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She will probably hesitate to believe our report at first; but we must persevere and let secrecy, watchfulness and action be our first requisites. Our conversation having continued some length of time and the General's feelings considerably wrought upon by conflicting passions I proposed a walk. We left the boat, passed through the village and continued our walk about three miles into the country, suffering our conversation to partake of the nature of the scenery of those places we passed; buildings, farms, gardens, herds and whatever presented itself to our immediate observation. As the boat would not be off till the next ~~day~~ ^{week}, we concluded (partly for the sake of appearances, and partly to hear what was afloat) to lodge at the tavern just out of town, for here all the news comes fresh, and what is said in the town during the day, comes home to this tavern with a fresh gloss in the evening. — Here we turned in. I had made the name of Adaline quite familiar to the General, and the sound thereof when connected with Choryden was like a "mighty rushing wind." To reflect that his only child was doomed to bear the fictitious name of the wretch who had ruined the father, was little too mighty an insult for him who had wielded the sword against a more honorable foe. But General Towner had learned to govern himself, and all he desired in this matter was fair play. — I had also given him a history of our intended elopement together and our ill success from the interposition of Choryden. This I did with a quivering voice, for I felt a degree of delicacy quite uncontrollable; and would have excused myself were it not likely to prove prejudicial to me hereafter. However, the General's sensibility was refined and of too high a cast to allow any word or wrinkle of his face to upbraid me: His high bred and lofty soul made me feel at home. And

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30

indeed, who would not feel at home in such a house
and so excellent company. Mine host was a tall well built
person with light blue eyes. His mouth and lips rather small
and moving in exact accordance with the present feeling
denoted the true native eloquence of the heart; but some-
thing in the model of his cranium showed a lack of
penetration and foresight, and too often showed a
disposition to betray an interesting and important trust.
Although General Towner made no pretensions to the
science of phrenology, yet he wanted but one peep at
this face to know it was no general deposite for wise
men's secrets, neither did we come here to reveal any.
At length tea was announced and the guests were
seated in somewhat ~~a~~ promiscuous manner, that is,
fools and wise men were seated without any reference
to good sense, common sense or nonsense.
A general silence ensued which was ^{soon} broken by the
hostile clinking and clattering of knives and forks.
All eyes were upon Gen. Towner; for the natural in-
stinct of ~~every~~ ^{all} present acknowledged him as su-
perior to themselves in point of intellect, and all seem-
ed to await the motion of his lips for license to
speak. The General seeing this broke out into a
satire, or rather an epigrammatic strain upon
feasting ones ears with sound as well as his
stomach with food. Mine host, whose business it
was to anticipate the desires of his guests, mistook
this for a hint that musick was lacking and order-
ed his daughter to the piano. For a while she
played with apparent indifference, but closed the
performance with the plaintive strains of Bonna
Doon accompanied with singing. This was touched
with an extraordinary grace, Every heart was
moved and the aged evinced that they had not
forgotten to love. I discovered the eagle eye of
Gen. Towner was upon me; but I dared not watch him
for he would read my very soul. I had given him

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Gen. Towner was upon me: but I dared not watch him
for he would read my very soul.. I had given him

22 the key to my thoughts, and I did not wish the sentiment
 of the song should be applied to me at this time especially.—
 I took the hint to benefit myself by his example. I fixed
 my eyes upon the dishes and the lively play of knives and
 forks, and at the same time kept my attention alive to
 a young swain who sat nearly opposite to me on the
 other side of the table. He appeared to eat; although he could
 scarcely be said to perform that office. Every strain of
 the music had its peculiar effect upon his sensibility
 and he seemed more distressed than otherwise.—
 It seemed that all those little nervous fibres of his whole
 system had a ready communication with his heart
 instead of the brain; and I verily believe that Des-
 Cartes, had he witnessed this, would have changed his
 opinion of the location of the soul. I believe that no other
 one discovered this. But no matter if they did; I became
 deeply interested in his case and made him the sub-
 ject of my cogitations. From this moment I determined
 to obtain his history, sound his intellect, and if I had
 not judged amiss, to secure his friendship; for I thought
 he would easily sympathize with those who made
 suitable application for his aid and admonition
 it would have spit in his face; an Arab would have scourged him with rods.
 I selected him for his internal worth, which must show
 itself in spite of all his endeavors to conceal it.—
 I also felt it certain that some such friend would be
 very useful before I should complete all my business
 with Choryden.— This young gentleman whom we
 shall call Florence was possessed of the fine arts, espe-
 cially music and paintings, and for the exercise and en-
 joyment of these professions, he occupied an upper room
 in the tavern— Here, a fine selection of choice paint-
 ings, such as the beauties of New York, Philadelphia, Boston
 London, Liverpool, Bath &c, which he had procured from
 time to time, occupied two complete sides of his room.
 (These) were occasionally exhibited to ladies and gentlemen

