## Preface

*Columbian Magazine* was one of the most successful early American magazines. Mathew Carey, Charles Cist, Thomas Seddon, William Spotswood, and John Trenchard founded it. The first issue of the magazine was published in September of 1786 and the magazine ran until 1792. The editors included the initial founders as well as, at various times, Francis Hopkinson, James Dallas, and an anonymous “society of gentlemen.” It had the largest circulation of eighteenth-century American magazines, with 1,500 subscribers.

It notably included fiction, as this was unusual at that time. Most issues had two or three stories, all of which were written and published anonymously. As Frank Luther Mott explains, these fictional stories ranged widely, including “oriental tales, allegories, characters, moral ‘novels,’ or ‘fragments” (96). The magazine also contained travel writing, such as descriptions of less commonly known American regions, as well as the types of essay series common to many magazines. According to Gardner, the magazine “sought to create not an ephemeral periodical production but a lasting monument upon which a national literary culture might be built” (82). This fiction was often, as with both *The Foresters* and a “fragment” piece entitled *Shipwreck*, written as a transparent allegory for the new nation.

The magazine often focused on agriculture and mechanics, for instance an illustrated description of John Fitch’s steamboat. It later began to focus more on biography and history. For instance, Jeremy Belknap wrote biographical sketches that were later collected into a single volume. The magazine’s contributors also discussed educational methods.

The *Columbian* notably published historical articles, including a history of the Revolution. In its later guise of the *Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine*, begun in January 1790, it focused on presenting narratives and documents about the history of the Revolutionary War. Once renamed to the *Universal Asylum and Columbian Magazine*, an anonymous “Society of Gentlemen” published it. It had fewer illustrations at this point, although it was still engraved by Thackara and Vallance.

In this version, it continued to be printed for almost three years, and sometimes these issues proved popular enough to warrant a printing of a second edition. The magazine was discontinued in 1792. According to *A History of American Magazines*, this was due to “the difficulties afforded by the new postoffice law of that year” rather than a lack of public interest or subscribers.

According to *Literature Criticism from 1400 to 1800*, Belknap initially published *The Foresters* anonymously. Although it sold well and circulated widely, and William Cullent Bryant praised it in a review, its initial public did not know *The Foresters*’ authorship. They did likely recognize its debt to John Arbuthnot’s *History of John Bull*, which was published in 1712.

*The Foresters* was partially serialized in the magazine from its June 1787 issue to its April 1788 issue. The novel’s publication frequency was monthly for most of its serialization, although the final few installments were instead spaced two months apart. The novel subsequently was published as a self-contained book.

*The Foresters* was initially written in a non-epistolary manner, later converted to an epistolary format when published in book versions. The run of installments breaks off without editorial comment or explanation. It ran: June 1787, pp. 453-56; July 1787, pp. 514-17; August 1787, pp. 565-69; September 1787, pp. 618-22; October 1787, pp. 706-10; November 1787, pp. 737-41; December 1787, pp. 790-93; February 1788, pp. 58-60; and April 1788, pp. 183-86.

The novel was completed in the 1792 book edition, with sixteen letters to a friend. The full title then became *The Foresters, an American Tale; Being a Sequel to the History of John Bull the Clothier. In a Series of Letters to a Friend*. The 1796 edition contains further revisions and expansions, according to Eitner, such as a new total of eighteen letters. In each, names are altered. Much later, it was printed in a facsimile edition in 1969, reproducing the 1792 version with an introduction by Lewis A. Turlish.

*The Foresters* presents an atypical and satirical allegory for the founding of such a recently independent nation, created through revolution. Gardner asserts that *The Foresters* “uses allegory and satire to argue for natural hierarchy and the need for a strong federal government” (p. 83). While this is true, it is worth emphasizing that each colony is characterized differently. All are given male personas, and the collection bursts with diverse economic, religious, and temperamental dispositions. Some have better relationships with John Bull than others. Native Americans are only somewhat depicted as varied amongst themselves. All the indigenous cultures and nations lumped together and depicted as “wild beasts,” with some individual beasts lured into civilization through their desire for molasses.

Rather than manufacturing a simple unity through similarity or nationalist fellow-feeling, the installments in *Columbia* magazine conclude with an emergent recognition of shared mistreatment rather than innate affinity. These foresters recognize themselves as an emergent unit in relation to John Bull rather than recognizing an overriding similarity among themselves. By presenting less a foundational mythology of noble aspirations than a satirical, at times even coarsely comedic tale focusing on material and cultural concerns, Belknap’s novel emphasizes the many aspects of difference, discord, and disagreement among its characters as much as it does shared situation and fellow-feeling. The foresters’ turn toward unification seems very reluctant and a direct effect of their collective mistreatment by John Bull. Belknap depicts the emergent country arising from a situational adherence rather than an innate national coherence.

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## The Text

[1. June 1787]

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

EVERY one who has read the

history of *John Bull*, the

clothier, must have observed, that

though “he was in the main an ho-

nest, plain dealing fellow, yet he

was choleric and inconstant, and ve-

ry apt to quarrel with his best

friends.” This observation we shall

find fully verified in the course of

the following narrative; and as the

opinions and manners of superiors

have a very great influence in form-

ing the character of inferiors, we

need not be surprized if we find a

family likeness prevailing among the

persons whose history we are about

to recite, most, of whom were form-

erly residents in Mr. Bull’s house,

or apprentices in his shop.

There was among the appen-

dages to John’s estate, a pretty large

tract of land, which had been ne-

glected by his ancestors, and which

he never cared much about, except-

ing that now and then some of his

family went thither a-hunting, and

brought home venison and furs. In-

deed this was as far as I can find the

best pretence that John had to call

the land his; for he had no legal

title to it. It was then a very woody

country, in some parts rocky and

hilly, in other parts level; well wa-

tered with brooks and ponds, and

the whole of it bordered on a large

lake, in which were plenty of fish,

some of which were often served up

at John’s table, on fast-days.

The stories told by one and an-

other of these adventurers, had made

a deep impression on the mind of

*Walter Pipe-Weed* ([[1]](#footnote-1) ) one of John’s

domestics, a fellow of a roving and

projecting disposition, and who had

learned the art of surveying. Walter

having frequently listened to their

chat, began to think within him-

self, “If these fellows make so ma-

ny pence by their excursions to this

wild spot, what might not I gain

by sitting down upon it ? There is

plenty of game and fish at hand, for

a present supply; plenty of nuts

and acorns to fatten pigs, and with

some small labour I may be able

to raise corn and feed poultry, which

will fetch me a good price at mar-

ket.--I can carry bisket enough in

my pockets, to keep me alive till my

first crop comes in, and my dog can

live upon the offals of the game that

I shall kill.--Besides, who knows

what treasures the land itself may

contain--perhaps some rich mines !

--od zounds!--then I am made for

this world.”

Full of this dream, Walter ap-

plied to his master one day for a

lease of part of *the forest*, as it was

called. Bull at first laughed at the

proposal, and put him off; but Wal-

ter followed it up so close, and told

what advantages might be gained

by settling there, and promised, if

he should succeed, to turn all his

trade into his master’s hand, and

give him the refusal of whatever he

might bring to market, and withal

shewed him some draughts, which

he had made with chalk, from the

reports of the huntsmen, that Bull

began to think of the matter in good

earnest, and consulted his lawyer

upon the subject, who, after due

consideration of the premises, and

stroking his band, advised him as

follows. “Why yes, Mr. Bull, I

don’t see why you ought not to

look about you as well as your neigh-

bours. There is *Lord Street*--he

has a large manor adjoining to your

forest, which, they say, yields him a

fine rent, and, who knows, but this

may bring you in as much, or more?

--Then there is old *Lewis*, the cud-

gel-player, and *Nic Frog*, the dra-

per, who have, perhaps, (I say *per-*

*haps*, Mr. Bull, because it may be

a little doubtful on both sides, and

in that case, you know, sir, it would

not become gentlemen of our cloth,

to speak positively) as good a claim

as your honor to this land; but then

it is a maxim, you know, that pos-

session is eleven points of the law,

and if you once get your foot upon

it--they can not out you without a

process, and your honor knows that

your purse is as long as theirs, and

you are as able to stand a suit with

them as they are with you. I there-

fore advise you to humour your man

Walter, and give him a lease, and a

pretty large one--you may find

more advantages in it than you are

aware of--but lease it, lease it at any

rate.” Upon this he was ordered

to make out a lease; and Walter be-

ing thus invested with as good au-

thority as could be obtained, filled

his pockets with bread and cheese,

took his gun, powder-flask, and shot

of various kinds, with a parcel of

fishing-lines and hooks, his survey-

ing instruments, and a bag of corn

on his shoulders, and off he trotted

to his new paradise.

It was some time before he could

fix upon a spot to his liking, and he

at first met with some opposition

from the bears and wolves, and was

greatly exposed to the weather,

before he could build him a hut;

once or twice the savage animals had

almost devoured him, but being

made of good stuff, he stood his

ground, cleared a little spot, put his

seed into the earth, and lived as well

as such adventurers can expect, poor-

ly enough at first, but supported by

the hope of better times. After a

while he began to thrive, and his

master Bull recommended a *wife* ([[2]](#footnote-2))

to whom he married, and by whom

he had a number of children. Hav-

ing found a new sort of grain in the

forest, and a certain plant of a nar-

cotic quality, he cultivated both,

and having procured a number of

([[3]](#footnote-3)) *black-cattle*, he went on pretty

gaily in the planting way, and

brought his narcotic weed into great

repute, by sending a present of a

quantity of it to his old master, who

grew excessively fond of it, and kept

calling for more, till he got the

whole trade of it into his own hands,

and sold it out of his own ware-house

to old Lewis, Nic Frog, and all the

other tradesmen around him. In

return he supplied Walter with

cloths and stuffs for his family, and

utensils for his husbandry; and as

a reward for being the first, who had

courage to make a settlement in his

forest, and in token of his high es-

teem of him as a customer, as well as

for certain other reasons, he made

it a practice every year, to present

him with a waggon-load of ordure,

([[4]](#footnote-4)) the sweepings of his back-yard,

the scrapings of his dog-kennel, and

contents of his own water closet.

This was a mark of politeness which

John valued himself much upon. “It

may seem odd (said he one day to a

friend) that I make such a kind of

compliment as this to my good cus-

tomer; but if you consider it a-

right you will find it a piece of re-

fined policy--for by this means I

get rid of a deal of trash and rub-

bish that is necessarily made in such

a family as mine; I get a cursed

stink removed from under my nose,

and my good friend has the advan-

tage of it upon his farm, to manure

his grounds, and make them produce

more plentifully that precious weed

in which we all so much delight.”

Walter was often seen, on the arri-

val of Bull’s waggon, to clap his

handkerchief to his nose; but as he

knew his old master was an odd sort

of a fellow, and it was his interest

to keep in with him, he generally

turned off the compliment with a

laugh, saying, good naturedly e-

nough, “Let him laugh that wins,”

without explaining his meaning, tho’

it might admit of a *double entendre*,

--and calling some of his servants,

he ordered them to shovel out the

dung, and make his black cattle mix

theirs with it--and when spread over

the land, the air took out most of

the scent, and the salts were of some

advantage to the soil.

After Walter Pipe-weed had got

his affairs into tolerable order, he

was visited in his retirement by

*Frederick Peterson* ([[5]](#footnote-5)), another of

Bull’s apprentices, who had taken

a fancy to the same kind of life,

from a disgust to some things that

had happened in the family. He

had not been long with Walter be-

fore he found it would not do for

him to remain there. Frederick

was supposed to be a natural son of

old *Lord Peter*, after whom he was

nick-named. He had the same af-

fected airs, and a tincture of the

high flying notions of his reputed fa-

ther. These made him rather dis-

gustful to Walter, who had learned

his manners of Mr. Bull’s mother,

when she was in her sober senses,

and between her and Lord Peter

there had been a long variance.

