

St. Herbert—A Tale (1796), by “Anna”

St. Herbert—A Tale first appeared in *The New-York Weekly Magazine* in twenty-one serial installments from February 3 to June 22, 1796. The periodical, published by John Bull, existed two years, from July of 1795 to June of 1797, during which time it published a tremendous range of literary works, as suggested by its full title: *The New-York Weekly Magazine; or, Miscellaneous Repository: Forming an Interesting Collection of Original and Select Literary Productions in Prose and Verse: Calculated for Instruction and Rational Entertainment—the Promotion of Moral and Useful Knowledge—and to Enlarge and Correct the Understandings of Youth*. Many of its works of fiction were reprinted translations from Europe, including a 15-installment serialization of Friedrich von Schiller’s *The Apparitionist*, the 22-installment *History of Donna Elvira de Zuarez* by the French Orientalist novelist Madeleine-Angélique Poisson de Gomez, a 72-installment serialization of Cajetan Tschink’s *The Victim of Magical Delusion* (continued in the magazine’s short-lived successor, *The Sentimental and Literary Magazine*), not to mention works by the French authors Jean-Baptiste Louvet de Couvrai and Madame de Genlis. The magazine published shorter “original” works by local authors, *St. Herbert* being the longest of these, and signed by “Anna.” In fact it may have been the first US novel of its length to appear first in this serial format, making it an innovative publication.¹ The serialization was repeated over

Prepared by Duncan Faherty (Queens College and the CUNY Graduate Center) and Ed White (Fulane University)

¹ We are grateful to Jared Gardner for this observation in a communication with the editors.

a decade later, from April to July, 1811, in *The Weekly Visitor* and its successor *The Lady’s Miscellany: or, Weekly Visitor, and Entertaining Companion for the Use and Amusement of Both Sexes*, also New York periodicals. The subtitle “Or the Victims of Prejudice” was added, though the novel was still attributed to “Anna.” In 1813, the novel was published by Thomas Pomroy of Windsor, Vermont, this time with the attribution “By an American Lady.” While there has been some speculation about the identity of “Anna,” a convincing case for authorship has not, we think, been made. We know that an author using the name “Anna” also published a short poem entitled “Albudor” in the *New-York Magazine* almost a year earlier, in April of 1795, and that while *St. Herbert* was appearing in the *New-York Weekly Magazine* one “Anna” submitted an account of the notorious 1781 James Yates family murder (also occurring in New York state) for the May 17 issue. Were these the same Anna? We do not know.

The novel’s serialization may account in part for its complicated episodic structure. It features at least five subplots strung together: the framing story of Albudor and Caroline, the story of George St. Herbert and Louisa Howard, the story of Maurisson (Louisa’s uncle), the story of St. Herbert’s daughter Louisa and Julius Cuthbert, and the story of the Native American Ludono, not to mention the compressed story of St. Herbert’s sister Julia Dugazon. Many of these stories concern parent-child conflicts over companionate marriage, though the more common thread seems to be death and the pain of loss. St. Herbert’s predominant characteristic seems to be melancholy, his constant problem whether or not he has “[given him]self up to the most obstinate melancholy” while having “resolved to cherish sorrow.” Characters are constantly wasting away from melancholy or

embracing it, diagnosing melancholy or trying to escape it. One might even say that many of the subplots allow St. Herbert to experience loss from different vantage points—most immediately as the lover losing his spouse; then, with Maurisson’s tale of a previous generation, considering earlier loss as begetting his own; then, with his daughter’s death from melancholy and her lover’s suicide, watching a next generation’s loss; and finally, with Albudor, serving as a cautionary tale to set yet another generation on a different path. These different conjugations of a basic story of loss give the novel an unusual layering.

