

EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

ISSUE VI

THE FORESTERS

[6. November 1787]

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

[Continued from page 710.]

It has been observed, that the lease which Mr. Bull gave to *Charles Indigo*, obliged him to receive into his family all such persons as had been attendants on Mr. Bull during his sickness, and for whom he had no other means of providing. This general indulgence procured to Charles the reputation of a very friendly, hospitable person, and induced great numbers of other people of various characters, views, and interests, to seek an assylum within his limits. About this time old Lewis had grown sick and peevish, and had severely cudgelled some of his apprentices, because they did not make their P's and Q's exactly to his mind (1). The poor fellows, to prevent worse treatment, fled from his house, and took refuge with Mr. Bull, who treated them civilly, and recommended them to the Forest, where they dispersed in the several families of his tenants, and a large party of them took up their abode with Charles, to whose family they proved an industrious, profitable acquisition, though some of the family looked a little sourly upon them.

This facility of admitting strangers produced an effect which had almost proved fatal to the reputation of the family; for a number of highwaymen (2) also sought shelter there, and by means of their gold and silver, which they had in plenty, made friends in the house, and were admitted by night at a back door. After a while they grew more bold

and came in the day time, under the disguise of pedlars, with packs on their shoulders. One of them actually took his stand behind a corner of one of the fences, from whence he sallied out on travellers; this corner obtained, from that circumstance, the name of *Point-Fear*, and as the first names of places are not easily got rid of, it retains the name to this day, and perhaps will ever retain it. Here the rascal intended to have built himself a lodge, and taken up his quarters for life; but the matter was now grown so public, that Charles, for the honour of his family, ordered all stragglers to be seized, and this fellow in particular, after a severe struggle, was apprehended and brought to justice.

The same spot was afterward taken possession of by *Peter Pitch*, (3) a poor fellow who got his living as he did his name, from collecting the resinous juice of the numerous pines which grew thereabouts. He had to work hard and fare hard, and go a great way for his victuals and clothes; but after he had lived alone for some time, he picked up one or two acquaintances of his own stamp, and they formed a family which was at first rather disorderly. Farther discovery of the lands, and the advantage of the water-carriage, induced some other people to sit down by him, and in process of time he became so respectable as to be noticed by Mr. Bull, who, though he never gave him a lease in form, yet let him have cloth and haberdashery upon credit, and took his pitch in payment as fast as he could collect it. This kept him in a dependent state, and subjected him to impositions from Bull's clerks and journeymen. It is not many years since Bull sent him a taylor to *try-on* a new coat, (4) which was so strait that it split in several places, and never could be altered so as to fit him, but he was obliged to wear it rather than quarrel with his patron.

This same taylor was remarkable for *cabbaging*, as Peter Bull-Frog and Humphry Ploughshare have since had large experience.

To finish what relates to Charles Indigo, we shall observe, that the land on which he began his plantation, was in general so wet and miry, that it was unfavourable to the production of wheat, and it was for some time doubtful whether he would be able to raise his own bread. Chance at length effected what labour and ingenuity could not: a bird of passage having dropped some kernels of rice in his dung it was found to thrive exceedingly well; from whence the hint was taken, and rice became the standard grain of the plantation. By the cultivation of this, and of a weed which was useful to the dyers; he grew rich, and made a sightly figure among his neighbours in point of dress and equipage, though his countenance is rather sallow, and he is subject to frequent returns of the intermittent fever.

By the extensive lease given to Indigo and his associates, most of Mr. Bull's dependants and attendants were provided for, and their services recompensed with a shew of generosity on his part, and of satisfaction on theirs. We have before just hinted at a grant made to *William Broad Brim* (5), of which we shall give a more particular account.

His father had been an old servant of Mr. Bull, and had been employed in the very laborious and necessary business of catching and killing rats. In this employment he was so very dexterous and successful that he recommended himself highly to his master, who not only allowed him large wages but promised him farther recompense. During Mr. Bull's sickness, the care and diligence of this faithful servant had been unremitting and his merits were thereby increased, so that Mr. Bull on his recovery found himself deeply indebted to him, and

(1) Revocation of the edict of Nantz, by Lewis XIV, 1685.

(2) Pirates.

(3) North-Carolina.

(4) Insurrections in North-Carolina, 1771.

(5) Pennsylvania.

he still continued his services; till, worn out with age and infirmity, he died and had an honorable funeral.

His son William then became his heir, and solicited for payment of the arrears due to his father, which Mr. Bull, according to the maxim he had laid down for himself, and urged by the necessity of the occasion, proposed to discharge by a lease of part of the Forest. This happened to fall in, exactly, with William's views, which were of a singular nature.

About this time a nervous disorder appeared in Bull's family which went by the name of the (6) *shaking palsy*. We shall not pretend to trace the causes of it, as the origin of such things is often obscure and impenetrable; but the effects were, a trembling of the nerves, a stiffness in the neck and shoulders, and a hesitancy in the speech, so that it was impossible for the patients to pronounce certain words and syllables, such as Sir, Madam, your honor, my lord, &c. nor could one of them raise his hand to take off his hat, or hold it up when an oath was to be administered.

