

# EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

## ISSUE V

### THE FORESTERS

[5. October 1787]

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

[Continued from page 622.]

It must have been remarked by every person who has read the life and character of Mr. John Bull, that he was very whimsical, and as positive as he was whimsical. Among other advantages which he expected from the settlement of his Forest, one was, that the wild animals whom nature had made ferocious and untractable in the highest degree, would be rendered tame and serviceable, by receiving instruction and education from the nurturing hand of humanity. He had conceived a notion that every creature has certain latent principles and qualities which form a foundation for improvement; and he thought it a great piece of injustice that these qualities should be suffered to remain uncultivated; he had a mind that experiments should be attempted to discover how far this kind of cultivation was practicable, and what use could be made of the animal powers under the direction and control of rational government. Full of this idea, he came to a resolution [sic], that it should be the duty of every one of his tenants to catch wild beasts of various sorts, and discipline them so as to find out their several properties and capacities, and use them accordingly; and this kind of service was mentioned in their respective leases as one condition of the grants.

Some of the tenants, particularly Peregrine Pickle, John Codline, and Humphry Ploughshare, entered zealously into the measure from principle. They had, during Mr. Bull's sickness and delirium, (before spoken of) formed an association for their mutual safety. ( ) The object of their union was two fold: first,

to endeavour by all fair means to tame and discipline the wild beasts; and secondly, in case of their proving refractory, to defend themselves against their attacks. The other tenants did something in the same way; some from one principle, and some from another. Peter Bullfrog, who was as cunning as any of them, made use of those which he had tamed as his caterers, to provide game for his table, of which the feathers and furs served him as articles of traffic, and brought him in a profitable return.

The principal consideration (setting aside interest) which induced the more zealous of the Foresters to enter into this business, was an idea, that these animals were a degenerated part of the human species, and might be restored to their proper rank and order if due pains were taken. The grounds of this opinion were these: Among the traditions of the ancient Druids there was a story, that out of twelve families which inhabited a certain district by themselves, ten had been lost, and no account could be given of them; and, where, said they, is it more likely to find them than in this forest, in the shape of some other creatures? especially, if the doctrine of transmigration, which the Druids held be true. Another tradition was, that one of Mr. Bull's great great uncles, by the name of Madok, had many years ago disappeared, and the last accounts which had been received of him was, that he had been seen going towards this forest; hence it was concluded that his descendants must be found there. In confirmation of this argument, it was alleged, that the sounds which some of these creatures made in their howlings, resembled the language spoken in that day: nay, some were positive that they had heard them pronounce the word ( ) Madokawando; and one hunter roundly swore that he had seen in the den of a bear, an old book which he supposed to be a Bible written in the Celtic language,

and this book they concluded must have been left there by Madok, who could read and speak no other language. Another very material circumstance was the discovery of a rock by the side of a brook, ( ) inscribed with some characters which bore no resemblance to any kind of writing, ancient or modern; the conclusion from hence was, that it must be of the remotest antiquity: this rock was deemed an unaccountable curiosity, till a certain virtuoso took into his noddle, first to imagine, and then to become extremely positive that the characters were Punic; and finally this inscription was translated, and affirmed to be nothing less than a treaty of alliance between the Phenicians and the first inhabitants of this forest. From all these premises it was inferred, with some plausibility, and more positiveness that one species at least of the savage animals was descended from Madok, and that the others were the posterity of the long lost ten families, who were well known to have had a commercial connection with the Phenicians, and that these probably found out their haunt, and followed them for the sake of their former friendship. What happy light do modern discoveries and conjectures thrown on the dark pages of antiquity!

From these principles, as well as from motives of humanity and of interest, some of the Foresters entered with zeal on the consideration and practice of the best methods to fulfil this condition of their grants, the disciplining the savage animals, and they certainly deserve praise for their honest endeavours; but, others who pretended to the same zeal, it is to be lamented, made use of this pretence to cover their vanity or their avarice. Had none but gentle means been used, it is probable more good might, on the whole, have been produced; but as it often happens that many a good project has been ruined for want of prudence in the execution, so it fared with this; for while the new comers

were busy in putting up their huts, and preparing the land for cultivation, (both which were necessary before they could attend to any other business) some of the savage tribe would be a little impertinent, either by peeping into the huts, or breaking up a nest where the poultry were hatching, or carrying off a chick or a gosling. These impertinencies bred frequent quarrels, and the poor creatures were sometimes driven off with bloody noses, or obliged to hop on three legs, or even laid sprawling and slyly covered with earth, no service or ceremony being said over the carcase, and no other epitaph than "Poh, they are nothing but brutes, and where's the harm of killing them!" or in rhyme thus:

"Tit for tat, tit for tat,

"He stole my chick and I broke his back."

Whatever plausible excuses might have been made for these proceedings, they served to render the other creatures jealous of their new neighbors; but instead of abating their appetite for mischief, it sharpened their invention to take more sly methods of accomplishing it. The more wary of them kept aloof in the day time, and would not be enticed by the arts which were used to draw them in; however, they were sometimes pinched for food, and the new inhabitants used to throw crusts of bread, handfuls of corn, and other eatables, in their way, which allured them by degrees to familiarity. After a while it was found that nothing succeeded so well as melasses: it was therefore thought a capital manoeuvre to drop a train of it on the ground, which the creatures would follow, licking it, till they had insensibly got up to the doors of the houses, where, if any body held a bowl or a plate besmeared with the liquor, they would come and put their noses into it, and then you might pat them on the back and sides, or stroke them, saying, "poor Bruin, poor Isgrim, poor Reynard, poor Puss," and the like, and they should suffer themselves to be handled and fondled till they dropped asleep. When they

awaked they would make a moan and wag their tails as if they were asking for more, and if it was denied them, they would retire to the woods in disgust, till the scent of the melasses operating on their depraved appetites, invited them to return where it was to be had. This was upon repeated trial found to be the most effectual way of taming them, as they might be taught to imitate any kind of tricks and gestures if a dish of melasses was held out as a reward.

