of pursuits which mark the progress of an agricultural life; I sought to distinguish myself by becoming eminently useful to mankind; I had read of men who, with no unusual talents, but by a proper exertion of them, had become celebrated for some singular services they had performed; and why, thought I, could not I, like them become distinguished; the path of fame was open to all who have the courage to tread it; could I not, by application and a strenuous exertion of my powers

give my ideas a greater expansion? If I reflected on what I saw, what I did, and what was done by others, would it not at last lead me to the accomplishment of my wishes? There were various methods by which I might acquire celebrity and honor; in the field, in the cabinet, in the study of the arts and sciences; for the first I had neither inclination nor taste, my disposition was peaceable, I possessed none of that terrible kind of courage, better called ferocity, which would enable me to distinguish myself as a soldier, and had I possessed it, I did not entertain the idea that honest fame could be acquired by becoming the greatest of the destroyers of the human race, and an increaser of their already too numerous calamities.

Politics pleased me as little, I thought it would be impossible to preserve my integrity, amidst the dangers and temptations which usually surround an important political station, I saw that even the preservation of this invaluable possession would not perhaps eventually accomplish my purpose; the best of politicians had not all been famous for their virtue; even those who had preserved it untainted, while they had been extolled by one party of men, had been vilified by another; to become celebrated in the promotion of the arts and sciences, was the only path left open to my footsteps, my success in this pursuit would displease no one, and the applause I might merit would be willingly awarded by all. Many of my leisure hours had been occupied by reflections of this nature, and time only served to add strength to my resolution; I had already become acquainted with some of the principles of experimental philosophy, my father's books had supplied me with much useful knowledge in mechanics, hydraulics, &c. many an unoccupied hour had been passed in applying my theoretical knowledge to practice; I had constructed clocks of wood, I had made mills, pumps, &c. it is true, they were rude and unfinished, but they were my first essays and much could not be expected, where the only tools used were a saw, hatchet, and knife; yet my success served to add vigor to my ruling passion; I flattered myself that my little machines were constructed on an improved plan, and if I could make improvements here, under so many disadvantages, what should I not be able to perform in the city, where

these attempts might be made on a more extensive scale, and would receive the reward due to their merit.

To go to the city became my most earnest wish; but my father was very averse to the scheme, his experience had taught him to believe a greater share of felicity was attainable in his situation, than in the accomplishment of the object of my pursuit; I knew he entertained this opinion and therefore resolved not to consult him, but to act in obedience to the dictates of my inclination, without his knowledge; it would do him no injury, my brother was a sufficient assistant in the ordinary labors of the plantation, and his circumstances enabled him to hire in the case of inability. -- My resolution was taken, and I had but to put it in execution; a journey of a few days would bear me to the city: I was well acquainted with the roads, accustomed to pedestrian feats, and dreaded no danger, from a nightly elopement. A circumstance which happened some time before, was an additional motive; it had been my delight to take a nightly ramble to a rock which commanded a fine view of the river and surrounding country, here I used to sit, or walk, and contemplate the beauties of nature, when the mild radiance of the moon displayed all the romantic beauties of the surrounding scene, in its richest, though softest tints; nor was this my only employment, I had a smattering of astronomy, I could name most of the constellations, and loved to gaze over, and reflect on the innumerable glories of the heavens; returning from an excursion of this kind, I was alarmed by a cry of distress, I started--the natural timidity of my disposition gave way to the idea, that I might perhaps, be serviceable to some person in distress, the voice was that of a female, but from whence could it proceed? I knew no female would willingly be abroad at this solitary hour, in a country but thinly settled; the idea of robbers occurred, -- the shriek was heard again, it was near me; and I quickly saw a man attempting to bear a struggling female from the public road; I rushed upon him, -- a desperate struggle ensued, in which I proved victorious; meanwhile, the lady had fled, but the momentary view I had of her features awakened sensations of a new and unaccountable kind; the first wish they produced was, a desire to behold again, the object which

had excited them; the man who had yielded to my superior strength had fled, I had no right to detain him, I had accomplished my object; but now a new one occupied my attention: I hastened to search after the female, I searched the road, the wood, but in vain, she was nowhere to be found; and I returned home weary, dissatisfied and perplexed.