Mr. Bull's choleric temper misinterpreted this natural infirmity into a sullen disrespect. When he found a change in the behaviour of these domestics; that instead of bowing to him they stood upright as a May-pole, and instead of sir, and your honor, they could utter nothing but *Friend*, he grew angry, and made a pretty free use of his fist, and when he found that they could not be cured by such means, he thrust some of them into a dark closet, and shut them up till they should (as he termed it) "learn better manners;" and it is supposed he would have carried his resentment much further, but for this circumstance; William Broadbrim, who had himself strong symptoms of the disorder, whispered to Mr. Bull, that if he would give him time to ripen a project, which he had conceived, he would rid him of all trouble with these people. William had a plodding genius, and

the scheme with which his head was pregnant at this time, was nothing more or less than to make a settlement in the forest, and take all these people with him. Bull, who was glad to get rid of them, and of the debt which he owed to William, readily fell in with the project; and a grant was made out under hand and seal, wherein William Broadbrim, and his heirs, were invested with the right of soil, and all other privileges of proprietorship, in a certain part of the forest, between the plantation of Frederic Marygold, and that of Cart-rut and Bare-clay, being in the neighborhood of the spot where Casimir had rebuilt his hut, and lived in an ambiguous situation, not knowing who was his landlord. With him William made a peaceable compromise, saying, "Friend, I will do thee no violence, there is room enough for us both." Casimir was glad of so good a neighbor, and he had reason to be, for he throve more rapidly after this than before.

William pitched upon a level piece of ground, where two large brooks met, for the situation of his mansion-house, and went to work to draw up rules for the government of his family. One of which was, that no person should be refused admittance into it, or disturbed in it, or cast out of it, on account of any natural infirmity. Another was, that no arms, nor ammunition, should ever be made use of on any pretence whatever. The first of these rules gained William great reputation among all sensible men; the latter was a notion which candor would lead us to suppose proceeded partly from the disorder of his nerves, and partly from a love of peace, and the exercise of good will toward his fellow creatures.

When any of William's neighbors, who were of a different way of thinking, spake to him of the impolicy of this rule, and asked him how he expected to defend himself and his family against the wild beasts, if they should attack him; William, (who was fond of harangue) would answer thus--"There is in all creatures a certain instinct, which dis-

poseth them to peace. This instinct is so strong and fixed, that upon it, as upon a foundation, may be erected a complete system of love and concord, which all the powers of anarchy shall not be able to overthrow. To cultivate and improve this instinct is the business of every wise man, and he may reasonably expect that an example of this kind, if steadily and regularly adhered to, will have a very extensive and beneficial influence, on all sorts of creatures; even the wild beasts of the forest will become tame as the lambs, and birds of prey as harmless as doves. Dost thou not see, friend, what influence my example has already had on those creatures which are deemed savage? I go into their dens with safety, and they enter my habitation without fear. When they are hungry I feed them, when they are thirsty I give them drink, and they in return bear my burdens, and do such other kind offices as they are capable of, and I require of them. I have even tamed some of them so far, that they have sold me the land on which they live, and have acknowledged the bargain by a mark made with their toe-nails on parchment. They are certainly some of the best natured creatures in the world; their native instinct leads them to love and peace, and sociability, and as long as I set them a good example I have no doubt they will follow it. When such is my opinion and expectation, why should I be anxious about what may, and I trust never will happen? Why should I put myself in a posture of defence against those who will never attack me? or, why should I by the appearance of jealousy and distrust on my part, offend those who now put confidence in me? No, No, I will not suppose that they will ever hurt me. I will not suffer the *carnal weapon* to be seen in my house, nor shall one of my family ever learn the detestable practice of pulling the trigger. I leave the instruments of destruction to the offspring of Cain and the seed of the serpent; while I meekly imitate the gentleness of the lamb, and the innocence of the dove."

With such harangues William

(6) Quakerism.

would frequently entertain himself and his friends, and he was so sanguine in his benevolent project, that instead of having his own name (as was usual) written over his door, he had the words BROTHERLY LOVE, translated into a foreign language, and inscribed in golden characters, as a standing invitation to persons of all nations and characters to come and take shelter under his roof.

[*To be continued.*]

ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE

[6. 6 June 1801]

(Continued.)

THE Count de Vauban had been long invisible at the metropolis, being so much engaged in his plans to get Louis again in his hands. But as soon as the intelligence reached M. Dupont, of de Vauban's being at the head of the banditti which infested the vicinity, he prepared to remove to Paris, sensible that when in possession of power, he would regard no law, human or divine, to effect his infamous purposes, and glut his sanguinary revenge on Louis. Once alone did de Vauban find an opportunity to make an attempt upon the person of Louis, which was before the commencement of their journey to Paris, when one night he made an assault upon the chateau, hoping to be able to force his entrance. But the family were roused at the first attack, and seizing all the warlike weapons which they could find in the house, they obliged them to retire. It was a fortunate circumstance that the owner of the chateau, upon the first intelligence of the existence of a band of robbers in the neighbourhood, had procured musquets and ammunition, in order to be prepared against any event. This occurrence hastened their departure, and the next day they set out for the capital, where they had prepared a residence.

