THE STORY OF CONSTANTIUS AND PULCHERA
(Anonymous, 1789)

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The first installment of "The Story of Constantius and Pulchera" opened the June, 1789 issue of *The Gentlemen and Ladies' Town and Country Magazine: Consisting of Literature, History, Politics, Arts, Manners, and Amusements, with Various Other Matter,* published in Boston by Nathaniel Coverly. The magazine had started in February of that year, and by June had a lively correspondence with local authors. The magazine opened with a page of remarks "To Correspondents," the lead notice of which read "We are happy in having it in our power to furnish our readers with an original story this month, of *Constantius* and *Pulchera*, with an elegant Copper-Plate, suitably adapted to the same." The other comments by the editor communicated the status of new submissions, some signed and some anonymous, to readers: the "account of a little Phenomenon came too late for this month," as did the story titled "Leonora." "Constantius and Pulchera," one of the anonymous works, continued to appear in the next six issues, ending in January of 1790, which was to be the magazine's last issue. Lyon Richardson, in his history of early US magazines, suggests that Coverly's magazine could not compete with the larger and more diversified *Massachusetts Magazine* launched in January of 1789, and running through 1796. Coverly's journal, he suggests, was too focused on sentimental fiction to find wider readership.[1] While Coverly reprinted legislation from the new congress, local marriage and death notices, and a number of scientific pieces, his journal did publish a large amount of fiction and a lesser amount of poetry, apparently submitted by local readers. And while we know little about the author of "The Story of Constantius and Pulchera," it does appear to have been written by a local subscriber.

In any case, it appears to have been was the most successful piece published in the magazine, given its subsequent publications. In 1794, it was published as *The History of Constantius & Pulchera, Or Constancy Rewarded: An American Novel*, now with a few lines of verse appended at the beginning.[2] There followed a dedication "To the Young Ladies of Columbia," for whom this work was "Intended to inspire the mind with *fortitude* under the most unparalleled MISFORTUNES" and "represent the happy consequences of

[1] The last issue, of January 1790, listed 471 subscribers, almost all from Boston and surrounding suburbs. See Richardson, *A History of Early American Magazines, 1741-1789* (New York: T. Nelson & Sons, 1931), 351-54.

[2] Of the eight lines of verse, two were taken from the 1702 comedy "She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not, or, The Kind Impostor," by Colley Cibber, while the other six were taken from Alexander Pope's *Essay on Man.* The editors appear to have ignored Pope's history as a critic of Cibber.

VIRTUE and FIDELITY." This dedication was in turn followed by a fascinating preface which we reproduce in its entirety:

> *NOVELTY having become the principal department of the* Ladies' Libraries, *we are happy in having the honour of presenting to them this small* volume, *which merits a principal part of their esteem.*
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> *GRIEFED that such a piece of work should rest in oblivion, we have endeavoured to make it as publick as possible. The thirst of the* Ladies *for Entertainment, we doubt not will excite them to compensate for our trouble, by a general circulation of this truly entertaining Work. We earnestly invite the daughters of* COLUMBIA *to a generous purchase; let "The* HISTORY *of* CONSTANTIUS *and* PULCHERA" *be in your libraries, like a new* Planet *in the* Solar System.
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> *WHEN Politicks become in general vogue among all nations, we consider not that the* Ladies *are destitute of Entertainment: How much better would it be, were we but mindful of the one, whilst engaged in the other. Party spirit has created, and will create many emotions in the political world; how much better then would it be were we firm in mind, respecting Politicks, whilst acting for the Amusement of the* Fair Sex.
>
> *WE have spared no pains to render this work agreeable to their wishes, and we flatter ourselves that it will meet with their liberal patronage. Its being an* American *composition must render it still more valuable to all those who are well wishers to the literature of their country. Nothing can be more pleasing to us, than to be instrumental to their happiness. The repeated misfortunes of* PULCHERA, *will cause the tear of Sensibility to fall upon the cheek of the* Fair, *whilst at the same time, it affords them a peculiar source of Amusement.*
>
> *SHOULD the following Work meet that encouragement which we have reason to expect it will; the Purchasers are entitled to the sincerest thanks of*
>
> *The PUBLISHERS.*
>
> January 1, 1794.

While we think of this era's fiction as aggressively didactic and suspicious of pleasure—consistent with the dedication, for instance—this preface by contrast firmly stresses entertainment and amusement, urging women to pursue less politicized forms of entertainment as the early political parties began to form in the first Washington administration. Interestingly, too, we see a split reaction toward the titular characters. The "constancy" of the subtitle was conventionally assumed to be a feminine trait and linked with characters with such names as "Constance" or "Constantia," while here it is the male character who takes on that position. And significantly, attention shifts to Pulchera (from pulchritude, meaning beauty), the active figure driving the "peculiar" adventure narrative.

So popular was the story, in fact, that it appeared in no less than fourteen additional editions, including in Salem, Massachusetts the following year; in Norwich, Connecticut in 1796; in Leominster and Northampton, Massachusetts in 1797; in Portsmouth, New Hamsphire in 1798; in New York City and Suffield, Connecticut in 1801; in two Baltimore editions in 1802; in Boston in 1821; in Exeter, New Hampshire in 1831; and finally, in 1834, in Concord, New Hampshire, where the names were changed for *The History of Lorenzo and Virginia, or Virtue Rewarded*, with authorship falsely attributed to T. H. Cauldwell.[3] The popularity of the work is also indicated by the occasional appearance, in genealogical records, of young women named Pulchera—for instance, Pulchera C. Olney, born in 1799. When she married in 1818, however, it was to a Thomas, rather than a Constantius.

Suggestions for further reading. Eve Tavor Bannet briefly mentions *The Story of Constantius and Pulchera* as "the most popular" example of Revolutionary era narratives which promote the stabilizing influence of "the republican daughter's constancy"; see, Bannet, "Domestic Fiction and the reprint trade," in *Transatlantic Literary Studies, 1660-1830* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2012), 196. Paul Giles underscores how *Constantius and Pulchera* makes "fictional use of the Revolutionary War as an analogy" for the "quest for self-fulfillment"; see, Giles, "Transatlantic currents and the invention of the American novel," in *The Cambridge History of the American Novel* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2011), 26. Richard Bell mentions *Constantius and Pulchera* as emblematic of the popularity of suicide plots in the novels of the 1790s; see Bell, *We Shall Be No More: Suicide and Self-Government in the Newly United States* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2012), 72. Martin Bruckner considers the importance of geographical nomenclature in *Constantius and Pulchera,* arguing that the text mirrors "a central element of geography textbooks" by fostering "the acquisition of geographical literacy"; see Bruckner, *The Geographic Revolution in Early America,* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 2006), 180-181. Sara F. Wood refers to Pulchera as representative of the trope of the "returned and re-feminized soldier" which was popular in the early Republic; see, Wood, *Quixotic Fictions of the USA 1792-1815* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2005), 175. Sandra M. Gustafson examines *Constantius and Pulchera* as an interrogation of the contractual logic of economic, social, and political relationships; see Gustafson, "The Genders of Nationalism," in *Possible Pasts: Becoming Colonial in Early America* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2000), 391. Jared Gardner suggestively considers how the dedication to the non-serialized versions of *Constantius and Pulchera* locates the text within wide-ranging debates about female education and the dangers of novel reading; see Gardner, *Master Plots: Race and the Founding of American Literature, 1787-1845* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins

[3] An additional version was published in Springfield, Massachusetts, sometime between 1799 and 1804.

University Press, 1998), 23. Grantland S. Rice similarly considers the dedication as a means of highlighting how early US novels were "ostensibly written *for* republican daughters" at "the same time they were *about* them"; see Rice, *The Transformation of Authorship in America* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1997), 158. Cathy Davidson repeatedly mentions *Constantius and Pulchera* because of its immense popularity and its "narrative transvestism or emotional role reversal"; see Davidson, *Revolution and the Word: The Rise of the Novel in America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986), 273 and elsewhere. While far from the initial critical reference to *Constantius and Pulchera,* Thomas Philbrick interestingly identifies it as the "earliest American example of the extensive use of nautical elements in prose fiction"; see Philbrick, *James Fenimore Cooper and the Development of American Sea Fiction* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1961), 29-30.

The STORY *of* CONSTANTIUS *and* PULCHERA.[4]

IN the suburbs of the city of Philadelphia, in the soft season of the year, about one o'clock on a moon-shining morning, on the terrace of an high building, forty feet from the ground, appeared a most beautiful Lady of the age of sixteen—she was clad in a long white vest, her hair of a beautiful chesnut colour hanging carelessly over her shoulders, every mark of greatness was visible in her countenance, which was overcast with a solemn gloom, and now and then, the unwilling tear unnoticed, rolled down her cheek.