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 time to time, occupied two complete sides of his room.
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whom he saw fit to honor with the special favour: in as much
that there were many who delighted to see paintings and hear
music that had not the good breeding and good nature to con-
sider after all, that they had received a favour: but would
depart with critical abuses on their lips as if they had wit-
nessed nothing at all meritorious. After supper I met
Florence as if by chance and would have introduced my-
self, but his ingenuity was a little too brisk in its operation.
He had anticipated my wishes from the changes of ^{my} counten-
ance which he said were legible during the performance
of Bonna Doon. "Excuse me Sir" said he "for I have had some
severe trainings myself: Will you have the goodness to bless me
with your presence, up in my chamber."— I gladly embraced the
opportunity of having some private correspondence and we
left the hall together. On entering his room, I discovered no
paintings but the likeness of Washington, and feeling my-
self at liberty, especially that liberty which the name
of Washington inspires, I saluted it as the spirit of a de-
parted saint who had planted his apostolic vineyard up-
on a goodly soil: and concluded by saying, may thy right-
eous triumph over our haughty foes be wafted by the star
spangled banner over the heritage of unborn millions,
down to the latest period of time: and may all gene-
rations continue to lisp thy sainted name with that
tender reverence which becomes the true character of
patriotism. At this expression, the countenance of
Florence brightened into a glow, and he appeared like
an angel of light; exceedingly beautiful and captivating
and I could view him but with pleasing wonder and
admiration: He said "he was happy to wait on a
gentleman, who, possessed of true sensibility, can duly
appreciate the ideal worth of painting as well as po-
etry. I have other paintings Sir, tho' less in the national
estimate, yet you Sir, will be feasted because you can
converse with them." I replied: the compliment you
pay to my intellect Sir, you may yet wish you had
withheld; for I cannot always commend myself.

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24 "With regard to that," said he "it is not expected that angels, when sent on messages of love, will always appear unmoved like graven images; but will melt and freeze as the passions they wait upon require" He then proceeded to exhibit the celebrated queen of Sheba waiting upon King Solomon in his splendid state-room; next the Roman and Grecian worthies; and in due succession the most famed beauties of the world,-- and to use his own language "the pencil traces the external beauties alone, while the pen delineates the internal beauties in deformities, and shows to the mind those niceties of character which the eye cannot discern" "It would not become me" said he "to exhibit external beauty for the purpose of deception."

"Where Nature has bestowed great external beauty in connection with a strong and powerful genius, we often see all the moral feelings wanting, and every holier trait and propensity laid prostrate, making a wanton sacrifice of all that is divine and heavenly for the sake of a momentary flush of pride and appetite; and if I am ^{an exception} except from this character it is a Divine gift. I have not produced the difference."

After making many fine remarks upon the several personages there represented, he removed, as I think, black silk veil that concealed the charming portrait of the French empress, Josephine, first consort of Bonaparte and remarked in a soft but plaintive tone.--

"Could heaven weep her sad, her wretched fate

"When Bona left her heart to dine despair:

"Oh! wretched mounting pride of power and state:

"Her, he divorced because she had no heirs

"The world will laugh at Bona's fate

"When Josephine shall shine in state--"

I must confess I felt myself in good company. Every personage seemed to speak for himself, while the living characters of those personages played around to resuscitate antiquity and blend its glories with modern times.

As the pictures became more and more familiar, Florence introduced the subject of the philosophy of the imagination. He said "all beauty is in the powers

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of the imagination, which in its magic operations, produces not only ideal presence, but magnifies and dresses in gaudy apparel those things which it creates in the mind. The conversation was continued for a considerable length of time, which gave him an opportunity to show himself as a moralist and metaphysician. I had noticed during this interview that he frequently cast an anxious, or rather a mysterious, wistful look toward a case which I thought must contain a portrait. I designed to make some inquiry concerning it; but concluded the best new the propriety of my seeing it; yet I entertained a hope that I should see it, presuming it was some fair damsel who shared beautifully in his affections. I wished secretly for an opportunity to judge of the physiognomy of his Dulcinea. Our conversation was now lost in meditation. Both became silent and anxious, and he discovered that I was watching him for a renewal of the conversation. Still with stifled agitation he walked the room from side to side, till at length he stepped up to the sacred deposite and unveiled the facsimile of — whom? — Behold the amiable Miss Adaline Choryden. It was impossible for me at this moment to conceive that this could be any thing else than Adaline herself. My first thought was, how I deserted her in Cleveland: how enraged old Choryden was; and Alas! this is her ghost. — Horror: remorse and a long catalogue of regrets rushed through my mind when I turned aside to reflect. Luckily for me, a looking glass near at hand showing my own features distorted, brought me to my reason again. But then, how came she here, even her likeness? Here I was puzzled with a new theme for meditation. A sudden rap at the door summoned us to wait upon Gen. Towner who said he had been in pursuit of me a whole hour. He said his lonely sensations were the only apology he had for interrupting us. Florence observed that it was no interruption, and to convince him of the fact he requested the General to amuse himself with the same entertainment. With great

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26 pleasure the General walked in, and as Florence unveiled
the pictures one by one his delight was kindled afresh like
a rising and brilliant climax. But when he came to Ad-
aline — a sob — — a tear — — — — — twas eloqu-
ence itself. — His manly nature, inured to human
wrongs forbade That he should here reveal

That he had seen his youthful bride.
But looks and inward writhings of his soul
Bespake the agony he felt.

