Preface

*Adventures in a Castle* was published initially in eight serialized installments in the Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register (PRWR). The first of the work’s eight installments was printed on May 2nd, 1801 and its publication continued weekly through June 30th of that same year. The editor, David Hogan, was responsible for the serialization and inclusion of *Adventures in a Castle* in the PRWR magazine. The vast extent of what is known about the author is shared in the paratext Hogan includes in its serialized publication. Hogan references the author Julius intermittently (a total of seven times) throughout the fictional narrative. Typically these references are just by name and appear at the conclusion of an installment. However, at the end of the story, Hogan divulges some interesting views and revealing contextualized interpretation of the tale in the concluding paratext.

In addition to his gratitude for the author Julius’ timely submissions, Hogan admits in the final paratextual reference that “the literary world abounds with the trifles of this kind.” Hogan goes on to suggest that consequently “no doubt [works like this one], in some measure, forms a criterion by which to judge of the taste of the age; tho’ a taste of this kind of reading, is not, perhaps, peculiar to the present one.” Essentially, what Hogan concedes is that while this tale is not extraordinary in and of itself, it does delineate the general expectation readers of that age upheld.

Tales like *Adventures in a Castle*, as Hogan suggests “inculcates a moral, if not new, yet good.” In this story, Hogan maintains the Count de Vauban (avarice personified) “meets with the deserved punishment: while the innocent objects of his horrid persecution, are extricated from his cruel fangs, and finally brought to the enjoyment of more perfect domestic felicity, than they would otherwise probably have attained, had it not been for those very circumstances to which his machinations gave birth.” This particular outcome not only conforms to reader expectation but it does so because it corroborates an espoused or at least perceived divine truth of the period that “the wicked are often snared in their own devices.” Hogan concludes the paratext with his praise of Julius’ prose and his ability to refrain from “those passionate exclamations, that often insinuate a degree of profanity into the mind, and with which tales and novels frequently abound.” He insinuates to the reader that any new works Julius may choose to submit will be given the utmost consideration from the editor.

Julius is credited with a few additional serialized works and literary appearances that emerged at different times in the Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register. In a letter to the editor, on October 17th 1801, Julius bemoans the behavior of two primary correspondents over the issue of Mr. Law and the Uranian Society. In the April 2nd 1803 publication Julius addresses the periodical’s editor David Hogan through paratext interjected before the poem “Epitaph” urging his readership to help solve an apparent chronological inconsistency in the work. In one of the earliest submissions on April 4th 1801, Julius, in the short fictional work “Curious Incident,” patterns much of what he accomplishes later in *Adventures in a Castle* through his construction of this demonstrable moralistic tale. The final reference of Julius in PRWR is the serialized work entitled *The Ruins*. *The Ruins* was a similarly moralistic tale that was serialized into six installments beginning on the 28th of November 1801 publication in and finishing on the January 16th edition in 1802.

As its name suggests, the Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register (PRWR) was printed in the early 19th Century in Philadelphia Pennsylvania. The publication was printed in quarto form. A “quarto” is a book or pamphlet composed of one or more sheets of paper on which eight pages are printed, which are then folded twice over to create four “leaves.” During its five-and-a-half-year existence from November 15th 1800 to April 5th 1806, the PRWR was edited by David Hogan, John W. Scott, and ultimately Thomas Irwin.

This eight-page weekly publication included an assortment of miscellaneous subjects, matters, and content that were composed in a diverse range of forms including: original essays, serialized tales, extracts from both new and older publications, biographical sketches, and some material on the theater. According to the *History of Philadelphia* Volume III, the Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register was popular with many because it was “edited with a kind spirit of encouragement towards their experiments in writing, and offered a place for their poetry, tales, and sketches, upon terms of criticism not very strict or severe. Interestingly, the majority of issues often included musical compositions, and during the period of time when Hogan and Scott oversaw the periodical’s publication, which essentially constituted the first four volumes, the final page was dedicated almost exclusively to poetry.

Each of the narrative’s serialized excerpts are contained in the periodical’s first volume–in consecutive issues twenty-five through thirty-two. The original aggregation and organization of the serialized content, which was used as the primary source material for the transcription was retrieved from the American Periodicals Series II Database.

*Adventures in a Castle* was also reprinted and featured in the New-York Weekly Museum (NYWM). It appeared in six installments beginning on January 2nd and ending on the 6th February 1808. It is interesting to consider just how much the readability of the text is impacted by the two different serializations (and even much later novelized edition).

*Adventures in a Castle*, in its initial eight-installment-serialization were shorter, so out of necessity, the “new” breaks in the two serialized publications must necessarily be evaluated to determine impact. There is no question that the flow of the narrative is changed by the alterations of the second serialized publication, but not knowing exactly who the author is nor if they had completed the entirety of the work prior to its first serialization with a specifically intended form for publication invites a great deal of supposition that is difficult to definitively conclude. Audience, and the organization and publication of the magazine also play a key factors in evaluating the serial’s readability. Changes between serializations are not just limited to form, even the title changed with the second serial. The work was no longer entitled merely *Adventures in a Castle* but another optional title was inserted—*The Two Brothers*.

The NYWM was a four-page magazine intended largely for female readerships. It was characterized as a “polite repository of amusement and instruction; being an assemblage of whatever can interest the mind, or exalt the character of the American fair.” Much of the content was of a sentimental and moral nature and included fictional romances that were frequently serialized. Additionally, the magazine included other various written forms like poetry, anecdotes, a morality column, theatrical reviews, domestic and foreign news, as well as advertisements. The publication run of NYWM spanned over a decade from 1805-1817.

[1. 2 May 1801]

Adventures in a Castle.

An Original Story.

PREVIOUS to the revolution which

has convulsed Europe, and before peace

and order were banished from the bosom

of France, lived Monsieur Boileau. His

chateau was situated on the border of a

small stream which glided through a roman-

tic valley in the province of Burgundy.

He had formerly resided in the capital, and

had ever borne an unblemished character;