She cast her eyes around, taking a survey of the garden below, and the places adjacent—a fixed melancholy apparently encreased on her countenance, and now and then the big sigh would burst from her labouring bosom—more

[4] This first installment, in June of 1789, appeared with the following heading: "*For the* GENTLEMEN *and* LADIES MAGAZINE. Mr. COVERLY, *If you think the following authentick Story worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, you'll please to insert it in your fifth number.*" After the title, there appeared a line reading "[*Embellished with a fine Engraving.*]"

than once she attempted to return into the chamber from which she had made her appearance—and then would appear unresolved—At length, taking a chair, and seating herself near the side of the terrace, and after a few moments of expressive silence she thus uttered herself,

"O cruel fortune! O more cruel parent!—when shall I again behold my adorable *Constantius?* but why do I mention him? why do I recal his lov'd ideas? He is gone—I am banished forever from him, cloistered up in this unblessed mansion—debarred from him, for whose sake only I could wish to live!—but I must deface his memory.—O for one draught from the river *Lethe,*[5] that the tender feelings of my distracted bosom might no more be harrowed up by his recollection! Alas! vain is the wish, the impression on my heart is so deep, that it cannot be defaced but by annihilation!—can I ever eradicate from my mind his lovely features, his charming disposition, his fine sense, with all his finished accomplishments—No sooner than that could be the case the adamant[6] would vegitate. All impossibilities will become practicable, sooner than I could forget that flood of transport with which I surrendered my heart to him, and took delivery of his in exchange, and called on Heaven to register the indissoluble contract.

Oh! the effusion of extacy of that happy moment, the soft remembrance of which serves no other purpose, than to plant daggers in my distracted bosom. Why should a father be lost to every tender feeling, and tear me instantaneously from the summit of happiness, and place me in the *focus* of torment!—"never more to see him!" The cruelest accents which ever were uttered by one who is totally unworthy the name of *"father"!* Has he assassinated him? or has he procured his manumission to some foreign barbarous land? O could I but once more see him, though it were just long enough to bid him a final farewell—O could I but have the satisfaction of taking my leave of him, though it were in the agonies of death, how would I wash his mangled limbs with tears, and kiss the departing soul from his quivering lips! How would my soul burst through the shackles of its clay tenement, and bear him company through the unexplored regions of Elysian! but in vain the wish.—But what doth my eyes see passing through the moon shade of the garden? It is my dear lov'd *Constantius,* or his spirit returned from the *Elyssiam* fields![7] But hark, I hear his footsteps—it is he, and not his spirit—Once more have my optic nerves reanimated my almost deserted body—*Constantius*! *Constantius*! once more your *Pulchera* beholds you: my eyes are enchanted at the prospect, though bars of

[5] In Greek mythology the river *Lethe* was one of five rivers surrounding Hades, and its waters were believed to cause anyone who drank them to experience total loss of memory. Before passing into Hades, the dead had to drink from this river to erase all memories of their earthy existence.

[6] *Adamant*: a rock or mineral of impenetrable hardness.

[7] In Greek mythology, the *Elysian* fields (also called simply *Elysium*) were the final paradisiacal resting place of gods and select human heroes.

iron hold me from your embraces! Three fold bolted doors secure me from you—yet I behold you and never more will I complain of adverse fortune, if I can but expire before you are taken from my view, Dear *Constantius*! *Constantius*! He lifted up his eyes and beheld her—with the strongest emotions of elevated joy, he exclaimed, "my Dear *Pulchera*, it is enough! once more I do behold the object to which in my mind I had given a final adieu!—driven from your arms by a father, who till the fatal moment had expressed his approbation of me in the most flattering terms, with a ferocity which I never before believed human nature capable of, he drove me from his house, after having torn from me the delight of my eyes, and the ravisher of my heart—tell me my dearest *Pulchera,* what was the cause of this strange alteration of conduct in him, whom once I thought worthy to be called your father.

The distressed *Pulchera*, replyed, Ambition! cruel ambition is the cause of our misfortune—no man was ever better pleased with another, than my father was with you, until Monsieur le Monte,[8] only son and heir to a rich nobleman in France, waited on him, and offered to make me his wife, giving a most inchanting description of the honours and pomp he would advance me to—the temptation was too great for him to withstand—the anticipations of tinsel'd greatness took full possession of his soul—he promised Monsieur that I should be his—he soon informed me of my destination, and I could see joy sparkling in his eyes when he reflected on the good fortune to which he fondly imagined my good stars had destined me—In vain did I remonstrate to him, that by his own free and voluntary consent I had formed an indissoluble union with my dearest *Constantius*, and that love had cemented us beyond the power of separation; and while I was going on with my most pathetic lamentation for his conduct, your approach interrupted me—a degree of rancor, which 'till then I supposed him totally incapable of, appeared in his visage, and your own recollection will furnish you with ideas of his conduct, until he drove you from the garden in which we were, and gave you the solemn assurances you never should see me more.

He then secured me in the chamber communicating with the terrass,[9] on which you see me forty feet high, and to-morrow is the day when I am to embark for France in a packet, lying in the river, with monsieur, to be his forever—here her voice failed her, and she almost dissolved in a flood of tears. *Constantius* was on the rack at this fatal intelligence—In despair he drew his sword, and was on the eve of falling on its point, thereby putting a period to an existence which he no longer could consider as a blessing; but fortune which always favours the virtuous, suggested to his mind the idea of a Tow-line he that day had observed in his store, which had been left there by accident—he cries out *Pulchera*, be contented a few moments and I will relieve you—so running to his store which stood not far distant, he takes the tow-line, and lashing three oars at the end of each, making the rope fast to the end of

[8] *Le Monte*: this French name may allude to the verb *monter* (to climb, to mount, to raise) or the noun *mont* (mountain).

[9] *Terrass*: terrace (French).

them, he by this means communicated the end of the rope to *Pulchera*, who disengaged it from the oar, made it fast to one of the banisters of the terrass, by which means she descended, though the knot by which she made the rope fast slipped before she had got to the ground, yet she was so near it that she received no material damage thereby—never perhaps was joy more triumphant than on this occasion—he straightway conveyed her to his chamber where the remainder of the night was spent in a far more agreeable manner than the former part thereof had been.[10]

NEVER was there perhaps a greater transition from doleful anticipations to real joy than had been experienced by Pulchera; for nothing could be more distressing to her than the idea of being forever separated from her Constantius, to be forced by cruel parental authority from her home, her friends, and from every pleasing prospect, into a foreign land, and there to be shackled for life to a man to whom she had the most fixed and irreversable aversion, and from whom she had no conceivable way to escape than through the avenue of death; thus circumstanced, to be in a manner bordering on the invisible world, and divested of all her fearful apprehensions, at the same time to find herself in the full possession of him who was dearer to her than all things else, was well nigh too hard for her. They scarcely had finished their reciprocal congratulations, when the clock advertised them that two hours of the last half of the night were expended, when Constantius informed her that her safety required her to be put in some place more secure from the researches of her father, who would doubtless make the most vigorous efforts to recover her. This piece of information gave a most surprising shock to Pulchera, who till that moment had considered herself in the most perfect security; various schemes of safety were proposed by each of them, not one of which on examination proved admissible, at length the dawn of day approaching, necessity obliged them to leave their present place of retreat, and conclude on some place of security after their departure from the haven.

In this determination they quitted the chamber, hand in hand through the meadows, while invention supplied the place of conversation until they wandered down on the banks of the Delaware some miles; when on some occasion Pulchera being a few rods[11] behind Constantius when just entering a short turn of the bank, was seized by half a dozen armed men,[12] who hurried him on board of a boat.[13] Pulchera, who

[10] Here the first (June) installment ends with the notice "[*To be continued.*]"

[11] *Rod*: a unit of measurement equal to 16.5 feet.

[12] Constantius is seized by a British impressment gang (or press gang). The Royal Navy established the practice of impressment in 1664 (and deployed it until 1814) to replace deserting sailors. Substandard wages made desertion commonplace, and by impressing "volunteers" into service the Royal Navy made sure that their ships had sufficient crews. The practice was a considerable source of friction between the United States and Great Britain in the first decade of the

by the means of the feeble rays of light which were retained by the atmosphere, had a dim prospect of this transaction; and although what she esteemed as her *summum bonum,*[14] was torn from her, yet so sudden was the onset, and so complete the surprize, that it summoned all the tender and fearful feelings which female nature is susceptible of; and Pulchera retired behind the opposite declivity of the bank, out of the prospect of the scene, and secure from their view. Dreadful were the sensations which she here experienced; her apprehensions of personal danger being at last in some measure abated, the safety of Constantius in the next instance occupied her distracted bosom; she burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! heavens, where is he! what have they done with him! he is gone! he is gone! never more shall my wretched eyes behold him! he has fallen a prey to relentless *British barbarity!* he must expire in some loathsome prisonship, or give up the ghost in some forlorn, death-impregnated dungeon, without a friendly hand to close his eyes when they are dimmed by death! why did my cowardly fears prevail on me to leave him? why did I not like a true lover (as I thought I was) press forward to him and have been a partner in his misfortunes? had I been worthy the name of a lover I should have done it; but I was a stranger to love though I professed it, and now I am justly left to suffer torments greater than would be probable on any circumstances where he was present. But can I not yet get to him?—she ran to the bank of the river where she was seized by the party, but nothing of him or his captors could be discovered—Frantic in despair she beat her breast, tore her hair, cursed her fate and prayed for annihilation, and was just about committing her body to the watry grave, when she was prevented therefrom, by her father's taking hold of her arm.

