

EARLY AMERICAN SERIALIZED NOVELS

ISSUE IX

THE FORESTERS

[9. April 1788]

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

[Continued from page 60.]

TO trace with precision all the causes, great and small, which operated to the dismemberment of John Bull's estate, would be no easy task; some of them perhaps, were *secret*, but of such, as were open to observation, we shall endeavour to sketch out the principal.

It is well known, that he was of a choleric habit, and that those who were acquainted with his humour and passions, could manage and impose upon him at their pleasure. Had he been let alone to pursue his own business *himself*, his plain, natural good sense, and generosity of mind, would have kept him clear of many difficulties; but he had his advisers, his hangers-on, his levee-hunters, his toad-eaters, and sycophants, forever about him, who, like a parcel of blood-suckers, could never have enough to glut their voracity.

When the forest was first occupied by the tenants, Bull had a (1) wife who minded her own domestic business, and did not concern herself with his landed interest. The leases and grants were made out in *his* name, and he was supposed to be the owner or proprietor; but the lady whom he now had, was very assuming, and insisted on having her hand in the management of *all* his affairs. She visited the compting-house, and made the clerks shew her their books; she overhauled the steward's accounts, and inspected his correspondence; she not only looked after the rents and incomes of the forest, but even intruded into the household concerns of the tenants, and affected to call herself *their mother*, because she had

taken some care of one or two of them in their first setting out, although most of them scarcely ever had seen her face, or had any acquaintance with her, but by hearsay.

It must be observed, also, that this woman had engaged Mr. Bull in some expensive lawsuits, and speculations, which had got him deeply into *debt*, and he was obliged to hire money of usurers to carry her schemes into execution. Had she, at the same time, introduced that frugality and economy into the family, which her duty ought to have prompted her to, this debt might have been kept down, and the interest regularly paid; but the swarm of harpies which were continually about her, and the course of gambling which was carried on under her connivance and direction, swallowed up all the profits of the trade, and incomes of the land, while the luxury and dissipation of the family increased in proportion, as the means of discharging the debt decreased.

In short, Mr. Bull was reduced to that humiliating condition, which, by whatever fashionable name it may now go, was formerly called *petticoat-government*.

During the law-suit with Lewis and Lord Strut (2) concerning the forest, there had been a great intercourse with the tenants. Many of Bull's servants and retainers, who were employed as bailiffs and attorneys, and their deputies, had been very conversant with them, and were entertained at their houses, where they always found wholesome victuals, jolly fire sides, and warm beds. They took much notice of every thing that passed, asked many questions, and made many remarks on the goodness of the land, the pleasant situation of the houses, the clean and thriving condition of the children, who were always ready to wait them, to clean their boots, hold their stirrups, open and shut the gates for them, and the like little necessary

services, as well bred children in the country are wont. The remarks which these persons made, when they got home, favored rather of envy, than of gratitude or affection. Some of them would say "Those fellows live too well in the forest; they thrive too fast; the place is too good for them; they ought to know who is their master; they can afford to pay more rent; they ought to pay for the help they have had; if it had not been for Master Bull, and the assistance which he has lent them, they would have been turned out of doors; and now they are to reap the benefit of his exertions, while he (poor man) is to pay the cost."

There were not wanting some, in the families of the Foresters themselves, who had the meanness to crouch to these fellows, and supplicate their favour and interest with Mr. Bull, to recommend them to some posts of profit, as under-stewards, collectors of rent, clerks of receipts, and the like pretty offices. These beggarly curs would repeat the same language, and hold correspondence with the bailiffs, attorneys, &c. after they had got home. Whenever any trifling quarrel happened in the families of the tenants, they would magnify it and fill their letters with complaints of the licentiousness of the people, and plead for a tighter hand to be held over them.

Such speeches as those were frequently made, and such letters read, in the hearing of Mr. Bull's wife and steward. This grew by degrees to be the current language of the family, and Bull himself listened to it. His choler rose upon the occasion, and when his hangers-on observed it, they plied him with stronger doses, till his jealousy and hatred were excited, and a complete revolution in his temper, with regard to his tenants, took place, agreeably to the most sanguine and malevolent wishes of his and their enemies.