The Cayuga Indian Ludono enters the narrative as something of a corrective to St. Herbert’s self-destructive behavior, pointing out its absurdity and then offering the moral counter-example of his own experience. Ludono may be loosely based on a well-known Cayugan named Logan, whose speech about his family’s massacre and the violence of white settler culture was well known at the time. Thomas Jefferson famously included Logan’s speech in his *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1785), though similar variants circulated widely in newspapers and magazines of the time. In fact, the following “beautiful, simple, energetic, and affecting SPEECH” appeared in the September 7, 1796 issue of the *New-York Weekly Magazine* itself:

I NOW ask of every white man whether he hath ever entered the cottage of Logan, when pressed with hunger, and been refused food; or, whether coming naked and shivering with cold, Logan hath not given him something to cover himself with? During the course of the late war, so long and so bloody, Logan hath remained quiet upon his mat, wishing to be the advocate of peace. Yes, such is my attachment for white men, that even those of my nation, when they passed by me, pointed at me, saying, *Logan is a friend to white men*. I had even thoughts of living amongst you; but that was before the injury

received from one of you. Last summer Colonel Cressap massacred in cold blood, and without any provocation, all the relations of Logan, without sparing either his wife or his children. There is not now one drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature existing. This is what has excited my revenge. I have sought it; I have killed several of your people, and my hatred is appeased. I rejoice to see the prospect of peace brighten upon my country. But do not imagine my joy is instigated by fear. Logan knows not what fear is. He will never turn his back in order to save his life. But, alas! no one remains to mourn for Logan when he shall be no more.

Ludono may be a distant echo of Logan, though in a way that completely erases the criticism of white settler colonialism—Ludono is morally to blame for his losses, and he appears in the story to ease the settler’s pain, another in a long series of non-white cultural guides for white protagonists.

There is an additional notable detail in the novel’s consideration of Roman Catholicism. St. Herbert insists he feels the “strongest prejudices against that sect,” consistent with the widespread anti-Catholicism in the United States and certainly in New York. Nonetheless, positive images of Roman Catholics are scattered throughout the text. St. Herbert’s daughter is kindly hosted by a Roman Catholic, almost secretly adopts Catholic prayer rituals with a crucifix, and embraces death presumably comforted by her new faith. St. Herbert’s sister had likewise long ago embraced Roman Catholicism in her move to Montreal and even retirement to a monastery after she is widowed. Readers of Bede’s *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* might have read the novel differently as well, if they recalled the story of the holy hermit St. Herbert of Derwentwater (Book 4, chapter 29), whose history is linked to the longer tale of St. Cuthbert. *St. Herbert* may quietly be more of a Catholic text than it at first seems.

Suggestions for further reading: Perhaps the first scholar to make note of *St. Herbert* is Warren Hunting Smith, who briefly examines the “extraordinary American castle” at the heart of the novel as an instance of what he presumptively judges as the obligation “many early American authors felt” to “describe architecture simply because their English contemporaries were doing it”; see Smith, *Architecture in British Fiction* (Yale University Press, 1934), 195, 191. In his landmark work on American magazines, Frank Luther Mott describes the first serialized version of *St. Herbert* as “a pioneer in that kind,” within a larger discussion of how short fiction became a “chief reliance” of “weekly miscellanies and the women’s magazines” in the early Republic; see Mott, *A History of American Magazines* (Harvard University Press, 1958), vol. 1, 174. Henri Petter describes *St. Herbert* as containing multiple considerations of the obstacles facing companionate marriages, and underscores that while the plot of *Albudor and Caroline* treats the theme “in a spirit of pleasantry” the earlier account of the trials of *St. Herbert* and *Louisa* is related “with somber didactic connotations”; see, Petter, *The Early American Novel* (Ohio State University Press, 1971), 188-189. Klaus Lubbers figures *St. Herbert* as containing an emblematic instance of the trope of “the good Indian,” a figure who served as “the white hero’s solacer and mentor, who advised him to cultivate such virtues as fortitude, patriotism, and, strange to believe from the mouth of a non-Anglo-American, usefulness”; see Lubbers, *Born for the Shade: Stereotypes of the Native American in United States Literature and the Visual Arts, 1776-1894* (Editions Rodopi, 1994), 292. Cathy Davidson suggests that within *St. Herbert* “there is a conjunctive relationship between the human world and the preternatural, which is now not symbolized

