

**THE KENTUCKIAN IN NEW-  
YORK; OR, THE  
ADVENTURES OF THREE  
SOUTHERNS, VOL. II**

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The Kentuckian in New-York; or, the adventures of three southerners, Vol. II by A Virginian

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**A VIRGINIAN**

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THE  
KENTUCKIAN  
IN  
NEW-YORK.

OR, THE  
ADVENTURES OF THREE SOUTHERNS.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

"Perhaps it may turn out a song,  
Perhaps turn out a sermon."—*Reverie.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE  
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CHAPTER I.

BEVERLEY RANDOLPH TO VICTOR CHEVILLERE.

"High Hills of the Santee, South Carolina, 18—

"DEAR FRIEND,

"You will be surprised to learn that this letter is written in bed, on a large old portfolio of yours, while I am propped up with chairs and pillows behind; all during the doctor's absence, and against the urgent entreaties of the whole house.

"I have been ill, Chevillere, exceedingly ill. You, no doubt, recollect the threats I made to charge my system with miasma, and thereby take on the fever-and-ague, by way of making myself interesting. I had little thought then of the reality, or how soon that reality would come.

"It has come; and, I hope, has gone; but not

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the fever-and-ague. I had an ague, it is true, and fever after it ; but the latter, I believe, kept up a more continued fire upon my system than intermittents ever do. Strange too, that when this attack came upon me without my bidding, I never once thought of my former interesting schemes ; nor (as it seems to me now) did I think much of *any thing*, except the taste of the medicines.

"I can recollect when I thought it must be a strange and dismal experience—that of the sick chamber. It is no such thing. I have vague and ill-defined recollections of hot days and restless nights, perhaps ; but all the other experience seems like a long dreamy period of existence.

"Nature seems to provide us against the misery of conscious suffering, by turning our ideas upon trifles and childish vexations. A man who is ill with a malignant fever, is an object of dread and commiseration to his acquaintance, who exclaim, 'How horrible ! how dreadful a thing it is !'. And this with regard to his physical sufferings, and in anticipation of immediate dissolution of soul and body. We attempt to picture to ourselves what his thoughts must be.

"What is the invalid himself doing all this while ? He is begging for cold water ; quarrelling with the taste of villanous drugs, and abusing his nurse, if the fever has just then remitted a little. And as for his thoughts—he has none beyond these things ; his mind is a blank ; the past and the future are obliterated.



"The rational creature is lost in the predominating exigencies of the animal; the mind seems to lose the power of combining any but the simple sensations.

"I have not reflected much upon the causes of these things, because my own mind has but too lately recovered from that very state. I merely give the facts of my own experience, because I know you are fond of gathering up these little unnoticed things, and arranging them with your other natural curiosities.

"But I have not told you half yet; my mind was in a worse state even than that just described; it was entirely in eclipse. Of that I know nothing except what Virginia has told me.

"You see, I do not call her Bell any more, nor do I mean to do so; the reason, perhaps, I may be able to tell you before they take the paper away from me.

"The name Bell, short and alone, somehow suited her character, as I then understood it, as well as my feelings towards her. She seemed to me a lively, intelligent little romp, and I loved her as such. I did not then think myself capable of feeling any stronger attachment for any other character of beauty, or for any deeper or more profound characteristics of the female heart. Indeed, I doubt whether I knew of, or believed in, the existence of any better foundation for an attachment.

"Poor, fickle-hearted man! I have changed

already. Be not alarmed, Chevillere ; I have not gone out of the family ; I have only changed from Bell to Virginia.

" Now can you solve this truly profound enigma ? No. Then I must unravel the mystery for you.

" First then, I have not spoken to her once of love, unless it was during the two days that I was deranged ; and to tell you the truth, I have some shrewd suspicion that I did broach the subject then ; nay more, that I did much better for myself than if I had been sane in mind. This is a left-handed compliment to myself, but I cannot help it, as I cannot challenge myself. Something that I did or said, during those two days, has certainly revolutionized her whole conduct towards me, and every one else in my presence. She has changed towards me, and hence my change towards her. I thought her the most charming girl in existence before ; now I have different feelings. Charming she certainly is, but charming is too cold a term—too much the word of a stranger, to express my feelings any longer. They are more respectful now—but more of this at another time.

" Old Tombo has been my constant attendant, because I preferred him, it seems, to any of the house servants. He has been devoted to me. I suppose he little thought that I once had a design to drown him.

" When I returned to sane views of things, the doctor had gone. I awoke out of a profound sleep, and found myself lying on my back, with my

face towards the ceiling. In a short time my recollection was perfect of every thing which happened previous to the two days. I lay in that state collecting my thoughts a few moments, and then slowly and silently turned my head towards the centre of the room. Virginia sat there reading intently. She was paler and thinner than usual, and her countenance so complete a mirror of her thoughts, that I imagined I could almost read there what she read in the book. I had never seen the same look before, and was struck with it. I at first thought it nothing more than the result of my wayward fancies coming over me again, for I knew that something had been wrong with me. I closed my eyes to recover myself, in order to try again; still her countenance was sad, absorbed, and deeply thoughtful. I never saw a more wonderful change; there was not an expression of the thoughtless school-girl there.

"It was the woman I saw, in *propria persona*; not that she has numbered more than eighteen years, and that is a long age of feeling; but that she appeared now so calm, dignified, and sensible; her beautiful upper lip convulsively tremulous with deep sympathetic feelings. It was this chord which first caused my own nervous vibrations. The nether lip, the eye, and even the cheeks are obedient in some measure to the will, in expressing either pathetic or ludicrous ideas. But show me a tragedian who can convulse the upper lip in those little (almost) nameless vibrations, which come