The Foresters knew that they could not ingratiate themselves better with their old master Bull, than by humouring his itch for projects. They therefore took care to raise reports and write letters from time to time concerning the wonderful success which they had met with in civilizing the savage animals. Bull was greatly pleased with these reports, and made a practice of sending presents of trinkets to be distributed among them; such as collars, ear-rings, and nose-jewels. Several times some of the most stately and best instructed of them were carried to his house for a show, where he had them dressed up in scarlet and gold trappings, and led through all his apartments for the entertainment of his family, and feasted with every nick-nack which his cook and confectioner could procure. He was so fond of being thought their patron and protector, that he usually spoke of them as his red children, from the colour of their hides. It is not many years since one of them, after being led through several families and plantations of the tenants, was carried home to Mr. Bull's own house, dressed in the habit of a clergyman, having been previously taught to lift his paw and roll his eyes as if in the act of devotion. This trick was so well carried on that the managers of it picked up a large pocket full of pence, by exhibiting him for a raree-show, and the money was applied toward building a menagerie, where beasts of all kinds might be brought and tamed. This project, like many such whims, has proved of more profit to the projectors, than benefit to the public; for most of those

who were supposed to be tamed and domesticated, after they had been sent back to their native woods with a view to their being instrumental in taming their fellow-savages, have returned to their former ferocious habits, and some of them have proved greater rogues than ever, and have done more mischief than they could otherwise have been capable of.

Mr. Bull himself was once so full of the project, that he got his chaplain and some others to form themselves into a club ( ), the professed object of which was to propagate knowledge among these savage creatures. After some trials which did not answer expectation, old madam Bull conceived that the money which was collected might as well be expended in teaching Mr. Bull's own tenants themselves a little better manners; for some of them were rather awkward and slovenly in their deportment, while others were decent and devout in their own way. Madam, as we have before observed, was a great zealot in the cause of uniformity, and had a vast influence over her son, by virtue of which the attention of the club was principally directed to the promoting this grand object. Accordingly, every one of the tenants was furnished with a bible and a prayer-book, a clean napkin, bason, platter and chalice, with a few devotional tracts, and some young adventurers who had been educated in the family, were recommended as chaplains; who had also by-orders to keep a look out toward the savage animals, when they should fall in their way.

The chaplains were tolerably well received in most of the families; but some, particularly Codline and Ploughshare, who gloried in being able to say without book, always looked sour upon them, and would frequently say to them, "Go, take care of the savage objects of your mission, and don't come here to teach us, 'till you have learned better yourselves." The chaplains in disgust, and perhaps in revenge (for they were but men of like passions) would pout and swell and call schismatic and other canonical nick-names, of which there is extant a

large vocabulary, and would frequently write letters, much to the disadvantage of their opponents. It is not many years since they, with the club which sent them, were pretty severely handled by one of Codline's own Chaplains, and it is supposed that they have ever since been abating their arrogance; certain it is that they are on better terms now with their neighbors than ever; this may, in part, be owing to some other circumstances, but be the cause what it may, it is looked upon by the judicious, as one of the most hopeful among the signs of the times.

[To be continued.]

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## HISTORY OF MARIA KITTLE

[5. January 1791]

"I am the daughter of a poor clergyman, who being confined to his chamber, by sickness, for several years, amused himself by educating me. At his death, finding myself friendless, and without money, I accepted the hand of a young man who had taken a leased farm in Pennsylvania. He was very agreeable, and extravagantly fond of me. We lived happily for many years in a kind of frugal affluence. When the savages began to commit outrages on the frontier settlements, our neighbours, intimidated at their rapid approaches, erected a small fort, surrounded by a high palisade. Into this the more timorous drove their cattle at night; and one evening, as we were at supper, my husband (being ordered on guard) insisted that I should accompany him with the children (for I had two lovely girls, one turned of thirteen years, and another of six months.) My Sophia assented to the proposal with joy. "Mamma," said she, "what a merry woman the Captain's wife is; she will divert us the whole evening, and she is very fond of your company: come, I will take our little Charlotte on my arm, and papa will carry the lantern." I acceded with a nod; and already the dear charmer had handed me my hat and gloves, when some-

body thundered at the door. We were silent as death, and instantly after plainly could distinguish the voices of savages conferring together. Chilled as I was with fear, I flew to the cradle, and catching my infant, ran up into a loft. Sophia followed me all trembling, and panting for breath cast herself in my bosom. Hearing the Indians enter, I looked through a crevice in the floor, and saw them, with menacing looks, seat themselves round the table, and now and then addressed themselves to Mr. Willis, who, all pale and astonished, neither understood nor had power to answer them. I observed they took a great pleasure in terrifying him, by flourishing their knives, and gashing the table with their hatchets. Alas! this sight shot icicles to my soul; and, to increase my distress, my Sophia's little heart beat against my breath, with redoubled strokes, at every word they uttered.

"Having finished their repast in a glutinous manner, they laid a fire-brand in each corner of the chamber, and then departed, driving poor Mr. Willis before them. The smoke soon incommoded us; but we dreaded our barbarous enemy more than the fire. At length, however, the flames beginning to invade our retreat, trembling and apprehensive we ventured down stairs; the whole house now glowed like a furnace; the flames rolled towards the stairs, which we hastily descended; but just as I sat my foot on the threshold of the door, a piece of timber, nearly consumed through, gave way, and fell on my left arm, which supported my infant, miserably fracturing the bone. I instantly caught up my fallen lamb, and hasted to overtake my Sophia. There was a large hollow tree contiguous to our house, with an aperture just large enough to admit so small a woman as I am. Here we had often laughingly proposed to hide our children, in case of a visit from the olive coloured natives. In this we now took shelter; and being seated some time, my soul seemed to awake as it were from a vision of horror: I lifted up my eyes, and beheld the cottage that lately circumscribed all my worldly wealth and delight, melting away before the devouring

fire. I dropt a tear as our apostate first parents did when thrust out from Eden.

"The world lay all before them, where to chuse their place of rest, and Providence their guide. Ah! Eve thought I, hadst thou been like me, solitary, maimed, and unprotected, thy situation had been deplorable indeed. Then pressing my babe to my heart, "how quiet art thou, my angel," said I; "sure—sure, Heaven has stilled thy little plaints in mercy to us."—"Ah!" sobbed Sophia, "now I am comforted again that I hear my dear mamma's voice. I was afraid grief would have for ever deprived me of that happiness." And here she kissed my babe and me with vehemence. When her transports were moderated, "how cold my sister is," said she, "do wrap her up warmer, mamma; poor thing, she is not used to such uncomfortable lodging."