When Frederick perceived that his

company was not desired, he had so

much good sense as to leave Walter’s

plantation, and paddling across a

creek, seated himself on a point of

land that ran out into the lake. Of

this he obtained a lease of his old

master, and went to work in the

same manner as Walter had done,

who, liking his company best at a

distance, was willing to supply him

with bread and meat till he could

scramble for himself. Here he took

to husbandry, raising corn and the

narcotic weed, and buying up *black*

*cattle*, and after a while turned his

produce into his old master’s ware-

house, and received from him the

annual compliment of a waggon-

load of dung, excepting that when

there had not been so much as usual

made, he and Walter were to share

a load between them.

To ingratiate himself still farther

with his old master, he accepted of

a girl out of his family for a wife,

(for John was always fond of his

tenants marrying for fear of their

doing worse) he took as little notice

as possible of his reputed father, and

dropping, or disowning his nick-

name of Peterson, he assumed that of

*Marygold*, which old Madam Bull

understood as a compliment to one

of her daughters.--He also made

his court to the old lady by kneel-

ing down and kissing the fringe of

her embroidered petticoat, as was

the fashion of that day. This cere-

mony, tho’ a trifle in itself, helped

much to recommend him to Mr.

Bull, who was a very dutiful son,

and took his mother’s advice in most

parts of his business. In short, Fre-

derick was too much of a politician

to suppose that filial affection ought

to stand in the way of a man’s inte-

rest, and in this he judged as most

other men would have done in the

same circumstances.

[*To be continued.*]

[2. July 1787]

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

[*Continued from Page 456.*]

ABOUT the time in which

these first attempts were mak-

ing, and the fame of them had

raised much jealousy among some,

and much expectation among others,

there happened a sad quarrel in John

Bull’s family. His mother, (*[[6]](#footnote-6)*) poor

Woman, had been seized with hyste-

ric fits, which caused her at times

to be delirious and full of all sorts

of whims. She had taken it into

her head that every one of the fa-

mily must hold knife and fork and

spoon exactly alike; that they must

all wash their hands and face pre-

cisely in the same manner; that

they must sit, stand, walk, kneel,

bow, spit, blow their noses, and

perform every other animal function

by the exact rule of *uniformity*,

which she had drawn up with her

own hand, and from which they

were not allowed to vary one hair’s

breadth. If any one of the family

complained of a lame ancle or stiff

knee, or had the crick in his neck,

or happened to cut his finger, or

was any other way so disabled as not

to perform his duty to a tittle, she

was so far from making the least al-

lowance, that she would frown and

scold and rave like a bedlamite; and

John was such an obedient son to his

mother, that he would lend her his

hand to cut their ears, or his foot

to kick their backsides, for not com-

plying with her humours. This

way of proceeding raised an uproar

in the family; for though most of

them complied, either through af-

fection for the old lady, or through

fear, or some other motive, yet

others looked sour, and grumbled;

some would openly find fault and

attempt to remonstrate, but they

were answered with a kick or a

thump, or a cat-o’nine tails, or shut

up in a dark garret ‘till they pro-

mised a compliance. Such was the

logic of the family in those days!

Among the number of the disaf-

fected, was PEREGRINE PICKLE, (*[[7]](#footnote-7)*)

a pretty honest, clever sort of a fel-

low about his business, but a great

lover of sour crout, and of an hu-

mour that would not bear con-

tradiction. However, as he knew

it would be fruitless to enter into

a downright quarrel, and yet he

could not live there in peace; he

had so much prudence as to quit the

house, which he did by getting out

of the window in the night. Not

liking to be out of employ, he went

to the house of NIC. FROG, (*[[8]](#footnote-8)*)

his master’s old friend and rival, told

him the story of his sufferings, and

got leave to employ himself in one

of his garrets ‘till the storm should

be over. After he had been here

a while, he thought Nick’s family

were as much too loose in their man-

ners as Bull’s were too strict; and

having heard a rumour of the Forest,

to which Nick had some kind of

claim, he packed up his little all,

and hired one of Nick’s servants

who had been there a hunting, to

pilot him to that part of the Forest

to which Nick laid claim. But

Frog had laid an anchor to wind-

ward of him; for as Pickle had

said nothing to him about a lease,

he supposed that when Peregrine

had got into the Forest he would

take a lease of his old master, Bull,

which would strengthen his title,

and weaken his own; he therefore

bribed the pilot to shew Peregrine

to a barren part of the Forest instead

of that fertile place (*[[9]](#footnote-9)*) to which he

had already sent his surveyors, and

of which he was contriving to get

possession. Accordingly the pilot

having conducted Pickle to a sandy

point which runs into the lake, (*[[10]](#footnote-10)*)

it being the dusk of the evening, (*[[11]](#footnote-11)*)

bade him good night, and walked

off. Peregrine, who was fatigued

with his march, laid down and went

to sleep, but waking in the morning,

saw himself alone in a very dreary

situation, where he could get no-

thing to live upon but clams, and a

few acorns which the squirrels had

left. In this piteous plight the poor

fellow folded his arms, and walking

along the sandy beach, fell into such

a soliloquy as this. “So much for

travelling! Abused by Bull, cheat-

ed by Frog, what am I at last come

to? Here I am alone, no creatures

but bears, and wolves, and such

vermin around me! Nothing in the

shape of an human being that I

know of, nearer than Pipeweed’s

plantation, and with him I cannot

agree, he is so devoted to old Dame

Bull that he and I cannot live toge-

ther any more than I could with the

old woman. But, why should I

despair? That is unmanly; there

is at least a *possibility* of my living

here, and if I am disappointed in

my worldly prospects, it is but

right, for I professed not to have

any. My wish was to have my

own way without disturbance or

contradiction, and surely I can here

enjoy my liberty. I have nobody

here to curse me, or kick me, or

cheat me. If I have only clams to

eat, I can cook them my own way,

and say as long a grace over them as

I please. I can sit or stand, or kneel,

or use any other posture at my de-

votions, without any cross old wo-

man to growl at me, or any hector-

ing bully to cuff me for it. So that

if I have lost in one way I have

gained in another. I had better

therefore reconcile myself to my si-

tuation and make the best of a bad

market. But company is good!

Apropos! I will write to some of

my fellow-prentices; I know they

were as discontented as myself in

old Bull’s family, though they did

not care to speak their minds as

plainly as I did. I’ll tell them how

much happiness I enjoy here in my

solitude. I’ll point out to them the

charms of liberty, and coax them

to follow me into the wilderness;

and by and by, when we get all to-

gether, we shall make a brave hand

of it.” Full of this resolution, he

sat down on a windfallen tree, and

pulling out his inkhorn and paper,

wrote a letter to JOHN CODLINE,

HUMPHRY PLOUGHSHARE, and

ROGER CARRIER, three of his fel-

low-apprentices, informing them of

the extreme happiness he enjoyed in

having liberty to eat his scanty meals

in his own way, and to lay his swell-

ed ancles and stiff knee in whatever

posture was most easy to him, con-

juring them by their former friend-

ship, to come to join them in car-

rying on the good work so happily

begun, &c. &c. As soon as he had

finished the letter, (which had deep-

ly engaged his attention) a hunts-

man happened to come along in

quest of game. This was a lucky

circumstance indeed, for Peregrine

had not once thought of a convey-

ance for his letter; it proved also

favourable to him in another view,

for the huntsman taking pity on his

forlorn situation, spared him some

powder and shot and a few biscuit

which he happened to have in his

pocket; so taking charge of the

letter, he delivered it as it was

directed.

This letter arrived in good sea-

son, for Old Madam had grown

much worse since Pickle had left

the family : her vapours had in-

creased, and her longings and aver-

sions were much stronger. She had

a strange lurch for embroidered pet-

ticoats and high waving plumes;

her Christmas pies must have double

the quantity of spice that was us-

ual; the servants must make three

bows where they formerly made but

one, and they must never come into

her presence without having curled

and powdered their hair in the pink

of the mode, for she had an aversion

to every thing plain, and an high

relish for every thing gaudy. Be-

sides, she had retained an high met-

tled chaplain (*[[12]](#footnote-12)*) who was constant-

ly at her elbow, and said prayers

night and morning in a brocaded

vest with a gilded mitre on his

head; and he exacted so many bows

and scrapes of every one in the fa-

mily, that it would have puzzled a

French dancing master to have kept

pace with him. Nor would he per-

form the service at all unless a ver-

ger stood by him all the while with

a yard-wand in his hand; and if

any servant or apprentice missed one

bow or scrape, or made it at the

wrong time, or dared to look off

his book, or said Amen in the wrong

place, rap went the stick over his

head and ears or nuckles. It was in

vain to appeal from the chaplain or

the old Dame to their master, for

he was so obedient a son that he

suffered them to govern him as they

pleased; nay, though broad hints

were given that the chaplain was an

emissary of lord Peter (*[[13]](#footnote-13)*) and was

taking advantage of the old lady’s

hysterics to bring the whole family

into his interest, John gave no heed

to any of these insinuations.

As soon as the letter of Pere-

grine Pickle arrived, the apprenti-

ces, to whom it was directed, held a

consultation what they should do.

They were heartily tired of the con-

duct of the chaplain; they lament-

ed the old lady’s ill health, and

wished for a cure; but there was at

present no hope of it, and there-

fore concluded that it was best to

follow Pickle’s advice, and retire

with him into the Forest. Though

they were infected with the spirit of

adventure, yet they were a set of

wary fellows, and knew they could

not with safety venture thither un-

less they had a lease of the land.

Happily, however, for them, Bull

had a little while before that put the

affairs of the Forest into the hands

of a gentleman of the law, (*[[14]](#footnote-14)*) with

orders to see that the matter was

properly managed so as to yield him

some certain profit. To this sage

they applied, and for the proper

fees, which they clubbed for be-

tween them, they obtained a lease,

under hand and seal; wherein, for

“sundry causes him thereunto mov-

ing, the said Bull did grant and

convey unto John Codline and his

associates, so many acres of his Fo-

rest, bounded so and so, and which

they were to have, hold, and enjoy

for ever and ever and the day after,

yielding and paying so and so, and

so forth.” When this grand point

was gained by the assistance of the

lawyer and *his clerks*, who knew

how to manage business: they sold

all their superfluities to the pawn-

brokers, and got together what

things they supposed they should

want, and leaving behind them a

note on the compter, (*[[15]](#footnote-15)*) to tell their

master where they were bound and

what were their designs : they set

off all together and got safe into a

part of the Forest adjoining to

Pickle, who hearing of their arrival,

took his oaken staff in his hand and

hobbled along as fast as his lame

legs could carry him to see them, and

a joyful meeting indeed they had.

Having laid their heads together, it

was agreed that Codline should send

for a girl whom he had courted, ([[16]](#footnote-16))

and marry her, and that he should

be considered as the lord of the

manor, that Pickle should have a

lease of that part which he had

pitched upon, and that Plough-

share and Carrier should for the pre-

sent be considered as members of

Codline’s family. John had taken

a great fancy to fishing, and thought

he could wholly or chiefly subsist by

it; but Humphry had a mind for a

farm; so after a while they parted

in friendship. Humphry, with a

pack on his back and a spade in his

hand, travelled across the Forest ‘till

he found a wide meadow with a

large brook (*[[17]](#footnote-17)*) running through it,

which he supposed to be within

John’s grant, and intended still to

consider himself as a distant member

of the family. But as it fell out

otherwise, he was obliged to get a

new lease, to which Mr. Frog made

some objections, but they were over-

ruled; and soon after another old

fellow-servant, TOBIAS WHEATER,

(*[[18]](#footnote-18)*) came and sat down by him.