He took me by the hand and led me
Where no other ear was nigh, and groaning cried
"For God's sake where's my Josephine?"

The boat was to go out the next day, but prospects
of more passengers and loading induced the captain to
postpone the voyage one day longer. This gave us leis-
ure to mature our plans respecting Choryden and Josep-
hine. When I met the General after breakfast, he was prepared to
question me pretty closely. "Well" said he "What do you think
of our young friend, Florence? Is he not a rival? Has he not
an older claim than you? I see he has some very singular,
if not mysterious regard for that picture: Oh: Well: said
I, it is merely a choice painting which he chuses to re-
tain a while in order to recommend his skill in the art.
He will probably return it soon; and if that be the case,
that is, if he has a claim there, he cannot be my rival
for certainly I have made no covenants.

Gen. Towner said he would like to ascertain the fact,
how it was with Florence, and what was the nature of
his acquaintance with Josephine. And indeed he wish-
ed to collect every fact, connected in any respect with her
or with Choryden, for he had a great task before him,
which would require more generalship than to command
an army. Choryden his great antagonist was as cunning
as an evil spirit, and the least intimation of me or my in-
tentions, will suffice to put him beyond our reach. —
"And you Philander" said he "have it in your power to
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property, my daughter. I want you should swear true
 faith and allegiance to me in this case, and that only when
 I act consistently with law and justice. I will reward you.
 Heaven will reward you! Whether it will be possible to bestow
 the hand of Josephine I cannot tell. I shall leave the dispo-
 sal of her hand to the dictates of her choice. I certainly sus-
 pect Florence's attachment. The treatment I had received
 at the hand of Choryden came up in bold relief to my
 memory, and I felt that I must have satisfaction and that
 now was my opportunity. I took an apple from my pocket,
 divided it, gave him one half and told him to eat with
 me and said, Let this token of assurance satisfy you that
 I am your friend: and that I will stand by you to the
 last moment: I ask no reward. If I merit any thing,
 a sense of that merit shall satisfy me: I am at your service.
 The General's countenance brightened up and his wonted
 cheerfulness resumed its former control over his actions.
 He requested me to accompany him to Florence's room, for
 said he "we must enlist him in our interest immediately."
 We called at his door, but found him quite indisposed, and
 not receive visitors. We left him with regret, for we hoped to gain
 besides his particular friendship, some knowledge of Choryden, such
 knowledge perhaps as a clerk would not be likely to possess.

I soon after received the following billet—
 To Philander Marlborough,
 Dear Sir, It is not any special acquaintance or friendship
 which I claim, that urges me to solicit a call from you, but
 business of great importance, both to you and myself makes
 it highly necessary that I should have a private interview
 with you without delay. Be still! utterly dark—

All my own
 I was not a little surprised to find myself so recently
 from Cleveland, acting the part of a spy, a spy, counsellor
 lover and what next I had yet to learn. I was fairly enlisted
 under General Towner, had given him my faith which must
 not be broken. I had now learned that all my thoughts must
 not be open to the General. I must visit Florence alone.

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25 This will do it: exercise discretion. General Tower's suspicion was considerably excited on seeing the messenger give me the billet, for his very thoughts had eyes and his eyes had thoughts. — For some time I was at the extremity of my wits how to act in this emergency, but fortune generally favors the brave. I ventured upon this expedient. I told the General I felt anxious to see more of Florence, for I fancied that something was hidden with him, of much greater moment to us perhaps than either of us have anticipated; for he rises continually in my estimation every moment I think of him. It is possible said I, that his indisposition is more feigned than real. Perhaps it is a stratagem of his to get away to Cleveland and decamp with Josephine, and however friendly he may feel toward us, he will undoubtedly inform Choryden (inadvertently perhaps) that we are here. What will follow we can only surmise. I must see him. I will see him. Excuse me General. I entreat you to let me see to that myself. We will return to the tavern where I shall leave you apparently unconcerned. "Yes: Yes my boy, said he, that will do; but be cautious. I fear these love matters, these rivalships. They are more dangerous than copartnerships, and both are liable to shipwrecks you know." Never mind said I. I can relinquish all claim, and undergo any privation to accomplish so great an achievement as to re-instate my brave general into his rightful possessions. — "O how richly you deserve the hand of Josephine (said he) how deserving; and how I long to have it in my power to reward you with the same. May God bless you my son, may God reward you. Go my son, go: and return with the palm of victory. I have fought the braves of Britain. I helped to emancipate our infant nation from the thralldom of British tyranny. I had an army of brave men under me: but none so brave as Philander. They fought for themselves their wives and sweethearts: but Philander the great soul relinquishes all for justice: may heaven reward him with its full beattitude of delights." —

Section 2^d. Philander's visit to the Room of
Florence: Voyage to Buffalo: Lawsuit &c—

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