The consternation she was now in, was more easily conjectured than described. ——Her father, unacquainted with what had happened to Constantius, any further, than he gathered from the exclamations of Pulchera, suffered her to stay there no longer, but instantly conducted her home, and confined her to an inner chamber, leaving her to the reflections of her own mind, where sleep and comfort were equally strangers to her.[15]

THE next day her father entered the chamber in a pleasant air, inquiring her health, and saying a variety of very agreeable things to her—taking no notice of her late elopement—At length, in soft accents, he observed to her that this was the day on which M. *Le Monte* had proposed to embark with her for his native country, in order to make her

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nineteenth century, and was one of the nominal causes of the War of 1812.

[13] In the original, this sentence reads "when on some occasion Pulchera being a few rods behind Constantius when just entering a short turn of the bank, was seized by half a dozen armed men, who hurried her on board of a boat." We have corrected the pronoun to conform to the details that follow.

[14] *Summum bonum*: the highest good (Latin).

[15] The second (July) installment ends here with the notice "[*To be continued.*]"

his wife; and that all he waited for was to be informed of her readiness to attend him. Her father was about to proceed, but was interrupted by Pulchera, who thus accosted him, 'Dear father, the obligation of paternal authority, and the duty of filial obedience, are amongst the first ideas which took place in my mind; and with such forcible lessons have those duties been inculcated on my mind, that nothing will ever be able to deface them; and I shall make it my first business as long as I retain a rational existence, to practice the one, and submit cheerfully to the other: But, dear and respected father, the barely naming of M. Le Monte to me, under my circumstances, cannot fail of giving me sensations worse than the most studied torture of *Wheel* and *Rack*:[16] But was I at my own disposal, you, Sir, could command nothing which I could hesitate at obeying; but I am not my own—your special leave and request I have in a most solemn manner given up myself to Constantius, and am no more my own—he took full possession of my heart when I gave him my promise, and I have neither power or inclination to take it back. You, Sir, was present, and ratified our contract by your most explicit approbation thereof; and therefore cease to possess the right or power of disposing of me again: Pray, dear Sir, give these considerations that weight which they deserve—Remember that I am under the most solemn obligations to my dear Constantius, that heaven has recognized it, and that a violation thereof would involve me in the horrid sin of perjury, which would eventually deprive me of every species of peace here, and procure endless misery to me hereafter. Consider also, I pray Sir, that Le Monte is as odious to me as Constantius is agreeable—that his temper and disposition are naturally fierce and cruel to the last degree—that it is one of the articles of his religion, that 'no faith is to be kept with hereticks,' and such, you are sensible, he esteems me—that he despiseth that holy religion, whose principles, in my early infancy, you have taught me to have the highest regard for, as being inseparably connected with my future welfare[17]—I hope you will reflect suitably on these things, and not let the idea of the pomp and show of tinsel'd greatness, and the place near a Monarch's court, induce you to destroy the present peace and future welfare of your only child.'

Her father listened to what she said until she had gone through; when, with a stern aspect, he replyed, 'Poor silly creature, your folly would be your utter ruin, had you not a father living to bridle your giddy passions: But to reason with a person void of rationality is no part of my business. Remember you are under my government, and that my will is your law—that nothing will be able to divert me from my purpose of having Le Monte for a son-in-law, and you may as well submit to my pleasure quietly as to be dragged to it by force, which will be the case if you prove refractory. As to

[16] *Wheel and Rack*: medieval torture devices designed to cause prolonged suffering by slowly tearing a victim's limbs from his or her torso.

[17] Pulchera's family is Protestant, and Le Monte is a Catholic; Pulchera argues that this difference makes them fundamentally incompatible.

your Constantius, he is a man whose fortune does not exceed that to which you are born; but Le Monte has an inexhaustible fund both of riches and honour.' Thus saying, he left her to her own doleful reflections. Sleepless and wearisome moments were her companions until the next morning, when a servant of the family entered the room, informing her it was her father's pleasure that she should prepare herself to breakfast with Le Monte and himself; at which he left the room, throwing into her lap a news-paper of that day. She took up the paper, and the first thing she espied therein was the fatal intelligence that Constantius, after he had been taken prisoner by the British, proved to be frantickly refractory, that in a fit of rage one of the officers had sheathed his sword in his heart, and he was dead!—At the reading of which, poor Pulchera swooned away and fell on the floor; The noise of which brought the servant again into the apartment, for by his master's order he had waited at the door to observe her—He, seeing her in that condition, called up the family, and a long time it was before they could restore her to her senses; and when at last it was effected, with eyes starting with horror, she exclaimed, 'He is gone! He is gone! Constantius is no more! Had it not been for my cruel father, he would still have been alive with me; but untimely death hath closed his eyes; and you, Oh! my father, must be answerable for that and all its consequences! But you shall be disappointed; never will I be Le Monte's. If I am deprived of him in life, I will still be his in death—He has had my heart, and I will never give it to another; I will descend to the grave; I will retire from the theatre of this world, which has no longer any thing in it to allure me, and will seek that peace in the unexplored regions of futurity, of which I am deprived here by a relentless father.'

To no purpose did her father attempt to reason with her, telling her, that as Constantius was dead she was absolved from all her obligations—that she, in consequence thereof, was again under parental disposal—that now she had no excuse of duty to Constantius—that *that* religion which she the day before spoke so highly of, made it her duty now to submit to the dictates of her father, and that if she refused she must lose his blessing and her own peace of conscience here, and be sure of the indignation of her Maker and Judge hereafter; and that for her to continue obstinate would be of no service to her, as she was totally in his power, and that he was fully determined she should, that very night approaching, embark with Le Monte.—She observed to him, that to urge the death of Constantius as an argument for her again coming under his disposal, when at the same time he was in reality the guilty cause of it, did not carry any great matter of force with it, and that it was enough for him to deprive her of Constantius, without adding a curse of little less magnitude to her misfortune; for the joining her to Le Monte would add as much to her wretchedness as the depriving her of Constantius.

Her father, finding that expostulation had no kind of effect upon her, withdrew; making preparation for her embarkation; and the evening following forced her into a coach which conveyed her in the course of the night to the wharf where lay the ship in which Le Monte was to return to France, waiting for her arrival. She was hurried on board—and the wind being favourable, they hoisted sail, and in a few hours

lost sight of the American shore.—Grief, amazement and horror occupied the breast of Pulchera, though Le Monte used every effort to recommend himself to her; but all to no purpose. She replied to him, that it was in vain for him to attempt what was totally impossible—that her aversion to him was so great that time and circumstances would never be able to efface it—that tho' he had the power over her body, yet her mind was, and should continue free—that she never would give him her hand or heart, and that he might rest assured he would never have the satisfaction of being her husband—that even the crown of France was too trifling a toy to have any effect on her mind. In discourses like this they passed a tedious passage of thirty-one days, when one morning the light presented to their view three British ships at not more than half a league's distance, at the leeward of them—A flight was impossible—and in a few minutes the nearest of the British ships fired a shot across their bow. The Captain of the French ship called his officers together and held a momentary council of war, the result of which was to strike their colours and yield themselves prisoners of war, which was done immediately. The Captain and some of his principal officers, together with Le Monte and Pulchera, were carried on board the Commandant's ship; but what was the surprise of Pulchera, when on board of the captor she beheld her lost Constantius! Nor were the sensations of Constantius less nervous at beholding his adorable Pulchera—They both stood silent, swallowed up in extacy, while their expressive countenances declared the emotions of their hearts more intelligibly than the most finished composition of words is capable of doing.

The Captain of the British ship, on observing what passed, took Pulchera into his cabin, saying, 'Fair lady, by the silent messages which have passed between you and Constantius, a prisoner in my ship, I fancy you have had some former acquaintance with him, and that by some means he has been forced from you, and your meeting appears to be unexpected to both; be so good as to inform me of the circumstances, as far as may be proper—You are both in my power; I will see you have ample justice done you. Pulchera then went on to inform him that she was the only daughter of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, that her father had paid every attention to her education, that at the age of seventeen her father informed her that for three years past he had made it the whole of his study to devise means of recommending her to the only son of a wealthy merchant in the same neighbourhood, whose name he said was Constantius; and that Constantius and his father had both agreed to the match, and that he hoped there would be no objections thereto on her part—that with blushes she told her father she had no objection to offer to such a proposal—that she had long had a strong prepossession in favour of Constantius; in fine, she proceeded to give him a brief history of the transactions which we have before related, until the then present moment.

The Captain at the end of the narration called Constantius into the cabin, saying to him, 'You have hitherto been a prisoner in my ship—you from this moment cease to be one—you are henceforth at liberty, and have the freedom of the ship; I congratulate you on your fortunate meeting with

your admired Pulchera—an elegant state-room shall be allotted for your use—you and Pulchera shall henceforth participate at my table, and when we arrive at Portsmouth,[18] I will take suitable care of you. You shall have a safe conveyance to Holland,[19] from whence at your leisure you may return to your native country.'—Constantius politely returned him his warmest thanks for his offered goodness, and nothing but harmony subsisted in the cabin.