"The pain of my arm now called for all my fortitude and attention; but I forbore to mention this afflicting circumstance to my daughter.

"The cheerful swallow now began to usher in the dawn with melody; we timidly prepared to quit our hiding place; and turning round to the light, I cast an anxious eye of love on my innocent, wondering that she slept so long. But oh! horror and misery! I beheld her a pale, stiff corpse in my arms (suffer me to weep, ladies, at the cruel recollection;) it seems the piece of wood that disabled me, had also crushed my Charlotte's tender skull, and no wonder my hapless babe was quiet. I could no longer sustain my sorrowful burden, but falling prostrate, almost insensible, at the dreadful discovery, uttered nothing but groans. Sophia's little heart was too susceptible for so moving a scene. Distracted between her concern for me, and her grief for the loss of her dear sister, she cast herself beside me, and with the softest voice of sorrow, bewailed the fate of her beloved Charlotte—her sweet companion—her innocent, laughing play-fellow. At length we rose, and Sophia, clasping all that remained of my cherub in her arms, "Ah!" said she, "I did engage to carry you, my sister, but little did I expect in

this distressing manner." When we came in sight of the fort, though I endeavoured to spirit up my grieved child, yet I found my springs of action began to move heavily, my heart fluttered, and I suddenly fainted away. Sophia, concluding I was dead, uttered so piercing a cry, that the centinel looking up, immediately called to those in the fort to assist us. When I recovered, I found myself in a bed encircled by my kind neighbours, who divided their expressions of love and condolence between me and my child. I remained in the fort after this; but, ladies, you may think, that bereft as I was of so kind a husband and endearing child, I soon found myself solitary and destitute. I wept incessantly; and hearing nothing from my dear Willis, I at length resolved to traverse the wilds of Canada in pursuit of him. When I communicated this to my friends, they all strongly opposed it; but finding me inflexible, they furnished me with some money and necessaries, and obtained a permission from the Governor to let me go under protection of a flag that was on the way. Hearing likewise that a cartel was drawn for an exchange of prisoners, I sat out, flushed with hope, and with indefatigable industry and painful solicitude, arrived at Montreal, worn to a skeleton (as you see ladies) with fatigue.

"I omitted not to enquire of every officer, the names of prisoners who had been brought in. At length I understood that Mr. Willis had perished in jail, on his first arrival, of a dysentery.—Here my expectations terminated in despair. I had no money to return with, and indeed but for my Sophia no inclination—the whole world seemed dark and cheerless to me as the fabled region of Cimmeria, and I was nigh perishing for very want, when Mrs. Bratt, hearing of my distress, sought my acquaintance: she kindly participated my sorrows, and too—too generously shared her purse and bed with me.—This, ladies, is the story of a broken-hearted woman; nor should I have intruded it in any other but the house of mourning."

Here she concluded, while the ladies severally embracing her, ex-

pressed their acknowledgements for the painful task she had complied with to oblige their curiosity—"Would to Heaven!" said Madame de R--, "that the brutal nations were extinct, for never—never can the united humanity of France and Britain compensate for the horrid cruelties of their savage allies."

They were soon after summoned to an elegant collation; and having spent best part of the night together, the guests retired to their respective homes.

During two years, in which the French ladies continued their bounty and friendship to Mrs. Kittle, she never could gain the least intelligence of her husband. Her letters, after wandering through several provinces, would often return to her hands unopened. Despairing at length of ever seeing him, "ah!" she would say to Mrs. D--, "my poor husband has undoubtedly perished, perhaps in his fruitless search after me, and I am left to be a long—long burden on your goodness, a very unprofitable dependant."

In her friend's absence she would descend into the kitchen, and submit to the most menial offices; nor could the servants prevent her; however, she apprised Mrs. D—of it, who seized an opportunity of detecting her at her labour. Being baffled in her humble attempt by the gentle reproaches of her indulgent patroness, she sat down on the step of the door, and began to weep. "I believe, good Mrs. D--," said she, "were you a hard task-master, that exacted from these useless hands the most slavish business, I could acquit myself with cheerfulness: my heart is like ice, that brightens and grows firmer by tempests, but cannot stand the warm rays of a kind sun." Mrs. D—was beginning to answer, when hearing a tumult in the street, they both hastened to the door, and Maria, casting her eyes carelessly over the crowd, in an instant recognized the features of her long-lamented husband, who sprang towards her with an undescribable and involuntary rapture; but the tide of joy and surprise was too strong for the delicacy of her frame. She gave a faint exclamation, and stretching out

her arms to receive him, dropped senseless at his feet. The succession of his ideas were too rapid to admit describing. He caught her up, and bearing her in the hall, laid his precious burden on a settee, kneeling beside her in a speechless agony of delight and concern. Mean while the spectators found themselves wonderfully affected—the tender contagion ran from bosom to bosom—they wept aloud; and the house of joy seemed to be the house of lamentation. At length Maria opened her eyes and burst into a violent fit of tears—Mr. Kittle, with answering emotions, silently accompanying her; then clasping his arms endearingly round her, "it is enough, my love," said he; "we have had our night of affliction, and surely this blessed meeting is a presage of a long day of future happiness; let me kiss off those tears, and shew by your smiles that I am indeed welcome." Maria then bending fondly forward to his bosom, replied, sighing, "alas! how can your beggared wife give you a proper reception!—she cannot restore your prattling babes to your arms!—she comes alone—alas! her presence will only serve to remind you of the treasures—the filial delights you have lost."—"God forbid," answered he, "that I should repine at the loss of my smaller comforts, when so capital a blessing as my beloved Maria is so wonderfully restored to me." Here he was in civility obliged to rise and receive the compliments of Mrs. Bratt, Mrs. Willis, and Madame de R--, who, hearing of his arrival, entered just then half breathless, with impatience and joy. The company increased. An elegant dinner was prepared. In short, the day was devoted to pleasure; and never was satisfaction more general—festivity glowed on every face, and complacency dimpled every cheek.

After tea Maria withdrew in the garden, to give her beloved an account of what had befallen her during their separation. The eloquence of sorrow is irresistible. Mr. Kittle wept, he groaned, while all impassioned (with long interruptions of grief in her voice) she stammered through her doleful history, and yet she felt a great satisfaction in pouring her

complaints into a bosom whose feelings were in unison with her's—they wept—the smiled—they mourned, and rejoiced alternately, with an abrupt transition from one passion to another.