They being so much alike in their

views and dispositions, agreed to

live together as intimates, though

in two families, which they did ‘till

Wheater’s death, when Plough-

share became his sole heir, and the

estate has ever since been his. This

Humphry was always a very indus-

trious, frugal, saving husband; and

his wife, though a formal strait-

laced sort of a body, yet always

minded her spinning and knitting,

and took excellent care of her

dairy. She always clothed her

children in homespun garments,

and scarcely ever spent a farthing

for outlandish trinkets. The fa-

mily and all its concerns were

under very exact regulations: not

one of them was suffered to peep out

of doors after the sun was set. It

was never allowed to brew on Sa-

turday, lest the beer should break

the Fourth Commandment by work-

ing on Sunday: and once it is said

the stallion was impounded a

whole week for having held *crim.*

*con.* with the mare while the Old

Gentleman was at his devotions.

Bating these peculiarities, (and eve-

ry body has some) Humphry was a

very good sort of man, a kind neigh-

bor, very thriving, and made a

respectable figure, though he lived

a retired life and did not much fol-

low the fashions, yet he raised a

good estate, and brought up a large

family, who knew how to get their

living wherever they could find land.

[*To be continued.*]

[3. August 1787]

The FORESTERS.

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

[*Continued from Page 517.*]

AFTER Ploughshare’s depar-

ture, John Codline with his

family kept on their fishing and

planting, and sometimes went a

hunting, so that they made out to

get a tolerable subsistence. John’s

family grew, and he settled his sons

as fast as they became of age, to live

by themselves; and when any of

his old acquaintance came to see

him, he bade them welcome, and

was their very good friend, *as long*

*as they continued to be of his mind*

and no longer; for he was a very

pragmatical sort of a fellow, and

loved to have his own way in every

thing. This was the cause of a

quarrel between him and *Roger*

*Carrier* (*[[19]](#footnote-19)*), for it happened that

Roger had taken a fancy to dip his

head into (*[[20]](#footnote-20)*) water, as the most

effectual way of washing his face,

and thought it could not be made so

clean in any other way. John, who

used the common way of taking

water in his hand, to wash his face,

was displeased with Roger’s innova-

tion, and remonstrated against it.

The remonstrance had no other ef-

fect, than to fix Roger’s opinion

more firmly, and as a farther im-

provement on his new plan, he pre-

tended that no person ought to have

his face washed till he was capable

of doing it himself, without any as-

sistance from his parents. John was

out of patience with this addition,

and plumply told him, that if he

did not reform his principles and

practice, he would fine him, or flog

him, or kick him out of doors. These

threats put Roger on inventing

other odd and whimsical opinions.

He took offence at the letter X, and

would have had it expunged from

the alphabet. (*[[21]](#footnote-21)*) He would not

do his duty at a military muster,

because there was an X in the co-

lours. After a while he began to

scruple the lawfulness of bearing

arms, and killing wild beasts. But,

poor fellow! the worst of all was,

that being seized with a shaking

palsy ([[22]](#footnote-22)), which affected every limb

and joint of him; his speech was so

altered that he was unable to pro-

nounce certain letters and syllables

as he had been used to do. These

oddities and defects rendered him

more and more disagreeable to his

old friend, who, however, kept his

temper as well as he could, till one

day, as John was saying a long grace

over his meat, Roger kept his hat

on the whole time. As soon as the

ceremony was over, John took up a

case knife from the table, and gave

Roger a blow on the ear with the

broad side of it, then with a rising

stroke turned off his hat. Roger said

nothing, but taking up his hat put

it on again; at which John broke

out into such a passionate speech as

this “You impudent scoundrel! is

it come to this! Have I not borne

with your whims and fidgets these

many years, and yet they grow up-

on you? Have I not talked with

you time after time, and proved to

you as plain as the nose in your face

that your notions are wrong? Have

I not ordered you to leave them off,

and warned you of the consequence,

and yet you have gone on from bad

to worse. You began with dipping

your head into water, and would

have all the family do the same, pre-

tending there was no other way of

washing the face. You would have

had the children go dirty all their

days, under pretence that they were

not able to wash their own faces, and

so they must have looked like the pigs

till they were grown up. Then you

would talk your own balderdash

linguo, [sic] *thee and thou, and nan*--

*forsooth*--and now you must keep

your hat on when I am at my devo-

tions, and I suppose would be glad

to have the whole family do the

same! There is no bearing with

you any longer--so now--hear me,

I give you fair warning, if you don’t

mend your manners, and retract your

errors, and promise reformation, I’ll

kick you out of the house. I’d

have no such refractory fellows here,

I came into this forest for *reforma-*

*tion*, and reformation I *will* have.”

“Friend John (said Roger) dost

not thou remember when thou and

I lived together in friend Bull’s fa-

mily, how hard thou didst think it

to be compelled to look on thy book

all the time that the hooded chap-

lain was reading the prayers, and

how many knocks and thumps thou

and I had for offering to use our li-

berty, which we thought we had a

right to? Didst thou not come hi-

therunto for the sake of enjoying

thy liberty, and did not I come to

enjoy mine? Wherefore then dost

thou assume to deprive me of the

right which thou claimest for thy-

self?”

“Don’t tell me (answered John)

of right and of liberty--you have

as much liberty as any man ought

to have. You have liberty to do

right, and no man ought to have

liberty to do wrong.”

“Who is to be judge (replied

Roger) what is right or what is

wrong? Ought not I to judge for

myself? or thinkest thou it is thy

place to judge for me?”

“Who is to be judge (said John)

why *the book* is to be judge--and I

have proved by the book over and

over again that you are wrong, and

therefore you are wrong, and you

have no liberty to do any thing but

what is right.”

“But friend John (said Roger)

who is to judge whether thou hast

proved my opinions or conduct to

be wrong--thou or I? [sic]

“Come, come, (said John) not so

close neither--none of your idle dis-

tinctions, I *say* you are in the wrong,

I have *proved* it, and *you know* it,

you have sinned against *your own*

*conscience*, and therefore you deserve

to be cut off as an incorrigible he-

retic.”

“How dost thou know (said

Roger) that I have sinned against

my own conscience? Canst thou

search the heart?”

At this John was so enraged that

he gave him a smart kick on the

posteriors, and bade him be gone out

of his house, and off his lands, and

called after him to tell him, that if

ever he should catch him there again

he would knock his brains out. Ro-

ger having experienced that the lo-

gic of the foot, applied to the breech

is the most powerful of arguments,

walked off; but had so much of hu-

man nature left in him, as to turn up

the folds of his coat, and expose the

insulted part to view, which action,

however expressive, has always been

deemed no swearing, nor breach of

the peace.--Thus they parted, and

Roger having travelled as far as he

supposed to be out of the limits of

John’s lease, laid himself down by

the side of a clear rivulet, which

flowed down a hill; here he com-

posed himself to sleep, and on his

awaking found several bears about

him, but none offered him any in-

sult. Upon which he said, and mi-

nuted it down in his pocket book,

“Surely the beasts of the wilder-

ness are in friendship with me, and

this is designed by *Providence* ([[23]](#footnote-23)) as

my resting place; here, therefore,

will I pitch my tabernacle, and here

shall I dwell more in peace, though

surrounded by bears and wolves, than

when in the midst of those whom I

counted my brethren.”

On this spot he built an hut, and

having taken possession, made a visit

to his old master Bull, who gave

him a lease of the place, with an

island or two in an adjoining cove of

the great lake, and recommended

to him a wife, by whom he had a

few children; but his plantation was

chiefly increased by the flocking of

strangers to him; for he was a ve-

ry hospitable man, and made it a

rule in his family not to refuse any

who should come, whether lame or

blind, short or tall, whether they

had two eyes or one, whether they s

quinted or stammered, or limped, or

had any other natural defect or im-

pediment; it was another rule that

every one should bear with the in-

firmities of his neighbours, and help

one another as they were able. I

remember once as I was passing

through Roger’s plantation I saw

one man carrying another on his

shoulders, which, at first, I thought

a very odd sight; upon coming up

to them, I perceived that the lower

one was blind, and the upper one

was lame, so as they had but one

pair of eyes, and one pair of legs

between them; the lame man avail-

ed himself of the blind man’s legs,

and he of the other’s eyes, and both

went along very well together. I

remember also, that as I passed along,

the fences were in some places made

of very crooked, knotty rails; but

the crooks and knots were made to

say [sic] into each other so cleverly, that

the fences were as tight as if they

had been made of stuff sawed ever so

even; a circumstance which con-

vinced me that very crooked things

might be put together, to advan-

tage, if proper pains were taken

about it. This, however, was some

time ago.--i have sine heard that

the old crooks and knots and got

out of order, and that they have not

the art of making new ones say into

one another so well as formerly.

Whenever this happens it affords a

kind of burlesque on the art of fence-

making, but alas! how can it be

otherwise when not but the lame

and the blind are employed in the work?

When John Codline had settled

the controversy with Roger by kick-

ing him out of doors, he began to

look about him to see what his neigh-

bours were doing. Having found a

young fellow on his north-eastern

limits, who had come thither with-

out his knowledge or permission;

he took it into his head to survey

the extent of his grounds. The

words of his lease were rather am-

biguous, and by virtue thereof he

thought it convenient to extend his

claims over the lands on which *Ro-*

*bert Lumber* (for that was the name

of the young fellow) had settled.

([[24]](#footnote-24)) It seems that Bob had been sent

by some of John Bull’s family to

erect a fishing stage on the borders

of the Lake, and the lawyer who

had the care of the forest not being

acquainted so much as he ought to

have been with the situation of the

lands, or having no knowledge of the

art of surveying, had made out a

lease which lapped over Codline’s; so

that each of them had a claim upon

it. In some circumstances this might

have been deemed unfortunate, but

as it happened it proved lucky for

poor Bob--his employers had left

him in the lurch, and he would have

starved to death if John had not

taken him under his wing and sent

him provisions to keep him alive.

He also lent him a hand to clear up

the bushes, and furnished him with

materials to build a saw-mill. This

set Bob on his own legs, and he

proved a sturdy faithful fellow. He

was of great service to John in kill-

ing bears and wolves that infested

his plantation; and when he himself

was in danger, John lent him pow-

der, shot, and flints, and sent hands

to help him, and in so doing he serv-

ed himself as well as his neighbour,

which was no breach of morality.

Thus they lived pretty peaceably to-

gether, till after a while Bob’s old

owners found the land was grown

good for something, and then (with-

out paying John for his assistance

in making it so) appealed to Mr.

Bull, and got it away, and took a

large slice of John’s land into the

bargain. (*[[25]](#footnote-25)*) This was a matter

which stuck in John’s throat a great

while, and if I am rightly informed

he has hardly swallowed it yet.

He did not think himself fairly dealt

by though he had all Peregrine

Pickle’s land put into a new lease

which Bull gave him. To be short,

John Codline and John Bull never

heartily loved one another; they

were in their temper and disposition

too much alike; each was eternally

jealous of the other: Business was,

indeed, carried on pretty well be-

tween them for many years, and had

Mr Bull hearkened to the advice of

his best friends, I suppose there

would never have been any open

quarrel between them.

[*To be continued.*]

[4. September 1787]

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

[*Continued from Page* 568.]