Le Monte, who continued a prisoner on board the same ship, in a few days was informed of all that had taken place with regard to Constantius and Pulchera, and was stung with resentment at the information, and swore revenge. The next day he sent Constantius a challenge to a duel, which he accepted; and that night met for the purpose; in the issue of which Le Monte fell, and had to ask his life of Constantius, who magnanimously gave it to him.[20]

LE MONTE was so sensible of his obligation to Constantius, that he rose and expressed his warmest acknowledgments to him on the occasion; adding, that after experiencing such a favour from him, he had too much gratitude to do any thing which could in any degree prove disagreeable to him:—I therefore, said he, do relinquish every idea of any claim to the admirable Pulchera—I resign her to you, Sir—Your conduct has rendered you worthy of her who has not an equal on earth—May you long live mutual blessings to each other, and may a beneficent Providence grant that you may forever be sharers of the best of blessings which heaven has reserved in store for its dearest favourites; and may I hope, that notwithstanding all which has passed, that Le Monte will be recorded amongst the number of your friends.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy with which Constantius and Pulchera treated Le Monte on this occasion; and the remainder of the voyage was spent in the most agreeable manner, until one night, after a most beautifully serene day, they saw a prodigiously black cloud make its appearance in the western hemisphere, which was so hurried on by a terrific gale, that in twenty minutes time it totally obscured the whole face of the heavens, and involved them in one solid mass of substantial darkness, while the wind continued to rage with the wild madness of the most violent hurricane, so that the greatest skill and exertions of the officers and mariners became necessary to prevent their being totally ingulphed in the bottom of the great deep. What added to their frightful and horrid situation was, that after it had continued without any mitigation for the space of about two hours, their ears were saluted with the sound of distant thunder, which every moment with astonishing rapidity, brought nearer and nearer to their astonished observation, until their ship, by the flashes of lightning, seemed to be wrapped in sheets of fire, which were accompanied by such dreadful peals of thunder as indicated that the final dissolution

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[18] *Portsmouth*: an island city off the southwest coast of London and an important naval port for the British in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

[19] *Holland*: a neutral site during the Revolutionary War.

[20] Here the third (August) installment ends with the notice "(*To be Continued.*)"

of universal nature was fast approaching, while torrents of rain, as though the flood-gates of heaven were unstopped, fell upon them with such impetuousity as was sufficient (one would have thought) to have overwhelmed them in inevitable destruction.

While in this pitiable situation, being the sport of the enraged elements at one moment tossed up to the clouds at the next immerged into the bottom of the convulsed deep—expecting every moment to be the last—when nothing but fruitless cries and lamentations were to be heard between those amazing peals of thunder which kept almost constantly bursting over their devoted heads, in the tenth hour of this desperate condition, they felt the shock of the vessel's striking on a bar—This was but a completion of their despair—the Captain, however, ordered the long-boat to be thrown out, that any who chose it might take their chance in it, as it was more than probable that the next sea would beat the ship to pieces, and bury those in the sand who remained on board; neither was the prospect of venturing in the boat any more favourable, as it was bordering hard on impossible for a boat to stand it for two minutes. It was at this time Constantius and Pulchera (who till then had kept hold of each other's hands) by some means separated; and in a few minutes Pulchera discovered, through the medium of the lightning, that she was the only person remaining on board. This circumstance, distressing as it was, could add but little to her wretchedness, which before was complete—She stood still, and resigned herself to fate. It was not long before she perceived that the beating of the seas had made a fatal inroad on the ship, which threatened every moment to come to pieces—which in about five or six hours took place. Pulchera, who was almost in a suspension of thought, found herself floating on one of the hatches, on which she was soon washed upon the beach.—The disconsolate Pulchera, with the small remains of strength she yet possessed, was just able to avoid the fury of the succeeding wave, which if she had not escaped, could not have failed of proving fatal to her.—When she found herself beyond the reach of the boisterous surges, she reclined herself against the declivity of a bank, where she sat to bemoan her disasterous fate—weariness overcame her, and she fell into a sleep. When she awoke, she found the storm had subsided, the boisterous wind had sunk into a perfect calm, the sky was clear, the air was serene, the face of nature appeared smiling, the birds on the boughs filled the air with their melody, the sun shone with peculiar lustre, and every appearance seemed calculated to inspire the bosom with pleasing sensations; but all these circumstances had no delights for Pulchera—a fixed gloom occupied her countenance, and the most melancholy sensations rent her distressed breast; she wandered, making an useless moan to the heedless flowers which decorated the wanton soil over which she rambled.—Hours after hours in succession passed away, while she traversed the shore, where lay in forlorn ruins the shattered remains of the ship; but no signs of any of the people, dead or alive, were to be found.

In unsuccessful researches she spent the day, in the course of which she found she was on a small island, which, though under cultivation, was destitute of inhabitants. The night succeeded the day, which she spent in a manner not less

joyless than the day had been—But on the return of day, just after bright Phœbus had risen from his orient bed, she discovered a vessel coming down from the northward—As good fortune would have it, she came within call of the shore; she therefore, with a voice as loud as her enfeebled situation would admit, hailed them; and being asked what she desired? she answered, that she was the only survivor from a ship lately cast away there in a storm, and wished to come on board. The Captain ordered his boat to bring her on board his vessel, which was done accordingly.—This vessel proved to be an American privateer,[21] fitted out from a port in France, the Captain being M—, of New York, with whom Pulchera had formerly had a slight acquaintance, and knowing him to be a gentleman of strict honour, she informed him of the whole of her adventure. Capt. M. was very much affected with her story, but with no part of it more than with the hapless fate of his friend Constantius, with whom he had been bred at school, and for whom he entertained the greatest regard: and nothing in Captain M's power was left unessayed to render Pulchera happy: and she experienced every mark of distinction, as well from all the officers as the Captain and sea men, which their situation would admit of.

Captain M. informed her that after a few days' cruise in those parts they were bound to America, and on their arrival there it should be some of his first business to see her conducted safely to her friends; and in a few days they sat out to put this purpose in effect—Nothing material happened the first ten days—but on the eleventh day, they found they were chased by a vessel of superior force, and that she gained considerably upon them—and it was soon made certain that she was a vessel of more than twice their force, consequently a capture (extraordinaries excepted) was unavoidable. Capt. M. advised Pulchera, in order to escape any ill usage from their captors to divest herself of women's apparel, and attire herself in a suit of his which she accordingly did, putting on a neat suit of red regimentals, a gold-laced hat, and a sword by her side, and took upon her the character of a Lieutenant, under the name of VALORUS.—By this time their pursuer was within reach of them, which was announced by the discharge of one of her bow guns. Capt. M. on a more particular inspection of his enemy, began to conceive some hope of being able to make good his defence against them: he accordingly made ready for an action, which soon commenced with great fury on both sides. In a few moments the combatants were at not more than sixty feet distance, while an incessant discharge of cannon, many of which were loaded with langrage[22] and grape-shot,[23]

[21] *Privateer*: A state-sponsored pirate. During the age of sail, privateers were privately owned armed vessels commissioned by governments to disrupt commercial shipping and seize their enemy's merchant vessels.

[22] *Langre*: A type of canon shot consisting of scrap iron packed into a case; often used in naval warfare to damage sails and rigging.

[23] *Grape-shot*: A type of canon shot consisting of small round balls packed into a canvas sack (thus said to resemble a cluster of grapes).

was sufficient to have effectually tried the fortitude of the oldest veterans; and for a very considerable time fortune seemed undetermined in whose favour to decide, until a well directed fire from the British caused Capt. M. to strike his colours, and thereby decided the action.—The captor put a prize-master on board of the prize,[24] taking the officers (amongst whom was Valorus, under the character of a lieutenant) into his own vessel.

The captor proved to be a sloop of war from Portsmouth, bound to Quebec.[25] Captain M. and his officers received as good treatment on board the sloop as could reasonably be expected from the hands of a captor; in particular the delicate appearance of Valorus insured to him an uncommon degree of respect from the under officers and men—she kept her countenance as smooth as the unruffled sea, though at the same time her recollection of Constantius totally destroyed every agreeable idea which was about to rise in her mind, tho' none but her pillow was a witness to her immoderate grief on the occasion.

They pursued their voyage for Quebec, where the prisoners had the promise of being liberated, they giving their parole not to enter into actual service against the British until regularly exchanged: but how fickle is fortune! When they supposed, by their reckoning, they were near in with the land, a terrible storm assailed them, which continued without intermission day after day, the wind rather increasing than diminishing, till on the night of the third day after the commencement of the storm; when, about one o'clock, they were alarmed by the breaking of the sea but a very small distance a-head of them, a sure indication that a bar, shoal, rocks, or land, was there, and so nigh was it, that all attempts to avoid it were made use of in vain—they had scarcely time to realize their situation before their vessel was aground—Their fate was apparently fixed, and their small remains of hope seemed to be totally annihilated. But this suspense lasted not long; the wind was so violent and the seas so enormous, that the fourth sea after the first struck reduced her to a heap of ruins; and the hands, by the violence of the waves, were washed on the shore, which was but a few feet distant from the bow of the vessel, and they had the surprising good fortune to escape a watery tomb, saving three only, who were drowned.—They endeavoured to seek a shelter from the storm by advancing up on the land; but all attempts of this nature were in vain, for, twenty feet from the water was the farthest they could extend, by reason of a bank which ascended nearly perpendicular; and the state of the night was so dark that they

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[24] *Prize-master*: a naval officer put in charge of a seized ship. *Prize*: a naval term for an enemy ship seized in battle and destined to be sold as the spoils of war. Prize ships made privateering profitable.