Mr. Kittle, in return, informed her, that having thrown himself into the army, in hopes of ending a being that grew insupportable under the reflection of past happiness—he tempted death in every action wherein he was engaged, and being disappointed, gave himself up to the blackest melancholy. “This gloomy scene,” he observed, “would soon have been closed by some act of desperation, but one evening, sitting pensive in his tent, and attentively running over the circumstances of his misfortunes, a thought darted on his mind that possibly his brother Henry might be alive.” This was the first time the idea of any one of his family's surviving the general murder had presented itself to him, and he caught at the flattering suggestion as a drowning wretch would to a plank. “Surely—surely,” said he, “my brother lives—it is some divine emanation lights up the thought in my soul—it carries conviction with it—I will go after him—it shall be the comfort and employment of my life to find out this dear brother—this last and only treasure.” Persuaded of the reality of his fancy, he communicated his design to a few of his military friends; but they only laughed at his extravagance, and strongly dissuaded him from so wild an undertaking. Being discouraged, he desisted; but shortly after, hearing that a company of prisoners (who were enfranchised) were returning to Quebec, he got permission to accompany them. After a very fatiguing journey he arrived at Montreal, and was immediately introduced to the General Officer, who patiently heard his story, and treated him with great clemency. Having obtained leave to remain a few days in town, he respectfully withdrew, and turning down a street, he enquired of a man who was walking before him, where lodgings were to be let? The stranger turned about, civilly taking off his hat, when Mr. Kittle, starting back, grew as pale as ashes—“Oh,

my God!” cried he, panting, “oh! Henry, is it you! is it indeed you! No, it cannot be!” Here he was ready to fall; but Henry, with little less agitation, supported him; and a tavern being at hand, he led him in. The master of the hotel brought in wine, and they drank off many glasses to congratulate so happy a meeting. When their transports were abated, Henry ventured to tell him that his Maria was living and well. This was a weight of joy too strong for his enfeebled powers—he stared wildly about. At length, recovering himself, “take care, Henry,” said he, “this is too tender a point to trifle upon.”—“My brother,” replied Henry, “be calm, let not your joy have a worse effect than your grief—they both came sudden, and it behoves a man and a christian to shew as much fortitude under the one as the other.”—“Alas! I am prepared for some woeful deception,” cried Mr. Kittle; “but, Henry, this suspense is cruel.”—“By the eternal God!” rejoined his brother, “your Maria—your wife—is in this town, and if you are composed enough, shall immediately see her. Mr. Kittle could not speak—he gave his hand to Henry, and while (like the Apostles friends) he believed not for joy, he was conducted to her arms, and found his bliss wonderfully real.

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## ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE

[5. 30 May 1801]

(Continued.)

HE commenced his relation, when himself and Henry were separated from M. Dupont, and entered the recess. He recounted the insults he received upon his being found, and, together with his brother, being closely confined in irons. His daily pittance was brought him by a ruffian, whose countenance indicated villainy of the deepest dye; to all his requests to know by whose authority, and for what reason he was kept a prisoner, no answer was returned, nor could all his entreaties procure him

information of the fate of Henry. All was incertitude, and his imagination conjured up the form of Henry, receiving his death-wound from the hand of an assassin, who would next plunge the weapon, perhaps yet reeking in his brother's gore, into his own bosom. A few days only had elapsed, when his keeper entered the prison, accompanied by two others, and he was led out, (the two men following him with drawn swords,) and conveyed through the subterranean apartments, to a remote place, where he naturally concluded his life was to be terminated. But he was mistaken, for he had soon the pleasure of seeing Henry conducted into the same apartment, which was filled with armed men, and found that their removal was on account of a body of troops under M. Dupont, approaching to search the castle. They distinctly heard them at a distance in the building, and the hopes of the prisoners began to revive; but after a few hours had elapsed, they had the mortification of hearing them depart, and all the fond visions of liberty, which fancy had created, vanished, and gloomy despair usurped their place.-- No embrace was permitted them, nor were they allowed to speak to each other, and they were conducted back to their cells without enjoying any satisfaction from the interview, but what Louis derived from seeing the youth of his brother, bearing up against the ill effects of confinement, and his recovering his health notwithstanding all his misfortunes. But his own countenance could convey no such satisfaction to his brother, for it bore the stamp of melancholy, and when a smile illuminated his pallid features upon the appearance of Henry, like the gleam of a meteor in a watery atmosphere, it quickly disappeared. The same dull routine occupied the time of his imprisonment, without any material occurrence, when one evening after the guard had seen him for the last time that night, as he was pacing with "heavy steps and slow" the floor of his prison, a dismal long-drawn groan, reached his ear. His chains had been taken off some time, as his keepers supposed the door secured with massy bars and bolts, sufficient. The idea that this horrid sound might be the last groan of his brother, roused into exertion all his dormant faculties, which had sunk through inactivity into nerveless indolence. He examined the door, and to his inexpressible surprise he found it had been left unfastened through the negligence of his keeper; taking advantage of this lucky occurrence, he issued from his prison, and

passed hastily along the passage; a door half open arrested his progress, and an irresistible impulse urged him to inspect the room. A lamp suspended from the ceiling, in the same manner as in the cell where he had been confined, afforded its glimmering light, and presented to his view a scene replete with horror. It was the body of his brother Henry, laying in his gore, who thus in the spring of life, ere he had tasted its pleasures, had bidden them adieu for ever. Driven to distraction by the horrific appearance, he rushed out of the room, and flew along the passage with such rapidity, that he would have been mistaken for an aerial being, the sound of whose footsteps were not perceptible to mortal ear. Not knowing whither it led, he pursued the avenue till it terminated in a postern gate, which was open, and where two centinels were stationed. With the velocity of lightning he flew past them, and, unconscious of the action, quitted the hated walls which had been productive of so much misery to himself and his loved Henry, leaving the centinels stupefied with surprise and terror. But ere Louis could proceed far from the castle they recalled their scattered faculties, and discharged their muskets in the direction he had taken, and with two much success, for the contents of one of them was lodged in his arm, and felled him to the earth. Animated with almost supernatural strength, he arose and resumed his progress towards the chateau, which he just reached when all his strength failed him, and he sunk into a state of total insensibility, as has been mentioned before.