BETWEEN the lands occupied

by Frederick Marygold, and

those on which Humpry Plough-

share had made his settlement, was

a large tract of waste, where none

of Mr. Bull’s family had ever been;

but the report of the plantations

which one and another of them had

made, drew the attention of Bull’s

neighbours. Among these, *Nicolas*

*Frog* (*[[26]](#footnote-26)*) was not an idle spectator.

He was as sly a fellow as you will

meet with in a summer’s day, always

attentive to his interest, and never

let slip an opportunity to promote

it. Observing that Mr. Bull was

rather careless of the Forest, and trust-

ed his lawyers and servants with the

management of it, and knowing

there was a large slice of it unoccu-

pied, he clandestinely sent out some

surveyors in the disguise of hunters,

to make a description of the coun-

try, and report to him at their re-

turn. Another good neighbor

GUSTAVUS, the ironmonger (*[[27]](#footnote-27)*)

was gaping after it, and gave out word

among his journeymen, that if any

of them would adventure thither

and set up their trade, he would up-

hold them in their pretensions, and

lend them any assistance in his pow-

er. Accordingly one of them, by the

name of *Casimir*, ventured to make

a beginning on the shore of a navi-

gable creek; (*[[28]](#footnote-28)*) but did not care

to penetrate far into the country,

on account of the wolves and bears,

which were very numerous thereabouts.

As soon as Frog heard of this he

picked a quarrel with Gustavus, and

insisted that the land was his by

possession, because he had already

sent surveyors thither. It happened

however, that the place which Frog’s

people had pitched upon was at the

mouth of another creek, (*[[29]](#footnote-29)*) at a

considerable distance; where they

had built a hut, on a point of land,

and farther up the creek they had

erected a kind of lodge or hunting-

house, (*[[30]](#footnote-30)*) for the convenience of

collecting game. On this planta-

tion Frog had placed PETER STI-

VER, a one-legged fellow, as his

overseer. As soon as Peter heard

of the quarrel between his master

and Gustavus, he thought the quick-

est way of ending it was the best;

and therefore, without waiting for

orders or ceremony, he went and

commanded Casimir off the ground;

and with one of his crutches beat

his house to pieces about his ears.

The poor fellow stared at this rough

treatment; but was glad to escape

with whole bones, and humbly re-

quested leave to remain there with

his tools, promising to follow his

business quietly, and become an ob-

edient servant to Mr. Frog; upon

these conditions he was permitted

to remain, and the whole tract was

reputed Frog’s property.

While these things were doing

John Bull was confined to his house

with a violent fever and delirium (*[[31]](#footnote-31)*),

under which he laboured for a long

time, and his imagination was the

seat of every wild freak and strange

vagary. One while he fancied

himself an absolute monarch, then,

a presbyterian clergyman, then a

general of horse, then a lord-pro-

tector; his noddle was filled with a

jumble of polemic divinity, political

disputes, and military arrangements,

and it was not till after much blood-

letting, blistering, vomiting and

purging, that he began to mend.

Under this severe, but wholesome

regimen, he at length grew cool and

came to himself, but found on his

recovery that his affairs had gone

behind-hand during his sickness.

Beside the loss of business, he had

physicians and apothecaries bills to

pay, and those who had attended

upon him as nurses, watchers, por-

ters, &c. all expected wages or dou-

ceurs, and were continually haunt-

ing him with, How does your honour

do? I am glad to see your honour so

well as to be abroad. Some one or

more were continually putting

themselves in his way, and if they

did not directly *dun* him for pay-

ment, their looks were so signify-

cant that a man of less penetration

could easily have guessed what was

their meaning.

Bull was somewhat perplexed

how to answer all their demands

and expectations. He was too far

behind-hand to be able to satisfy

them, and withal too generous to

let them remain unpaid. At length

he hit on this expedient: “These

fellows (said he to himself) have

served me well, and may be of use

to me again. There is yet a con-

siderable part of my forest unoccu-

pied. I’ll offer to lease them tracts

of land which *cost me nothing*, and

if they will accept them at a low

rent, they may prove useful ser-

vants, and I shall be a gainer as well

as they.” Having come to this

resolution, he began to enquire

into the affairs of his forest, and found

that his neighbours had intruded

upon his claim. LEWIS had taken

possession at one end (*[[32]](#footnote-32)*); Lord

STRUT at the (*[[33]](#footnote-33)*) other; and NIC

FROG in the middle ([[34]](#footnote-34)), and his

own tenants had been quarrelling

with their new neighbours, as well

as among themselves. “Hey day,

(says John) this will never do; I

must keep a good look out upon

these dogs, or they will get the ad-

vantage of me.” Away he goes to

Frog, and begun to complain of the

ill treatment which he had received.

Frog who had no mind either to

quarrel, or to cry peccavi, like a

sly, evasive whore-son as he was,

shrugged up his shoulders, disowned

what his servants had done, and said,

he supposed they only meant to kill

game, and did not intend to hold

possession. Bull was not to be put

off so; his blood was up and he de-

termined to treat Frog’s servants

as they had treated Casimir. So, cal-

ling a trusty old stud out of his

compting house, “Here Bob (*[[35]](#footnote-35)*)

(said he) take one of my servants

with a couple of blood hounds, and

go to that part of the forest where

Peter Stiver has encroached, give

him fair warning; tell him the land

is mine, and I will have it; if he

gives up at once, treat him well and

tell him I’ll give him leave to re-

main there; but if he offers to make

any resistance, or hesitates about an

answer, set your dogs at him and

drive him off; kill his cattle and set

his house on fire; never fear, I’ll

bear you out in it.” Away goes

Bob and delivered his message; Pe-

ter at first thought it a matter of

amusement, and begun to divert

himself with it; but as soon as the

dogs opened upon him he found his

mistake, and rather than run the

risk of being driven off, he quietly

submitted to the conditions proposed.

“Hang it (said he to himself)

what care I who is my landlord?

Gain is my object, I have already

been at great expense, and have a

prospect of getting an estate, to re-

move will ruin me, I’ll therefore

stay here, and make money under

Bull, or Frog, or any other master

that will let me stay.”

In a subsequent quarrel which

happened between Bull and Frog--

the latter seized upon this planta-

tion again, and Peter recognized

his old master; but upon a com-

promise it was given up to Bull in

exchange for a tract of swamp (*[[36]](#footnote-36)*)

which lay far to the southward.

Peter continued on the ground

through all these changes, and follow-

ed his business with great diligence,

collecting game and pelts, and ven-

ding them sometimes to Mr. Bull,

and sometimes to Mr. Frog. How-

ever, Bull thought it best that, in

token of subjection, Stiver should

change his name; to which he con-

sented, and partly to please his new

master, and partly to retain the re-

membrance of his old one, he assum-

ed the name of BULL FROG.

The whole tract which was thus

gotten from Frog, was thought too

large for one plantation, and there-

fore Mr. Bull, in pursuance of the

plan which he had formed appro-

priated the rents of the plantation,

on which Bull Frog was seated to

his brother, and the other part

which had been taken from Casimir

was leafed to two of his servants,

CART-RUT and BARE-CLAY, and

sometime after another tract was

set off to WILLIAM BROADBRIM,

whose father had been an assiduous

rat-catcher in Mr. Bull’s family;

but more of this hereafter.

*Cart-rut* and *Bare-clay* agreed

to divide their land into two farms,

which they called the east and west

farms; (*[[37]](#footnote-37)*) but when they came to

run the division line, their compasses

differed so much that they could

not fix the boundary. This was

one cause of dissention. Another

was the different humors and dispo-

sitions of their families. Those on

the East farm were brought up un-

der Mr. Bull’s sister PEG (*[[38]](#footnote-38)*); and

as it is well known that she and her

brother had long been at variance,

so their domestics had got tinctured

with the notions and prejudices of

their respective families. The fa-

mily on the West farm was made up

of persons who were subject to the

epidemic ague or shaking palsy (*[[39]](#footnote-39)*);

with some stragglers from Bull-

frog’s and Casimir’s families. From

this diversity of constitutions and

humours arose bickerings and quar-

rels, a disinclination to work

and submit to family government.

These disorders continued a long

while, and business went on very

slowly, till at length the heads of

both families agreed to give up their

separate leases, and take a new one

of the whole, and let Mr. Bull appoint

an overseer. By these means peace

was restored, and the new overseer,

who was supposed to be a descen-

dant of JULIUS CæSAR, gave the

name of his ancestor to the farm,

which has ever since been called Cæ-

SAREA.

There was another large portion

of the forest, which lay southward

of Walter Pipe-weed’s plantation,

and which no person had yet taken

up, though some had made attempts

and had been driven off by the num-

berless musquitoes and sand-flies,

which abounded in those places.

Mr. Bull was still desirous to re-

ward his friends in the *cheapest man-*

*ner*, and at the same time to keep

his neighbors from encroaching

upon him, and secure the possession

of the forest to himself. In pursu-

ance of his plan, and to make short

work of it at once, he leased the

whole of this southern extremity to

CHARLES INDIGO, ([[40]](#footnote-40)) who was

expressly ordered to take under his

care and into his family all persons

who had attended Mr. Bull, in his

late sickness, in quality of nurses,

druggists, apothecaries, laundresses,

upholsters, porters, watchers, &c.

&c. By this order Charles found

himself at once surrounded by a large

body of retainers of various ranks

and qualities, and being a speculator

himself, he employed a speculative

man, Mr. *Padlock* (who had written

a large treatise upon *Ideas*) to draw

up some rules, for the management

of such a family, intending when he

should build an house, to paste it up

in the parlour, as a directory to his

wife. Accordingly Mr. Padlock

went to work, and with an exquisite

mixture of political and metaphysical

knowledge, distinguished between

the hall, the parlour, the dressing

room, the gallery, the music-room,

the bed-chambers, the chapel, the

kitchen, the water-closet, &c. shew-

ing what was to be done in each,

and the proper subordination of one

to the other, all which would have

been of excellent service in a palace,

and among people who had got to a

high degree of refinement, but was

ill suited to the circumstances of new

adventurers in a forest. They rather

needed to be instructed in the me-

thod of felling trees, draining

swamps, digging clams, guarding

against musquitoes, killing wolves

and bears, and erecting huts to keep

off the weather. To these neces-

sary affairs they were obliged to at-

tend, and Mr. Padlock’s fine-spun

rules were laid by and little thought of.

Charles had pitched upon a sandy

point, between two brooks for his

mansion-house, and had made a small

beginning when his repose was dis-

turbed by one AUGUSTINE, (*[[41]](#footnote-41)*) a

lubberly fellow, who had taken a

lease of Lord STRUT, and lived

farther southward. This Strut was

the largest landholder in the coun-

try, and was never satisfied with ad-

ding field to field. He had already

got much more than he could ma-

nage, and had greatly impoverished

his home-stead by attending to his

extra-territories. His tenants were

infected with the same land-fever,

and wished to have no neighbors

within sight or call. From this en-

vious disposition Augustine collect-

ed a rabble of lousy fellows, and

was coming to dispossess Charles,

thinking him too weak to make a

defence; but Charles was a lad of

too much *spunk* to be brow-beaten

by such fellows. He armed all his

people with some weapon or other,

and advanced till he came within

sight of the place where Augustine

was, who on seeing him, took wit

in his anger and went back, without

attempting any mischief.

Another difficulty which Charles

expected to encounter was from the

wild beasts; but luckily for him,

these creatures got into a quarrel

among themselves, and fought with

each other till they had thinned

their numbers considerably, so that

Charles and his companions could

venture into the woods, where they

caught some few and tamed them,

as was the usual practice among all

Mr. Bull’s tenants at that day. Of this

practice a more particular account

shall be given, by way of digression.