[25] *Quebec*: formerly the seat of power for New France, the city had been ceded to the British at the conclusion of the Seven Years War in 1763. By the 1770s, Quebec had become the center of British authority in Canada. The city was also the site of the first major defeat of the Continental Army in late December of 1775.

could form no idea of its height; and as they traversed to the right hand and the left, they found it was not to be avoided either way, as at a short distance it butted down on the water; and they found they must content themselves in that situation until morning: But they were overwhelmed by one very melancholy consideration, *viz*. That they were totally ignorant of what time in the tide it was; if it should happen to be any thing near low-water, they could not possibly avoid being swallowed up long before it was high-water: However, it so happened that at the time of their being cast ashore it was about high-water, and by keeping a constant observation they soon found that the tide was on the ebb, which eased them from their dismal apprehensions on that account. The night, however, passed away in a very joyless manner.—When the day-light appeared, the storm still continuing, no very pleasing prospect presented itself to their view—The beach on which they were, was about thirty rods in length, bounded by an unsurmountable ledge of rocks to the height of 150 feet, which butted at each extremity into the sea, the ends of which they in vain attempted to double[26]; their boats they found crushed in ruins with the remains of their ship.—Providentially, amongst the rubbish they found considerable quantities of provisions; but unfortunately, no kind of tools larger than a jack-knife could they obtain, though the most diligent searches were made therefor.—They busied themselves in securing their provision, by carrying it above the reach of the tide. They then secured a few barrels of ammunition which they found undamaged, and some firearms. Fruitless attempts were then made to ascend the precipice, until experience had taught them that nothing was to be expected from their most vigorous exertions.[27]

HAVING secured the whole of the provisions they could find among the ruinous remains of their ship, they began to collect materials for building a raft, and immediately began to erect one, though this business went on very slowly for the want of tools proper to execute it with, however, they did as well as they could, and in the course of two or three days by their exertions, they had fabricated sufficient to float the whole of the unhappy sufferers, on board of which the next morning they embarked with a part of their provisions, their fire arms, and a quantity of ammunition; with this they pushed off from the shore, the weather being very cold, and the heavens indicated the approach of a storm.

It was a question at first, which way they should direct their course. At last it was agreed to cruise along shore, to the eastward. They prosecuted this intention, at about three, and sometimes four rods distance from the shore, for five or six miles, while nothing appeared to them to favour their wishes—nothing but a perpendicular ledge of ragged rocks was to be seen; and by this time the snow began gently to descend. They kept a constant look out for a place where it was possible for them to run their raft ashore, where they might

[26] *Double*: a naval term for sailing around a cape or point of land.

[27] The fourth (September) installment ends here with the note "(*To be continued.*)"

encamp on dry land; but this they long sought in vain, till towards evening, when the snow had fallen to the depth of twelve or thirteen inches, they discovered a small declivity in the bank, where they ran their raft on shore. And through this declivity they ascended the bank, which was about one hundred feet in length. When they had attained the summit, they had an extensive uncultivated plain in pursuit[28], and not the least sign that any thing human was ever there before them. With some difficulty in collecting materials, they built them a comfortable fire, and frying a quantity of bread and meat, they soon eat a very hearty supper; by this time it being dark, they made preparations for taking some repose. In the morning they awoke and beheld a serene air, and a pleasant sky—they consulted what course they should then take, when it was agreed that they should divide into a number of small companies, each company to take a different route, taking a quantity of provisions each, and if either party found any inhabitants, to return to that place and wait for the return of the rest. VALORUS, with two others, composed one of those small companies, each taking a gun, a quantity of ammunition and provisions, they each took their different route, the snow being about six inches deep. The first day they spent in exploring the inhospitable wilderness, without meeting with any thing worthy of remark. On the latter part of the second day they were overtaken by a furious storm of snow, they travelled till almost night, and seeing no kind of probability of finding any inhabitants, they concluded to stop under the lee-ward[29] side of a large rock, and make as good preparations for the insuing night as they could, which was only to tread down the snow, and collect such fuel as they could, to support a fire. The storm continued to rage with uncommon fury during the whole of the night and the succeeding day, during which time, it was with the greatest difficulty they kept themselves from freezing, their fuel being exhausted, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they procured a small quantity more. They found on the abatement of the snow, that it had fallen between four or five feet in depth, and by reason of its not being capable of sustaining half the weight of a man, it was intirely out of their power to proceed, either backward or forward.

In this situation, all they could do, was to make themselves as comfortable as they could where they were; the weather was so intencely cold, that a large fire was indispensibly necessary, and though they were surrounded with timber, they lacked the means of falling it; however they collected the small remains of wood which they had, and after incredible pains, they beat a track to an old large dry oak tree, at about a rod's distance from them, and kindled a fire in a fracture at the bottom thereof, by which means in less than two hours they burned down, which providentially falling across the rock, broke and split the main trunk to pieces; this was a very valuable acquisition, making as much as two cords

[28] *Pursuit*: in front of them.

[29] *Lee-ward*: nautical term for the side away from the wind.

and an half of wood.[30] This lasted them for better than three days, when their situation seemed to arrive to the height of wretchedness, the rigor of the weather not having in any degree abated, and their small store of provisions they had brought with them being entirely spent, there seemed nothing but inevitable death before their eyes, for although a second similar attempt had furnished them with a very considerable stock of wood, yet with nothing else to sustain nature, death could not appear at a very great distance from them, especially as their natural strength by excessive exertions, the inclemency of the weather, severe hardships, and want of food was greatly exhausted.

In this situation they lived or rather existed for six days, having no kind of sustenance, excepting the bark of trees which as it was frozen, they could get off only in very small pieces with their knives, and then thawing by the fire, chewed and swallowed it.

At the commencement of the seventh day, when their sufferings had reduced them to a surprising state of weakness, and it was become certain that they could subsist but a very little time longer, they began to wreck[31] their invention to determine what they should do next; in vain did they then lament that they had not, as soon as the storm abated have attempted to have forced a way thro' the snow back to their rendezvous, though the prospect was very unpromising, it being according to the best of their judgment, nearly fifty miles; but it was now too late to think of an attempt like that; and after mutually condoling each other on their desperate situation, one of the party thus addressed his partners, *Dear fellow sufferers*. In our sad situation, a few hours more will close our eyes, to be opened no more; we now cease to be any advantage to each other; and though life is hard to part with, yet it is of little consequence to either of us, whether we die this day or to-morrow; and if *one* dying to day will eventually save the life of the *two survivors*, one had much better die alone for the other two to live, than for all three to die together. For my part as one, I move that we cast lots which of us shall die, to save the other two.—If it falls to my lot, I will submit to my fate without a murmur.—Nay, I had rather die instantly, than to die this lingeringly with my two suffering partners. The other two seemed well pleased with the proposal; the lots were immediately prepared, and it was the fate of Valorus to be the victim.

Valorus told them if they would indulge him so far as to give him time to write but a few lines to his father, which he wished them to take the care of, and if ever an opportunity presented, that they would forward to him, and that then he would then willingly resign to his fate—they granted his request, and he wrote as follows:

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[30] *Cord*: a measure of cut wood, especially wood used for fuel. The term most likely derives from the practice of using a cord of rope to insure that stacks were of equivalent dimensions (typically a cord was a stack 4 feet wide by 4 feet long and 8 feet high).

[31] *Wreck*: probably a misspelling of "rack," as in the expression "to rack one's brains."

DEAR PAPPA,

FROM the centre of a frozen wilderness on the borders of the grave, please to receive this last token from your only child—driven from home, I have been the sport of fortune, but fifteen minutes will put me out of her power. I shall then be in a state of changeless retribution. Had I not been obliged, by a father's stern command, to forego a promise I made by his express licence, I might still have lived and have been happy—as far as I am concerned, I forgive you heartily, but pray Sir, see that you are prepared to stand at the bar of the Omniscient Judge.

YOUR LOST CHILD.[32]

VALORUS had just finished the letter, and delivered it, when one of his woeful partners took up the fatal gun, well loaded, and had got it to his face, and was just pulling the trigger in order to lodge its contents in his head, when he chanced to raise his eyes a little, and discovered a Bear wallowing in the snow, at about 20 yards distance—He exclaimed, "Valorus! thank God you may yet live!" and discharged his piece at the Bear, lodging two balls in his head, of which he died instantly.—If ever joy was to excess, it was then so amongst this little unfortunate company—*Valorus* whom they both loved equal to themselves, was still alive—without going to their prey, they both fell upon him, embracing him as one from the dead, and the most tender, expressive congratulations passed on the occasion—they all seemed lost in extacy for some space of time.

After their effusions of joy were in some measure abated, their small remains of strength were exerted in beating a road to their new acquired provision, which after having with difficulty proceeded, they made a small repast upon. By this time it was night, and the Heavens had gathered an unusual degree of blackness, and very soon a torrent of rain began to descend.—They so fixed their bear-skin (which was a very large one) as to be a very considerable shelter to them from the rain, and kept them tolerably dry thro' the sleepless night.—The light of day at last approached, after the most rainy night they had ever known, when soon the clouds broke away, the wind sprung up at North-West, and a very severe cold day ensued. So much water was in the snow, and the cold so severe, that by the middle of the day it was froze sufficiently to bear them, which they perceiving, formed an idea of trying to regain their place, of general rendezvous; but their enfeebled state was such, that they scarcely were determined whether to attempt it or not; but after mature deliberation it was concluded to set out in the morning, which accordingly they put in practice, taking with them a quantity of meat, which they judged sufficient for their use, till such time as they should arrive at their place of rendezvous.