When Louis had finished his relation, a consultation was held upon the most probable means to evade any future attacks which might be made on his person. To relate the conversation young Boileau had overheard the preceding night, would give the Duke of Alencon too severe a shock, he therefore deferred speaking of it till he could have a private interview with M. Dupont, and as the suspicions of the whole party attached to the Count, it was resolved that they should return the same day to the chateau; the Duke intended to take the first opportunity to dismiss the Count, and destroy all his hopes of an alliance with his daughter. Agreeable to the plan they had adopted, M. Dupont and Louis returned to the chateau; and the same afternoon the Count de Vauban, in a private conference With the Duke of Alencon, avowed his at-

tachment to Mademoiselle de Lantz, and demanded her hand in marriage. The proposal was rejected in the most civil terms, to the great surprize, and mortification of de Vauban, who, after a secret interview with the Marquis, departed from the castle.

Arrived at such an advanced period of our history, let us take a review of the life of de Vauban, as far as concerns his nephews. Possessing a perfect knowledge of his brother's wealth, he no sooner received the intelligence of his death, than he conceived the nefarious design on removing his nephews by force, and enjoying the uninterrupted possession of the estate. The execution of his purpose would however be attended with difficulty, but he was not to be discouraged, and he concerted his plan with precision, determined by perseverance to surmount every obstacle. His dependents were numerous, and he well knew would execute any thing he could wish. For the purpose of securing his nephews, he stationed a number of the villains under his protection in the castle, some parts of which, were in a ruinous situation, and when M. Dupont retired with his wards to his country seat, de Vauban, who frequently visited them, diligently explored every part of the building, and found the ruined wing communicated by narrow passages with that in which the family resided. Ever on the watch for an opportunity to reduce his plans to practice, he discovered in the apartment assigned to Henry, a private door, which was entirely unknown to any of the family. Thro' this he gave admission in the night to some of his ruffian attendants, who conveyed Henry to the castle, where he was confined in a damp prison, and fettered. No Ray of light illuminated the obscurity of The dungeon, nor served to cheer his melancholy situation, save what one glimmering taper afforded. A superstitious fear prevented de Vauban's immediately ordering the assassination of Henry, but he left him a pray to torturing sensations, and the pestiferous atmosphere of his prison. But when he learned the arrival of M. Dupont's family in the neighbourhood, the fear of being discovered induced him to order Henry's death, and insure his own safety: but this unfortunate termination of his life, was prevented by the timely interposition of Louis, in the vaults of the castle, when Gerald paid the forfeit of his crimes. Louis for a considerable time eluded the vigi-

lance of his uncle, till the unfortunate adventure of exploring the castle, when he fell a victim to his temerity. The Count carefully kept his abused nephews in uncertainty respecting the author of their misfortunes, lest any unavoidable accident, which his guilty and mistrustful conscience could not foresee or guard against, should give them their liberty, and raise an incontrovertible evidence of his guilt. Being disappointed in his expectations of immediate possession of M. Boileau's estate, he obtained an introduction to the family of Alencon, through the medium of the Marquis, whom he had often met at the gaming table: hoping to recruit his disordered and almost exhausted finances, by a marriage with Antoniette. Fearful of his anger, his dependents forbore to mention to him the escape of Louis, and he had no reason to suppose he had eluded his villainous intentions, till he met him at the Duke of Alencon's castle. The surprize the sight of him occasioned, roused in his bosom the dormant spark of shame, and kindled the confusion which shone in his countenance. When his nephew had departed to the chateau, and he met with the unexpected rejection of his proposals, on the part of the duke, his enmity to Louis, who he supposed had influenced the decision of the Duke, was redoubled, and he vowed the most sanguinary revenge. He departed sullen and mortified, for his castle, which he had previously put in a state of defence, as his capacious mind had prepared against the evils of adversity, and admitted the possibility of his experiencing the frowns of fortune, and being obliged to recur to his predatory system for support. Here, with his band of ruffians, he resided, and spread terror and devastation throughout the vicinity. The Marquis being himself restricted by his father, in his pecuniary affairs, could afford him no assistance, and tired with his frequent importunities, broke the bonds of intimacy which had united them. Had not the Marquis been of a timid disposition, had he been endowed with the daring courage of de Vauban, he would have been a paricide, for he had a heart sufficiently corrupted to harbour the atrocious design.

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## ALBERT AND ELIZA

[5. 6 July 1802]

FOR several days, Eliza did not leave her chamber, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to take any kind of nourishment. She gave herself up to the keenest reflections, and the severest anxieties of grief, which,

—"*Like a worm in the bud,*"  
"*Fed on her demask cheek.*"

As the *tide of sorrows* gradually abated, she was left a monument of its ravages. On that countenance where joy and delight, late sported with a thousand varying graces, pale melancholy now fate enthroned, in gloomy silence. The wound which Albert's perfidy had inflicted in her bosom, was too deep for the balsam of time to heal. — Could it be possible he should prove thus faithless? Could he give that hand to another, which, with the most solemn adjurations, he had devoted to her? Could that heart become susceptible of other impressions, which once glowed only with her charms, and bear for her alone? — "Cruel fortune," she would say, "how wretchedly hast thou deceived him! Thy gold, thy tinsel, and thy splendors, have allured him from the paths of rectitude; for although he has given his hand to another, his heart is still with Eliza; and though he may, for a while, riot in luxurious dissipation, yet shall the pathos of repentance wring his bosom, when the gay, deceptive objects which now surround him, shall be stript of their false attire, and lose their delusive power to charm!" — Infatuated girl! thou hast yet but partially experienced the fascinating influences of grandeur and of novelty. Thy thoughts are innocent; deception finds no place in thy breast. Such was Albert when he left the peaceful shades of his rural dwelling. He loved, and his love was as sincere as thine. But so sudden a transition from the simple walks of Nature, to the most exalted refinements of Art; his immediate acquisition of property; frequent intercourse with fashionable circles; the long absence, and the wide distance which separated him from the maid of his early choice; and, above all, the delicate and irresistible attractions, and tender solitudes of female blandishment, must, unless Albert possessed more than human firmness, weaken, at least, if not totally disengage, all prior attachments. This extenuation, however, did not present itself to the anguished mind of Eliza. She considered him as the murderer of her peace, and as the assassinator of all her future prospects of happiness. Recollection, and the disappointed delusions of anticipation, constantly harrassed her senses, and she languished under all the bitterness of the most poignant sorrow.