Vice seldom fails ultimately to receive its punishment, and the marquis de Lantz was another instance of the reward of villainy, whether executed or 1nercly concerted. 'Tis true the imbecility of his mind and his cowardice, prevented the execution of his unnatural designs against the life of his

father, but it did not diminish his atrocity in the conception of such an idea. He had made an excursion to Dijon, where, among his careless unthinking companions, he had been passing away the tardy hours, and was returning home for want of the necessary money to support his extravagance. He had not recovered from the influence of wine, when he entered the forest, which had been the theatre of murder perpetrated by the lawless dependents of de Vauban. He had sunk into a slumber, and the spell which bound him in the embraces of Morpheus, was so potent, that he heard not the whistle of the banditti, nor knew of their approach, till his attendants were fired upon by them. All who could fly, made their escape, as no tie attached them to the fate of de Lantz, who scarcely was roused from his stupidity, till the robbers roughly ordered him to deliver up his money. This demand he was unable to comply with, as he had spent the last livre at the gaming-table. Wine inspired him with something like courage, of which his natural disposition was entirely destitute, and snatching up his pistol that lay at his side, he discharged it at the person next to him. This was the signal of his fate, the murderers instantly dragged him from his carriage, and buried their poignards in his bosom.

Thus was the miserable death of this wretched being, whose heart was never inspired with one sentiment that would reflect honour on himself, accomplished by the means of his colleague in the atrocious attempt, to deprive his father of life. Such was the end of a life which that one crime indeliably stained, and which, had he possessed the tallents of the Count de Vauban, would have been productive of more mischief to society. Soon as the murderers had satiated their revenge and taken ample vengeance for the wound he had given their comrade, they returned to the castle to dispose of the trifling booty they had obtained, and convey the wounded ruffian. The Count possessed sufficient sagacity to know, that his petty despotism would be of short continuance, as the outrages the banditti under his command, had committed in the province, much shortly, reach the royal ear; and the consequence would be fatal to him, but it was too late to think of obtaining pardon, and he flattered himself that he could make his escape at any time, when imperious necessity should command such a proceeding. Had the Count de Vauban been educated in the principles of virtue, he would probably have become

an ornament to society, but unlimited indulgence had suffered his good qualities to be obscured, and by the continued practice of engaging in bachanalian festivals and carousals, his heart became at last as depraved as we behold it. When M. Dupont arrived at Paris, he made a report to the king of the numerous murders and robberies that had been committed in the province of Burgundy. The Duke of Alencon also, who mourned his son cut of in the prime of life by the hands of lawless ruffians, was determined to destroy the combination of the villains who infested this fertile part of the kingdom, and revenge the death of his son. His influence at court was considerable, and he was permitted by the king to lead a body of the regular troops against the Count, to conduct him to the capital if he made a voluntary surrender of his person or in case of resistance, to destroy the haunt of the banditti, and bring him to condign punishment. In order to prevent the escape of the Count, the Duke of Alencon, accompanied by Louis Boileau, and M. Dupont, with the troops under his authority, marched towards the castle with rapidity, lest the intelligence of their approach should give the alarm, and de Vauban escape the fate due to his atrocious guilt. But all their caution did not prevent his receiving notice of their arrival, and acting according to the dictates of prudence. With every necessary precaution to prevent a surprize from the banditti, the troops invested the castle, and a messenger was dispatched to demand the surrender of it to his Majesty's commission, a refusal was the answer, unless the commandant of the party would pledge his honour to procure them a free pardon. This offer was not accepted, and they were ordered to surrender unconditionally, depending on the clemency of the king, or death was denounced as their portion, the instant they were taken. Inflated with visionary ideas of the strength of the fortifications, and confident of the plenty which abounded from the stores of provision, which the provident Count had taken care to lay up, they bid defiance to regal authority, and dared them to the assault. Several petty conflicts were maintained with the banditti, who, though inferior in point of numbers, counterbalanced it by their ferocity, and several were killed on either side. To conquer or die, was the maxim the ruffian defenders of the castle faithfully adhered to, and the soldiers of the royal party were unable to obtain any

advantage. Finding they made but very little progress towards the object of their excursion, the leaders of the detachment determined upon a vigorous attempt to overcome all resistance. For this purpose they prepared torches and fire-brands, resolved to set fire to the castle, and bury its infatuated inhabitants in the ruins. Humanity however induced them to make a final offer of conditional pardon, if they would give up the arm of justice the Count de Vauban. The proposal was rejected by the banditti with disdain, for although dead to every sentiment of rectitude and humanity, the imaginary tie of honour bound them to the Count, and they resolved to procure his pardon or perish with him. JULIUS.