It is needless to recount the wearisome steps which they experienced on their journey; suffice it to say, that on the fifth day, just before night, they arrived at the place exceedingly fatigued, which they found in the same situation they had left it, and no signs were to be discovered that any

[32] Here the fifth (October) installment ends with the note, "(*To be continued.*)"

person having been there since their departure; but it was so near the windward side of the land, that the wind in the time of the falling of the snow, had driven the snow quite off from that place.—Fatigued as they were, they built a fire, and provided some supper:—Here they found bread, pork, beef, tea, sugar, and some cooking utensils, which they had left there; and they prepared and eat a more comfortable meal than they had since their being cast away. The next day they had recourse to their raft, which they found inclosed with ice;—they then repaired on the ice to the place of their shipwreck, which they likewise found the snow drifted off from. Tired of any further researches, they consulted which was the best place to fix their abode at, and when they had considered that at this place was the greater part of the provisions they had to depend on—that here, from the ruins of their ship, were materials for building them a shelter—and that likewise, here they could draw fuel from the same resource. They unanimously agreed to make that the place of their residence, hoping they had provisions enough to carry them through the winter, and that in the spring Providence would find some way for their deliverance. Under the impression of these ideas they went to work, and fabricated themselves a hut, tolerably warm;—and, to add to their good fortune, amongst the ruins of the ship they found a cask of Jamaica rum, and another of brandy, and about £. 8900[33] in cash, tho' *that* they looked on as a very small acquisition, but they secured it:—In this situation they considered themselves tolerably happy; but a misfortune now attacked them which they were in no measure prepared for. Valorus, and one of his companions were taken sick of a *Plurisy;*[34] this deadly disorder seized them so violently that in three days both of their lives were despaired of by themselves and their companion, who left nothing unattempted, which he had reason to hope would contribute to their recovery. There was nothing but what the unfortunate two underwent, both from the extreme raging of their distemper, and also from the forlorn situation which they were unfortunately in; however, contrary to their own, and their companion's expectations, on the eighth day their fever broke, and by slow degrees they regained their wonted strength, so that in about five weeks they were able to walk about, and were in a good measure, able to do such kind of business as their circumstances required to be done.—They now spent their time as agreeably as could be expected for people in such lonely circumstances, saving only the disconsolate Valorus, who as her thoughts began to be less taken up on her own personal safety, the idea of her beloved Constantius would keep continually arising in her distracted mind. The horrors of that dreadful night wherein they parted by shipwreck, to meet no more, would keep continually harrowing up her mind, and depriving her of every species of comfort—her mind was distracted with terrific dreams, and her days spent in melancholy reflections. At times she was

[33] £: in the 1780s, this number of British pounds would be roughly equivalent to US $900,000 today.

[34] *Pleurisy*: a viral infection of the lungs. In addition to shortness of breath, other accompanying symptoms include harsh coughing, diarrhea, fever, chills, and chest pains.

half resolved to unbosom herself to her comrades; but reasons of policy forbid the measure:—They still unsuspecting but Valorus was really what he appeared to be—a man.

In this situation they spent their time, until the return of spring, at which time their provision was nearly exhausted;[35]

WHEN one morning, to their inexpressable satisfaction, they espied a small vessel, not more than a league and an half from shore. They made use of every means in their power, to give them notice of their situation, by firing guns of distress, which at last had the desired effect, and the vessel stood in for the shore, till they got within call, when they hailed them, and asked what they wished? They gave them a short account of their disaster, and that in all probability they were the only survivors of a large crew. The vessel sent their boat ashore and took them on board. She proved to be a privateer from a port of Essex county, in Massachusetts state.—*Valorus* did not think proper to make known her sex, tho' she informed them he was an American, and that he was a prisoner when he had the misfortune to be shipwrecked. The Captain of the privateer, told Valorus if he would enter on board voluntarily, he should be intitled out of the dead shares to a Lieutenent's proportion of the prize money, the hands on board having agreed thereto, Valorus accepted thereof—as for the other two, it was agreed they should be sat at liberty the first opportunity which presented.

They cruised on this coast about a week, when they fell in with, and took a brigantine from Bristol[36] bound to Quebec, with a valuable cargo on board. The captain of the privateer put Valorus on board as prize-master, with a sufficiency of hands, and ordered her into Salem;[37] but unfortunately the next day she was captured by a British cruiser, and was carried into Halifax.[38] Valorus had, thro' his unacquaintedness with this kind of business, left the papers which he had of the captain of the privateer, on board of her; and when the capt. demanded his papers, he had nothing to shew. In vain did Valorus inform him of the whole of the transaction. The captain of the cruiser said any one might make as good a story as that—he accordingly put Valrous in *irons,* and when they arrived at Halifax, (perceiving that the irons hurted his wrists, they were taken off) he was put into the dungeon, and there kept in order for a trial for *piracy*.[39]

[35] Here the November installment ends—in mid-sentence!—with the note "(*To be continued.*)"

[36] *Bristol*: an important eighteenth-century British commercial port, crucial in the triangular trade.

[37] *Salem*: was the seventh largest city in the U.S. in 1790 and a primary port for American privateers during the Revolutionary War.

[38] *Halifax*: a city in Nova Scotia and the site of the largest British naval base on the Atlantic coast during the late eighteenth century. During the Revolutionary War, the city was also a haven for loyalists who fled north to British Canada.

[39] Prior to 1778, the British did not legally recognize American soldiers as prisoners of war and thus subjected them to criminal prosecutions. While the chronology of events in the

Those who are acquainted with Halifax know that the Provost[40], under which the dungeon is situated, stands on a rising piece of ground, and that from a vault in the bottom of the dungeon, there is a drain of about two feet square, which leads from the said vault out to the side of the hill on which the provost stands. After Valorus had been confined in this place about ten days (the eleventh being appointed for his trial) he got acquainted with this circumstance of the drain, he therefore, in company with some others, determined to make their escape through that avenue: they therefore, one by one, let themselves down into the vault, and crept out through the drain on their hands and knees, it being about half filled up with filth; however, they lived through the operation, though it was nauseous to the last degree, and they all got safely through, though they were all bedaub'd in filth, in order to divest themselves of it, they had immediate recourse to the water, where they found a small shallop,[41] on board of which they entered, and under cover of the night got clear of the harbour: But their *evil genius*[42] had not yet left them, for the second day after their escape they were taken up by a small vessel of force, bound from Penobscot[43] to London; so their pleasing hopes of seeing home was once more brought to nothing.

The captain of this little cutter, proved to be a very good natured sort of a man, and Valorus made it his business to enter as far into his good graces as possible, and he had every success he could wish for, and on their arrival at London he sat Valorus and the rest of the prisoners at liberty.

Valorus now found the advantage of the money which he had saved out of the wreck, he having about 200 guineas[44]

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text is murky, the reference to Valrous' forgotten papers likely means that it takes place after this date. In other words, he is treated as a pirate (and thus as a criminal) and not as a privateer (and thus as a prisoner of war), because he cannot prove that he was apprehended while acting in the service of a government commission.

[40] *Provost*: the structure serving as the headquarters of the military police. In 1777, the Provost Marshall of Halifax was suspended from duty because of the high number of prisoners who escaped from his jail. This episode likely alludes to the reputation of Halifax prison as poorly secured.

[41] *Shallop*: a large heavy boat fitted with at least one mast and sometimes furnished with guns.

[42] *Evil genius*: the bad spirits following them.

[43] *Penobscot*: a port city in what is now central Maine. During the early stages of the Revolutionary War, Penobscot was the site of a humiliating defeat for the Americans (the worst naval defeat in U.S. history until Pearl Harbor). The American survivors who were not captured were forced to walk into Massachusetts with little in the way of provisions or equipment.

[44] *Guineas*: gold coins worth a British pound. The coins were named after the Guinea region in Africa were the gold was originally mined. Two hundred guineas would be the modern day equivalent of about $US 30,000.

in his pockets which his captors had not taken from him, he procured himself a couple of suits of genteel cloaths, and in a few days had an opportunity to embark for Lisbon, and from there in a few days more for France.[45] When he arrived at France, his first enquiry was, if any Americans were in that place or not. As it happened there was present a French officer who understood the English language tolerably well, who informed him that at the next door but one, there lodged an American gentleman, who he believed was of a very considerable rank in the world.

Valorus stepped to the door, and asked if he could have lodgings there till an opportunity presented for him to ship for *America?* he was answered in the affirmative, and entering the house, he was conducted into a parlour, where saw a gentleman reading a manuscript: the gentleman rose to receive him, but how great was the astonishment of Valorus, when in the face of the gentleman he recognized every feature of the *long (thought) lost* CONSTANTIUS. At first thought, Valorus had like to have made a discovery of who he was, by making the most pathetick acclamations; but a second thought forbid any thing like that; knowing that *"time and absence cures the fondest love,"* so taking each other by the hand they passed mutual & civil compliments, and each took seats. Constantius ordered a bottle of wine and some glasses, and after drinking to each others health, Constantius inquired what part of America Valorus was from? he informed him he belonged to a privateer from Salem, that he was captured and carried into Halifax, from whence he made his escape, was again taken, carried into England, where he was liberated, and had came to this place in order to seek a passage home. Just as this discourse happened, a French gentleman entered the parlour, whom Valorus at first sight knew to be *Le Monte*, the first cause of all her trouble; mutual compliments passed between Constantius and Le Monte, and Miscellaneous discourse passed away the time until supper was served; Valorus then proposed taking his lodging, and was conducted to his bed: Constantius and Le Monte afterwards repaired to their lodging, which was separated from that of Valorus only by a partition.