[*To be continued.*]

[5. October 1787]

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

[*Continued from page 622.*]

It must have been remarked by

every person who has read the

life and character of Mr. John Bull,

that he was very whimsical, and as

positive as he was whimsical. Among

other advantages which he expect-

ed from the settlement of his Forest,

one was, that the wild animals

whom nature had made ferocious and

untractable in the highest degree,

would be rendered tame and ser-

viceable, by receiving instruction and

education from the nurturing hand

of humanity. He had conceived

a notion that every creature has certain la-

tent principles and qualities which

form a foundation for improve-

ment; and he thought it a great piece

of injustice that these qualities should

be suffered to remain uncultivated; he

had a mind that experiments should be

attempted to discover how far this

kind of cultivation was practicable,

and what use could be made of the

animal powers under the direction

and control of rational government.

Full of this idea, he came to a reso-

lation [sic], that it should be the duty of

every one of his tenants to catch

wild beasts of various sorts, and dis-

cipline them so as to find out their

several properties and capacities, and

use them accordingly; and this kind

of service was mentioned in their re-

spective leases as one condition of

the grants.

Some of the tenants, particularly

Peregrine Pickle, John Codline, and

Humphry Ploughshare, entered zea-

lously into the measure from princi-

ple. They had, during Mr. Bull’s

sickness and delirium, (before spoken

of) formed an association for their

mutual safety. (*[[42]](#footnote-42)*) The object of

their union was two fold: first,

to endeavour by all fair means to

tame and discipline the wild beasts;

and secondly, in case of their prov-

ing refractory, to defend them-

selves against their attacks. The

other tenants did something in the

same way; some from one principle,

and some from another. Peter Bull-

frog, who was as cunning as any of

them, made use of those which he

had tamed as his caterers, to pro-

vide game for his table, of which

the feathers and furs served him as

articles of traffic, and brought him

in a profitable return.

The principal consideration (set-

ting aside interest) which induced

the more zealous of the Foresters

to enter into this business, was an

idea, that these animals were a de-

generated part of the human spe-

cies, and might be restored to their

proper rank and order if due pains

were taken. The grounds of this

opinion were these: Among the tra-

ditions of the ancient Druids there

was a story, that out of *twelve* fa-

milies which inhabited a certain dis-

trict by themselves, *ten* had been

lost, and no account could be given

of them; and, where, said they, is it

more likely to find them than in

this forest, in the shape of some

other creatures? especially, if the

doctrine of transmigration, which

the Druids held be true. Ano-

ther tradition was, that one of Mr.

Bull’s great great uncles, by the

name of *Madok*, had many years

ago disappeared, and the last ac-

counts which had been received of

him was, that he had been seen go-

ing towards this forest; hence it

was concluded that his descendants

must be found there. In confirma-

tion of this argument, it was al-

leged, that the sounds which some

of these creatures made in their

howlings, resembled the language

spoken in that day: nay, some were

positive that they had heard them pro-

nounce the word (*[[43]](#footnote-43)*) *Madokawando*;

and one hunter roundly swore that

he had seen in the den of a bear, an

old *book* which he supposed to be a

*Bible* written in the Celtic language,

and this book they concluded must

have been left there by Madok,

who could read and speak no other

language. Another very material

circumstance was the discovery of a

rock by the side of a brook, (*[[44]](#footnote-44)*)

inscribed with some characters which

bore no resemblance to any kind of

writing, ancient or modern; the

conclusion from hence was, that it

must be of the remotest antiquity:

this rock was deemed an unaccount-

able curiosity, till a certain virtuoso

took into his noddle, first to ima-

gine, and then to become extremely

positive that the characters were *Pu-*

*nic*; and finally this inscription was

translated, and affirmed to be no-

thing less than a treaty of alliance

between the *Phenicians* and the first

inhabitants of this forest. From

all these premises it was inferred,

with some plausibility, and more

positiveness that one species at least

of the savage animals was descended

from *Madok*, and that the others

were the posterity of the long lost

*ten* families, who were well known

to have had a commercial connec-

tion with the *Phenicians*, and that

these probably found out their haunt,

and followed them for the sake of

their former friendship. What hap-

py light do modern discoveries and

conjectures thrown on the dark pages

of antiquity!

From these principles, as well as from

motives of humanity and of interest,

some of the Foresters entered with

zeal on the consideration and pract-

ice of the best methods to fulfil this

condition of their grants, the disci-

plining the savage animals, and they

certainly deserve praise for their ho-

nest endeavours; but, others who

pretended to the same zeal, it is to

be lamented, made use of this pre-

tence to cover their vanity or their

avarice. Had none but gentle

means been used, it is probable

more good might, on the whole,

have been produced; but as it often

happens that many a good project

has been ruined for want of pru-

dence in the execution, so it fared

with this; for while the new comers

were busy in putting up their huts,

and preparing the land for cultiva-

tion, (both which were necessary

before they could attend to any

other business) some of the savage

tribe would be a little impertinent,

either by peeping into the huts, or

breaking up a nest where the poul-

try were hatching, or carrying off a

chick or a gosling. These imperti-

nencies bred frequent quarrels, and

the poor creatures were sometimes

driven off with bloody noses, or

obliged to hop on three legs, or

even laid sprawling and slyly cover-

ed with earth, no service or ceremo-

ny being said over the carcase, and

no other epitaph than “Poh, they

are nothing but brutes, and where’s

the harm of killing them!” or in

rhyme thus:  
“Tit for tat, tit for tat,  
“He stole my chick and I broke his back.”

Whatever plausible excuses might

have been made for these proceed-

ings, they served to render the

other creatures jealous of their new

neighbors; but instead of abating

their appetite for mischief, it sharp-

ened their invention to take more

sly methods of accomplishing it.

The more wary of them kept aloof

in the day time, and would not be

enticed by the arts which were used

to draw them in; however, they

were sometimes pinched for food,

and the new inhabitants used to

throw crusts of bread, handfuls of corn,

and other eatables, in

their way, which allured them by

degrees to familiarity. After a

while it was found that nothing suc-

ceeded so well as *melasses*: it was

therefore thought a capital manoeu-

vre to drop a train of it on the

ground, which the creatures would

follow, licking it, till they had in-

sensibly got up to the doors of the

houses, where, if any body held a

bowl or a plate besmeared with the

liquor, they would come and put

their noses into it, and then you

might pat them on the back

and sides, or stroke them, say-

ing, “poor Bruin, poor Isgrim,

poor Reynard, poor Puss,” and the

like, and they should suffer them-

selves to be handled and fondled till

they dropped asleep. When they

awaked they would make a moan

and wag their tails as if they were

asking for more, and if it was de-

nied them, they would retire to the

woods in disgust, till the scent of

the melasses operating on their de-

praved appetites, invited them to

return where it was to be had. This

was upon repeated trial found to be

the most effectual way of taming

them, as they might be taught to

imitate any kind of tricks and ges-

tures if a dish of melasses was held

out as a reward.

The Foresters knew that they

could not ingratiate themselves bet-

ter with their old master Bull, than

by humouring his itch for pro-

jects. They therefore took care to

raise reports and write letters from

time to time concerning the won-

derful success which they had met

with in civilizing the savage animals.

Bull was greatly pleased with these

reports, and made a practice of send-

ing presents of trinkets to be dis-

tributed among them; such as col-

lars, ear-rings, and nose-jewels. Se-

veral times some of the most stately

and best instructed of them were car-

ried to his house for a show, where

he had them dressed up in scarlet

and gold trappings, and led through

all his apartments for the entertain-

ment of his family, and feasted with

every nick-nack which his cook

and confectioner could procure.

He was so fond of being thought

their patron and protector, that he

usually spoke of them as his *red*

*children*, from the colour of their

hides. It is not many years since

one of them, after being led through

several families and plantations of

the tenants, was carried home to

Mr. Bull’s own house, dressed in

the habit of a *clergyman*, having

been previously taught to lift his

paw and roll his eyes as if in the act

of devotion. This trick was so well

carried on that the managers of it

picked up a large pocket full of

pence, by exhibiting him for a raree-

show, and the money was applied

toward building a *menagerie*, where

beasts of all kinds might be brought

and tamed. This project, like ma-

ny such whims, has proved of more

profit to the projectors, than bene-

fit to the public; for most of those

who were supposed to be tamed and

domesticated, after they had been

sent back to their native woods

with a view to their being instru-

mental in taming their fellow-sa-

vages, have returned to their former

ferocious habits, and some of them

have proved greater rogues than

ever, and have done more mischief

than they could otherwise have been

capable of.

Mr. Bull himself was once so full

of the project, that he got his chap-

lain and some others to form them-

selves into a club (*[[45]](#footnote-45)*), the professed

object of which was to propagate

knowledge among these savage crea-

tures. After some trials which did

not answer expectation, old madam

Bull conceived that the money which

was collected might as well be ex-

pended in teaching Mr. Bull’s own

tenants themselves a little better

manners; for some of them were ra-

ther awkward and slovenly in their

deportment, while others were de-

cent and devout *in their own way*.

Madam, as we have before obser-

ved, was a great zealot in the cause

of *uniformity*, and had a vast influ-

ence over her son, by virtue of which

the attention of the club was prin-

cipally directed to the promoting

this grand object. Accordingly,

every one of the tenants was fur-

nished with a bible and a prayer-

book, a clean napkin, bason, platter

and chalice, with a few devotional

tracts, and some young adventurers

who had been educated in the fami-

ly, were recommended as chaplains;

who had also by-orders to keep a

look out toward the savage animals,

when they should fall in their way.

The chaplains were tolerably well

received in most of the families;

but some, particularly Codline and

Ploughshare, who gloried in being

able to say *without book*, always

looked sour upon them, and would

frequently say to them, “Go, take

care of the savage objects of your

mission, and don’t come here to

teach us, ‘till you have learned bet-

ter yourselves.” The chaplains in

disgust, and perhaps in revenge (for

they were but men of like passions)

would pout and swell and call *schis-*

*matic* and other canonical nick-

names, of which there is extant a

large vocabulary, and would fre-

quently write letters, much to the

disadvantage of their opponents. It

is not many years since they, with

the club which sent them, were pret-

ty severely handled by one of Cod-

line’s own Chaplains, and it is sup-

posed that they have ever since been

abating their arrogance; certain it

is that they are on better terms *now*

with their neighbors than ever;

this may, in part, be owing to some

other circumstances, but be the cause

what it may, it is looked upon by

the judicious, as one of the most

hopeful among the signs of the times.

[*To be continued.*]

[6. November 1787]

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

[*Continued from page 710.*]

It has been observed, that the

lease which Mr. Bull gave to

*Charles Indigo*, obliged him to re-

ceive into his family all such persons

as had been attendants on Mr. Bull

during his sickness, and for whom

he had no other means of provid-

ing. This general indulgence pro-

cured to Charles the reputation of

a very friendly, hospitable person,

and induced great numbers of other

people of various characters, views,

and interests, to seek an assylum

within his limits. About this time

old Lewis had grown sick and pee-

vish, and had severely cudgelled

some of his apprentices, because they

did not make their P’s and Q’s ex-

actly to his mind (*[[46]](#footnote-46)*). The poor

fellows, to prevent worse treatment,

fled from his house, and took refuge

with Mr. Bull, who treated them

civilly, and recommended them

to the Forest, where they dispersed

in the several families of his tenants,

and a large party of them took up

their abode with Charles, to whose

family they proved an industrious,

profitable acquisition, though some

of the family looked a little sourly upon them.

This facility of admitting strangers

produced an effect which had almost

proved fatal to the reputation of the

family; for a number of highway-

men (*[[47]](#footnote-47)*) also sought shelter there,

and by means of their gold and sil-

ver, which they had in plenty, made

friends in the house, and were ad-

mitted by night at a back door.