The first effect of this change

(1) Parliament.

(2) War of 1756.

was, that his clerks were ordered to charge not only the prices of the goods, which the tenants should purchase, but to make them pay for the *paper* (3) on which their bills of parcels and notes of hand were written, and that at a very exorbitant rate. This was so intolerable an abuse, and withal so mean, pitiful, and beggarly an expedient to pick their pockets, that they held a meeting among themselves, and resolved not to buy any more of his goods, as long as this imposition lasted; and by way of contempt, they hanged and burned the effigies of the steward, and other persons who were suspected of having advised to these new measures.

The resentment shewn by the tenants on this occasion was quite unexpected. The secret favourers, and real authors of the mischief, began to be afraid that they had gone too far for the first attempt. Bull's journeymen were in an uproar about it, left by the failure of his trade they should be out of bread; and to shorten the story, he was obliged to give up the point of making them pay for the paper, though *Madam* had the singular modesty to make a declaration, that it was a mere matter of *expediency*, and that SHE had the sole power and right of dominion over them, notwithstanding Mr. Bull's *most gracious* concession at that time. (4)

This was considered by the tenants as a most impudent and barefaced assumption; for whatever rights Mr. Bull might pretend to have, as their old master and landlord, yet they never had any idea of a *mistress* over them; and though they very complaisantly returned him their thanks for his present goodness, yet as they suspected that there was more mischief hatching, they began to enquire more narrowly than ever into his right and title to the land, on which they lived. They looked over old parchments and memorandums, consulted council learned in the law, and after due deliberation, they were fully

convinced, that *their own* title was, at least, as good as his, and that they had a right to refuse him any rent or acknowledgment, if it were prudent for them to exercise it.

Mr. Bull's jealousy was now increased with regard to their intentions, and his scribbling retainers frequently accused them of ingratitude and disobedience, and a long premeditated design to set up for independence; a thing which they had not yet thought of, and probably never would, if this abusive treatment had not put it into their heads.

But though by those means they were led into an enquiry, and a train of thinking, which were quite new to them; yet as old habits are not easily broken, and their affection for their master was very strong, they endeavoured, with a candor which did them honor, to transfer the blame from him to his wife and steward, to whose machinations they knew he was a dupe. These bad counsellors soon renewed their attempts in another shape, by raising the rent, and putting an advanced price upon the goods, and by means of additional clerks, packers, porters, watchmen, draymen, &c. who were continually in waiting, and to all of whom fees were to be paid, the trade laboured under great embarrassments, and some of the Foresters were quite discouraged, others were vexed and impatient, while some of the better tempered of them, endeavoured to persuade the rest to keep up the communication as long as they could. They were loth to quarrel with their old master, and yet could not pocket the affronts and abuses to which they were daily exposed.

During this sullen interval, many letters passed, many books and precedents were examined, and much ink was shed, in a controversy, which, however incapable of a *decision* in this way, might have been *compromised*, if Mr. Bull's first thoughts had been as good as his second; but he was so completely under management, as not to see his true interest. It was a common saying among his neighbors, "John Bull's wit comes afterward;" and in fact it did not come in this case,

till too late, for, when a cause once gets into the law, there are so many quirks, evasions, demurs, and procrastinations, that it is impossible to make a retreat, till one or both of the parties have severely smarted for their temerity.

