

**KONINGSMARKE; OR,  
OLD TIMES IN THE  
NEW WORLD, IN  
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Koningsmarke; Or, Old Times in the New World, in Two Volumes, Vol. I by James Kirke Paulding

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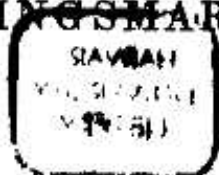
**JAMES KIRKE PAULDING**

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OLD TIMES IN THE  
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Paulding, J. K.

KONINGSMARKE,



OLD TIMES IN THE NEW WORLD.

"This affair being taken into consideration, it was adjudged that Koningsmarke, commonly called the Long Finns, deserved to die; yet, in regard that many concerned in the affair being simple and ignorant people, it was thought fit to order that the Long Finns should be severely ~~punished~~."

*Fragment of Minutes of Council in New-York*

NEW EDITION REVISED AND CORRECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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*Photostat*

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# KONINGSMARKE.

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## BOOK FIRST.

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### CHAPTER I.

Which, together with all the introductory chapters of this work, is forbidden to our female readers, as containing secrets worth knowing.

IN order that our readers and ourselves may at once come to a proper understanding, we will confess without any circumlocution, that we sat down to write this history before we had thought of any regular plan, or arranged the incidents, being fully convinced that an author who trusts to his own genius, like a modern saint who relies solely on his faith, will never be left in the lurch. Another principle of ours, which we have seen fully exemplified in the very great success of certain popular romances, advertised for publication before they were begun to be written, is, that it is much better for an author to commence his work, without knowing how it is to end, than to hamper himself with a regular plot, a succession of prepared incidents, and a premeditated catastrophe. This we hold to be an error little less, than to tie the legs of a

dancing master, to make him caper the more gracefully, or pinion a man's arms behind his back, as a preparative to a boxing match. In short, it is taking away, by a sort of literary *felo de se*, all that free will, that perfect liberty of imagination and invention, which causes us writers to curvet so gracefully in the fertile fields of historical fiction.

Another sore obstacle in the way of the free exercise of genius, is for a writer of historical novels, such as we have reason to suspect this will turn out to be, to embarrass his invention by an abject submission to chronology, or confine himself only to the introduction of such characters and incidents as really existed or took place within the limits of time and space comprised in the groundwork of his story. Nothing can be more evident than that this squeamishness of the author must materially interfere with the interest and variety of his work, since, if, as often happens, there should be wanting great characters or great events, coming lawfully within the period comprised in the said history, the author will be proportionably stinted in his materials. To be scared by a trifling anachronism, in relation to things that have passed away a century, or ten centuries ago, is a piece of literary cowardice, similar to that of the ignorant clown, who should be frightened by the ghost of some one that had been dead a thousand years.

So far, therefore, as we can answer for ourselves



in the course of this history, we honestly advertise the reader, that although our hero is strictly an historical personage, having actually lived and died, like other people, yet in all other respects, not only he, but every character in the work, belongs entirely to us. We mean to make them think, talk, and act just as we like, and without the least regard to nature, education or probability. So also as respects the incidents of our history. We intend, at present, reserving to ourselves, however, the liberty of altering our plan whenever it suits us, to confine our labours to no time nor place, but to embody in our work every incident or adventure that falls in our way, or that an intimate knowledge of old ballads, nursery tales, and traditions, has enabled us to collect together. In short, we are fully determined, that so long as we hold the pen, we will never be deterred from seizing any romantic or improbable adventure, by any weak apprehension that people will quarrel with us because they do not follow on in the natural course, or hang together by any probable connexion of cause and effect.

Another determination of ours, of which we think it fair to apprise the reader, is, that we shall strenuously endeavour to avoid any intercourse, either directly or indirectly, with that bane of true genius, commonly called common sense. We look upon that species of vulgar bumpkin capacity, as little better than the instinct of animals; as the greatest

pest of authorship that ever exercised jurisdiction in the fields of literature. Its very name is sufficient to indicate the absurdity of persons striving to produce any thing uncommon by an abject submission to its dictates. It shall also be our especial care, to avoid the ancient, but nearly exploded error, of supposing that either nature or probability is in anywise necessary to the interest of a work of imagination. We intend that all our principal characters shall indulge in as many inconsistencies and eccentricities, as will suffice to make them somewhat interesting, being altogether assured that your sober, rational mortals, who act from ordinary impulses, and pursue a course of conduct sanctioned by common sense, are no better than common-place people, entirely unworthy the attention of an author, or his readers. It is for this special reason that we have chosen for our scene of action, a forgotten village, and for our actors, an obscure colony, whose existence is scarcely known, and the incidents of whose history are sufficiently insignificant to allow us ample liberty in giving what cast and colouring we please to their manners, habits and opinions. And we shall make free use of this advantage, trusting that the good-natured public will give us full credit for being most faithful delineators. Great and manifold are the advantages arising from choosing this obscure period. The writer who attempts to copy existing life and manners, must come in competi-

tion, and undergo a comparison with the originals, which he cannot sustain, unless his picture be correct and characteristic. But with regard to a state of society that is become extinct, it is like painting the unicorn, or the mammoth;—give the one only a single horn, and make the other only big enough, and the likeness will be received as perfect.

Certain cavillers, who pretend to be the advocates of truth, have strenuously objected to the present fashion of erecting a superstructure of fiction on a basis of fact, which they say is confounding truth with falsehood in the minds of youthful readers. But we look upon this objection as perfectly frivolous. It cannot be denied that such a mixture of history and romance is exceedingly palatable; since, if the figure may be allowed us, truth is the meat, and fiction the salt, which gives it a zest, and preserves it from perishing. So, also, a little embellishment will save certain insignificant events from being entirely lost or forgotten in the lapse of time. Hence we find young people, who turn with disgust from the solid dulness of pure matter of fact history, devouring with vast avidity those delectable mixed dishes, and thus acquiring a knowledge of history, which, though we confess somewhat adulterated, is better than none at all. Besides this, many learned persons are of opinion that all history is in itself little better than a romance, most especially that part wherein historians pretend to detail the secret motives of monarchs