After a while they grew more bold

and came in the day time, under

the disguise of pedlars, with packs

on their shoulders. One of them

actually took his stand behind a cor-

ner of one of the fences, from

whence he sallied out on travellers;

this corner obtained, from that cir-

cumstance, the name of *Point-Fear*,

and as the first names of places are

not easily got rid of, it retains the

name to this day, and perhaps will

ever retain it. Here the rascal in-

tended to have built himself a lodge,

and taken up his quarters for life;

but the matter was now grown so

public, that Charles, for the honour

of his family, ordered all stragglers

to be seized, and this fellow in par-

ticular, after a severe struggle, was

apprehended and brought to justice.

The same spot was afterward tak-

en possession of by *Peter Pitch*, (*[[48]](#footnote-48)*)

a poor fellow who got his living as

he did his name, from collecting the

resinous juice of the numerous pines

which grew thereabouts. He had

to work hard and fare hard, and go

a great way for his victuals and

clothes; but after he had lived alone

for some time, he picked up one

or two acquaintances of his own stamp,

and they formed a family which was

at first rather disorderly. Farther

discovery of the lands, and the ad-

vantage of the water-carriage, in-

duced some other people to sit down

by him, and in process of time he

became so respectable as to be no-

ticed by Mr. Bull, who, though he

never gave him a lease in form, yet

let him have cloth and haberdashery

upon credit, and took his pitch in

payment as fast as he could collect

it. This kept him in a dependent

state, and subjected him to impo-

sitions from Bull’s clerks and jour-

neymen. It is not many years since

Bull sent him a taylor to *try-on* a

new coat, (*[[49]](#footnote-49)*) which was so strait

that it split in several places, and

never could be altered so as to fit

him, but he was obliged to wear it

rather than quarrel with his patron.

This same taylor was remarkable for

*cabbaging*, as Peter Bull-Frog and

Humphry Ploughshare have since had

large experience.

To finish what relates to Charles

Indigo, we shall observe, that the

land on which he began his planta-

tion, was in general so wet and miry,

that it was unfavourable to the pro-

duction of wheat, and it was for

some time doubtful whether he

would be able to raise his own bread.

Chance at length effected what la-

bour and ingenuity could not: a

bird of passage having dropped some

kernels of rice in his dung it was

found to thrive exceedingly well;

from whence the hint was taken,

and rice became the standard grain

of the plantation. By the cultiva-

tion of this, and of a weed which

was useful to the dyers; he grew

rich, and made a sightly figure

among his neighbours in point of

dress and equipage, though his

countenance is rather sallow, and

he is subject to frequent returns of

the intermittent fever.

By the extensive lease given to In-

digo and his associates, most of Mr.

Bull’s dependants and attendants

were provided for, and their services

recompensed with a shew of gene-

rosity on his part, and of satisfac-

tion on theirs. We have before just

hinted at a grant made to *William*

*Broad Brim* (*[[50]](#footnote-50)*), of which we shall

give a more particular account.

His father had been an old ser-

vant of Mr. Bull, and had been em-

ployed in the very laborious and ne-

cessary business of catching and

killing rats. In this employment

he was so very dexterous and suc-

cessful that he recommended him-

self highly to his master, who not

only allowed him large wages

but promised him farther recompense.

During Mr. Bull’s sickness, the

care and diligence of this faithful

servant had been unremitted and his

merits were thereby increased, so

that Mr. Bull on his recovery found

himself deeply indebted to him, and

he still continued his services; till,

worn out with age and infirmity,

he died and had an honorable fu-

neral.

His son William then became his

heir, and solicited for payment of

the arrears due to his father, which

Mr. Bull, according to the maxim

he had laid down for himself, and

urged by the necessity of the occa-

sion, proposed to discharge by a

lease of part of the Forest. This

happened to fall in, exactly, with

William’s views, which were of a

singular nature.

About this time a nervous dis-

order appeared in Bull’s family

which went by the name of the

(*[[51]](#footnote-51)*) *shaking palsy*. We shall not

pretend to trace the causes of it,

as the origin of such things is often

obscure and impenetrable; but the

effects were, a trembling of the

nerves, a stiffness in the neck and

shoulders, and a hesitancy in the

speech, so that it was impossible

for the patients to pronounce cer-

tain words and syllables, such as

Sir, Madam, your honor, my lord,

&c. nor could one of them raise his

hand to take off his hat, or hold it

up when an oath was to be admi-

nistered.

Mr. Bull’s choleric temper misin-

terpreted this natural infirmity into

a sullen disrespect. When he found

a change in the behaviour of these

domestics; that instead of bowing to

him they stood upright as a May-

pole, and instead of sir, and your ho-

nor, they could utter nothing but

*Friend*, he grew angry, and made a

pretty free use of his fist, and when

he found that they could not be

cured by such means, he thrust some

of them into a dark closet, and shut

them up till they should (as he

termed it) “learn better manners;”

and it is supposed he would have car-

ried his resentment much further,

but for this circumstance; William

Broadbrim, who had himself strong

symptoms of the disorder, whispered

to Mr. Bull, that if he would give

him time to ripen a project, which

he had conceived, he would rid him

of all trouble with these people.

William had a plodding genius, and

the scheme with which his head was

pregnant at this time, was nothing

more or less than to make a settle-

ment in the forest, and take all these

people with him. Bull, who was

glad to get rid of them, and of the

debt which he owed to William,

readily fell in with the project; and

a grant was made out under hand

and seal, wherein William Broad-

brim, and his heirs, were invested

with the right of soil, and all other

privileges of proprietorship, in a cer-

tain part of the forest, between the

plantation of Frederic Marygold,

and that of Cart-rut and Bare-clay,

being in the neighborhood of the

spot where Casimir had rebuilt his

hut, and lived in an ambiguous situ-

ation, not knowing who was his

landlord. With him William made

a peaceable compromise, saying,

“Friend, I will do thee no violence,

there is room enough for us both.”

Casimir was glad of so good a neigh-

bor, and he had reason to be, for

he throve more rapidly after this

than before.

William pitched upon a level

piece of ground, where two large

brooks met, for the situation of his

mansion-house, and went to work to

draw up rules for the government

of his family. One of which was,

that no person should be refused

admittance into it, or disturbed

in it, or cast out of it, on ac-

count of any natural infirmity.

Another was, that no arms, nor

ammunition, should ever be made

use of on any pretence whatever.

The first of these rules gained Wil-

liam great reputation among all sen-

sible men; the latter was a notion

which candor would lead us to sup-

pose proceeded partly from the dis-

order of his nerves, and partly from

a love of peace, and the exercise of

good will toward his fellow crea-

tures.

When any of William’s neigh-

bors, who were of a different way

of thinking, spake to him of the im-

policy of this rule, and asked him how

he expected to defend himself and his

family against the wild beasts, if

they should attack him; William,

(who was fond of harangue) would

answer thus--“There is in all crea-

tures a certain instinct, which dis-

poseth them to peace. This instinct

is so strong and fixed, that upon it,

as upon a foundation, may be erect-

ed a complete system of love and

concord, which all the powers of

anarchy shall not be able to over-

throw. To cultivate and improve

this instinct is the business of every

wise man, and he may reasonably

expect that an example of this kind,

if steadily and regularly adhered to,

will have a very extensive and bene-

ficial influence, on all sorts of crea-

tures; even the wild beasts of the fo-

rest will become tame as the lambs,

and birds of prey as harmless as

doves. Dost thou not see, friend,

what influence my example has al-

ready had on those creatures which

are deemed savage? I go into their

dens with safety, and they enter my

habitation without fear. When

they are hungry I feed them, when

they are thirsty I give them drink,

and they in return bear my burdens,

and do such other kind offices

as they are capable of, and I require of

them. I have even tamed some of

them so far, that they have sold me

the land on which they live, and

have acknowledged the bargain by

a mark made with their toe-nails on

parchment. They are certainly

some of the best natured creatures

in the world; their native instinct

leads them to love and peace, and

sociability, and as long as I set

them a good example I have no

doubt they will follow it. When

such is my opinion and expectation,

why should I be anxious about what

may, and I trust never will happen?

Why should I put myself in a pos-

ture of defence against those who

will never attack me? or, why

should I by the appearance of jea-

lousy and distrust on my part, of-

fend those who now put confidence

in me? No, No, I will not suppose

that they will ever hurt me. I will

not suffer the *carnal weapon* to be

seen in my house, nor shall one of

my family ever learn the detestable

practice of pulling the trigger. I

leave the instruments of destruction

to the offspring of Cain and the seed

of the serpent; while I meekly imi-

tate the gentleness of the lamb, and

the innocence of the dove.”

With such harangues William

would frequently entertain himself

and his friends, and he was so san-

guine in his benevolent project, that

instead of having his own name (as was

usual) written over his door, he had

the words BROTHERLY LOVE, trans-

lated into a foreign language, and

inscribed in golden characters, as

a standing invitation to persons

of all nations and characters to

come and take shelter under his

roof.

[*To be continued.*]

[7. December 1787]

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

[*Continued from page 741.*]

The general invitation which

William Broadbrim had gi-

ven to all persons who were desti-

tute of a home, to come and take

shelter under his roof, and the gen-

tle humane treatment which those

who accepted the invitation met

with, spread his fame abroad,

and brought him much company. His

family was sometimes compared to

the Ark of Noah, because there

was scarcely any kind of human

being, of whatever shape, size, com-

plexion, disposition, language or

religion, but what might be found

there. He had also the art to keep

them pretty well employed. Indu-

stry, frugality, and œconomy, were

the leading principles of his family,

and their thriving was in a ratio

compounded of these three forces.

Nothing was wanting to make them

as happy a family as any in the

world, but a disposition among

themselves, to live in peace. Un-

luckily, however, this desirable

blessing, on account of the variety

of their humours and interests, was

seldom found among them. Am-

bition, jealousy, avarice, and party

spirit, had frequent out-breakings,

and were with difficulty quelled. It

is needless to enter into a very par-

ticular discussion of the grounds or

effects of these dissentions: family-

quarrels are not very entertaining

either at home or abroad, unless to

such as delight in scandal, and it is

presumed the readers of this narra-

tive are not of that number. But

there was one cause of dissention

which it would be improper not to

notice, because we have already

hinted at the principle from which

it proceeded. William’s aversion

to fire arms was so strong, that he

would not suffer any of his family

to molest the wild inhabitants of

the forest, though they were ever

so mischievous. While the family

was small, the savage animals who

lived in the neighborhood being

well fed, were tolerably tame and

civil, but when the encreased num-

ber of the family had penetrated

farther into the forest, the haunts of

the natives were disturbed and the

straggling labourers were sometimes

surprised, and having nothing to

defend themselves with, fell a sa-

crifice to savage resentment. Re-

monstrances were presented to Mr.

Broadbrim one after another, but

he always insisted on it that the suf-

ferer must have been the aggressor,

and that “they who take the

sword must expect to perish by the

sword.” At length the dead corpse

of one of the labourers, mangled

and torn in a dreadful manner, was

brought and laid at the door of

William’s parlour (*[[52]](#footnote-52)*) with a label

affixed to the breast, on which were

written these words, “Thou thy-

self must be accounted my murder-

er, because thou didst deny me the

means of defence.” At sight of

this horrid spectacle, Broadbrim

turned pale! The eye of his mind

looked inward! Nature began to

plead her own cause within him!

he gave way in some degree to her

operations, though contrary to his

pre-conceived opinion, and with a

trembling hand signed a permission

for those to use the (*[[53]](#footnote-53)*) *carnal wea-*

*pon*, who could do it without scru-

ple; and when they asked him for

money to buy guns, powder and

ball, he gave them a certain sum to

provide *the necessaries of life*, leav-

ing them to put their own construc-

tion on the words. By degrees

his squeamishness grew less public,

and though it is imagined he has

still some remainder of it, yet ne-

cessity has so often overcome it

that there is not much said on the

subject, unless it be very privately

and among *friends*.