[*To be continued.*]

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA

[6. 19 May 1804]

"THAT the motives of my conduct, and that of my colleagues may be understood, and our innocence of any design against your life, or the crime of perjury may be proved; I shall relate a few circumstances which happened previous to your unfortunate journey to Philadelphia: Being on a visit of some length in the neighborhood of your late residence, we happened to stop one evening at an inn, where we heard a young man (who we then thought was you) express his intention of effecting the death of SUSAN WARFIELD; he said her base treatment of him, would justify any measures, however violent and sanguinary; it was such, as no human being, however gentle, would suffer to pass, without the severest punishment; and finally, he said he would effect her destruction in any manner whatever; we saw him, though we were in the next room, through the glazed door; he, I believe, was unconscious of our presence: he declared his intention to his companion, while intoxicated with passion and foaming with rage and fury; the circumstance made some impression on our minds; but we believed his words proceeded from the violence of his passion, and did not doubt, but during the paroxysms of anger, he had meditated, what when reason again regulated his conduct, he would certainly not execute; for these reasons we were silent, until some months after; we were accustomed during the moon-light summer nights to fish for eels in a small stream which emptied into the river Susquehanna, the situation we usually chose commanded a near view of the rocky eminence where we could observe all that passed without being seen; here we saw you frequently arrive, armed with a club in the night;

(3) Stamp-act, 1765.

(4) Repeal of the Stamp-act, and Declaratory act, 1766.

near this place WARFIELD usually passed the evening with her lover, as his visits to her father's house were forbidden; these circumstance, compared with what we had witnessed at the inn, excited our suspicions, and you were narrowly watched; -- one night, while pursuing our usual sport, we saw WARFIELD approach you; we saw you rise soon after, rush upon, and push her into the river; all this was done in a few minutes, nor was it in our power, (though in a short distance) to prevent, or to save WARFIELD; as to reach you, we should have been obliged to take a circuitous rout: we therefore watched you, as you had to pass very near where we were concealed, by the trees, (it should be recollected, that we still believed, you was the same person we had seen at the inn.) That night you absconded, and it was long ere our inquiries traced you to Philadelphia. We caused your apprehension and conviction. --As we were returning home to Maryland (our place of residence) we lodged at an inn on the road, where, on entering, to our astonishment we saw a man sitting in the room, so much resembling you, that we were fully persuaded you had escaped from prison; without a moment's hesitation we seized him; his astonishment seemed equal to our own; he said he was in search of his wife, who had left his house in Maryland, and he believed had gone to her father's on the banks of the Susquehanna; he told his story with apparent sincerity, and with that confidence which innocence, or impudence, only, can assume when charged with a crime; we gazed on each other in silent wonder; with the banks of the Susquehanna we were somewhat acquainted; we asked him many questions which he readily answered; but when we charged him with the crime for which you were condemned to suffer, he replied, if possible, with increasing astonishment; SUSAN WARFIELD is my wife! Not many days have elapsed since I saw her; he explained to us several circumstances, all which filled us with horror and consternation; in short, we were made acquainted with every circumstance necessary to prove your innocence: Judge then, if you can, what we felt; we had caused the death of a guiltless and deserving man, he had been deceived by an unusual resemblance between two persons. unknown to each other: the day appointed for the exe-

cution had already passed and you had probably been punished for a deed you had never committed; but the pangs of death, and the extremest tortures were bliss compared to the horrible sensations we experienced. --Yet there was still a possibility of your execution being deferred; this had more than once, been the case; the life of a man and our own future peace were at stake, and while there was the most distant hope it might be saved, it was our duty and our wish to make the experiment. To return to Philadelphia and to take CARSON with us, was a resolution adopted and instantly put into execution; to our inexpressible joy our journey has not been vain; you will scarcely be able, sufferer as you have been, to forgive us, who have been, though unintentionally, the cause of your misfortunes; but could you know the torments we have felt, when in imagination, we saw your injured spirit rise from the shades of death, and accuse us of destroying you by deeds perpetrated only by the most abandoned of mankind, and when you have seen the dreadful resemblance which caused our unfortunate error; you will look on us with less detestation than is at present possible." --