ALBERT AND ELIZA

[6. 13 July 1802]

The women flew to the assistance of Eliza, raised her up, and conveyed her to another room. The house was in confusion. No one knew the cause of her sudden illness. Albert was not even known to her father: he had but slightly noticed him, and amidst the disorder which now took place, he thought more of him. When Eliza recovered, she desired that all might withdraw from her except her parents; this being done, she then informed them, that the stranger who had thus suddenly made his appearance was Albert. She desired her father to enquire his business, but by no means to admit him into her presence. Her father immediately went out, and found Albert traversing the hall, seemingly in much agitation. A short conversation took place. Albert requested to see Eliza. Her father told him that she had already refused to see him, but that he would again consult her, and if she consented, he would have no objections. He then left him, but soon returned, and informed him that Eliza was willing to see him in the presence of her parents, to whom he wished to add another person, and this was Blake, who, her father observed, had now an undoubted right to be present, when any thing of a personal nature which concerned Eliza, was to be communicated. Albert intreated that he might be permitted to see her, for a few moments, according to her own stipulation, in the presence, only, of her parents. This her father granted, with a proviso, that Blake should be previously acquainted with it, which being done, and Blake, with some reluctance, agreeing to it, Albert was immediately introduced. Eliza was reclining upon a sofa; as he entered, a deep crimson suffused her cheeks, to which a livid paleness soon succeeded. Albert trembled--their eyes met--he hesitated.--*Albert.* (As he slowly approached the sofa) "Eliza!" She answered only by a deep sigh. A solemn pause ensued----

Albert. (With more earnestness, advancing still nearer, and sighing responsively) "Eliza!"

Eliza. "Albert!"

Articulation became suspended—they could not pronounce another word—their eyes spoke unutterable anguish. Eliza sunk upon her mother's bosom. her father then thus addressed Albert: "You know, Sir, that I sanctioned your pretensions to my daughter, previous to your leaving America. Your long stay in England; your implicit silence, in this long absence, except in a single instance, added to the reports of you connecting yourself in marriage in that country, have produced the events you now behold. There appears some mystery in this business: circumstances will not as you see, admit an explanation at present. If you will call to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, the matter shall be investigated.-- My daughter's peace of mind lies near my heart; and although it is probable that what is already done cannot be retracted, yet it will not be amiss to know the truth." Albert would have replied; but as Eliza had only partially recovered from the shock she had received by his sudden appearance, and a sense of her critical situation, the least irritation might cause a relapse; he therefore retired, in much agitation.

Eliza's uncle had related to her father the particulars of the stranger's story, who presented the letter to Blake, as mentioned before. Hence, as he observed to Albert, he suspected some mystery attending the affair. Eliza, from Albert's manner and conduct, imagined she had been deceived, and her suspicions fell upon Blake. Albert's sentiments were the same. Blake was admitted into Eliza's room after Albert was gone; he did not, however, stay long; she wished to be alone, and in this her parents chose to indulge her. His feelings were wrought up to the highest pitch; Albert's unexpected return had rendered his situation peculiarly interesting, and his hopes of happiness exceedingly precarious.--The guests were informed, that a sudden illness having seized Eliza, she was obliged to retire from the company; they, therefore, after partaking of the wedding feast, withdrew, except the friends of the parties, who were detained.

The next day Albert came at the appointed hour, and was received again into Eliza's apartment, with her parents only. Her father then told him that they were ready to hear any explanation or communication he wished to make.-- Albert informed them, that after he had accomplished his business in England, he set sail for America; the second day after which they were taken by an Algerine corsair, carried to Algiers, and sold for slaves. Some of the ship's crew were redeemed, others died in slavery: Albert and four more were chained to the galleys, where they continued for upwards of eighteen months; it happened that they were then driven off the sea coast in a storm, and picked up by a French vessel, which carried them, and the two Turks who were their overseers, to Bordeaux, from whence Albert took passage on board a merchantman for America.--This was the ship which Eliza saw coming into port, the preceding afternoon; it arrived in the evening, and Albert, as soon as he came on shore, went directly to the house which formerly belonged to his father, and found it unoccupied: he called at one of the

neighbors, who informed him of the circumstances of his family, his father's death, his mother's removal, and the celebration of Eliza's wedding that evening: almost in a state of distraction, he hastened to the house; his arrival there, and what ensued in consequence thereof, is already known.

Eliza then mentioned what the stranger had re-

lated at her uncle's, when he delivered Blake the letter, and what she heard at the milliner's.

These circumstances Albert was enabled to explain. A distant relation of his father, and of the same name, who lived on Staten-Island, had put in his claim, and obtained part of the inheritance which fell to Albert; a young man of about Albert's age, was the person sent over to claim the property, who had married to a fortune in London, and his father's family had removed to Long Island some time before the stranger's arrival at New-York, who brought the letter, and the intelligence which had given Eliza so much uneasiness. The father of the young man had died, after removing to Long-Island, which coincided with the milliner's story. Albert had mentioned this circumstance in his letter to his father; he had written to his friends but once, which was just before he sat out to return, after which he had not another opportunity.