Sleep had in a great measure departed from Valorus— He attended to the discourse of Constantius and Le Monte after they had taken their beds. He found there was the most intimate friendship subsisting between them, and that a purpose of marriage was on foot between Constantius and the only sister of Le Monte, and that she would be in town on the morrow from Paris, and that in a short time the nuptials were to be celebrated. Confusion now took full possession of the distressed heart of Valorus. She viewed her Constantius as totally lost to her forever; now did she curse her unfortunate stars, and lamented the time she escaped the gaping liquid grave, and all the horrors of the disconsolate island on which she had been shipwrecked; but most of all the ill fated moments which again introduced her to the presence of Constantius.—Despair and anguish rent her heart through the

[45] Valorus's circuitous route from London to Lisbon to France demonstrates how hostilities between England and France made direct travel almost impossible.

tedious watches of the night, and her pillow was wet with the choicest tears that ever flowed within the realm of France.

On the return of the morning they all arose, and every preparation was making for the reception of the lady, Le Monte's sister. Breakfast was at last brought on the table; Le Monte, Constantius and Valorus sat down.—Valorus enquired of Constantius what part of America he was from? he replied, from Philadelphia.— Pray sir, said he, did you ever have any acquaintance with a gentleman by the name of ——? (*we must be excused for omitting his name here.*) Yes, replied Constantius, with a very expressive countenance.—Did you know a daughter of his by the name of Pulchera? Yes, replied Constantius, with a degree of melancholy in his face,—Why? continued Constantius, was you ever acquainted with her? some years ago, replied Valorus, I was very intimate in the family, and if I forget not, when I last knew the family she was the only surviving child which her father had. Can you inform me if ever she married, or whether she is yet alive or not? This question brought tears into the eyes of Constantius, who with a voice which bespoke the perturbation of his mind, replied—poor Pulchera, the ornament of her sex, and the pride of human nature, is no more: some misunderstanding with her father with regard to a proposed marriage, caused her to leave her home, and to cross the Atlantic, in which voyage the vessel was wrecked, and *dear* Pulchera was the only person who was lost!—His tears prevented him from proceeding any further, and Valorus's feelings were too sensible to prosecute the enquiry. After breakfast Valorus asked Constantius to walk with him in the garden. Constantius rather declined, saying, he should be exceeding fond and proud of an interview, but it was absolutely necessary for him to make all the preparation he could to receive some company of rank which would attend on him in the afternoon, in consequence of which, sir, said he, I dare say you will excuse me. Valorus replied, he had too much good nature to urge him to a measure that was disagreeable to him, and retired to his chamber and wrote a letter to Constantius, then walked out to take a view of the town, giving the letter to a boy in the street, making a present to him of a guinea to secure the delivery of it to the lady of the house where Constantius boarded. In about half an hour Constantius received the letter of the lady, he broke it open and read as follows:

Dear Constantius,

THOUGH through the adversity of fickle fortune, I have for a long time been deprived of my only happiness, which consisted in being with the amiable Constantius, and though perhaps my name may by this time be obliterated from your memory, yet yours is not, and never will cease to rest in mine; and no satisfaction or comfort shall I enjoy, until we have an opportunity to fulfil, those sacred promises which we have mutually made to each other.

This from the comfortless

PULCHERA.

Constantius was thunderstruck at reading these lines, viewing the writing he would exclaim—"It must be so—I am too well acquainted with the hand to be capable of being

imposed on.—She is still alive, and I am her's, and she is mine! an indissoluble bond has united us together, which nothing but death is capable of dissolving. O heavens where is she? I am on the *rack* till I behold her! Where can she be? Where is the post-boy who delivered the letter? &c.

Constantius went on in such like exclamations until Le Monte came in, to whom he read the letter. Le Monte was a little struck at first hearing it, but on considering the subject, he told Constantius it was impossible for it to be a reality, but it was a piece of imposition contrived by some ill-minded person, in order to break off his proposed marriage with his sister; saying, you know, you positively know, my Constantius, that it is beyond the reach of possibilities for her to be alive.—She did not leave the ship with us, and it is not in the power even of credulousness itself to form an idea of her escaping. Constantius stood in a maze; at last he replied, "it must be, you are in the right, it is impossible she should be alive, she is long since paid the great debt of nature, and is no more." VALORUS continued to walk the streets, wishing to know the effect which the letter had on the mind of Constantius, not being able to form a judgment of how his affections stood towards Pulchera; about noon he returns to the house, closely examining the looks of Constantius, but could read nothing in his countenance for certain.—He then enters into a discourse with him, in the course of which he enquires of him how long since he was in Philadelphia? he answered about six or eight weeks.—Was the father of Pulchera alive when you left the place? He was—Was he much affected with the death of his daughter? exceedingly, it had like to have ruined his senses. I think when I was there last, continued Valorus, a certain gentleman by the name of Constantius was paying his addresses to Pulchera.—Do you know any thing with regard to him? Constantius, with some tender emotions, replied, yes I am the person.—I was once happy in the love of the most amiable Pulchera; she engrossed the whole of my soul, and I believe I had no less share in the affections of Pulchera but cruel death, that interrupter of human felicity, forced her from me, and left me inconsolably to bemoan her hapless fate.—Shipwrecked on the coast of England, having but a moment to avail ourselves of the boat (which was at best but a *forlorn hope*) I by some means let go her hand, and in the confusion I did not perceive it 'till after I was in the boat, and the fast was cut from the vessel.[46] Distracted I had like to have thrown myself from the boat into the water and attempted to have regained the vessel and mingled fates with her; but being fully sensible of the impracticability of regaining the vessel, I contented myself to live, expecting though that every moment would be the last, however we floated in a manner really miraculous, about four or five miles, when, providentially we struck on a small uninhabited island, two days after which we were taken off by a pleasure boat, who went with us to the island on which we supposed our vessel was wrecked, which proved to be the same.[47]

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[46] *Fast*: the rope which lashes the longboat to the ship.

[47] Here the December installment ends with the note "(*To be concluded in our next.*)"

HERE was I in hopes of finding my Pulchera whether dead or alive, but my hopes were in vain, not a trace of her was to be found; a small trunk of her's I found wash'd up, which I took into possession, out of which I took this locket, having her picture set in gold, this I have ever worn on my breast, and never shall it be transfered to any other place—O thou amiable Pulchera! never will your image be erased from my memory—never shall I forget the time when we exchanged mutual vows, and gave ourselves up to each other, when joys extatic took full possession of our enraptured breasts at anticipating scenes of felicity, which we fondly promised ourselves, but which cruel fortune never designed we should realize—here Constantius's utterance failed him, here he gave himself up to a flood of immoderate grief, and Valorus could scarcely contain himself—at length in broken accents he thus accosted him, "*Dear Sir,* I pray that you would moderate your grief which can be of no service to you—your sorrows can never reanimate Pulchera, when death separates lovers, tho' it is impossible intirely to forget, yet duty makes it necessary to banish every idea as far as is practicable—you may no doubt find another to supply the place of Pulchera." O reply'd Constantius, these are the reflexions of a mind at ease—'tis true I cannot reanimate the admirable Pulchera—she has bid a final farewell to all sublunary[48] things, but my veneration for her will never cease to exist, neither will it in any degree abate.—'Tis true I have sought relief in the arms of another, and soon, very soon are the nuptials, to be celebrated, but there is nothing which can erase that supreme affection which I have once for all placed on the inimitable Pulchera; she is no more!

Dear Sir, replyed Valorus your affections were very sincere, and providence will never admit of such virtues going unrewarded—It must have in its store of beneficence some peculiar blessing to bestow upon you, and tho' I am no prophet I will venture to predict that your days of sorrow are nearly at an end—something you have no idea of at present will soon open upon you which will inspire you with such sensations as you have a long time been a stranger to—I pray you to dismiss the subject, and ask me no further questions on the matter—whether ever you see me again or not, remember what I now say to you.—Saying this he bid him adieu, and could not be prevailed on to stay any longer with him—he walked away into the City, leaving Constantius in amazement.

Constantius employ'd his reasoning powers to conclude what the sequel of this matter should be; various were his conjectures 'tho he could form no fixed idea in his own mind—he walked into the house, sat down and continued his rumination on this inexplicable adventure; while he was musing came in a boy and delivering him a letter retired—he opened the letter and read,

"Dear Sir,

If you will call at the sign of the Eagle at half past four precisely, you will hear of something you very little expect, and which concerns you in the highest degree, after that it will be too late.

ADIEU."

[48] *Sublunary*: of or belonging to this world, earthly, terrestrial.