He ceased, went out, and soon returned with CARSON—here was indeed an extraordinary resemblance, so exact, so striking, that all present were filled with astonishment: but for a small difference in our height, the most intimate friend could have scarcely distinguished us from each other; from these men I learned that the dreadful CARNELL was dead, and thus another cause of uneasiness was removed. I was now soon liberated, restored to that respect I had before enjoyed, and united to that amiable woman, EMILIA, who had been one of the first causes of my misfortunes. In her I have found a woman of a superior understanding, enlightened mind, gentle disposition, her superior judgment has corrected many of my errors; she has lessened that love of distinction and celebrity, which I had once indulged, and which I had attained by means, as unwelcome, as unexpected; she has convinced me, that fame is not always the portion of merit, that to deserve the esteem of mankind, was a superior enjoyment to an enlarged mind, than distinction or fame could bestow. “

ADELIO

CRUEL FATHER

[4. 23 November 1805]

(*Concluded.*)

"Try to live for his sake, I implore you, my Eliza," exclaimed the affectionate Adolphus, returning her embrace. Here his voice faltered⁵--his breath became shorter, and, uttering a penetrating groan, he expired! "Has he left me? (exclaimed the frantic Eliza, grasping the lifeless body in her arms) Oh, Adolphus! my beloved; death shall not part us! No, never;--never shall you leave me again!" The physician endeavored to disengage her arms from the body; but she grasped it with a still firmer hold; and uttering a violent scream, fell into convulsions, when with the utmost exertion of strength she was removed. One fit rapidly succeeded another, until at length nature seemed exhausted by fatigue, and the humane physician did not leave her until she had fallen into a quiet sleep.

The humane Mr. Middleton's heart had never encountered such a trial. He had always loved Adolphus, with as much affection as if he had been his child. He had likewise known Eliza from a state of infancy, and was well acquainted with the exquisite sensibility of her mind. Though the person with whom she lodged was a very good kind of a woman, yet she was a stranger to that soothing tenderness which gratifies the heart; he determined, therefore, to send the only person who had consoled Eliza in affliction, and who seemed to be truly sensible of her worth. Mrs. Herbert, which was this lady's name, instantly obeyed the summons; but what an effecting scene presented itself to her sight! In one room, she beheld the dead body of Adolphus; and in another, his apparently expiring wife; Eliza, it is true, was sleeping; yet she breathed with the utmost difficulty, and every feature in her beautiful countenance had undergone a change: entirely round, her mouth was disfigured with a black circle, and frequent groans testified the uneasy state of her mind. The little infant began to be uneasy for that sustenance which it would have been dangerous for him to have drawn: but the mistress of the house, at the same period, fortunately happened to be a nurse. Eliza continued in these uneasy slumbers for the space of seven hours, when springing upright in her bed, she terrified her attendants, by exclaiming, "Oh, my Adolphus, I come--I come!"--Again the fits returned upon her, and with far greater violence than before, until nature was exhausted by the violence of exertion--and the hapless Eliza expired. Every effort that human skill could suggest was made use of; but the spotless spirit had taken its flight; the lifeless body of Eliza was laid by that of her husband; and kneeling by the side of them, Middleton sacredly promised to become a father to their child.

From the day of Adolphus' marriage, Mr. Middleton had never seen Malvolio; though he had written several letters expressing the hor-

5 In original, word is rendered faltered

ror he felt at his unjust aspersions on the character of his child: and he now meditated a revenge which he thought must punish his depravity, and penetrate into the deep recesses of his mind. Scarcely had the idea entered his imagination, when he directed his footsteps towards Malvolio's house, and rapping at the door, made no inquiries, but walked unceremoniously into the room.

