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DOROTHY LEE

(Continued from last week)

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I TOOK the journal out, went back to my seat, opened it, and found the inserted pages of which Annis had spoken to the Doctor. And this is what Annis told me:

"Dear Dorothy, as I sit me down to talk to you it is midnight, and I am watching beside your bed. You have (the doctor tells us) a fever of the brain, a most serious illness, that oftentimes ends in death or madness; but the doctor thinks, because you are young and strong, that with good care and constant watching you will be saved.

"Dorothy, you will recall the night on which you talked to Nathan, for William and for me? I doubt not that you were coming down with this fever then, for you were out of your head when you came from the study, and went into the library, and in your delirium you seemed to think that it was you that loved William Leytown, and not me. And he (William), not comprehending that you were mad, said bitter words to you. You may ask how I know all this? I, supposing that you were still with Nathan, was going to join William in the library when I heard what he said, and my heart ached so for you, Dorothy (though at that time I did not know that your mind was wandering) that I fled back to my room. You know how we met and what was said between us; you know how we laid us down to rest upon your bed, side by side.

"I must have fallen into a deep sleep, although I dreamed that I was wide awake and was by some magic power changed from Annis Birdsey into another woman's form. I seemed to be a sad coquette, and a man that I did not love at all was kneeling beside me, and I bent down that he might kiss my lips, and my eyes, and so I dreamed this wanton, foolish dream until the brightness of the day awoke me, and I stretched out my hand to touch your face, but you were not there! I sat up and looked about the chamber, and there you lay by the window, face downward on the floor, in a swoon!

"Meanwhile, there had elsewhere come to pass a something that will leave me alone through all the years of my life. I cannot tell you but the simple truth, there are no gentle words to clothe it in.

In this same early morning there had been found on the edge of the wood and near to the Inn, the bodies of William Leytown and Thomas, his man-servant. They were lying upon their backs with their throats cut from ear to ear. My brother had the bodies removed to our house, and here the dreadful legal formalities were enacted. The only witnesses were those of our own household, who were compelled to swear that they had heard William and Nathan having loud words with each other; that they had seen William and his servant leave the house, and that afterwards Nathan went out,

going in the same direction that William had taken. That at daylight Nathan had returned, with blood upon his hands and garments, saying that he had gone out intending to go to the Inn and ask William to forgive him for some harsh words he had spoken, when he came, all on a sudden, upon the dead bodies.

Nathan (although warned by his legal man that he had best say nothing) insisted in taking an affirmation, and then stating that he and William Leytown had spoken bitterly the one to the other; the conflict was of a personal nature, which he (Nathan) declined to reveal, but he said that in the end they had bade each other a civil if formal good-night. It being arranged that William Leytown should on the morrow remove his belongings to the Inn, and there abide until he could get transports that would convey him through the American lines to his British friends. Nathan said that he had then retired to his room and had there given himself over to meditation, being too tired to sleep. That finally he was impelled to betake himself to the apartment occupied by William Leytown, that he might say such things to him in restitution as his conscience demanded, but he found the rooms empty, both William and his man-servant gone.

Nathan went down the stairs, found the hall door ajar, and, hardly conscious of what he was doing, rushed into the night, searching aimlessly through the garden and along the road for the missing men.

In the woodland near the Inn his feet touched something, and bending down he felt with his hands among the tall grass, and found William Leytown's crutch sticks. Then a shaft of moonlight coming out of a passing cloud, revealed the rest! Master and man lay dead before him! Half mad with horror, he turned and hurried home; but soon his quiet nature returning, he made haste to rouse the household and to tell all that had befallen.

"Dorothy, Nathan lies in Litchfield jail, awaiting his trial for the murder of William Leytown and his man servant! William Leytown, a BRITISH SPY! Yes, in William Leytown's breast was found a packet addressed to Lord H—, and through the goodness of Judge Adams I have been permitted to make a copy of it for you.

"My dear Cousin.

"It is not probable that this budget will reach you as speedily as did the last, for the conditions are becoming more and more strained, and in order to serve my country, I must be as wise as a serpent, while I assume the outward semblance of a dove!

"You would (as these Yankees say) split your

sides with laughter, if you could hear me in the church of a Sabbath, joining my clear loud second to the hymn:

*O praise the Lord with one accord,
And in his great design
Let Britain and the Colonies
Unanimously join.
Or if Great Britain still maintains
A cruel power to be,
Let all the Colonies declare
They will not bend the knee.*

"It is with this same spirit that I listen to the unanimous Connecticut opinion that 'the war on the part of the Colonies is resultant from high principle, while with the king and his ministers over yonder it is the outcome of false sentiment and ungovernable stubbornness.'

"As I have said before, I think I had best settle down here, for many reasons, a few of which I will repeat to you. In Nathan Birdsey's house I am secure from suspicion, for no man hereabouts is more universally respected, and that he would harbor a British spy would be thought as likely as though he should be accused of consorting with the devil! In no other house would I dare to write you thus openly, for from no other house could my paid assistants come and go without causing suspicion.

"Another thing, this Litchfield county is one of the most favorable spots in which to gather and then transmit news to you. Thirty miles in length and twenty-seven in breadth, it is the most western boundary of Connecticut, touching Massachusetts on the north and New York on the west, thus giving me near at hand ingress into the hotbed of secession, and easy egress into New York with my information. You asked me in your last as to 'the amount of force in men and money furnished by this section to aid in the war.' I cannot answer you definitely, but I will venture to assert that no county in New England (of the same population) has given more effective aid, in various ways, or manifested by its acts more devoted patriotism.

"Mentality is particularly forceful here, and such men as Williams and Canfield, of Sharon (Canfield, by the way, is old Governor Treat's grandson); Adams, Sherman, and Woolcott of Litchfield, and Sterling of Saulsbury, are in constant communication with the officers of the American army and the members of the Continental Congress. I have been able in all these men's households to buy up some servant, who manages to give me an insight into occasional letters before they are sent and sealed.

"Sheldon's of Litchfield (county) was the first regiment of cavalry to join the American army, and