This still served to increase his wonder—but he considered it rather as an unfortunate appointment on one account, as that was the time appointed for the arrival of Le Monte's sister, whom he wished to receive with all the respect possible—he at one time would imagine it was a stratagem of some enemy of his, in order to introduce a friend between him and his proposed bride, and then he would determine to pay no kind of attention to the message, then again the anxiety of his mind would be such, that he resolved, let the event be what it would, he would attend the summons—accordingly at a little past four he made preparations to go, and at twenty-five minutes sat out, but as he had left the door, he looked round and discovered his proposed bride, approaching at some distance attended with a very splendid retinue, at the sight of which staggered his resolution of proceeding—it could not fail of striking his mind most powerfully, that if he absented himself at this time, the lady would conceive such a dislike at this want of respect, that she would abandon him forever, and that he should draw upon him the revenge of Le Monte, and all his connexions—however, his curiosity was so great, and his anxiety so irresistible, that his determination to go, overcame every consideration to the contrary.—He therefore turned his face towards the Eagle and suffered nothing to divert his steps—he arrived at 29 minutes past four, at the door he met a barber, and a toilet woman going out.[49] He asked the hostess if there were any commands there for him? she answered, that in the chamber parlour was a young gentleman waiting for you, if your name is Constantius, that is my name replyed he—she shewed him the way to the room, which he entered—but heavens, what a surprize was he seized with, when he instead of a young gentleman, found his eyes fixed on his adorable PULCHERA; decked in all the magnificence which the city of Bordeaux[50] could afford—she rose in the most graceful manner to receive him, such a sweetness was in her countenance, as could not fail of ravishing the heart of the most stupid beholder, her eyes acquired additional lustre, as they met those of her long wished for Constantius, whose surprise was so great, that his organs of speech were totally incapable (for a while) to perform their functions, while Pulchera thus addressed him: "*Dear* Constantius, it is long since my heart has been totally in your possession, and many and great have been the sufferings which I have passed through for the sake of him whom I have now the pleasure of beholding, and you Sir, and you *only* know whether my sufferings have been in vain or not—you Sir, know whether I am to be happy in your favour, or whether the sister of Le Monte predominates in your affections.—You Sir, can decide on a question which is of more consequence to me than the riches of both the Indies.—My complete happiness, and my insuperable misery, are now suspended in the ballance of your

[49] *Barber and toilet woman*: hairdresser and domestic servant who assisted in washing and dressing elite women.

[50] *Bordeaux*: an important port city in the southwest France and a central hub for trade between France and the West Indies.

mind, and as the one or the other scale preponderates, will my fate be happy or miserable in the extreme—yet Sir, do not misunderstand me, perhaps my language conveys ideas different from my intentions, notwithstanding the many terms I have made use of, I value your repose so highly, that I never can wish you to do a thing disagreeable to yourself, in order to oblige me; and even an event like that, was I sensible of it, would only add to my torment—If Sir, I have posession of your heart, I shall be thankful for your hand also; but to have the *latter* without the *former*, is what is so foreign from my wish, that it never can obtain my consent, I plead no contract, but leave you to the free determination of your affections."

CONSTANTIUS by this time, had in some good degree recovered of his surprise, he encircled her in his arms, and in accents of rapture exclaimed, "O transcendantly propitious Heaven, thrice bountiful, inexhaustable, magnificent Providence! inexpressibly benevolent and superlatively beneficient fates! The most exalted language is more than infinitely too inexpressive to give an idea of the grateful sensations which occupy my breast, which is borne down with the grateful sense which I have of your inconceivable benediction towards me! I arrived at the summit of human gratification—I am lost in extacy, O! ye powers omniscient, is this real, or the unsubstantial fabrick of an empty vision? O transcendently beneficent powers 'tis no fiction, 'tis no reverie of an insane mind, for I am above being imposed on in this matter, I have her in my arms the real half adorable Pulchera, propitious providence has once more placed her in my embraces, and the freeks of wild fortune shall never more separate me from the object of my delight. No, no, my admirable angel my dearest Pulchera, you have the full possession of a heart totally incapable of disimulation or change. No—sooner than I could withdraw my supreme affection from you, and place it on another, shall the course of nature receive a total revolution, the sun shall cease to communicate light or heat, darkness shall become the medium of discerning objects—believe me, my dearest Pulchera as soon as my small affairs in France are settled we will cross the Atlantic, we will revisit the land of freedom—we will solemnize the long wished for marriage ceremonies, and we will live the remainder of our days in that felicity which we have so long in vain sought for.

In this way they exchanged a variety of mutual expressions of the most fond affections, until time had insensibly introduced the shades of the evening, when Constantius again began to think of his appointment with the sister of Le Monte. He mentioned to Pulchera the overtures which he had made to Le Monte's sister, in consequence of his totally despairing of ever seeing her again—that a sense of honour, made it necessary for him to repair to his lodgings and to inform her of his situation, and to make as good terms with her as he could, and that he would spend as little time on this matter as the nature of the thing would admit of.

Constantius then repaired to his place of abode, where he found Le Monte and his sister waiting with impatience and anxiety for his return; on his arrival, joy seemed to sparkle in their countenances, but rather decreased as they read in his visage that every thing was not right in his mind. However,

Constantius went thro' the usual formalities of welcoming the lady with a tolerable good grace. But he soon called Le Monte aside, desiring to speak with him alone. "My dear friend, said he, we have long been in strict friendship, together, which I zealously wish to cultivate and improve, and there is a matter which lays with peculiar weight on my mind, about which I wish to ask your advice, I hope you will give me your sentiments fully—speak on, quoth Le Monte, the best of my poor advice is always at your service, and you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me than to command my best services. For a considerable time (continued Constantius) you have been acquainted with my affairs, you was no stranger to my treaty with Pulchera, to the passion I had for her, and the solemn obligations I was under to her, since her exit you have been fully let into the particulars of my negociations with your amiable sister, and the length to which we have carried the matter—now Sir, supposing that Pulchera should prove to be still alive, and should insist on my fulfilling my engagements, what could you advise me to do Sir? pray dear Sir, on the sacred bonds of friendship by which we are cemented, give me your impartial opinion on the matter.

"*What should you do,*" reply'd Le Monte, can there remain a doubt in your mind with regard to what you should do? I think it is impossible there should—are you not a man of honour? does not your engagements, your solemn promises lay with some degree of weight on your mind? can you harbour an idea that you are at liberty to break thro' the solemn and delicate obligations of a matrimonial contract? If you do, how can you answer to your own conscience, to the wronged lady who has placed so much confidence in you? can you have the most distant idea that you can make a second conveyance of yourself to one woman before you are discharged from the other? can you lawfully dispose of any article, after you have conveyed away the whole of your title to it? If you cannot, I wish to be informed of the means by which you were discharged from your obligations to Pulchera? will you say, you supposed she was dead? Is that sufficient think you? can your own mistake deprive her of that right which she had to you, in consequence of your voluntary contract? No, your good sense will forbid your harbouring such unworthy ideas. If Pulchera is alive, in the name of common justice marry her, your engagements to my sister must in the nature of things, be on this implyed condition, that Pulchera was no more! it was totally out of your power to make any other contract with her, whether that condition was *express* or not.

Well, (said Constantius) strange as it may appear, Pulchera is yet alive—I have seen her—she is now at the sign of the Eagle; Le Monte interrupted him, saying "Then marry her, otherwise I should esteem you as totally unworthy of any share in my friendship—you seem to hesitate, I will call in my sister—I will inform her of the circumstances, and then, if she will consent to marry you under this predicament, I shall blush when I reflect that I was ever allied to her, and from henceforth will forever disown her as a relation of mine. I will call her and inform her, tho' I see by your countenance, that your sentiments correspond with mine."

Le Monte called in his sister to them and informed her of the whole affair, who, looking on Constantius with a

pleasant and very wishful countenance, thus said: "Dear sir, disappointments were never agreeable to my nature, and I have often thought that I had the least patience to bear with them of any mortal existing, and I have not a single doubt but my affections are as strong towards you as Pulchera's are, yet you are her's by right, and your after engagements to me under the mistaken idea of her being dead, cannot make her claim to you invalid, hesitate not, my dear Constantius, fulfil your engagements to her; you will totally forfeit every claim to my affections and esteem, if you do not—you have my most fervent prayers that you may continue long and lasting blessings to each other in the connubial state, she will always be sure of a peculiar place in my esteem for the good-will I bear to you—I hope you will favour us by introducing her into our company this evening, it will afford me the most sensible pleasure to be in any measure instrumental in conducing to her happiness. Constantius returned her a very polite compliment, for her candid and amiable overture, expressing his wishes, that providence would furnish her with an husband suitable to her rank in life, and one that would be much more worthy of her than he could have the arrogance to pretend to be; he then in company with Le Monte, waited on Pulchera from the sign of the Eagle, introduced her to the sister of Le Monte, where the remainder of the evening was spent in the greatest conviviality, and nothing could exceed the pleasing compliments, which passed between those rival ladies.

Constantius and Pulchera, after this, made the greatest dispatch possible in their preparations, for returning home, and in about one weeks time, they embarked accordingly, taking an affectionate farewel of Le Monte and his sister, and after a short and pleasant passage, they arrived safely at Philadelphia, and on the same day repaired to her father's house. The shock was almost too great for her father's nerves, he embraced them both extatically—asking a thousand pardons for his misconduct towards them, and with tears of joy promised to devote the remainder of his days to the substantiating their happiness, about a week from this, they joined their hands at the altar of Hymen,[51] amidst a croud of spectators, whose pleased countenances bespoke the inward joy of their hearts, and they now live the greatest ornaments of the married state.

[51] *Hymen*: the god of marriage in Greek mythology.