"Is it you, Mr. Middleton? (exclaimed Malvolio) this is a pleasure which I did not expect to receive, I am heartily glad to see you, however: but you will think it a great proof of my want of sense, when I tell you I have been dreadfully disturbed with dreams. In short, I cannot help thinking it a vision; but I wish to know whether you have lately heard any news of my son?" "Your son arrived last night in England, (replied Middleton, indignantly.)-- The climate, unfortunately, has proved destructive to his health; your cruelty had preyed too deeply upon his constitution, and rendered him unable to cope with disease." "God forbid!-- (exclaimed the at length repented Malvolio.) Then I fear that my dream will to soon be made out. I will go and see him this instant, if you will introduce me; but I have not the courage to go alone." "I am ready, (rejoined Middleton,) for it is the very thing I came for; but you must expect to see him considerably changed; and his poor wife is equally altered, and both at this moment are confined to their bed." Malvolio sighed, but made no reply to this intelligence; and a total silence ensued until they arrived at the house; when, opening the door of the apartment where the lifeless bodies lay extended, he exclaimed, "Behold the victims of your cruelty, and tremble at the sight! Monster of iniquity! (continued he, exalting his accents,) disgrace to the very name you bear! What father but yourself, would not have been proud of studying the happiness of such an amiable, such a deserving son? You have not only been the destroyer of his existence, but you have been the murderer of his fame: yet, if Providence grants me life, I will vindicate his memory, and disperse that vile odium you cast upon his name!

"Oh, God! Thy⁶ judgments are fallen heavy upon me! (said the petrified Malvolio, clinging for support to the bed.) And is he really dead? Call me not murderer! Oh! This⁷ is a blow which human nature cannot bear! Oh, Adolphus! Injured Adolphus! How⁸ shall I expiate the enormity of my crime?" "Thus, (said the worthy Middleton, taking the infant from the cradle,) become a parent to this unprotected child. Not that I will ever resign him to your protection; no--his happiness shall be the first object of my life. I have sworn to protect him over the bodies of his parents, and most religiously will I fulfil my vow. Make him your heir; that is all I require from you; it is the only compensation you can make him for the loss of your son." "Alas! Exclaimed⁹ Malvolio, my happiness is fled forever, and I no longer wish for the continuance of life: yet surely I am not the wretch

that you describe me! Surely I have not been the murderer of my child! Oh, Middleton! Why¹⁰ did you not let me see him before those lips were finally closed? Perhaps he would have told me he pardoned my cruelty; and, from possessing his forgiveness, I might have died in peace!-- (Then throwing himself upon the bed by the side of the lifeless body of Adolphus, he burst into a violent agony of tears.) Am I not punished? (exclaimed he starting up with a phrenzied countenance,) I suffer at this moment the torments of the damned! His wife, too, dead! Who was her slaughterer? You do not dare to say that deed was performed by my hand! Poor luckless girl! Yet she seems to smile upon me. Ah, they told me she had a kind and gentle heart: yet, wretch that I was, to suffer her to pine in obscurity, when I was absolutely wallowing in wealth! But the day of retribution has already overtaken me. Oh, Middleton, I have my punishment even in this life! However, do not teach that boy to curse me: and, in pity to my present sufferings, do not expose my crimes!"

The humane Mr. Middleton had already repented of the part in the dreadful drama which he had performed, and felt the most alarming apprehensions, lest the senses of the repentant Malvolio were turned. He therefore gave him a positive promise, not to expose his cruel conduct, or to endeavor to prejudice the mind of the child: but the world too late became sensible that the injury he had done to Adolphus, and his inhuman father was universally despised.-- The horrors of a reproaching conscience continually pursued him: in his dreams he perpetually thought he beheld the spirit of his son, accusing him with being the destroyer of his happiness, and the murderer of his beloved wife.-- For three years he lived a life of misery; the only happiness he enjoyed was in the presence of the child, whom he left the whole of his fortune, except an annuity to the worthy Mr. Middleton of three hundred a year.

EUGENIUS AND SELIMA

Saturday, October 11, 1794

The first opportunity he could take, without being observed, he wrote to Mrs. R---, informing her how averse his father was to his marriage and begging her to acquaint Selima of his eternal constancy to her, and if possible to send him some intelligence concerning her.