Blake was now called in. A cold and distant salutation passed between him and Albert. The circumstances were particularly related to him, and his opinion requested. He replied, that the decision must rest, solely, with Eliza; he was not, himself, so mad as to desire a connection with a person whose affections were placed upon another. A question then arose, whether the marriage ceremony had not been so far executed, between Eliza and Blake, as to become legally binding. The officiating clergyman was sent for, who gave it as his opinion, that although the ceremony was not fully completed, yet, so far that he considered them really and firmly married. He advised, however, to send for the clergy of the city, to consult upon the affair. This was agreed upon, and two days after they were convened at the house of Eliza's father. The parties and their friends were present at the consultation, the result of which was, that nothing except death or divorcement could separate Blake and Eliza. Just as this decision was given in, a woman was announced, who desired to be admitted before the convocation. She was immediately introduced--it was Miss Smith!--Blake was agitated, and changed colour upon seeing her; she desired to be heard by the convocation, when the following circumstances were unfolded.

Blake's father, who was a nobleman, had been

illicitly connected with a woman of family in a remote part of England, by whom he had two children, one son and a daughter. He afterwards married in London, but never had any other child by his wife except Blake, who, like the sons of noblemen in general, proved to be a wild youth. In making the fashionable tour of Europe, he became acquainted with a lady in Italy, whom he married. His father, indulgent to him in all things, sanctioned the marriage; but what was his astonishment when, on Blake's bringing home his lady, his father found her to be his own daughter, by the woman before mentioned, who had retired to Italy, where she died, leaving her two

children, with all her property, which was considerable, to the care of a distant relation. This daughter, who was now the wife of Blake, was Miss Smith! To save the reputation of the family, their father projected sending them to America, until a separation could be legally obtained; he however died before this plan could be put in execution, and Blake came over to America with his kinsman the Governor, as has been related; the Governor, however, knew nothing of the affair. Miss Smith soon followed, where they waited, under fictitious names, for the interference of some friends in England, to obtain a dissolution of the marriage, which had not yet been done. Miss Smith had not seen her brother since he was quite a youth when he went to live with a friend at Paris. At parting they had exchanged miniature likenesses, solemnly engaging never to part with them till death. After Miss Smith's arrival at New-York, she resided with a relation of her mother, who knew nothing of her history. From the moment that Blake and she discovered their affinity, they broke off all connection; yet Miss Smith could never realize the brother in the lover;--hence she had endeavoured to frustrate his alliance with Eliza. She even acknowledged that she designedly pushed her from the barge, as has been mentioned, with an intent to drown her; for if she could consent to live in a state of separation, she could not submit to his connecting with another. By his persuasion, she had yielded to retire to Jersey; there she became acquainted with a gentleman who boarded at the house where she resided. One day, as they were walking together, a miniature fell from his bosom, which she immediately knew to be her own likeness.—Surprised and amazed, she desired to know how he came by it: he informed her that it once belonged to a friend, who was now no more, and who, shortly before his death, deposited it with him. Miss Smith then told him that this person could have been no other than her brother. This led to an explanation, by which it was found that Palmer, who fell in the duel with Blake, was the brother of Miss Smith, and the son of Blake's father! and the person who now had the miniature in his possession, was Palmer's second in that duel. Palmer had come over from France, and resided at New-York, under a feigned name.—Supposing his sister in Italy, he had no idea of her appearing in New-York, in the person of Miss Smith. Palmer was so much altered from the miniature which she still had with her, that although she saw him frequently, she had not the least suggestion of his being her brother. On her discovering the melancholy circumstances of his death, she left her retreat in New-Jersey, and hastened to New-York, where she arrived about the time that the clerical gentlemen were sent for, to consult upon the validity of the marriage between Eliza and Blake. She immediately took the resolution of proceeding to Long-Island, and laying the whole affair before the parties, and the clerical convocation; and although she thereby involved her own character, yet she should do a peculiar service to the innocent.----This Miss Smith gave as the ostensible reason, but her principal design was to prevent Blake's connection with Eliza.

At the close of this narration, the whole assembly was filled with amazement, and looked upon

each other with astonishment. Blake shuddered with horror. He knew that Miss Smith had a brother, whom he had never seen, but he never heard a suggestion that this brother was Palmer. His emotions became insupportable. He had unconsciously married his sister; unknowingly slain his brother, and was now totally disappointed in the only object of his future felicity. He hastily arose from his seat--distraction had seized upon his brain--he cast a wild despairing look around him, and rushed out at the door. In a few minutes the report of a pistol was heard in his chamber, the people ran up stairs; his door was locked; they burst it open; he lay dead upon the floor! The ball had pierced his temples, and he, probably, expired without a struggle.--Thus died a man of whom it may, with propriety, be said, was *innocently* guilty of offences at which human nature revolts with terror, and who, perhaps, had never been conscious of a single act which is generally denominated criminal. He possessed a noble, brave, and generous spirit; but the evil torrent of life bore too heavily upon him, and he fell a victim to the wayward and irresistible decrees of fate.