but having the misfortune of being bereft

of the partner of his felicity, he purchased

this small spot, to which he retired, accom-

panied by his two sons, Louis and Henry,

neither of them of an age capable of feel-

ing the severity of their loss: Louis the eld-

est being but thirteen, and his brother two

years younger. Monsieur Boileau here

employed the principle part of his time in

instructing his two children in every branch

of science, and with pleasure observed the

progress they made in their studies, and

the justice of their observations on the va-

rious authors, whose works he had sub-

mitted to their perusal. Several years had

passed away, and the two brothers had

nearly attained the age of maturity, when

the hand of death deprived them of their

father: sincere was their grief on this oc-

casion, for they had always loved him with

the fondest affection. On his death-bed

he committed them to the care of his friend

Monsieur Dupont, then an inhabitant of

Dijon, the capital of the province, who

received the weeping orphans with tender-

ness, sympathized with their sorrows, and

soothed their afflictions, by his kind atten-

tion. It may not be amiss here to observe,

that Monsieur Boileau was a descendant of

a noble house, and that if he had survived

his brother the Count de Vauban, he would

have inherited his title, therefore Louis

his eldest son, became the heir apparent

of his uncle: between the Count and his

brother a difference had long subsisted, and

which was not terminated by the death of

the latter, but the enmity was continu-

ed to his innocent nephews; though as

his brother had left a very considerable for-

tune, and his own was too small to support

his extravagance, he pretended to entertain

a great affection for them, that he might

have an opportunity of executing his vil-

lainous designs. Monsieur Dupont, whom

his friend Boileau, appointed guardian of

his children, was a gentleman who had too

great an acquaintance with the world and

its arts, to suffer himself to be deceived by

a specious appearance, he therefore min-

utely noticed the Count's conduct, and act-

ed with caution in any thing with which

he was concerned. Shortly after the young

Boileau's were numbered amongst the

family, Dupont removed to his country

seat: it was a large house, and it appeared

as if it had stood for centuries, by the ru-

inous condition of many parts of it. It had

been bequeathed to him by a distant rela-

tion in its present state; by admiring the

grandeur of its situation, and the beautiful

scenery which surrounded it, he had resolv-

ed to spare no expense in making it suita-

ble to receive his family, during the sum-

mer months. He had therefore repaired

the north wing of the building, and deter-

mined to refit the whole in the ensuing year.

This spot they made their retreat, and. were

frequently visited by the Count de Vauban,

who would often spend whole weeks with

them.

But this seeming friendship for his

nephews did not lull the watchfulness of

Mr. Dupont, and frequently while tracing

the various avenues to the southern wing

of the house, he would perceive himself

carefully followed, by the scrutinizing

eye of the faithful guardian. Although he

was sensible that he was the object of the

suspicion of Monsieur Dupont, yet it did

not deter him from contriving further plans

to deprive his nephews of their estate. One

night Henry, the youngest, complained of

a slight indisposition, and retired unusually

early to bed; at breakfast hour the next

morning he had not appeared, which his

guardian attributed to his not having rested

well the preceding night, owing to his trif-

ling illness, but when the dinner-bell rung,

and he had not been seen, he became se-

riously alarmed for his safety, and instant-

ly attended by Louis, entered his chamber,

when to their astonishment, he was not

to be found. To conjecture where he was,

orby what unaccountable manner he had

disappeared, was almost impossible, but

all the supposition that could be entertain-

ed by Mr. Dupont was, that it had been

effected by foul means, and the suspicion

of the deed rested on the Count, who had

departed early on the morning. Thus did

they remain, when the idea presented it-

self to the mind of Mr. Dupont that pro-

bably some of the servants had been pre-

vailed upon by the Count to poison their

food, and that though himself and Louis

had escaped, yet Henry might have fallen

a victim to the plot, and had been removed

in the night.

[2. 9 May 1801]

(Continued.)

THE moment he suggested the thought,

he ordered all the servants to be assembled

in the hall, but all firmly protesting, that

they were innocent, and no proofs of guilt

appearing, they were discharged. What

confirms this unanimous declaration, and

contradicted his former opinion, was the

door being locked within, and the height

of the chamber from the ground so great,

that it appeared to be impossible to ap-

proach it from without. Another circum-

stance happened soon after this unaccount-

able disappearance, which filled the breast

of Monsieur Dupont with alarm, and tend-

ed to strengthen the suspicion he had en-

tertained of the Count’s being concerned

in the transaction. Louis returning one

evening from Dijon, meditating on the

strange accident which had so deeply af-

flicted him, rode on before his attendants:

but he had not proceeded far, when he was

assaulted by six armed ruffians. He de-

fended himself with such dexterity and

resolution, that when his servants came

to his assistance they found one of the vil-

lains lifeless at his feet, the others having

fled at their approach. The wounds he

received in this encounter confined him to

the house for several weeks: and when he

was restored to health Monsieur Dupont,

sensible that the safety of the son of his

deceased friend depended on his removal

to another part of the kingdom, private-

ly departed for the chateau of Monsieur

Boileau. The family of Dupont, which

consisted of himself, his wife and daugh-

ter, willingly relinquished the pleasures of

society in favour of Louis, for his engaging

behaviour had so won their regard, that

there was no gratification which they

would not yield when put in competition

with his safety. His pleasures were here

embittered by the recollection of many

painful scenes, and his imagination paint-

ed in lively colours the happiness he had

once enjoyed on this spot, in the society

of his father and brother.

Not far distant from their present resi-

dence stood an old castle, the seat of Mon-

sieur Boileau’s ancestors, now in the pos-

session of the Count de Vauban; this place

young Louis had frequently wished to ex-

amine when a child, but the dusky ap-

pearance of the whole, had prevented the

gratification of his curiosity. Monsieur

Dupont beheld with concern the melancho-

ly that had taken possession of the mind of

his young ward, and in order to divert his

attention, proposed that they should ex-

plore together the recesses of the castle.

To this Louis readily assented, and they

set out early one morning for that purpose,

unattended. They intended entering by

the gateway, but their passage was ob-

structed by the stones which had fallen

from the battlements, and they were obli-

ged to seek another entrance, which they

soon found in a low door leading to the

foot of a staircase: this they ascended, and

found themselves in the apartments allotted

to the servants. Through these they pas-

sed into a large gallery, which still contained a

number of beautiful pictures. Louis, who

was extremely fond of painting, remained

to take a narrower view of them, while

Monsieur Dupont advanced farther in the

castle. He had not proceeded far, before

he heard the murmur of voices approaching

in an opposite direction to the portrait

gallery, where he had left Louis, and he

immediately after perceived two men ap-

parently engaged in a very interesting con-

versation, but the subject of it remained

unknown to him, as they descended a flight

of steps at some distance before him. Sur-

prised at their appearance, he hastily return-

ed to Louis, and acquainted him with what

he had seen, telling him they would come

in the afternoon with a few servants armed,

in order to penetrate the mystery, as the

castle had always been considered as un-

inhabited. To the chateau they accord-

ingly went, and when they had dined,

they loaded their pistols and set out, ac-

companied by James, Louis's valet, and

five others on whom they could depend.

They passed into the castle by the same

way as before, and entered a narrow

winding passage, which seemed to extend

along the whole of the building: following

this they reached a spiral staircase, that

they descended, and on the first floor below

they perceived that they were at the junc-

tion of the branches of a large entry. Here

they hesitated, not knowing which to

pursue, when they heard the sound of a

distant footstep behind them. They instant-

ly secreted themselves, and immediately

perceived a man pass by without noticing

them. He was soon met by another, and

a dialogue ensued, which was not con-

ducted on so low a key but that they were

overheard. “Gerald,” said the first, who

appeared to have some authority, "the

prisoner’s fate is now determined, and he

must be dispatched as expeditiously as

possible.” “Why," replied the other,

is this sudden resolution? I thought it was

not to have been done.”

"No matter," answered the first, "do

you see it is done; I am in haste: when

it is finished, prepare to the grand hall."

Upon this they separated, and walked down

different avenues. When they had got a

considerable distance, it was resolved that

Louis, his valet, and another servant, should

follow the second, while Monsieur Dupont

and the remainder should pursue the first.