by some incongruous castle but by a fully believable old manse surrounded by a dark forest”; see, Davidson, *Revolution and the Word* (Oxford University Press, 1986/2004), 329. A companion site to a Library Company exhibit entitled “Philadelphia Gothic: Murder, Mysteries, Monsters, and Mayhem Inspire American Fiction 1798-1854” (curated by Neil K. Fitzgerald), identifies Ann Eliza Bleecker as the author of *St. Herbert* adding that if this identification is accurate, the text would be “not only the earliest American gothic, but the earliest US novel, period”; see, <http://www.librarycompany.org/gothic/women.htm>. Our own research has left us skeptical about this attribution, and we remain uncertain as to the identity of *St. Herbert*’s author. In his on-line guide to *Post-Revolutionary American Magazines*, Peter Hutchinson asserts that *St. Herbert* was likely the “the first American serial novel,” given its 1796 publication date; http://www.themagazinist.com/uploads/Part_Three_Post_Revolution.pdf.

Cultural fascination with representations of Logan were widespread in the early Republic. Edward D. Seeber catalogs the myriad eighteenth and nineteenth century depictions of (and debates about) Logan in his seminal essay, “Critical Views on Logan’s Speech,” *The Journal of American Folklore* 60.236 (1947), 130-146. While his essay is steeped in Derridean theories of archival knowledge, and primarily focuses on Jefferson’s representation of Logan in *Notes*, Jonathan Elmer deftly suggests how readers of Logan’s speech understood him as providing a kind of “image of a sublime solitude that manages, through repression, an alignment of affect and event, pathos and history, that can be lived with,” mirroring, perhaps, the ways in which *St. Herbert* learns from the example of Ludono; see Elmer, “The

Archive, the Native American, and Jefferson's Convulsions," *diacritics* 28.4 (1998), 5-24. Dana Nelson provocatively argues that "the abstracting identity of white/national manhood found one means of stabilizing its internal divisions and individual anxieties via imagined projections into, onto, against Indian territories, Indian bodies, Indian identities," an analysis which resonates with how Ludono's self-presentation offers a corrective to St. Herbert's melancholy; see Nelson, *National Manhood: Capitalist Citizenship and the Imagined Fraternity of White Men* (Duke University Press, 1998), 67. More recently, Gordon Sayre has examined the ways in which fictionalized portraits of Logan tended to cast him as a gothic type. Sayre primarily focuses on nineteenth century narrative patterns, but stresses that "the Logan legend" was often framed in order to stress its gothic violations of "the closely guarded boundaries between such categories" as "reason and unreason, sanity and insanity, life and death, waking and sleeping, day and night." Given the ways in which Ludono's narrative presents an extreme version of St. Herbert's own experiences, one more willing to violate normative boundaries, Sayre's argument about these later renditions of Logan has some import for thinking about this earlier depoliticized portrait; see Sayre, *The Indian Chief as Tragic Hero: Native Resistance and the Literatures of America, from Moctezuma to Tecumseh* (The University of North Carolina Press, 2005), 192.

The pro-Catholic undertones of *St. Herbert* are very much an aberration for the period, and this is especially true for a publication originating in New York. In the aftermath of the Revolutionary War, "only" New York, as Jason K. Duncan notes, "pointedly excluded Catholics, and Catholics alone, from state office" (82). This anti-Catholic sentiment increased in the 1790s

as Irish immigrants migrated to New York in increasing numbers, and as many Americans became unnerved by the radical overtones of the French Revolution; for more information on regional anti-Catholicism in the 1790s see Duncan, *Citizens or Papists? : The Politics of Anti-Catholicism in New York, 1685-1821* (Fordham University Press, 2005), 81-108.