But the storm of grief began, at length, gradually to subside. Pride came to the assistance of disappointed hope, and a delicate resentment, prompted by a deep sense of injury, succeeded to sensations of the most ardent affection. Was Albert capable of such perfidious volatility? — Could he, in defiance of the most sacred obligations and seemingly sincere professions, thus abandon her to misery and wretchedness, for the paltry consideration of property and fame? Or was it more probable that the brilliancy of new objects had raised a new passion in his

bosom? Amid the constellated beauties of London, some one had been found whose charms and graces had dissolved the ties between herself and Albert, by changing his boasted sincerity into inconstancy, and rendering the simple Eliza, the object, perhaps, of ridicule and contempt; at least of cold neglect and inattention. Whatever was the cause, his affections were now, inviolably, the property of another, and she determinately resolved,

—"*To drive him out from all her thoughts,*"  
"*As far as she was able.*" —

After taking this firm resolution she became more composed, but was averse to receiving any kind of company. Blake had frequently called, and was told she was indisposed; but as soon as she was able to walk out, he was permitted to attend her. Their walks were, by her desire, in the most unfrequented parts of the city, and generally, in the twilight of the evening. When she was not disposed to walk, he would frequently sit in her room, and read to her passages from some amusing book, which tended to exhilarate her spirits, detach her ideas from gloomy subjects, and lead them to the more brilliant fields of fancy. Sometimes she consented to ride out with him, a little distance from the city, in his coach. By such attentions he became her principal confidant; but she did not entrust him, or any other person, with the affair of Albert. Her uncle and aunt had some little knowledge of the circumstances; her cousins knew nothing of them. — Her indisposition was imputed to other causes; her aunt, however, had reason for a different opinion.

About this time Eliza received a letter from her father, in which he desired her to inform him whether she wished to return home. In a postscript to the letter, it was mentioned that Albert's father, whose health had, for some time, been on the decline, was dead; that on an investigation of his accounts, his estate was found to be insolvent; that his property had been divided among his creditors, and that Albert's mother had gone to reside with one of her brethren upon the continent. Albert's return was mentioned as doubtful; Eliza's father knew of but one letter he had written to his parents, the contents of which he appeared to be unacquainted with. He, therefore, gently admonished her not to place so strong a confidence in distant and uncertain prospects, as her peace would be destroyed, should her expectations be disappointed.

This caution was unnecessary. Eliza had already experienced all the disappointment which her father's letter contemplated and she had survived the shock of conflicting passions, which succeeded. She could not forbear dropping a tear over the ruins of Albert's family, but she did not feel that interest in the circumstances which she once would have done. To return home, at the present juncture, she had no inclinations. Every object which there presented, would awaken feelings which she now wished might be obliterated. She therefore wrote to her father that, if consistent with his family arrangements, she would continue a while longer with her uncle.

While the summer passed on, Blake was indefatigable in his exertions to amuse Eliza; and, for this purpose, a continual round of entertainments was kept up. Excursions into the country, in coaches and on horseback; walking along

the banks of the East and North Rivers, and barge-sailing in the harbor, were among the first diversions. As they were out on one of the last mentioned recreations, one pleasant afternoon, it happened that the barge in which were Eliza, Miss Smith, and others, lingered a little behind the rest. They were standing up; Miss Smith, in walking hastily along the boat, made a false step, and fell forcibly against Eliza, by which she was suddenly precipitated into the deep. A scream was raised by the ladies; Blake, who was in another boat, at a little distance, turned his eyes, and saw Eliza struggling with the waves. He immediately plunged into the water, and swam to her relief. Before he reached the place, she sunk, but as she arose he caught her, and, with much difficulty, conveyed her safely to the barge. This accident discouraged Eliza from again venturing upon the water.

Some time after this, as Blake was sitting with Eliza, in her apartment, he addressed her as follows: — "You cannot be insensible, madam, that it is with the highest pleasure I have been permitted to devote some little services to you; indeed, I can truly say, that since I became acquainted with you, I have experienced more real happiness than I ever before enjoyed. But the time has now arrived, when a continuation of these services may, as it respects yourself, be considered improper. I am set down as your admirer. If I continue my attendance, it may prevent you from receiving offers more agreeable to your mind; and, what is more, it may, as to the fallacy of public opinion, hazard your reputation, which is far dearer to me than my own. There is, therefore, but two alternatives, and these depend on your own choice. The first is, to break off all connection instantly; in this case I shall leave America immediately, and strive, by travel and change of objects, to divert a hopeless passion; for, when banished from you, I shall never more see a moment of real comfort. — The other is, that you accept my hand, which, with all the powers of my soul, shall ever be devoted to render your situation as happy as this life will admit. I will now leave you, that you may think of the subject, and will call to-morrow evening for your answer." He then withdrew, and Eliza was left to her own meditations.

Eliza felt the candor of this declaration. It was ingenious—it was honorable. Blake had been, to her, the sincerest friend. He had once snatched her from the verge of death, at the risk of his own life—once from that which, perhaps, would have been worse than death. He was a character held in high estimation—his property large—his connections respectable. Her father was a man of but moderate income; the time might be near when he would be no more, and then where was she to look for a guardian! She had no brother, and only two sisters, who were very young. Affection, it is true, she had none to bestow; but if ever she thought of connecting herself to any one, was it probable she would find a person of purer principles than Blake? She determined, however to do nothing rashly, and to take proper time before she gave an answer.

When Blake called the following evening, she told him that so important an affair demanded serious consideration. That its consequences must embrace a variety of objects, and therefore some time would be requisite; that, for the present,

she thought it advisable for him to withdraw his visits: and that, in one month from that time, she would give him a decisive answer. Blake acknowledged the propriety of these remarks, and after acceding to the plan, retired.

Eliza laid the affair before her uncle and aunt, who highly recommended Blake, and advised her, by all means not to reject so fair an opportunity, as they expressed it, saying there were few ladies in the city but who should think themselves much honored by being placed in her situation.

Eliza stepped into a milliner's shop, one day, and was obliged to wait for the following discourse to be ended, between the milliner and a strange lady, before she could be waited upon.