During the time of which we

have been speaking Mr. John Bull

had undergone another sickness (*[[54]](#footnote-54)*),

not so long nor so violent as the

former but much more beneficial in

its effects. His new physicians had

administered medicines which com-

posed his nerves, he eat, drank

and slept more regularly, and conversed

more frequently with his wife (*[[55]](#footnote-55)*)

than heretofore. By these means

his vigour was renewed, but still

his whimsical disposition remained,

and broke out on several occasions.

When he viewed his extensive for-

est, now planted and thriving, un-

der the honest hand of industry, he

thought within himself that still

greater advantages might be derived

from that territory. There was

yet a part of it unsettled between

the plantation of Charles Indigo,

and the dominions of Lord Strut;

and Bull thought it a pity to let so

much remain a wilderness. The

other plantations had been made by

discontented servants and needy ad-

venturers who struggling with hard-

ships, by a steady perseverance had

surmounted many difficulties, and

obtained a comfortable living.

“Now (said Bull) if these fellows

have done so well, and got so far

aforehand, without having any ca-

pital of their own to begin with,

what cannot be done by the force

of my great capital? If they have

performed such wonders, what great-

er wonders may be brought into

view by my own exertions, with all

the advantages which it is in my

power to command? To it, boys,

I vow I’ll have a farm of my own

that shall beat you all!”--Having

conceived this project, his brains

immediately became pregnant with

ideas; but according to the rule

which he had lately prescribed to

himself he communicated the matter

to his wife. This good lady, though

prudent, was not free from a ro-

mantic turn of mind. She was ex-

tremely fond of having it thought

that she had great influence over her

husband, and would sometimes gra-

tify his humour at the expense of her

own judgment, rather than not

keep up this idea. His expectations

from his new project were very san-

guine. The land on which he had

cast his eye was enough for a large

farm; it had a southern exposure,

it was warm, rich and fertile in some

parts, and in others boggy or sandy.

He had conversed with some fo-

reigners, who told him that it was

proper for the cultivation of wine

and silk, and he imagined that if

he could but add these articles to

the list of his own productions, there

would be a great saving in the fa-

mily. Mrs. Bull too was pleased

with the idea of having her silk

gowns and ribbands of her own

growth, and with the expectation of

having the vaults filled with wine,

made on her own plantation; for

these and other good reasons, her

thereunto moving, madam gave her

consent to the project. The person

appointed to carry it into execution

was *George Trusty*, (*[[56]](#footnote-56)*) a sensible

well-bred merchant, but one who

had only speculated in the science

of agriculture, and knew nothing

of it by experience. Having col-

lected a number of poor people who

were out of employment, he sent

them to the spot, with strict orders

to work fix days in seven, to keep

their tools free from rust, and their

fire-arms in readiness for their de-

fence; whatever they should earn

was to be their own as long as they

lived, and after their death their

possessions were to descend to their

*sons*, and in default of male issue

to revert to the original grantor.

They were not allowed to use black

cattle in the labour of the field;

and were expressly forbidden to

drink grog. Their business

was to cultivate vines and mulberry

trees, and to manufacture wine and

silk. Upon this project another

was grafted by the very sagacious

*Doctor Squintum*, who chose this

new plantation as the most conve-

nient spot in the world for a charity

school, where *Orphans* might re-

ceive the best education and be fit-

ted to be the pillars of church and

state.

But notwithstanding the sums

which Bull so freely lavished out

of his bags for the support of the vine

and mulberry plantations; and not-

withstanding the collections which

Squintum made among his nume-

rous devotees, these projects were

either so impracticable in them-

selves, or so ill conducted in the ex-

ecution, that neither of them answer-

ed the expectations of the project-

ors. For want of black cattle the

soil could not be properly tilled,

and for want of grog the labourers

fainted at their work; the right of

inheritance being limited to the

male line, women and girls were

not fond of living there, and the

men could not well live without

them; land, cattle, women and

grog, were to be had elsewhere,

and who would be confined to such

a place? The land too, was claimed

by Lord Strut, who sent them

writs of ejectment. The Charity-

School dwindled to nothing and

was consumed by fire. Poor George

Trusty was discouraged and begged

Mr. Bull to take the plantation in-

to his own hands, however Bull

kept supplying him with cash and

he kept making attempts. Altera-

tions were made in the terms of

settlement, the restrictions were re-

moved, cattle and grog were al-

lowed, Lord Strut was ousted

and possession held; the swamps

were drained; rice and indigo were

cultivated instead of silk and wine,

and upon the whole, considerable im-

provements were made, though at

such a vast expense that Mr. Bull

never saw any adequate returns.

The ill-success of this adventure,

did not deter him from another pro-

ject. He was extremely fond of

*Trout* (*[[57]](#footnote-57)*) and thought if he could

have them regularly catched and

brought to his table, he should ex-

ceed all his neighbours in delicate

living, and now and then be able to

send a mess to his particular friends.

Lord Peter’s family too, he thought

would be glad to buy them as they

were very useful in the long lents,

and frequent meagre days observed by

them. There was a part of the

forest on the north-east quarter,

which was very conveniently situa-

ted for this employment. (*[[58]](#footnote-58)*) It

had been occupied by *Alexander*

*Scotus*, a purblind fellow, who had

straggled thither no one could

tell how, and it was matter of

doubt whether he derived his right

from Bull or Lewis, for both of

them laid claim to the land, and

their claims had not been fairly

decided in law. To make sure of

the matter, Mr. Bull, by advice of

his wife, sent thither (*[[59]](#footnote-59)*) a parcel of

naked half starved people, who could

live no where else, and supported

them for several years with provisi-

ons, furnished them with skiffs,

lines, hooks and other implements

to carry on the fishery; but every

trout which they catched, cost him

ten times as much as if he had

bought it in the common market;

nor could he after all get half of

what he wanted for his own con-

sumption. His trout-fishery, and

his mulberry plantation, rendered

him the laughing-stock of his neigh-

bours, nor could he ever gain even

the interest of the money he had

laid out upon them; while the fo-

resters who had settled at their own

expense grew rich and became res-

pectable. He had indeed, the be-

nefit of their trade, which kept his

journeymen at work, and obliged

him to enlarge their number; for

the foresters had a respect for their

old master and landlord, and when

they had any thing to sell they al-

ways let him have the refusal of it,

and bought all their goods of him.

But though he called himself their

father, and his wife their mother,

yet it is thought he never entertain-

ed a proper parental affection for

them; but rather looked on them

with a jealous eye, as if they were

aiming to deprive him of his claim

and set up for independence. Had

he been contented with the profits

of their trade, as was certainly his

interest, they might have remained

his tenants to this day; but ambi-

tion, avarice, jealousy and choler,

inflamed by bad counsellors, have

wrought such a separation, that it

is thought Mr. Bull will go mourning

all the remainder of his days, and

his grey hairs will be brought down

with sorrow to the grave.

[*To be continued.*]

[8. February 1788]

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

[*Continued from* vol. i. *page* 793.]

In the preceding part of this his-

tory we have endeavoured, to trace

the several steps by which the forest be-

came cultivated and peopled. Mr.

Bull had no less than fourteen tenants

who held under him, and were settled

on lands which he claimed as his own,

and which he had granted to them in

separate parcels. Their names were as

follows, beginning at the north-east, and

proceeding to the south-west:

Alexander Scotus, N. S.  
 Robert Lumber, N. H.  
 John Codline, M.  
 Roger Carrier, R. I.  
 Humphrey Plough-share, C.  
 Peter Bull-Frog, N. Y.  
 Julius Caesar, N. J.  
 ---- Casimir, D.  
 William Broad-brim, P.  
 Frederick Mary-gold, M.  
 Walter Pipe-weed, V.  
 Peter Pitch, N. C.  
 Charles Indigo, S. C.  
 George Trusty, G.

It was observed, that of all the ad-

venturers, those generally were the

*least thriving*, who received *most assist-*

*ance* from their old master. Whether

it was owing to their being employed

in business to which they had not serv-

ed a regular apprentice-ship, or to a

natural indolence, and a disposition to

continue hangers-on where they had

got a good hold; for it must be noted,

that Mr. Bull was very generous to

some persons, and on some occasions

where it suited his fancy, and this dis-

position in him was so prevalent, that

they who kenned him, and would hu-

mor his whims, could work him out

of any thing which they had a mind

to [sic]

On the other hand, those adventu-

rers who came into the forest on their

own hook, and had no assistance at all

from their old master, nor any thing to

help themselves with, but their own

heads and hands, proved to be the most

industrious and thriving, and after a

while told up a good estate. They all

seemed to have an affection for Mr.

Bull, and it was generally believed

to be sincere. His house was usually

spoken of by them as their *home*.

His ware-house was the center of their

traffic; and he had the address to en-

gross the profits of their labour and

draw their earnings into his own fob.

To some of them he would now and

then make a present, to others he would

lend a ([[60]](#footnote-60)) pack of his hounds when he

was out of the humor of hunting;

but they were generally useless to

them for the purpose of scouring the

woods, those who could afford it kept

dogs of their own, who were better

trained to the game, and could better

scent the forest, being native curs, and

not so spruce and delicate a breed as

Bull’s grey-hounds.

It has been before observed, that

each end of the forest was occupied

by Bull’s rivals. His old neighbour

Lewis had got the north end, and

Lord Strut the south. Bull’s tenants had

seated themselves chiefly on or near

the shore of the lake, and had not ex-

tended very far back, because of the

beasts of prey; but Lewis, like a cun-

ning old fox, had formed a scheme to get

footing in the interior parts of the

country, and prevent these planters

from penetrating beyond the limits

which he intended to assign them. His

emissaries had been sent slyly into the

distant parts of the forest, under pre-

tence of taming these beasts of prey;

but in fact they had halved the matter

with them, and had themselves become

as savage as the beasts had become

tame. They would run, leap and

climb with them and crawl into their

dens, imparting to them a lick of *me-*

*lasses* out of their calabash, and teaching

them to scratch with their paws the

sign of a cross. They had built several

hunting lodges on the most convenient

passes of the brooks and ponds,

and though thus scattered in the wood,

were all united under one overseer,

called (*[[61]](#footnote-61)*)*Onontio*, who lived in the

mansion-house of *St. Lewis*’s Hall.

It was matter of wonder among

Bull’s tenants, for some time, what

could be the reason that the wild beasts

had grown more surly and snappish

of late than formerly; but after a

while, some hunters made a discovery

of the new lodges, which the emissa-

ries of Onontio had erected, and the

design of them being apparent, a gene-

ral alarm was raised in the plantations.

On the first news, Walter Pipe-weed

sent his grandson (*[[62]](#footnote-62)*) *George*, a smart,

active, lively youth, across the hills,

with his compliments to the intruders,

desiring them to move off, and threat-

ening them with a writ in case of non-

compliance. This modest warning be-

ing ineffectual, it was thought that if

an *Union* could be formed among the

tenants, they might make a stand a-

gainst these encroachments. A meet-

ing was held at (*[[63]](#footnote-63)*) *Orange-Hall*, but

no efficient plan could be hit on, with-

out a previous application to their land-

lord, who hearing of this meeting,

conceived a jealousy with regard to this

*union* which seemed to be their object,

and thought it was better to retain the

management of the matter in his own

hands, and keep them divided among

themselves, but united in their depend-

ence on him. He therefore sent them

word that “he had a very great affect-

“ tion for them, and would take care

“ of *their* interest, which was also *his*

“ *own*; that he would not suffer old

“ Lewis to set his half-tamed wild

“ beasts upon them, nor eject them

“ from their possessions, but that he

“ would immediately take advice of

“ his council, learned in the law, con-

“ juring them by the affection which

“ they professed to bear towards him,

“ to be aiding and assisting in all ways,

“ in their power towards bringing the

“ controversy to an issue.”