Louis and his small party proceeded after

Gerald with great caution, till he entered

a small chamber: They remained within

sight of the door for nearly an hour, when

finding he did not return, they ventured

to look into the room, where they perceive-

ed he had passed through an opposite

door.

Vexed at being thus disappointed, Louis

rushed hastily forward, and had soon ad-

vanced considerably before his companions,

when he perceived the same man striking

a light. As soon as he had succeeded, he

proceeded till he reached a stair-case,

when he began to descend. Louis, desirous

of rescuing the unknown prisoner from the

murderous designs of his enemies, contin-

ued to follow the man, whom he now saw

was armed, till at length he was assured

by the dampness of the air and the dim

glimmering of the light which Gerald car-

ried in his hand, that he was in the vaults

of the castle. JULIUS.

[3. 16 May 1801]

(Continued.)

Undaunted by the certainty that he was

at a great distance from his companions, he

persisted in his resolute undertaking, and

grasping a brace of pistols, with cautious

steps pursued the assassin (who had by this

time ceased to descend,) thro' the winding

avenues of the subterranean apartments,

when he suddenly fell through a trap door

into the vault below. Here he remained

a considerable time senseless from the

fall; one of the pistols, which he had held in his

hand was discharged, and the report rever-

berating from the gloomy cavities, vibrated

on the ear of the astonish'd Gerald with

such an awful sound, that he remained

almost lifeless with terror. When reason

had resumed her functions over his mind,

he removed himself as fast as his trembling

limbs would bear him, from the spot which

had inspired him with such dreadful appre-

hensions, unable to comprehend from what

cause they had arisen. While Gerald was

proceeding to execute his diabolical pur-

pose, far other sensations pervaded the

breast of Louis: providentially he had not

received any material injury, and when he

had recovered from the swoon into which

his fall had thrown him, he arose disappoint-

ed, because he now believed himself inca-

pable of preventing the accomplishment of

Gerald's murderous designs on the un-

known victim. Picturing to himself some

unfortunate man fallen into the hands of

his enemies, and suffering under the dagger

of the nightly assassin, he paced with has-

ty steps, the cavern into which he had

been thrown, when a deep groan assail'd

his ear. His first sensation was an invol-

untary emotion of fear, but listening for

some minutes attentively, and not hearing

it repeated, he attributed it to his perturb-

ed imagination.

After some minutes had elapsed it was

repeated, and he heard it too distinctly to

suffer him to consider it as the wanderings

of his own disordered fancy. Advancing

towards the place from whence the sound

proceeded, he perceived the reflection of a

light proceeding from an iron grate, and

which upon a nearer view he found was

placed upon a small table in the adjoining

vault. Near it was a man in chains, ly-

ing on a miserable bed of straw, from whom

the groans which had alarmed him issued.

He had scarcely reached the grate when

an opposite door opened, and Gerald, the

same whom he had followed so long, enter-

ed the vault. Louis had one pistol charg-

ed, and that he determined to use in the

preservation of the helpless sufferer, and

as the assassin was preparing to execute his

infamous purpose, he exclaimed,--"Infer-

nal instrument of tyranny, go to that world

where thy black soul shall suffer torments

worthy of so foul a miscreant," and at the

same moment Gerald received a ball in his

breast from the hand of Louis. Roused by

the noise from a broken slumber, the pri-

soner raised himself from the floor, and pre-

sented to the eye of the astonished Louis

the ghastly countenance *of his brother Hen*-

ry. Joy at once more beholding those be-

loved features, inspired him strength, and

grasping the bars with a nervous hand, he

wrenched the whole out of its position, and

in an instant he found himself in the arms

of his brother. When the first emotions

attendant on such an occasion had subsided,

they resolved to return by the way Gerald

had entered the dungeon. Louis there-

fore searching the pockets of the deceased

murderer, found the keys which fastened

the chains round the body of Henry, and

liberated him. Leaving the lamp upon

the table, they quitted this gloomy dungeon,

intending to direct their steps towards the

mansions of the living without any light,

rather than expose themselves to detection.

Carefully moving along the vaults, they

passed the trap door, through which Louis

had descended, and ascended the staircase;

as they were moving along the dark passa-

ges at the top, they heard the report of a

pistol at some distance, and in a few min-

utes they were joined by M. Dupont, who

placing his finger on his lips in token of si-

lence, beckoned them to follow him, and

proceeded with hasty steps in the di-

rection towards the door by which they

had entered the castle: but as they were

descending the spiral staircase, they heard

a hoarse voice at the bottom, calling to o-

thers, and bidding them " guard all the

out-lets, and they had them safe enough."

They, upon hearing this, measured back

their steps with rapidity, and were as quick-

ly pursued by others, whose hoarse voices

proceeding in different directions, announ-

ced their approach. The fugitives were

obliged to separate, and Louis and Henry

entered a recess, which by its gloom fa-

voured their concealment. Unfortunately,

their pursuers thought proper to search it,

and they were both discovered, conducted

to separate apartments, and put in fetters,

to prevent the possibility of their escape.

Henry, reduced in mind and body by the

Severity of his confinement, suffered himself

to be bound without murmuring, but the

ardent spirit of his brother Louis, disdain-

ed confinement, and it was with difficulty

They secured him. He demanded for

what reason he was to be kept a pri-

soner, and heaped curses upon them,

but they only sneered at his impatience,

and left him to his own thoughts. Mean-

while M. Dupont, and those who ac-

companied him, had found their way to

the subterranean apartments, and by means

of a breach made by the all-destroying

hand of time, escaped from the walls of the

castle. His first step was to go to court,

where he stated to the king every circum-

stance, and was allowed a body of soldiers

to search the castle. They did so, but in

vain, not a soul was to be found, all was un-

disturbed solitude, and he was under the

necessity of leaving his wards to their fate.

Months passed away, but the cloud of my-

stery was not dispelled, when one evening,

when the family had all retired to bed, a

violent knocking was heard at gate.

This untimely intrusion roused M. Dupont,

who dressed himself, and went below to

know the cause; he found the servants

huddled together, disputing who should

open the gate, for since the inexplicable

disappearance of Louis and Henry, a su-

perstitious fear had pervaded the bosom of

every domestic. M. Dupont ordered them

to follow him, and he opened the gate,

when in rushed a figure covered with blood

and dust--a sanguine stream issuing from

his arm, which hung lifeless at his side.

The servants uttered a cry of terror, and

clung round their master, when the stran-

ger sunk on the floor, fainting through

loss of blood. A couch was prepared for

him, and every attempt made to recall

departed animation, but in vain: the face

was cleansed of the blood which besmeared

it, and the pallid features proclaimed that

the stranger was the lost Louis. Grieved

to the soul to be obliged to lose him the

moment he was found, M. Dupont exert-

ed himself to blow into existence the latent

spark of life, and was at length successful.