Some time after this, Albert and Eliza married:

he had deposited the property which he had obtained in the English fund, which he now wrote for, and received. They then took leave of the place where these scenes were transacted; they removed on to the main, a considerable distance up Connecticut River, where they settled in an unfrequented part of the country. Albert sent for his mother, who with tears of joy was received by her children, Albert and Eliza. There they passed their days, in as much happiness as this inconstant and dissatisfactory life will permit.----Their descendants were people of respectability, some of whom have held important offices under the government, others have been members of the legislature of Connecticut, and one of them has been honoured with a seat in the American Congress. The facts above related, have long been forgotten, except by the descendants of the family, or some person to whom those descendants have related them.

[It will readily be perceived that the foregoing narrative is designed only as a delineation, or hasty sketch of that which, if in the hands of some person of leisure and abilities, might be made an interesting history. Should BROWN, the American novelist, or some other person possessing equal powers of tale and invention, take up the subject, he might, by the introduction of a few new characters, transferment of objects, and variation of scenery, form, perhaps, as interesting a novel as any of American manufacture.]

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

[3. 28 April 1804]

TIME rolled rapidly along; my exertions pleased Mr. BRANART; my knowledge increased; my reading, and

conversation with man, enlarged my mind, whilst it corrected many of my errors; my hopes of distinction were raised, I thought I saw the path of fame open as I travelled: Mean time my leisure hours were passed in the society of the amiable EMILIA BRANART, the first impressions which I had felt at the sight of her, were strengthened and confirmed; nor did I think her opinion of me unfavorable, and I believed I should have no cause to repent my journey.

But this pleasing calm, this feast on lively hopes of future prosperity, distinction and happiness, was doomed to be interrupted, by an alarming circumstance: I had been sent to repair a clock at the house of a gentleman in race-street; returning home, just as I stepped on the pavement, I saw a stage coach arrive at a neighboring house; wishing to see if any of the passengers were known to me, I stopped and to my astonishment, saw CARNELL descend from it; a cold shuddering seized me; the sight of this being filled me with sensations of a dreadful nature; they were connected with a sense of the dangers to which I thought myself again exposed; this man I was convinced, had sought to destroy me, and now again haunted me for the same dreadful purpose. Yet, how could he have discovered my residence? I had imparted no hints of the place of my destination on quitting my native spot, to any human being; yet he was here; causes with which I was wholly unconnected, might have induced him to visit Philadelphia; pleasure, business for aught I knew, this city might be his home, yet I still labored under the conviction that I, and I alone, was the object of his journey, to gratify his revenge, to embroil his hands in the blood of an innocent man. And was his vengeance to be gratified only by my destruction? Was there no method of warding off the impending danger? Could I not cause him to be apprehended? I had seen him in my chamber, armed with the instruments of death, at the hour of midnight; but I was the only one; my voice alone would not condemn him, and if it would, dare I charge him with meditating a deed, of which he had perhaps never formed an idea? It was at least possible, I might be mistaken, it might have been some other, my apprehensions had probably deceived my senses; these and many more reflections passed rapidly through

my mind, but produced no other effect than to confuse it with the uncertainty of probabilities, and the horrors of apprehension.

Nothing, however could be done; no means could be pursued, to ensure my safety, or lull my fears. I was obliged to wait with patience the unfolding of this mystery, and prepare myself to meet, with firmness, whatever might happen.

Walking in the state-house garden⁷ was a favorite amusement with EMILIA; thither I frequently attended her, when the warmth of the summer days, made the coolness of the evening, and the fragrance of the garden inviting; here, enjoying the society and conversation of the object of my fondest affections, -- I was suddenly seized by two officers of justice: I was surprized⁸, and enquired their business, "Our business, Sir," said one of them, "is with you." You have mistaken your object said I, with me you have no possible business; they however, insisted they were right, they mentioned my name, and even my former place of abode; after a vain altercation I accompanied them to the mayor's office, and answered many questions, and was finally informed I was charged with the crime of murder! You may form some idea of my astonishment at the information; EMILIA had accompanied me to the mayor's she believed the officers labored under some mistake, and her feelings may easily be conceived when she found me charged with the commission of so detestable a crime; yet what she knew of my character and conduct, seemed not to accord with that of a murderer; she requested I should not be sent to prison; she believed me innocent, and related those events of my life which had fallen under her observation: The mayor was a humane man, but he was compelled to fulfil the duties of his office; "All you have stated," said he, "may be true," but I, he observed, was charged with the murder of a young woman, who had long been missing. I had entered the city under very suspicious circumstances &c. if I was innocent the truth would shortly appear; this was not the place of my trial, his duty, however, obliged him to confine me, and I

was sent to prison!