Having thus unburthened his mind, he now felt more happy than he had done some time. He began to eat his meals with cheerfulness, hoping soon to receive an answer to his letter, which arrived in a few days wherein she condoled with him on the unhappy situation to which he was reduced by his father's barbarity; and telling him that Selima could not refrain a tear on reading his letter; but that young lady had considered it as improper to shew it her mother, left piqued by his father's refusal; and influenced by pride, she might be induced to use her daughter in the same

manner--but what pleased him above all, was the following postscript in Selima's own hand:

"I partake in the uneasiness your father's cruel behavior has occasioned; but if my love can afford any consolation, you possess it--Make yourself as easy as possible, and be assured my affection shall only cease with death.

"Adieu: Remember

"Selima."

These few lines operated like an elixir on his distracted mind, and restored him to his wonted tranquility. The family judged from the cheerfulness of his countenance, that he had got the better of this foolish passion, as they called it.— His father and tutor were also inclined to believe the same; and their suspicious [sp] being lulled asleep, he carried on his correspondence with Mrs. R--- and Selima for some time, without interruption, till at length an incident happened which gave rise to a discovery, which involved the ill-fated Eugenius in fresh troubles, and reduced him, if possible, to a more pitiable situation than before.

Morosus unfortunately observed a servant deliver his son a letter, and though he imagined it was concerning his amour he took no notice of it at present.

A short time after, he sent the tutor to Eugenius, in order to discover if possible the present state of his mind concerning Selima, who artfully insinuated he was glad to find he had forgotten that young lady: But Eugenius, with more sincerity than prudence, answered, "No, sir, I have not forgotten her, and though I may appear tranquil in this long and cruel absence from her, yet her lovely image is too deeply engraven on my heart ever to be erased, either by time or misfortune." "So much the worse, (replied the tutor) I pity you; for your father this moment sent me to tell you, he intends disposing of you in a marriage, as also to prepare you for that event, and you know his disposition will not brook a denial." "Impossible, (cried Eugenius) by obeying my father, I forfeit my honor—What then can I do."

His father had in reality no intentions to marry him, but tried this experiment to see if it were possible to make him forget Selima; and finding this fail, he had recourse to other expedients, which proved equally ineffectual. He sent for the servant he had seen him give the letter, who by threats and persuasions discovered the correspondence that had subsisted between his son and Selima. However, Morosus ordered for the future to bring him all the letters that came for his son: And what was his astonishment when he found, in the first letter he intercepted, to what length the young lover had gone; but he did not fail answering this himself, and accordingly informed Mrs. R--- that he was determined to marry his son to a lady he had fixed upon, and begged her, in order to wean his affections from Selima, to write him word she was on the point of marriage.

Mrs. R---, knowing the rank of Morosus, complied with his request; and the next letter Eugenius received, brought him the disagreeable news of a supposed match that was on foot between Selima and a gentleman of her parent's choice, whom the former had consented to marry.

His father expecting this news would drive him to the extremity of desperation, ordered the tutor to be present when he knew the letter would

6 In original, word appears without capitalization

7 In original, word appears without capitalization

8 In original, word appears without capitalization

9 In original, word appears without capitalization

10 In original, word appears without capitalization

arrive; and the precaution was very wisely taken, for, without doubt, had he been alone he would put a period to his existence.

He raved with the madness of a man bereft of his senses, and his father coming in at the disturbance, relaxing his former severity of look, endeavored by gentleness to bring him to reason, pretending ignorance of the cause from whence this sudden phrenzy proceeded. "Leave me, (cried the afflicted Eugenius) to my fate; ask me not whence my sorrow arises; as well you know you yourself have caused it, by refusing to give your consent to my union with Selima, who, alas! is now insupportable; deprive me of it, O barbarous father, at once."

He uttered these words with such vehemence, that his father feared this affair would end in some dismal catastrophe. He therefore thought it necessary not to leave him himself, till he had endeavored by every argument in his power to convince him how despicable it was for a man of spirit and understanding to be subdued by such a weakness. In the interval, when reason triumphed over madness, he seemed to comply with his father's advice, as he thought that would be the only and surest means to gain more liberty and obtain an opportunity of going to Oxford, to satiate his revenge upon his supposed happy rival, and punish the perfidy of Selima. Yet so credulous was he, that though the letter was sufficient to give him sufficient proof of his mistress's infidelity, yet he imputed it to her parents having heard of the difficulties his father had made to their union, and that they in revenge had forced their daughter to marry, contrary to her inclination, for he still thought Selima incapable of deceit.