The blood flowing from the wound in his

arm was staunched, and a deep groan is-

sued from his lips. The faint prospect of

recovering him, stimulated the faithful

guardian to new exertion, and he had at

length the satisfaction of perceiving his

eyes open, and a reviving cordial complete-

ly restored him to life: But a delirious

fever raged through his veins, and he ra-

ved with all the incoherence of madness:

*"his brother, his murdered brother,"* was

the principal object on which his wander-

ing fancy seemed to rest. Seven days he

existed under the influence of madness,

when his ravings subsided, and he sunk

into a state of insensibility. M. Dupont

was sensible that the crises of his disorder

was at hand, and conceived his inanimate

situation as only a prelude to dissolution.

“Ill fated youth, he exclaimed,” evil was

the planet that presided at thy birth, under

its influence have all thy days been tainted

with misfortune, and the dart of death is al-

ready extended to deprive thee of existence.

Small has been thy portion of happiness

here, but thy reward is yet to come."

The worthy owner of the chateau had

sent for a surgeon from the neighbouring

village as soon as he had discovered in

the person of the wounded stranger his belov-

ed Louis. M. Burton, the surgeon who

was expected, was an English gentleman

who had studied physic and surgery under

the most eminent of the profession in Lon-

don, but owing to some disgust he had tak-

en to his native country, he retired to

France, and took up his residence at the

village in the vicinity of the chateau, where

he continued the practice of his profession,

with equal ability and success. He posses-

sed a perfect knowledge of the French lan-

guage, as he had resided in the kingdom

for many years, and could converse on any

subject with ease: his sentiments were ex-

pressed without affectation, and his con-

versation displayed superior talents and

refinement: it may therefore be supposed,

that he was a frequent visitant at the cha-

teau, where his arrival was ever greeted

with all unaffected welcome. He had

married a French lady, by whom he had

one daughter, and this endearing tie bound

him still closer to the country. Upon

Monsieur Burton's examining Louis's arm,

while he was insensible, he found that a

ball had been lodged there, but it was

luckily extracted without injury. At M.

Dupont's request, this humane gentleman,

whose heart was ever alive to sensibility,

consented to remain a the chateau, till rea-

son superceded madness, or his patient

paid "the great debt of nature." The

crisis of his disorder was fast approaching,

his breath grew short, and delusive hope

was banished from every bosom, and gave

place to despondency. Every countenance

wore the livery of sorrow, and gave the

strongest testimony of the love they bore

to him; at length he appeared to have en-

tirely ceased to suspire; all his melancho-

ly friends were seated round the bed,

waiting the moment when his soul should

depart "to him who gave it." The silence

which had reigned for some time, was at

length interrupted by M. Burton's saying

in a low tone, "I believe all is now over,

but there is a possibility that he yet lives,

and may be only sleeping." Then turning

to one of the servants, he ordered him to

bring him a small mirror, which he placed

before his lips for a few minutes, and upon

examining it found it sullied, and commu-

nicated the pleasing intelligence to his

mournful auditors, that he yet breathed,

and was asleep, which he considered as a

happy omen. Several hours did the unfor-

tunate Louis remain perfectly insensible,

but at length he moved, to the revival of

the hopes of his friends, and in a few mi-

nutes opened his eyes, and stretching out

his hand to M. Dupont gently pressed his,

while a faint smile gleamed across his

countenance, on which they thought the

unremovable seal of death had been af-

fixed. From this time his health gradually

returned, and in a few weeks he was able

to leave his room, but not a word was ut-

tered by him respecting the affairs of the

castle, and whenever it was alluded to, it

seemed to turn his brain to madness. As

it seemed to affect him in such an extra-

ordinary manner, M. Dupont deferred an

explanation of past events, till he was per-

fectly restored, and time had in some mea-

sure obliterated the traces of this unknown

misfortune from his memory, or at least de-

stroyed the keenness of the injuries he had

received. JULIUS

[4. 23 May 1801]

(Continued.)

MEANWHILE the Count de Vauban,

whose unbounded extravagance reduced

him to the verge of ruin, was obliged to

abscond from the importunity of his cre-

ditors; but when Louis and Henry were

both lost, he thought proper to come for-

ward and claim their fortunes: at the ear-

nest prayer of M. Dupont the grant of

them to the Count was deferred by the king

for one year, promising, that if in that time,

one of them did not appear, he should be

put in possession of them. As M. Dupont

still entertained suspicions of the Count, he

did not think it necessary to inform the King,

that the lawful owner of the estates was

found, till Louis was able to carry himself

the evidence of it. Therefore as soon as

he was well enough to travel, he set out,

attended by two servants, well armed for

the security of their master, and proceeded

by easy stages to Paris, to claim the inves-

titure of the states, as his age authorised the

demand. Louis the fifteenth, who then ruled

over that fertile and extensive kingdom,

without hesitation ordered him to be put

in possession of all the fortune his father

had left, which was far from being small,

though principally vested in the funds: his

landed estate only consisted of the chateau

and grounds occupied by M. Dupont.

Upon his return, night overtook him two

leagues from the chateau, but his desire of

reaching it determined him to proceed,

notwithstanding the darkness, and a wood

which he was obliged to pass through, in

which several robberies and murders had

been perpetrated. He had passed through

the greater part of it without any alarm,

when just as he approached the farther

side, a report of a pistol, followed by the

clashing of swords, roused him from a re-

verie into which he had fallen. Clapping

spurs to his horse, he hastened forward with

the servants at full speed; the moon at in-

tervals shone forth from the broken clouds,

and very opportunely yielded her light for

him to perceive a group of men, apparent-

ly of different parties, as the clashing of

swords announced an encounter. Impelled

by the natural generosity of his disposition,

he hastened to join the weaker party, who

thus reinforced soon put their adversaries

to flight. A gentleman who seemed to be

the superior of the party, was slightly

wounded, and thro’ fear of its being irri-

tated by riding far, he accepted an invita-

tion to the chateau, which he had accorded

in the politest terms. They found M. Dupont

and his family expecting Louis with anxie-

ty, and his guests they treated with the

most hospitable politeness. Before they

retired, Louis begged to know what had

occasioned the rencounter in the forest, and

whom it was he had the good fortune to

assist upon that occasion. The stranger

informed him, that he was no other than

the Duke of Alencon, who upon his way

to his seat a short distance beyond the cha-

teau, had the misfortune of breaking his

carriage, and as he did not wish to stay

till it was repaired, he proceeded on horse-

back with a few servants, and in the forest

had been attacked by some men, whom he

supposed to be banditti. He overwhelm-

ed Louis with his thanks, and the next

morning insisted upon his accompanying

him to his castle, to which he consented, as

the easy behaviour of the Duke had entire-

ly won his confidence. He remained with

him several weeks, and every day raised

them in each other's estimation, till Louis

had resolved to open his whole soul to him.

This he deferred till his venerable guardian

should come to the castle, whither he had

been urged to present himself. The Duke

of Alencon had one son and one daughter,

to whom all his immense estates would be-

long; the daughter possessed all the graces

of the sex, but her brother the Marquis de

Lantz, disgraced his distinguished rank by

his vicious propensities. Antoniette de

Lantz (this was the Duke's family name)

had been universally admired, and Louis

understood that a young nobleman, who

was one of her suitors, was favoured by

the Marquis, and approved by Alencon.