Of all the strange adventures I had met with, this was the furthest above my comprehension: I could recollect no circumstances of my life which could possibly create suspicions of this nature: I did not think myself a dubious character; during my residence in the city I had led a quiet and inoffensive life; how then was this to be accounted for? It was evident some person had lodged information which would justify my confinement, in the judgment of the mayor; but here I was almost entirely a stranger, and who, except actuated by the spirit of a demon, would accuse me of any crime, without possessing at least a shadow of proof; the crime too, was so detestable, I had never even meditated it; I was lost and bewildered amidst innumerable and useless conjectures: At length the idea of CARNELL occurred, and with it a train of terrifying images; might not he, I asked, have caused my apprehension? Might he have not suborned some desperate villains, to prove me guilty of the crime? The conjecture seemed probable: instigated by revenge, he had already sought my destruction; and was not he who could deliberately meditate the death of an innocent man, capable of any deed, however enormous and detestable? Thus did I bewilder my senses endeavoring to guess why I had been apprehended; my few friends, in the mean time, visited me in prison; they believed me innocent, and endeavored to impress a belief, that I would, on trial, be proved so, and be honorably acquitted; for this occasion, I summoned all my firmness to my aid, yet I could not avoid reflecting with pain on the misfortunes I had encountered in consequence of quitting my paternal home; I had left it, chiefly to avoid assassination, and was now to suffer death, (perhaps) for a crime of the commission of which I was innocent.

(to be continued)

CRUEL FATHER

[1. 2 November 1805]

The Cruel Father

THE love of money is a passion which not only degrades our nature, and renders it insensible to those ties which unite the human race, but has the power of contracting all the softer affect-

tions, and of converting the heart of its possessor into an impenetrable mass. Such a heart was placed in the bosom of Malvolio; the pleadings of humanity never drew a tear from his eyes; every feeling seemed bound up in an adamantine girdle, which the hand of Plutus alone had the power to unbrace.

Malvolio had been educated under the care of an uncle, who, by a train of petty meannesses, had acquired a large portion of wealth; and the artificial character of Biggs, or the real one of Elwes, could not have devised the means of saving sixpence upon a more despicable plan.-- Taught from his infancy the intrinsic value of a farthing, and instructed in the art of converting pence into pounds, money, in fact, became his idol; and to obtain it, he frequently overstepped honesty's bounds. The uncle of Malvolio was one of those deceptious characters who pass for men of rectitude in the opinion of the world; he talked loudly of the increasing depravity of human nature, subscribed to public charities, and went regularly to church. Under this appearance of virtue and sanctity, a fraudulent and selfish disposition was concealed; and a merchant, with whom he lived in the habits of the greatest intimacy, committed into his care the person and fortune of a beloved child. This sacred deposit was no sooner placed in his protection, than he determined she should become his nephew's wife, and Malvolio, delighted at the idea of becoming master of a large fortune, was highly gratified at his relation's choice. The inclinations of the young lady were⁹ not even consulted; and though her heart was pre-engaged, her disposition was not formed to rebel; and though the gentle Isabella ventured to remonstrate against her destiny, she found it of no avail, and at length was forced to submit.

Never were dispositions more completely opposite than that of Malvolio and this amiable girl: she was all sweetness, softness, and liberality; whilst his every emotion was absorbed in the desire of accumulating wealth. In addition to this, he was a domestic tyrant; his passions were violent, and he was the victim of caprice: at one moment he would caress her with a fondness absolutely fulsome, and at the next he would almost annihilate her with rage. About two years after her marriage, Isabella became a mother. A variety of pleasing emotions crowded upon her mind; but the child at once proved a source of comfort and uneasiness; for Malvolio insisted upon superintending the care of it himself. If she ordered the servant to walk out with it, that was improper; if it was retained in the nursery, she was ruining its health; and, under the pretence of fondness for the infant, its unfortunate mother had not a moment's¹⁰ peace.

The little Adolphus, however, grew in spite of the inconsistencies of the capricious author of his birth, and displayed, even in childhood, a variety of instances of a good understanding, and a susceptible heart. To strengthen those amiable propensities, which he had derived from nature, afforded Isabella, the highest delight; and, in the absence of his father, all her attention was devoted to the controlling¹¹ his pas-

⁷ This place was then the report of people of fashion and decency. [footnote from original text]

⁸ Misspelling of "surprised"

⁹ In original, was is used instead of were

¹⁰ In original, word fails to show possessive

¹¹ In original, spelling rendered as controuling

sions, and the cultivation of his mind. In the twelfth year of his age, Adolphus had the misfortune to lose a mother, whom he at once loved and revered: but though death had deprived him of her maternal tenderness, her precepts had made a strong impression upon his heart.

Though Isabella appeared to have no influence upon Malvolio's conduct, yet, by her soothing softness, his passions were frequently allayed; and when deprived of her, he gave them an unbounded dominion over him, to the terror of those who were under his power. Adolphus not only inherited the amiable disposition of his mother, but possessed all that yielding softness for which she was admired, and never presumed to oppose the commands of Malvolio, though they were frequently repugnant to every feeling of his heart.