Fortune seemed to favour the unfortunate Eugenius; for a few weeks after, his father was obliged to go to Oxford on business of importance. This gave him an opportunity to carry his intended project to execution. His father was not the least suspicious of his son, but imagined that by the indifference he feigned, he had forgot every thing related to Selima, so accordingly took him with him.

Eugenius, however, went as soon as possible after his arrival in the country to Mrs. R---'s, who was surprised to see him. At his earnest solicitation to be informed who the happy rival was, that Selima had preferred to him, and she confessed the deceit that had been put upon him at his father's request. This intelligence brought a composure to his troubled mind, which for a long time it had been unacquainted with; he now with eagerness demanded, if Selima lived where she did formerly? and was told she did not; that she had been ill some time, and that her disorder was now grown to such a height, that her life was despaired of. This was a new cause of unhappiness; but he determined to see her.

Mrs. R---, who saw her every day, promised to acquaint her mother of his arrival, and to beg the favor that he might be permitted to see this young lady. But after the deceit he had already experienced, he paid no regard to promises, but endeavored to find out an expedient to introduce himself. Although he was fearful his presence might occasion an emotion that might increase her illness, yet he could not help thinking it would have a different effect, & give her pleasure.

Flushed with these hopes he made it his business to find out the physician that attended, who happened fortunately to be one who had visited him in a fit of illness a few years back; and making himself known, begged the favor of him to let him accompany him in the next visit he should make to Selima. The physician complied, and he accompanied him that evening to Mrs. C---'s.

Eugenius not being personally known to any of the domestics, gained admittance as a friend of the physician. When he entered Selima's chamber, he saw her mother kneeling by the bedside drowned in tears. In despite [sp] of his efforts to the contrary, he could not help shedding tears of latent tenderness on beholding this melancholy scene; which plainly discovered the interesting part he bore in the disorder. As she was raised up to receive some nourishment, he beheld her face, once the glowing seat of florid health and vivid bloom, all wan and covered with deadly paleness. But her eyes, notwithstanding her disorder, still maintained their usual vivacity. Her attendants observing Eugenius, who was quite a stranger to them, turned their eyes on him, and Selima observing their attention, made her cast a look that way. She immediately knew him, and her extraordinary emotion on seeing him, testified her surprise and pleasure; and stretching out her hand, made a sign that he should advance nearer; which he did, and as he gently clasped her hand between his--"Have I ved [sp]," said she, "once more to hold my dear Eugenius! Yes! Indulgent Heaven has heard my prayer and granted me my only wish."—"But my dear Selima, (replied he) to what an unhappy situation do I see you reduced."—"Hush, (said she) it is the will of Heaven; but if you maintain the same affection for me you formerly did, I bear it contentedly." "If I still love you! (returned he) Ah! my dear Selima, when I cease to love you, I must cease to exist." "Enough, (answered she) I am satisfied; I feel my last moments approach; bear my death with resignation--farewell--love me forever—preserve my same affection you always professed, and live content." She could utter no more; but falling into her lover's arms, heaved a last sigh, and expired without a groan.

Unhappy youth! this was too much; his fortitude could not withstand it; he remained senseless for some time. The physician attended him home; he endeavored to console himself for his loss, and forget; but ah! the effort was fruitless. His grief threw him into a fever, which alas! terminated his life, and he died a melancholy victim of despair.

Morosus, distracted at the loss of his son and only child, and overwhelmed with a sense of his own barbarity at being the cause of his death, remains the miserable prey of sorrow.

Such are the fatal effects of Parental Tyranny, when parents biassed by their interest, study their children's imaginary advantage more than their real good and happiness.

FINIS