Notwithstanding the caution which this

information was calculated to give, young

Boileau could not exclude the passion of

love from his bosom, and the image of An-

toniette haunted him continually. At length

he was told that the lover of Mademoiselle

de Lantz, was expected at the castle the

day following, and the day after M. Dupont

had announced his intention of visiting the

Duke. Curiosity to see the man to whom

his admired Antoniette would probably be

joined in the bands of marriage, prevented

him from sleeping, and he arose early the

next morning, with his ideas occupied by

the same subject. After he had breakfast-

ed, he remained in the parlour with the

Duke, Antoniette and the Marquis, when

a carriage drove into the yard. "It is the

Count," exclaims the Marquis, and flew out

of the room to receive him, while Louis

walked to one of the windows and saw a

light from his carriage the *Count de Vauban*.

Astonishment transfixed him to the spot,

and contradictory ideas passed through his

brain with such rapidity, as almost to de-

range him. To find his uncle, whom he

strongly suspected of being the source of all

his misfortunes, received into the family of

the Duke of Alencon, as the approved lo-

ver of his daughter, almost surpassed com-

prehension. He however, fortunately re-

covered his presence of mind, before the

Count entered the room, and determined

to observe his countenance with the most

watchful scrutiny. De Vauban entered,

introduced by the Marquis with smiles in

his aspect, when his attention was arrested

by the sight of his nephew, his counte-

nance displayed contending emotions, and

guilt and fear were delineated in every

feature. The company observed the ex-

traordinary confusion of the Count, and

were at a loss to account for it, or the pier-

cing attention with which Louis regarded

him: but in a short time de Vauban's wont-

ed ease of manners returned, and he paid his

compliments to the company, apologizing

for his emotion, which he said was to be at-

tributed to his surprise, at again seeing his

runaway nephew, who he had much feared

had been lost to his friends for ever. He

then acquainted the company with their

consanguinity, but was completely at a loss

to enter into conversation with Louis, who

sat totally silent wrapt in his own reflections.

To all their enquiries respecting his absence,

of which the Count had spoken, he gave

incoherent replies, and instantly relapsed

into his abstraction of mind to what was

passing before him. The day passed with a

degree of unsociability, to which the fam-

ily of the Duke of Alencon were unaccus-

tomed, but the unusual reserve, to them so

mysterious, which clouded the manners of

their two guests, deprived them of their

wonted cheerfulness. The Duke, to whom

Louis had endeared himself in the first place,

by according him his assistance when be-

set in the forest, with so much celerity, and

which his affectionate manners had confirm-

ed, was anxious to know what occasioned the

uneasiness under which his young friend

seemed to labour, and they all separated to

retire to bed at night, seemingly pleased

that the day was expired. Louis was un-

able to sleep, from the concurrence of cir-

cumstances which a short time had produ-

ced; the confusion of the Count upon their

interview, almost confirmed his suspicions

that he was the cause of his imprisonment.

Restless and tormented with his own ideas,

he arose, dressed and seated himself at the

window;--opening the casement to give

admission to the air, he observed a man

walking on the terrace below, apparently

waiting for some one, and in a few minutes

he was joined by another. The casement

at which he sat, was too high from the ter-

race to permit him to hear the whole of

the discourse that ensued, but he found

that it was an assignation. Curiosity to

know who it was that had taken this oppor-

tunity for a private interview, prompted

him to listen, and he found it was the Mar-

quis and the Count de Vauban. He was

so much interested in every thing which

concerned his uncle, that he could not re-

frain from listening, and from what part of

their discourse reached his ear, he found it

of dreadful import. He had conceived a

dislike to the Marquis at first sight, which

had been strengthened by his manners to-

wards him, but he now found him to be

a man, in whom every species of villainy

were concentrated. The attack made up-

on the Duke of Alencon in the forest,

where Louis had been the means of his res-

cue, had been the act of the Count's des-

perate dependants under his influence. De

Vauban's situation with respect to pecuni-

ary affairs, was desperate, and in order to rid

himself of the importunity of his creditors,

he had afforded protection to a party of

banditti, who resided in the environs of

the Castle, which had been the scene of the

Boileaus' imprisonment. From this place

They made depredations throughout the vi-

cinity, and a considerable dividend of their

plunder was appropriated to the use of de

Vauban. But as this was a very uncer-

tain dependence, the Count had listened

to proposals from the Marquis de Lantz,

who also felt his extravagance limited by

the prudence of the Duke, to assassinate his

father, and share with him the large estates

which would then come into his possession.

This horrid scheme, of which Louis had

been the means of disappointing, plainly

proves that de Vauban Would hesitate at

nothing, that had a tendency to promote

his views. The conversation then turned

upon Louis, and the Count de Vauban re-

lated to the Marquis the obstacle he was

to the possession of M. Boileau's estate,

and communicated his desire of having him

removed, to his worthless companion, who

readily assented to his intentions, and they

removed to another part of the terrace to

lay the plan of their future proceedings.

The horror which pervaded the breast of

Louis was indescribable; to find that any

Human being should be so lost to every

sense of rectitude, as to not only connive

at, but to assist in an attempt, to murder his

*own father*, was more than he could ever have

supposed. Nothing more transpired of their

intentions that night, and the day dawned

upon Louis, while he remained fixed at the

casement so deeply wrapt in meditation,

and he was scarcely conscious of his exis-

tence. When roused from his reveries,

he was almost ready to conclude that it was

a horrid dream; but memory recalled to

his imagination the conversation he had

heard, too forcibly to suffer him to admit

the pleasing supposition. The next day

brought M. Dupont to the Castle de Alen-

con, and as soon as possible a private in-

terview was obtained·with Louis and the

Duke, when, after receiving the request of

his two friends, Louis racapitulated his ad-

ventures in the castle.

[5. 30 May 1801]

(Continued.)

HE commenced his relation, when him-

self and Henry were separated from M.

Dupont, and entered the recess. He re-

counted the insults he received upon his

being found, and, together with his bro-

ther, being closely confined in irons. His daily

pittance was brought him by a ruffian, whose

countenance indicated villainy of the deep-

est dye; to all his requests to know by

whose authority, and for what reason he

was kept a prisoner, no answer was return-

ed, 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, ac-

companied 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 con-

ducted 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 ef-

fects 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 ap-

pearance of Henry, like the gleam of a

meteor in a watery atmosphere, it quickly

disappeared. The same dull routine occu-

pied the time of his imprisonment, without

any material occurrence, when one even-

ing 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, reach-

ed his ear. His chains had been taken off

some time, as his keepers supposed the door

secured with massy bars and bolts, suffice-

ent. 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 indo-

lence. 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 ir-

resistable 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 light-

ning 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 direc-

tion he had taken, and with two much suc-

cess, 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 proba-

ble 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 de-

stroy 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 pro-

posal was rejected in the most civil terms,

to the great surprize, and mortification of

de Vauban, who, after a secret inter-

view 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 ne-

phews. Possessing a perfect knowledge

of his brother's wealth, he no sooner receiv-

ed the intelligence of his death, than he

conceived the: nefarious design on remov-

ing his nephews by force, and enjoying

the uninterrupted possession of the estate.