The time, however, at length arrived, when duty and affection were at warfare; for Malvolio thought himself entitled to provide a wife for his son; and as fortune had been his only consideration, he expected Adolphus to adopt the same plan. The disposition of this young man was formed for domestic happiness, and he had beheld and object with whom he thought it was to be found; she was the daughter of an officer, who had no fortune but his commission, who lived within a short distance of his father's house. The mind of Eliza Desborough had been highly cultivated; her form was the most perfect that can possibly be conceived; her countenance was at once an index to her feelings, and expressed her sensations without the language of speech. Such was the amiable girl who had made an impression upon the heart of Adolphus, which it was beyond the power of parental authority to efface; and the wife which his father had selected, was in every respect opposite to her; for she was destitute of every personal and every mental grace.

"Adolphus," said his father to him one morning at breakfast, "I intend introducing you this evening to the rich heiress, Miss Green. She has twenty thousand pounds independent of her father, who I know has above double that sum snug in the stocks; and if you do but play your cards with caution, the prize will be yours, I'd bet a thousand pounds!" Adolphus was so petrified with this piece of intelligence, that he was absolutely unable to make any reply: when his father exclaimed, in a voice of authority, "Pray, Sir, have you lost the use of your tongue?" "No, Sir," replied Adolphus; "but I have never thought of marriage. And--I--I cannot say I am much struck with the person of Miss Green." "Struck," said Malvolio, in a tone of violence: "But, Sir, have you never heard of a father striking a son out of his will? Yet¹² I tell you once for all, boy, I am determined you shall marry her; for I shall not be such a fool as to let you choose for yourself."

"Sir," rejoined Adolphus, inspired by the recollection of Eliza Desborough's attractions, "I have in all things paid an implicit obedience to your wishes; but you cannot desire me to sacrifice the happiness of my life; and I must candidly declare that I have a repugnance to the idea of even thinking of Miss Green in the

character of a wife."

"And have you any repugnance to her fortune, Sir?" thundered out Malvolio scarcely able to articulate from the violence of his rage. You numbskull¹³! you blockhead! How¹⁴ dare you dispute my orders! Why, I tell you, the girl will have sixty thousand pounds; and I tell you, moreover, that I will make a beggar of you, unless you marry the person of whom I make choice."

It was in vain for Adolphus to attempt disputing with his father in this violent perturbation of fury and rage; he therefore endeavoured to allay the paroxysm of his passion, by declaring himself ready to accompany him to Miss Green's. Conformable as he had hitherto been to the wishes of his father, in this instance he resolutely determined not to yield; and though he agreed to pay the intended visit, the image of Eliza reigned triumphant in his heart. If the person of Miss Green had excited disgustful emotions, how much were they increased by the vulgar coarseness of her remarks! He was convinced that their marriage had been a preconcerted measure by their parents; for the moment tea was ended they were left by themselves. Instead of the young lady displaying any embarrassment at this circumstance, she had the indelicacy to turn it into jest; enquired whether it was the first time he had ever been left tête à tête with a female; and asked if the novelty of the circumstance excited any new sensation in his breast.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Adolphus could so far conquer his feelings, as to parry off her questions, as if she had merely been in jest, but never did he think the hours passed so tediously as until Mr. Green, and his father returned. The smirking countenance of the lady delighted Malvolio, who flattered himself that his son had been intimidated by his threats, and had thought sixty thousand pounds an ample compensation for every bodily and mental defect. Full of this idea, he took leave of the father and daughter, having some mercantile affairs to transact with a gentleman in his own line; and Adolphus pleading a violent headache, Malvolio did not persuade him to stay.

Released from that restriction he had been compelled to put upon his feelings, the footsteps of Adolphus involuntarily led towards Captain Desborough's house, when the sight of the muffled knocker gave a horror to his feelings, and for a few moments suspended the pulsation of his heart. He rang softly at the bell, yet dreaded to see the door opened, lest he should hear some fatal intelligence respecting the object so dear to his heart; and when the servant appeared, he could scarcely enquire, whether it was Captain or Miss Desborough who was ill.

"Oh! 'tis my poor master, Sir," replied the woman, taking up the corner of her apron to wipe away the tears which her news had excited; "but, my dear young lady, I assure you, is in a dreadful condition; for the doctor has just told her the capt. cannot live!" "Not live!" exclaimed Adolphus, turning pale at the information--"Oh, God! What¹⁵ a stroke for my poor

Eliza to endure!" Not sensible of what he said, he then asked the servant if she thought her master could be seen.

Though Adolphus from a child had visited at Captain Desborough's, and was treated by him with the same familiar affection as if he had been his son, he had never even ventured to mention his passion to him, though in a thousand different instances he had displayed the feelings of his heart. Shocked, as he was, at the idea of his friend's situation, he was still more so at the prospect of Eliza's unprotected state; and he was anxious to obtain the sanction of Captain Desborough, to shield her from the dangers to which youth and beauty is exposed.

The servant, who knew the intimate footing which Adolphus was received in the family, instantly conducted him into her master's room; and though the exhausted invalid had appeared to be dying, he instantly rose from his pillow, exclaimed, "Oh, my son!" Adolphus seized the hand which had been extended towards him, and involuntarily dropped upon his knees.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

12 In original, word appears without capitalization

13 In original, word is rendered numbskull

14 In original, word appears without capitalization

15 In original, word appear without capitalization