At this time, the Steward, to whom

Mr. Bull entrusted the care of his bus-

iness, was not a person of that discern-

ment and expedition which the exigen-

cy of affairs required. He had com-

mitted divers blunders in his accounts,

and it was suspected that he was a de-

faulter in more respects than one. It

cannot, therefore, be expected, that in

conducting a controversy of this mag-

nitude, he should exactly hit on the

right methods, nor employ the best

council which could be had. The

first step which was taken was to send

(*[[64]](#footnote-64)*) *Broad-oak* the bailiff, with a writ

of intrusion which he was ordered to

serve *volens nolens* upon one of the

messuages or hunting-seats of Lewis.

This bailiff proceeding rashly and a-

gainst the best advice into the forest,

not a step of which he was acquainted

with, found his progress impeded in a

way wholly unexpected. For Onontio

had taken care to place a number of

his half tamed wild cats and wolverenes

on the boughs of trees, which hung

over the path, and as soon as the bailiff

came within reach, having first wetted

their tails with their own urine, they

whisked it into his eyes till they blind-

ed him. This manoeuvre put a stop to

the process for that time.

Several other attempts of the like

kind were made without success, and

Lewis at one time had almost got pos-

session of (*[[65]](#footnote-65)*) *Orange-Hall*. Not only

the foresters themselves, but even

Bull’s own domestics, complained bitter-

ly of these ineffectual measures, and

their clamors at last prevailed to

make him discharge his old steward,

and put another into his place. The

new (*[[66]](#footnote-66)*) officer soon changed the face

of affairs; he employed no attorneys,

nor bailiffs, but those of tried and ap-

proved abilities, men of enterprize and

resolution, by whom the suit was pro-

secuted in good earnest. In every ac-

tion Bull recovered judgment, and got

possession. When Lord Strut came in

to the aid of Lewis, Bull cast him also,

and took away his manor of Augustine,

which with the whole tract of land,

where Onontio presided, was annexed

to his estate. The agents who had

been employed in this arduous service,

were not only well paid for doing their

duty, but, with the steward, who em-

ployed them, were honored according

to the ancient, but whimsical custom of

Bull’s family, by having their effigies

portrayed on sign-boards, pocket-

handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and punch-

bowls; so that while the fit lasted, you

could not walk the streets, nor blow

your nose, nor take a pinch of snuff,

nor a draught of punch, but you were

obliged to *salute* them.

Whenever Bull’s steward called up-

on the foresters for their quotas of aid,

towards carrying on this heavy law-

suit, they always readily afforded it;

and some of them were really almost

exhausted by the efforts which they

made, to do *more* than their share. The

steward was so sensible of their merit,

that on due consultation with Mr.

Bull’s wife, and her taking him in the

right mood, he was prevailed upon to

reimburse the extra expense to them,

and mutual complacency reigned be-

tween the landlord and tenants all the

time this steward remained in office.

But these times were too good to last

long; there were some who envied

him his reputation, and raised stories

to his disadvantage, which highly af-

fronted him. At this time Mr.

Bull was so much off his guard, as to give

heed to these reports, and take a rash

step in a hurry, which he had occasion

to repent of at his leisure. He accept-

ed the resignation of this trusty ser-

vant, and put one of his (*[[67]](#footnote-67)*) sister

Peg’s cast-off footmen into his place;

whereby he laid a foundation for his

own disgrace, and the dismemberment

of his estate, as the reader will see

in the following pages of this history.

[*To be continued*.]

[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, for-

ever 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 (*[[68]](#footnote-68)*) wife

who minded her own domestic busi-

ness, 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 compt-

ing-house, and made the clerks

shew her their books; she over-

haled 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, al-

though most of them scarcely ever

had seen her face, or had any ac-

quaintance 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 fa-

mily, which her duty ought to have

prompted her to, this debt might

have been kept down, and the in-

terest regularly paid; but the swarm

of harpies which were continually

about her, and the course of gamb-

ling which was carried on under her

connivance and direction, swallowed

up all the profits of the trade, and

incomes of the land, while the lux-

ury and dissipation of the family in-

creased 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 *petti-*

*coat-government*.

During the law-suit with Lewis

and Lord Strut (*[[69]](#footnote-69)*) concerning the

forest, there had been a great inter-

course with the tenants. Many of

Bull’s servants and retainers, who

were employed as bailiffs and attor-

nies, and their deputies, had been

very conversant with them, and

were entertained at their houses,

where they always found whol-

esome victuals, jolly fire sides, and

warm beds. They took much no-

tice of every thing that passed, ask-

ed many questions, and made many

remarks on the goodness of the

land, the pleasant situation of the

houses, the clean and thriving con-

dition of the children, who were al-

ways ready to wait them, to

clean their boots, hold their stir-

rups, 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 them-

selves, who had the meanness to

crouch to these fellows, and suppli-

cate their favour and interest with

Mr. Bull, to recommend them to

some posts of profit, as under-stew-

ards, collectors of rent, clerks of

receipts, and the like pretty offices.

These beggarly curs would repeat

the same language, and hold corres-

pondence with the bailiffs, attornies,

&c. after they had got home.

Whenever any trifling quarrel hap-

pened in the families of the tenants,

they would magnify it and fill their

letters with complaints of the licen-

tiousness of the people, and plead

for a tighter hand to be held over

them.

Such speeches as those were fre-

quently 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 occa-

sion, and when his hangers-on ob-

served it, they plied him with strong-

er doses, till his jealousy and hatred

were excited, and a complete revo-

lution in his temper, with regard

to his tenants, took place, agreea-

bly to the most sanguine and male-

volent wishes of his and their ene-

mies.

The first effect of this change

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* (*[[70]](#footnote-70)*) on which their

bills of parcels and notes of hand

were written, and that at a very

exorbitant rate. This was so into-

lerable 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 impo-

sition lasted; and by way of con-

tempt, they hanged and burned the

effigies of the steward, and other

persons who were suspected of hav-

ing advised to these new measures.

The resentment shewn by the te-

nants on this occasion was quite un-

expected. 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, notwith-

standing Mr. Bull’s *most gracious*

concession at that time. (*[[71]](#footnote-71)*)

This was considered by the te-

nants as a most impudent and bare-

faced assumption; for whatever

rights Mr. Bull might pretend to

have, as their old master and land-

lord, 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 hatch-

ing, they began to enquire more

narrowly than ever into his right

and title to the land, on which they

lived. They looked over old parch-

ments 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 en-

creased with regard to their intenti-

ons, and his scribbling retainers

frequently accused them of ingrate-

tude and disobedience, and a long pre-

meditated design to set up for inde-

pendence; a thing which they had

not yet thought of, and probably

never would, if this abusive treat-

ment 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 at-

tempts in another shape, by raising

the rent, and putting an advanced

price upon the goods, and by means

of additional clerks, packers, por-

ters, watchmen, draymen, &c. who

were continually in waiting, and

to all of whom fees were to be paid,

the trade laboured under great em-

barrassments, and some of the Fo-

resters 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 pre-

cedents were examined, and much

ink was shed, in a controversy,

which, however incapable of a *deci-*

*sion* 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 procras-

tinations, that it is impossible to

make a retreat, till one or both of

the parties have severely smarted

for their temerity.

[*To be continued.*]

1. () Sir Walter Raleigh was the first adventurer to make a settlement in America, which he named Virginia. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. () The charter of Virginia. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. () Negroes. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. () Convicts. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. () Frederick Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who first settled Maryland, was a Papist, his successors abjured Popery, and conformed to the Church of England. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. () The church of England. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. () The Plymouth Adventurers. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. () The States of Holland. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
9. () Hudson’s River. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
10. () Cape-Code. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
11. () The month of December. [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
12. ()Archbishop Laud. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
13. () The pope. [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
14. () The council of Plymouth. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
15. () Letter written on board the Arabella, after the embarkation of the Massachusetts settlers. [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
16. () The Massachusetts charter. [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
17. () Connecticut river. [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
18. () Colony of New-Haven. [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
19. () Rhode-Island. [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
20. () Anabaptists. [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
21. () Roger William’s zeal against the sign of the cross. [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
22. () Quakers. [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
23. () The town of Providence was built by emigrants from Massachusetts, of whom Roger Williams was head. [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
24. ()New-Hampshire was granted to John Mason, and the claim descended to Robert Mason.  
     [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
25. () The settling the line between Massachusetts and New-Hampshire. [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
26. () The Dutch. [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
27. () The king of Sweden. [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
28. () The Delaware. [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
29. () Hudson’s River. [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
30. () Albany. [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
31. () The civil wars in England. [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
32. () Canada possessed by the French. [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
33. () Florida possessed by the Spaniards. [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
34. () New Amsterdam and the New Netherlands by the Dutch. [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
35. () Sir Robert Carr’s expedition against New Amsterdam, now New York. [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
36. () Surinam. [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
37. () East and West Jersey. [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
38. () The church of Scotland. [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
39. () The Quakers. [↑](#footnote-ref-39)
40. () The Carolina Company. [↑](#footnote-ref-40)
41. () [↑](#footnote-ref-41)
42. () The united colonies of New-England, 1643. [↑](#footnote-ref-42)
43. () The name of the Sachem at Penobscot. [↑](#footnote-ref-43)
44. () The celebrated Rock, at Dighton, in Massachusetts. [↑](#footnote-ref-44)
45. () The Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts: [sic] [↑](#footnote-ref-45)
46. () Revocation of the edict of Nantz, by Lewis XIV, 1685. [↑](#footnote-ref-46)
47. () Pirates. [↑](#footnote-ref-47)
48. ()North-Carolina*.* [↑](#footnote-ref-48)
49. () Insurrections in North-Carolina, 1771. [↑](#footnote-ref-49)
50. () Pennsylvania. [↑](#footnote-ref-50)
51. () Quakerism. [↑](#footnote-ref-51)
52. () 1755. [↑](#footnote-ref-52)
53. () Militia-act. [↑](#footnote-ref-53)
54. () The revolution 1688. [↑](#footnote-ref-54)
55. () The Parliament. [↑](#footnote-ref-55)
56. () The trustees of Georgia, 1732. [↑](#footnote-ref-56)
57. () Codfishery. [↑](#footnote-ref-57)
58. () Nva-Scotia. [↑](#footnote-ref-58)
59. () 1749. [↑](#footnote-ref-59)
60. () Station-ships and regiments. [↑](#footnote-ref-60)
61. () The governor of Canada. [↑](#footnote-ref-61)
62. () 1753. [↑](#footnote-ref-62)
63. () Albany 1754. [↑](#footnote-ref-63)
64. () 1755. [↑](#footnote-ref-64)
65. () 1757. [↑](#footnote-ref-65)
66. () Pitt’s administration. [↑](#footnote-ref-66)
67. () [footnote content not visible in scan] [↑](#footnote-ref-67)
68. () Parliament. [↑](#footnote-ref-68)
69. () War of 1756. [↑](#footnote-ref-69)
70. () Stamp-act, 1765. [↑](#footnote-ref-70)
71. () Repeal of the Stamp-act, and Declaratory act, 1766. [↑](#footnote-ref-71)