The execution of his purpose would how-

ever be attended with difficulty, but he

was not to be discouraged, and he concert-

ed 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 si-

tuation, and when M. Dupont retired

with his wards to his country seat, de

Vauban, who frequently visited them, dili-

gently 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 en-

tirely 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 con-

Fined in a damp prison, and fettered. No

Ray of light illuminated the obscurity of

The dungeon, nor served to cheer his me-

lancholy situation, save what one glimmer-

ing taper afforded. A superstitious fear

prevented de Vauban's immediately order-

ing 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. Lou-

is for a considerable time eluded the vigi-

lance of his uncle, till the unfortunate ad-

venture of exploring the castle, when he

fell a victim to his temerity. The Count

carefully kept his abused nephews in un-

certainty 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 in-

controvertible evidence of his guilt. Be-

ing disappointed in his expectations of im-

mediate 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 dis-

ordered 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 vil-

lainous 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 de-

parted 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 depart-

ed 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 pos-

sibility of his experiencing the frowns of for-

tune, 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 vi-

cinity. The Marquis being himself re-

stricted by his father, in his pecuniary af-

fairs, 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

attrocious design.

[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 pro-

cured 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 Mor-

pheus, was so potent, that he heard not

the whistle of the banditti, nor knew of

their approach, till his attendants were fi-

red 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 dispose-

tion was entirely destitute, and snatching

up his pistol that lay at his side, he dis-

charged 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 attroci-

ous 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 Vau-

ban, would have been productive of more

mischief to society. Soon as the murder-

ers 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 ruf-

fian. The Count possessed sufficient sa-

gacity to know, that his petty despotism

would be of short continuance, as the out-

rages 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 flatter-

ed 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 indul-

gence had suffered his good qualities to be

obscured, and by the continued practice of

engaging in bachanalian festivals and carou-

sals, his heart became at last as depraved

as we behold it. When M. Dupont arriv-

ed 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 conside-

rable, 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 pre-

vent 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 attroci-

ous guilt. But all their caution did not

prevent his receiving notice of their arri-

val, and acting according to the dictates

of prudence. With every necessary pre-

caution to prevent a surprize from the ban-

ditti, 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 com-

mandant of the party would pledge his hon-

our to procure them a free pardon. This

offer was not accepted, and they were or-

dered to surrender unconditionally, de-

pending 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 for-

tifications, and confident of the plenty

which abounded from the stores of provi-

sion, 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, re-

solved to set fire to the castle, and bury

its infatuated inhabitants in the ruins. Hu-

manity 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 re-

jected by the banditti with disdain, for al-

though dead to every sentiment of recti-

tude and humanity, the imaginary tie of

honour bound them to the Count, and they

resolved to procure his pardon or perish

with him. JULIUS.

[7. 13 June 1801]

(Continued.)

FINDING all attempts to induce the

banditti to except the intended pardon were

futile, they prepared to carry the plan of

burning the castle into execution. Having

made every necessary preparation, the lead-

ers of the troops assigned to each the part

they were to act, and an hour after the sun

had sunk beneath the horizon, the signal

for the attack was given, by throwing a

rocket from the General's tent. The sol-

diers rushed forward to the onset, brandish-

ing their torches, and after a severe conflict,

gained the out-works of the castle. In a

short time the conflagration was general,

and the gleams of light proceeding from it,

and to the darkness which prevailed, ren-

dered it a scene of horror. Having accom-

plished the design of setting the castle on

fire, the troops retreated to guard all the

out-lets, that those who escaped the fury

of the raging element, should fall by the a-

venging sword. A body of the banditti, with

the Count at their head, sallied from the

castle, to endeavour to cut their way thro'

the hostile party. But the principal part of

them fell in the attempt, and among them,

the infamous De Vauban.

Louis as soon as he perceived the flames

bursting from all parts of the castle, and the

towering ramparts enveloped in spoke, ap-

proached the walls: the sally of the bandit-

ti had been made on a different side, and

had not attracted his attention from the scene

of ruin before him. While he was contem-

plating the destruction which was taking

place, his attention was arrested by the

sight of a person leaping from one rampart

to another, to escape the threatening flames

which pursued him, and in which he ap-

peared to be almost involved. At length,

by means of his surprising activity, he ap-

proached towards the place where Louis

stood, but still at such a height, that his es-

cape seemed almost impossible. He had

considerably descended since Louis first

noticed him, and now paused, apparent-

ly contemplating his height from the

ground, and dubious of his ability to reach

it in safety. But the flames approached,

he sprung from the walls, and fell almost at

the feet of Louis, who raised his arm to

terminate his life, but an impulse of huma-

nity induced him to spare it, if indeed he

had not been killed by the fall. Young Boi-

leau laid his hand on his heart, and felt it

beat. The horizon was illuminated by the

conflagration, and as he inclined himself,

to see if the spark of life was extinguished,

he observed the stranger was dressed differ-

ently from the common banditti. Strange

emotions agitated his bosom, and "hope,

the fond deceiver," fluttered round his

heart. He approached to inspect the fig-

ure which lay prostrate before him, cover-

ed with dust, and stunned with the fall.

He gently raised him from the ground, and

as the light gleamed on his ashy counte-

nance, discovered him to be--HIS LONG

LOST BROTHER!----Reader, conceive his

sensations, for words cannot express them;

no language could convey them to thee,

though all the eloquence of TULLY was

exhausted to effect it. His astonishment

almost surpassed conception--Had he not

beheld him prostrate on the floor of his cell,

his life's blood streaming from his bosom?--

Had he not seen him a palled corpse, the

victim of fell revenge?--And now, did he

not see him before him? did not his arms

support him?--All that had passed ap-

peared as a fearful dream, the offspring of

a disordered fancy. He called loudly for

assistance, and had him conveyed to his

tent, where they successfully endeavoured

to restore l1im to existence, but he had re-

ceived some very severe contusions from the

fall, and his arm appeared considerably

scorched.

The next day, as soon as the dawn oppo-

sed its pleasing light to the more awful ap-

pearance of the castle, which exhibited one

vast sheet of flame, our new-found invalid

was conveyed to the hospitable mansion of

Monsieur Burton, where M. Dupont and

Louis were kindly urged to take up their

residence. A few weeks crowned the as-

siduities of the amiable surgeon and his

friends with success, and they had the in-

expressible satisfaction of seeing their be-

loved Henry, whom they very naturally had

long concluded, was traversing the regions

of eternity, restored to all his former health

and vigour. Happiness they yet hoped was

in store for them, since De Vauban, the

grand and only enemy to their happiness,

had fell the victim to the justice of his of-

fended country. Carrying his resentment

no farther than to see the execution of jus-

tice on the vile disturbers of the public tran-

quility, the Duke of Alencon, with his usu-

al humanity, ordered that the bodies of the

banditti should receive decent burial, and

every rite be performed, that, according

to the forms of the Romish church, was ne-

cessary to remove all obstacles from their

road to heaven. Soon as the bodies of these

infatuated wretches were committed to the

embraces of their mother earth, the troops

commenced their march, to return to the

capital, and the Duke retired to his cas-

tle to receive from the filial assiduities of

his daughter, consolation for the untimely

death of his son. Ignorance frequently con-

duces more to our happiness than knowl-

edge, and had de Alencon known of the in-

famous design of his son, he would not

have stood in need of any consolation. Hen-

ry upon his restoration to health, complied

with the desires of his friends, and thus com-

menced the relation of his misfortunes.