Frank Luther Mott's path-breaking work (cited above) remains the most authoritative and comprehensive guide to early American magazines. Edward W.R. Pitcher's *Fiction in American Magazines Before 1800* (Union College Press, 1993) likewise remains an important index of the voluminous wealth of fiction which first appeared in serialized form in the early Republic. Though not concerned with *St. Herbert*, Robb Haberman has insightfully examined how late eighteenth century magazines, including the *New-York Weekly Magazine*, "served as crucial venues for cultivating authorial personae, as they helped both known and less established writers tap into networks of presentation"; see Haberman, *American Periodicals: A Journal of History, Criticism, and Bibliography* 18.2 (2008), 162. Finally, Jared Gardner has recently challenged scholars of early U.S. literature to move beyond myths about the prominence of the novel in the early Republic and to take more seriously the importance of serial publication. Gardner asserts that that the field needs to "recognize that there was something in the magazine form that attracted these men and women, something we need to comprehend to recover properly the literary culture of late-eighteenth-century America"; see Gardner, *The Rise and Fall of Early American Magazine Culture* (University of Illinois Press, 2012), 28.

ST. HERBERT.—A TALE.

[1. Feb 3, 1796]

THE sun was verging towards the empurpled horizon, and the evening winds had already unfolded their dewy wings, when the weary Albudor entered the forest, within whose gloomy confines he hoped to find his solitary *Caroline*, who fleeing from the rigours of parental authority, had taken up her residence with an aged nun of Montreal, in this wilderness. He hesitated some time what course to take, for he had left the beaten road, and saw no traces of a footstep, save where the hungry buffaloe had wandered to browse. Fear smote his heart, and he had half determined to return, when he descried at a little distance something that resembled a path; it had been one once, but it was so long since an human foot had marked its yellow dust, that the purple clover and the airy spear-grass half-concealed it. He pursued it however, and found it to terminate at a shattered gate that stood in a high stone wall of ancient structure, and over which clambered wild grapes, and honey suckles in profusion; and having with much difficulty raised its rusty latch, he entered, and passed down a slope, through a long vista of tall cedars, to an extensive garden. On the one hand ran a clear brook over some marble figures that had once been *Jettes d'Eaux*,² but now lay in ruins, while shrubs and flowers wildly mingling their luxuriance on either margin, painted the fanciful water with a thousand

² *Jettes d'Eaux*: fountains. This vivid scene, replete with ruins, luxurious foliage, and antiquated objects, would have been a familiar evocation of a sublime wilderness for contemporary readers.

charming colors; on the other side a verdant lawn was decorated by a variety of trees, formed into little clumps, with seats of turf beneath them, and nearly in the midst of the square stood a lofty grove of fir: struck with its solitary air, he approached it, and found that it shaded a small summer house, that once was *elegant*, but the busy tooth of time, had fretted away its beauty, and left nought but the *ruins* of grandeur; the roof was supported by eight arches joined at the bottom by a low balustrade, round which some tangled evergreens clung, and the pavement was of white marble; an old blue damask sofa rested itself against one side of the building, and opposite to it stood a harpsichord,³ grey with dust, with a chair before it, while in one of the arches upon the railing were placed two large jars of porphyry filled with rose bushes.⁴

The awakened curiosity of Albudor, would not permit him to tarry, but with hasty steps he passed through the garden, and upon opening a small gate, a large stone building with grated windows, and a magnificent portico that partly held up the roof, burst upon his view; it was surrounded by a deep wood, whose tall nodding spires seemed to mingle with the skies, and cast a mournful gloom upon the moist green that environed the mansion; the winds hummed through the broad chinks, and the doors slowly turning, moaned upon their hinges; while the clamorous quail perched upon the balcony, interrupted at intervals the unsocial silence. Albudor paused at the gate, his heart chilled with irresolution; and he was just going to return,

³ *Harpsichord*: a keyboard instrument associated with Baroque music, at this moment being rapidly displaced by the piano.