All my enquiries with regard to the lady, were fruitless, -- my affairs proceeded in their wonted course for some time; my nocturnal rambles were continued, and my speculations with regard to the future were still indulged; one night I was returning home from my favorite spot, I noticed a man crossing the path which led to my father's dwelling; surprised at an appearance so uncommon, I was endeavoring to guess what could induce anyone, besides myself, to wander through the woods at this late hour; from these reflections, I was roused by a pistol shot, which deprived me for a time, of sensation¹⁶; I know not how long I remained in this state, and when I recovered, found I had sustained but little injury; how I happened to escape so well, I know not, whether it had been fired from a great distance, had spent its force by striking against a tree, or been deadened by the resistance of my hat and a large handkerchief, which I had bound round my head to relieve a violent head-ache, I am unable to determine; but I was happy I had received so small an injury.

A new train of reflections and surmises were now excited; I asked myself who could be the person that fired; it was evident it was an enemy; every concurrent circumstance, the hour, the place, seemed to impress this belief; but who would it be? I had injured no being on earth, I was almost a stranger (owing to my romantic notions) even to my nearest neighbors; I was totally unable to form any rational conjecture; I soon recovered the slight injury I had sustained; the circumstance no longer caused any anxiety, and I again ventured to revisit my favorite retreat;--returning home one night, as I passed through my brother's chamber to gain my own, I saw by the light of the moon, the figure of a man standing near the bed of my brother, armed with a dagger; I stood almost petrified with fear and astonishment; I

16 Misspelling of "sensation."

had imbibed from our rustic neighbors, some superstitious ideas, it was near, "the noon of night," that solemn hour, when the dead forsake their graves, and wander forth to revisit scenes once dear to them; I believed I saw a spectre; I made no alarm, my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, horror almost froze the blood in my veins, and my limbs scarcely supported my tottering frame! The figure moved towards me, -- I made a desperate effort, reached my chamber and locked the door; the silence of death reigned in the house, -- not a sound reached my ear; I gave myself up to reflection: could, I asked, this figure be an inhabitant of the grave? Was it probable that the dead could leave the earth, and rise to sport with the terrors of mankind? Would they come armed with the weapons of death? My reason would not suffer me to cherish the thought, my courage returned, I left the room and searched the house in silence, for now I believed it must be a robber I had seen; but I found no one, every thing was save, and returning to my bed, I puzzled myself with fain conjectures, till sleep wrapped my senses in forgetfulness.

In the morning, I enquired if any noise had been heard in the night? And No, was the answer; no one had heard any thing, their slumbers had been sound and uninterrupted; I evaded answering with truth to the consequent enquiries, by saying I had dreamed a frightful dream. The next night I again saw the same figure, but I was now convinced it was no spectre, but a man; at the sight of me he fled, and passed through the door which I had by accident left unfastened; a new cause of wonder here presented itself: who could this man be? and what was his object? were questions which naturally occurred; my father frequently left his bed and traversed the house in his sleep; but it was certain this was not him. By what means could he have entered the house? I had fastened the door and had the key in my pocket; he was armed; this gave birth to a new idea; it was evident his intentions were dreadful; my adventure on a preceding night was remembered; my life had been aimed at, and it was probable it was again attempted; my thoughts however, fixed themselves on no determinate object, until I recalled the remembrance of the female whose rescue I had effected; that man whom I had defeat-

ed, he then, I concluded, must be the one who had fired the pistol, and whom I twice met armed in my brother's chamber, -- he wished to revenge himself on the author of his defeat, he had attempted to destroy my brother through mistake, and my appearance had alone saved his life. There now appeared to be an absolute necessity of taking some measures to counteract his schemes; and in forming plans of this nature I busied myself, till a new thought displaced my former ones. It now appeared plain to me, that this man had discovered his error, or why did he not (believing I slept in the bed of my brother) pierce his bosom with the dagger; there was nothing to prevent him, my brother was sleeping, he might have killed him, retired in silence, and the dark mantle of oblivion, would have hidden the secret from the knowledge of man. It was now evident my life was attempted; he had found means to descend the chimney, and enter my brother's chamber, as by this means only, he could enter mine.

(to be continued)