"You, my kind friends, must certainly

have been greatly astonished, when you

found my chamber vacant, and per-

ceive no traces of my having left the room;

but your surprise could not have equalled

mine, when about midnight, without any

previous noise which would have announced

the entrance of any person, (especially as

the door was fastened within) I saw by the

light the lamp burning in the chimney

afforded, a man standing by my bed-side. I

demanded his business in my chamber, at

such an unseasonable hour, but he instant-

ly drew a pistol from his pocket, and order-

ed me to dress immediately, and without

noise, as the least attempt to alarm the

family should be attended with death. Re-

sistance was vain, and I according com-

plied with his demand in silence: as soon

as dressing was finished, he bade me attend

him, and removing a pannel in the parti-

tion, I discovered a secret-door, which he

opened, and we passed through. We now

entered several apartments, which the

noisome atmosphere, and decayed furniture

declared had been long deserted, and re-

signed to the all-destroying hand of time.

Here, still holding the pistol in his hand,

he obliged me to walk before him. Before

we left the building, he was joined by sev-

eral other ruffians, whose countenances

plainly denoted their villainous characters,

and that they were fit instruments to ac-

complish any design which villainy could

conceive. When we made an exit from

the mansion, we found a carriage waiting,

into which three of the ruffians entered

with myself. We proceeded with amazing

rapidity I knew not Whither, but my heart

sunk within me, at the strange pro-

ceedings, and mysterious silence of my

companions: at length the dawn broke up-

on us, as we attained the summit of a steep

hill. At any other time, and almost in any

other situation, I should have beheld the

surrounding scenery with delight, but my

mind was a pray to despondency, and the

most gloomy prospect appeared before me.

In vain did I request of my companions to

inform me Whither I was to be led, for they

preserved a uniform and uninterrupted si-

lence, except when the leader of the party

as he appeared to be, cautioned me to make

no noise, as he said it would be instant-

neously punished. I could not forbear ta-

king a retrospective view of the happy past,

and comparing it with my present forlorn

situation. Surrounded by ruffians, who it

was evident, had some villainous design

upon me, hope almost forsook me, and I

only beheld in perspective, either a life

dragged out in chains and misery, or a ter-

mination to my sufferings, by an untimely

death. In vain did I pray my companions

to give me some clue to guide me through

this labyrinth of uncertainty, they deigned

not to answer me, unless to reprehend me

for my loquacity. But why am I thus fa-

tiguing you with a detail of my sensations,

during this memorable journey, memorable

to me, as it will ever be a distinguished

æra of my life; to be brief, I arrived, after

a tiresome journey, at the castle, without

having left the carriage for a moment; as

provision had been made to avoid the ne-

cessity. Having alighted from the car-

riage, I was immediately conducted to the

dreary dungeon from whence the magna-

nimity of my beloved brother released me.

When I was secured by chains in this hor-

rible place, my guide condescended to open

his lips, and inform me, that here the re-

mainder of my days Was to be spent, that

here I was to drag out in misery; the rem-

nant of my life, which till then had been spent

in a course of uninterrupted felicity, ex-

cept when the death of my father, for a

time, cast a shade over my happiness. I then

repeated my request to know by whom,

and for what motive, I was thus severely

punished, but I could obtain no answer

from the monster, and I thought I could

perceive a horrid smile of satisfaction,

gleam across his countenance, at having

thus doomed fellow creature to be mise-

rable, as long as life remained. From that

day till the time I was delivered from the

murderous designs of my enemies, I held

no converse with any human being, my

food which was of the most ordinary kind,

was daily delivered me by one of those vil-

lains, who had escorted me to the castle.

Grief and the dampness of my dungeon,

Was bringing me rapidly to the verge of the

grave, when Louis intervened and snatched

me from the jaws of destruction. The pros-

pect of liberty was now before me, and it is,

only for the man, who has been as long con-

fined within the gloomy walls of a dungeon,

to conceive my sensations. But not long

was I permitted to indulge the flattering

hope, as we were so soon taken, and I again

became the victim of tyranny. To whom

was to be attributed all my misfortunes, I

was totally ignorant; but my condition was

comparatively enviable, to that from which

I had emerged, as my prison was dry and

comfortable. The cheering rays of the sun

penetrated my cell, and to me who had so

long been deprived of the enlivening sight,

it was indeed a pleasure. I was but a short

time oppressed with the weight of my irons,

for to what motive it was to be attributed

I know not, but I suppose they conceived

my escape impossible, and I was suffered

to enjoy the valuable privilege of traversing

my narrow cell; my constitution had be-

come inured to confinement, although the

disappointment I suffered in being depri-

ved of the blessings of liberty, when I had

supposed it within my grasp, did not by

any means tend to strengthen my patience.

You have already heard from Louis, of our

interview in the vaults of the castle, and

when I was led back to my cell, the hor-

ror of continual imprisonment, seemed to

occupy the whole of the dreary prospect.

Disappointment had soured my temper,

and I gave myself up a prey to desponden-

cy. To my repeated requests to receive

information respecting Louis, my keeper

used to seldom reply without equivocation,

and sometimes he would answer in a way

that roused my passions, dormant only for

want of something to call them into action;

one night when he entered my cell, to

see that every thing was in the situation he

chose it to be, I inquired after Louis, and his

answer was accompanied with bitter taunts

at my defenceless situation. This I sup-

pose was occasioned by some incident, that

had occurred to ruffle his temper, and he

took the opportunity to vent on me his

spleen. My temper, soured by misfortune,

was unprepared to endure this new and un-

provoked treatment, and I heaped on him

reproaches for his villainy, and bestowed

on him every term which my resentment

could suggest. Fired by this unusual retort,

and stung with my merited reproaches, he

drew a dagger from his bosom, and dart-

ed upon me, aimed it at my heart.

JULIUS

[8. 20 June 1801]

(Continued.)

ALL conception from this moment failed

me, and, upon returning to life, I found

myself on a bed in a cell, similar to that in

which I had been confined. I was attend-

ed by some of the ruffians, whose motives

for their present attention I could not scan.