*Milliner.* Married, do you say, and to a lady of fortune in London?

*Stranger.* Not only to a fortune, but to a lady of family, and one of the first beauties in England.

*Mil.* And keeps a coach?

*Stran.* A coach and livery servants; and when I left London, about two months ago, there was talk of his purchasing a title.

*Mil.* Well, this is a strange business. I knew the family of the \*\*\*\*\*'s (here she mentioned Albert's family name) very well when I lived on the Island; they were always exceeding *clever bodies*; it has happened well for this young man, for his father died not worth a groat. —Here she fixed her eyes on Eliza, and supposing she wanted something out of her shop, the discourse was broken off. Eliza purchased the articles she wanted, and left the shop. "And is it thus," said she, as she returned home, "is Albert to become an English nobleman! The time will most assuredly come, when in tears of blood, he will mourn over his sacrilegious honors, withering in the dust."

The day which Eliza had set to give an answer to Blake, had now arrived—the longest month which she had ever experienced. Eliza informed him that she had concluded to accede to his proposals, provided her father's consent could be obtained. This answer fully compensated Blake for the anxieties under which his mind had for a long time labored. He immediately wrote to her father, and received for answer, that, as he had been well informed of Blake's situation, connections and character, he had no objections to the union.—As winter had now arrived, it was concluded to defer the nuptials until spring, when they were to be celebrated at her father's house.

At a ball, one evening, as Eliza and Miss Smith were sitting together, after the fatigues of a contra-dance, Miss Smith took Eliza's hand, pressed it with vehemence, and sighed deeply, "Eliza," says she, "I esteem and pity you; your innocence and your credulity, my dear girl, are soon to be wrecked upon the shoals of despair." "What means such a portentous prediction?" replied Eliza. "'That you may hereafter know,'" answered Miss Smith, "but never from me." At this instant Blake joined them, which put an end to the conversation. Eliza supposed these observations proceeded from the disappointment which Miss Smith had experienced, as her regard for Blake was no secret. Eliza, however, related the circumstance to Blake, which she thought appeared a little to shock him, but he changed the discourse, and no farther no-

tice was then taken of it.

Soon after this, Miss Smith disappeared.—Blake informed Eliza that she had gone to New-Jersey, on a visit to a friend, and would not return in a considerable time. Eliza thought it a little singular that she had never informed her of her intentions. But as Miss Smith had lately, in some measure, withdrawn her intimacies, Eliza imputed this reserve to the same cause which produced the conversation at the ball.

The winter passed away, and spring at length arrived, the time in which the Hymeneal rites were to be celebrated between Blake and Eliza. Preparations were, therefore, made for the journey home, in which she was to be attended by Blake and the family of her uncle. The night before they were to set out, Eliza dreamed she was riding with Blake in his coach, when a sudden flash of lightning issued from the heavens, followed by a loud peal of crashing thunder! The horses started, and ran furiously forward towards a dangerous precipice, beneath, which a raging torrent foamed among the rocks. She thought that she endeavored to disengage herself from the carriage, but in vain; they were hurried along, with amazing swiftness, to the top of the cliff, and were just upon the point of being hurled down, when a man, who appeared to descend through the air, seized Eliza by the arm, and, in an instant, bore her, in safety, to the other side of the river, from whence she beheld the coach, with Blake and the horses, precipitated headlong from the tremendous height, and dashed in pieces upon the rocks below. She awaked with a scream, and rejoiced to find the scene illusory. The lineaments of the stranger's countenance were not entirely erased from her memory; they appeared familiar, but she could not recollect where she had seen the original. The consequence of the dream hung ominously upon her imagination; but the bright rays of the sun which now darted into her chamber, dispelled the gloom that hovered around her. She arose immediately, got ready for her journey, and at evening she, with her uncle's family and Blake, was at her father's house.

Scenes of tenderness ensued upon Eliza's return to her family. As it was but a few days before the intended nuptials, invitations were immediately sent abroad. Blake's friends soon arrived from New-York, among whom was the governor. On the afternoon of the day in which, at evening, the marriage was to be consummated, Eliza walked out alone, to contemplate the beauties of the spring. It was the latter part of the month of May. The air was embalméd with the fragrance of the surrounding flowers, and the mingling melody of various birds echoed along the adjacent grove. She roved, she scarcely knew whither, until she was instinctively led to the shores of Montauk, and found herself at last upon the very spot she stood when Albert's ship disappeared from her sight. It was now something more than three years since that time. She earnestly fixed her eyes upon the place; a tall ship was beating in for the port. The joys of past days rushed, like a torrent, upon her memory. She was suddenly aroused to a solemn sense of her desperate situation. The lightnings of conviction flashed, and the thunders of terror followed!—she was about to deceive a worthy character, by yielding him her hand, while her affections were dead to all

except a hopeless object. What was to be done? To advance was destruction!—to retreat—impossible! She hurried home, and strove to suppress contemplation, amidst the hilarity of the guest.

The moment at length arrived in which certainty must succeed to suspense and anxiety. Eliza trembled as she was led up before the priest, and she shuddered when the direction was given for joining hands.—At this instant a stranger was announced by the servants, who desired to be immediately admitted, as he had something of importance to communicate to Eliza's father. It was a critical time—he could not then be attended to. The stranger did not wait for complaisance. —A pale and emaciated figure pressed through the crowd, and came near to the place where the ceremony was performing. Eliza's eye caught his countenance—It was the person who had assisted her in her dream! But what was her amazement, when, upon advancing a little nearer, she perfectly recollected the fading features of her long lost Albert! She uttered a shriek of agony, and sunk, senseless, to the floor. (*To be continued.*)

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## JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

[ 2. 21 April 1804 ]

There is no fear which acts so powerfully on the mind of man, as that which bids him guard against no determinate object or attempt; my death was certainly intended. To meet it face to face in any form (though constitutionally timid) I thought possible; but to be forever in danger, to be taken off by a bullet while I believed myself safe, to drink the draught of death, when I thought myself restoring vigor to my exhausted frame, or to perish when lying defenceless and reposing in the arms of sleep -- these were dangers to encounter for which all my courage was unequal, and which could only be avoided by removing from my present abode; once gone, my enemy's scheme of revenge would be relinquished; if I remained, I should one time or other, become its victim. My journey to the city was again resolved upon and executed. At midnight I left my father's house, but without any intention to return: I took nothing with me except a small sum of money: I imparted my intention to no one: I may be blamed for leaving my friends thus abruptly, in anxiety and suspense respecting my fate; but I thought it wrong to alarm them, as they could not possibly remove the cause of my danger; they would have persuaded me to remain, or by their means my future residence would be discovered,



CARNELL (the being whom I believed to be my secret enemy) would pursue me, and I should be subject to incessant alarms; perhaps you may think my conclusions unwarranted; if so, remember they were the conclusions of one, who was unable, from the singularity of the case, to receive advantages from the judgment of others.