Whether they were actuated by humanity,

or whether remorse had stung the villain

who had attempted my assassination, I could

not tell, tho' from what knowledge of their

dispositions I had gathered from painful ex-

perience, I rather supposed it was the re-

proaches of conscience, not yet grown cal-

lous by repeated acts of barbarity. To

whatever cause their conduct was to· be at-

tributed, whether to sensations of remorse,

or the dictates of compassion, I was soon

convinced the sentiment was short-lived, and

had expired with returning animation; for

soon as I had emerged from the state of in-

sensibility into which I had fallen, their as-

siduities gradually decreased, and my only

assistance was in the strength of my con-

stitution, which safely bore me through the

strange vicissitudes of my fate. My con-

valescence was tedious and painful; I had

lost a considerable quantity of blood, which

occasioned extraordinary debility, and my

wound was deep. I had received the

dagger of the assassin in my breast, and

surely it is to be attributed to the intervene-

tion of my guardian angel, that I escaped

the impending destruction. My debility

was so extreme, that my guards did not

think it necessary to secure the door with

more fastenings than a simple bolt, which

was in itself ample security; for my strength

and ardour were too much exhausted, to

make an attempt to regain my liberty, had

the fairest prospect been opened before me.

At length the ability of my only nurse,

"Dame Nature," restored me by the geni-

al influence of sleep (the enjoyment of

which was a pleasure I had not for some

time been gratified with) to the blessings of

health. I had scarcely retrieved the posses-

sion of this glorious blessing, which had

been so long banished from, when the

royal troops encompassed the castle, to a-

venge my wrongs on the author of all my

misfortunes. I longed for an opportunity

to join the detachment, and assert my own

cause,--my ardour disdained to be confin-

ed within the circumscribed limits of my

prison, but my power would not second

the inspiration. The tardy hours seemed

to have almost ceased to revolve, my heart

was with my brother, but my arms, which

ought to have been extended, to hurl the

bolt of vengeance on the heads of my op-

pressors, were imprisoned within the walls

of the hateful castle. At length arrived the

night Of horror, when the polluted walls of

the castle, which screened the guilty ruffians

from the hands of justice tottered to their

foundations; when the "cloud-cap't tow-

ers" trembled with the intensity of the

heat, and threatened ruin to all beneath

them. I had notice of the commencement

of the conflagration by the gleams of light

which illuminated the horizon, and render-

ed "darkness, visible." A horrible death

was now before me and the innate princi-

ple, inherent in the breast of man, that

of self-preservation, induced me to exam-

ine the door of my apartment. But the faint

hope, that some one actuated by humanity,

might have left it unsecured, vanished. The

flames gradually increased, and already en-

veloped the towering ramparts, when the

bustle in the castle announced some uncom-

mon attempt to escape the devouring ele-

ment, which was making rapid strides to

involve the whole of the inhabitants in one

common destruction. Abhorring a death

so painful as was presented to me, I endea-

voured to loosen the bars with which the

window was secured, and alight on the bat-

tlements. The urgency of my situation in-

spired me with uncommon strength,--I suc-

ceeded in the attempt to escape from the

window, and reached the battlements in

safety. I was nearly at the summit of

the castle, and all below me was involved

in smoke, from which at intervals the flames

would burst forth, and aspire to the high-

est turrets. Perseverance and composure,

aided by my exertions, surmounted every

obstacle, and I at length reached the ground,

with only a trifling burn I received as I rush-

ed through the flames. Thus, my kind and

compassionate friends, you have heard the

whole of my unfortunate story in detail,

and situated as I now am, surrounded by

those who endear existence to me, I defy

all the storms of fate, and the frowns of

fortune, Hope befriends me, and whis-

pers to my heart, That happiness shall a-

gain be mine."

Tranquillity being thus restored to

the family of Dupont and his wards, whom

he regarded with paternal love, the chateau

was re-occupied, and Louis made an ex-

cursion to the Castle de Alencon, where

he was received with an unaffected wel-

come. No obstacle recurring to oppose

his wish, to pay his addresses to the love-

ly Antoinette, he took the first opportuni-

ty of a secret interview, to offer his heart

and hand to her acceptance. Free from

affectation, Mademoiselle de Lantz avow-

ed a reciprocal attachment, and soon as

the period of mourning, which the laws of

etiquette required, for her brother's death,

had expired, they were united in the silken

bands of marriage.

The Duke with rapture beheld the hap-

piness his beloved children enjoyed, and,

through his influence with the King, the

succession to his titles and estates, were

settled upon Louis.

The humane surgeon, of whom honour-

able mention has been made, had only one

surviving daughter, whose charms made an

impression on the susceptible heart of Hen-

ry Boileau, that was not to be effaced.

The attachment was mutual, and much to

the satisfaction of their friends, whose in-

timacy would be cemented by their union.

Large additions were made to the Chat-

eau, and in this delightful retirement, far

distant from the busy and tumultuous

scenes of life, the Duke of Alencon, Mons.

Berton, Louis (now Count de Vauban) his

brother Henry, and the venerable Mons.

Dupont, with their respective families,

passed the remainder of their lives, in the

enjoyment of a greater portion of felicity,

than is the usual lot of mankind. No tales

of woe, no descriptive scenes of carnage and

bloodshed, ever disturbed their tranquillity,

but possessing within themselves inexhaust-

ible resources of amusement, they lived

insulated from the rest of mankind. No

foe to domestic tranquility, ever passed

their threshold, no intestine uneasiness in-

habited their retirement, but as far as pos-

sible for humanity, they enjoyed *perma-*

*nent and unalloyed happiness*.

HAVING brought this story too close, it

may not be superfluous to account for the

author’s adding this to the multitude of si-

milar trifles, with which the literary world

abounds. He is confident, that attempts

of this kind, are productive of nothing but

amusement, and are frequently barren even

of this. Tales, (unless moral,) novels, and

romances are justly considered as weeds

in the garden of literature, which prevent

the growth of, and attract the attention

from, more useful productions. To drive

away the *monster ennύi*, to pass away those

hours of leisure, which fall to the lot of

every one, and to derive from it amusement,

were the motives by which he was actua-

ted. He does not pretend that it incul-

cates any new moral, but if he may be ex-

onerated from censure, in increasing the

number or works of this kind, if it has con-

duced to the amusement of any, he is satis-

fied. Approbation he does not court, but

to incur censure he has strove to avoid,

and he hopes that this tale will find refuge

in its insignificance from the penetrating

eye of criticism. JULIUS

[JULIUS is entitled to thanks of the editor, for the

punctuality with which he has forwarded the copy of

the Adventures in a castle--That the literary world a-

bounds with the trifles of this kind is true; and this, no

doubt, in some measure, forms a criterion by which to

judge of the taste of the age; tho’ a taste of this kind

of reading, is not, perhaps, peculiar to the present one.

The story under consideration inculcates a moral, if not

new, yet good--Avarice, stimulating to treachery and a

variety of vicious a??s, in the person of the Count de

Vauban, meets with the deserved punishment: while the

innocent objects of his horrid persecution, are extricated

from his cruel fangs, and finally brought to the enjoy-

ment of more perfect domestic felicity, than they would

otherwise probably have attained, had it not been for

those very circumstances to which his machinations gave

birth--corroborating a divine truth, that the wicked are

often snared in their own devices. The reader will

also observe, (and it does credit to the writer,) that the

the language is free from those passionate exclamations,

that often insinuate a degree of profanity into the mind,

and with which tales and novels frequently abound,

Should Julius continue his correspondence, as he has

hinted to the editor may be the case, he will always meet

with merited attention.]