I did not, however, leave my father's house without emotion, I could not deny myself the secret satisfaction of visiting every spot, which recollection made dear to my heart, the nocturnal seat was not forgotten; once more I repaired thither and seated myself in the usual place; -- the night was calm and clear, not a cloud obscured the splendors of the etherial vault of heaven, the moon was full and her beams seemed to repose on the tranquil bosom of the water; every sound was hushed, save when the zephyr sighed through the foliage of the venerable oaks. -- It brought to my recollection the celebrated night-piece of *Homer*, -- thus translated by *Pope*:--

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,  
O'er heav'n's clear azure casts her sacred light,  
When not a breeze disturbs the blue serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;  
O'er the dark trees a yellower lustre shed,  
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head.--  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise;  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;  
The conscious swains exulting in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

To me who was about to leave it, perhaps forever, this scene appeared unusually interesting; I knew not how long I sat occupied with various reflections, when I was roused by the sound of approaching footsteps; I started, and looked around, I saw a young woman at no great distance from me, in her hand she held an open letter; her movements were wild, irregular, she would look on the letter, and then on heaven; I watched her with attention and solicitude; the adventure was of a singular nature; this was a place not frequented by any human being except myself, at least I had not seen any one here at this hour. Could she be seeking any one here! This seemed improbable, and her attention seemed wholly absorbed by the letter. -- Suddenly she exclaimed, I can bear this

torture no longer, rushed towards the river; I started from my seat, and flew to prevent her; I seized her but she eluded my grasp, shrieked, and leaped into the water! In a moment all was again silent; to descend to the river at this spot, could not be accomplished without immanent risk; I looked down on the stream, but the overhanging rocks cast a deep shade over it, and I saw her no more: Some distressing occurrence had probably overpowered her reason, and in a moment of despair and insanity she had put an end to her existence; she had chosen the hour of midnight for this purpose, when she thought the deed would be concealed from every human eye; I however, had been a melancholy witness to the shocking catastrophe. Her friends would wonder whither she had fled -- I only could tell; her corpse would be borne down the stream, it would perhaps be found when corruption had made the features indistinguishable; conjectures would be formed as to who it had been, and how it came there; and I alone, could answer all these questions; but should I endeavor to discover who it was, should I inform her friends, what had been her fate; I should be seized as the perpetrator of the deed: I might indeed discover the truth, but they would not believe it; I should suffer by my sincerity, I should at least be blamed for not preventing it; this I might have done, but how was I to imagine her intention? Self-destruction was a deed of which I thought mankind incapable, and when convinced of the contrary, it was too late -- the deed was done; the past could not be recalled. I resolved to leave every thing to its course; no one had witnessed her end but myself, and I would, for many reasons, be induced to conceal it, her friends would be benefited by this procedure, they would suppose her death, (if the intelligence of it reached them) accidental, and be spared the dreadful certainty of its being intentionally effected.

I pursued my journey, and reached the city in safety; here new difficulties presented themselves; my object had been to offer myself as an apprentice to a watchmaker; but who would take me? I was acquainted with no human being, though surrounded by so many thousands, I was unknown and unrecommended; in the mean time I might be apprehended as a thief, or confined as a

vagrant or runaway; this might be prevented by a disclosure of the truth, but its concealment was necessary to my purpose; in addition to this, food was absolutely necessary; my stock of money was almost exhausted.

Those who have lived remote from cities, have not a just conception of the real necessity of money; provisions for a day, lodgings for a night, might be had in many parts of the country gratis, and would be received as the offering of hospitality, a virtue more practised in the country, than in town: The little cash I had yet remaining would not, here, purchase more food than was necessary for a single meal; the haughty independence of my spirit would not permit me to ask a favor, and my soul revolted at the thought of stealing; I shuddered when I reflected on the condition to which my imprudence had reduced me; a secret voice whispered, "you have done wrong;" but to return was too late, and the evils I had fled from would again be encountered; my situation was similar to that of a man in the midst of a rapid stream; it was at least as easy to proceed as to return, my course was pointed out, and I could do nothing more than rush on boldly to the endurance of whatever ills I was doomed to suffer.

I knocked at the door of a watchmaker in market-street, and was soon ushered into the room, where sat the master and his family, in a manner which plainly evinced my embarrassment; I told him my business; his dark, unprepossessing features were contracted, and his penetrating eyes seemed to pierce my very soul: He asked my name, place of abode, &c. I told him no falsehoods, neither did I tell him the whole truth; I did not tell him my father's dislike to my pursuit; after much conversation of an uninteresting nature, he said, "your story does not seem improbable, your appearance seems to evince the truth of some parts of it, but if I take you as an apprentice, what security can you give me, for your good conduct, and industry." All I have to give, I replied, is the word of a man of honor, who values his word too highly, to promise what he does not intend to perform. The term, I believe sounded strangely in his ears, it was indeed ludicrously contrasted with my homely dress, and awkward appearance, and I believe he was about to

refuse me, when the entrance of a young lady put an end to this interval of suspense, and created another; she cast an enquiring look upon me; I felt still more distressed, and held down my head, confused and confounded, when a sudden exclamation from her, of “Can it be possible?” effectually roused me, “can what be possible?” said every one in the same instant; she answered not, but hastening to me, she seized my hand; I was now convinced my conjectures were right; when she spoke, I thought the voice familiar to my ear, at least that I had somewhere heard it before; a sight of her features told me where, my hand trembled in hers, and I flattered myself she was not without emotion: You have, no doubt, already guessed who this lady was, you will remember my adventure in the wood when I saved her from the violence of CARNELL: An explanation ensued, and I received the thanks of her family; my first request was granted, and I became an apprentice.

*(to be continued)*

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