⁴ *Porphyry*: a variety of igneous rock composed of large-grain crystals (for example, quartz).

when a heavy groan struck his ear—he started, and turning his eyes around, beheld an old man come out of the wood, who, supporting himself upon a staff, tremblingly crossed the green, and seated himself upon a stone opposite the house, fixed his gaze on one of the upper windows, and said, “Again, Oh thou solitary prison, is thy visitor come to break with wailings, the sullen silence in which thou art embosomed; again do his fruitless tears moisten thy tufted sods; once indeed, I could fill thy forest with the mellifluous warblings of my flute, and I only pressed this verdure to be gay; but then my Louisa was; her beauty made thee ever charming, and her innocence made me ever cheerful. Oh transient days of rapture!” He drew a long sigh, and covered his face with his hands. The heart of Albudor was sensibly touched with such sorrow, and approaching the old man, “Unfortunate sage,” (said he,) “are the woes of thy bosom too weighty to admit of alleviation, that thou thus abandonest thyself to despair?” “Alas, my son,” replied the old man, looking up, “few lives have been more devoted to affliction than mine; but I only *grieve*, I do not despair, the indulgence of our griefs soften them, but despair hath no solace,” he paused a while and then added, “come my son, conduct an infirm hermit to his cell, and he will there recite his whole sad history.” So saying, he rose and leaning on Albudor’s arm, passed with him along a narrow path to his cottage.

[2. Feb 10, 1796]

AFTER the family (which consisted only of an old mulatto and his daughter) had retired to rest, the old man seating himself upon a sofa, placed Albudor by his side, and taking his

hand said, “my son, curiosity is a fault which human nature cannot rectify. I know you are desirous of hearing my tale, and therefore instead of devoting this night to sleep, I will dedicate it to you.—My name is St. Herbert,—I was born at the grand City of New-York, of affluent parents, and was the youngest of eleven children, my education was such as might be expected from people in our station, for after having received all the literary assistance that our best seminaries could afford me, I was sent to *Europe* to perfect my studies.

“The scenes I there passed through were such as I suppose most travellers meet with, I will not therefore enter into a detail of them. But proceed to that period of my life, which is far more interesting.

“I had been returned to my native city about a fortnight, when strolling gaily, near sun-set, through an obscure street in search of adventures, I thought (as I passed a neat brick building) that I felt some drops of water falling on me, I looked up and perceived that they came from the hand of a most beautiful girl, who was sprinkling some flowers which stood in the second story window—she blushed and asked my pardon, and in her confusion dropt a glove, which I cavalier like, picked up and ran up the stoop with, intending to give it to one of the servants. But her pretty feet had borne her to the door swift as flight, to meet me and repeat her apologies.—New were the throbs that hurried through my heart—I had never seen such loveliness before—I had traversed the luxuriant provinces of France, and the fertile plains of Austria, I had passed through Italy, Spain, and Great-Britain, and had mingled in circles of the most fashionable females, among whom were many that the world called *unparalleled!* I had admired, but I never loved till now.

“I stood looking at her longer than politeness approved of; her large black eyes, so sweet, so expressive, rivetted my gaze, and all the external charms that I had read of, and laughed at as ideal, I now found realized in her—However when I perceived her great embarrassment, I bowed and departed.

“I had scarcely arrived at home, when my father desired to speak to me in his study—my boy (said he as I seated myself) although you are the youngest of my children, you know that you are my chief pride. I have spared no pains to render you completely accomplished, and have a genteel annuity laid up for *you*, while your brothers will be under the necessity of providing partly for themselves; since then I have been such a kind parent to you, I am sure you will not refuse me one small request,’ he paused a minute and then added, ‘I wish you to marry, and have chosen for your partner, the fair daughter of my friend Bentley.’

“Overwhelmed with surprize and grief, I covered my face with my handkerchief and stood motionless—‘why this silence? (demanded my sire) can my darling son hesitate one moment to comply with my desires.’ ‘Oh my beloved my honoured father (exclaimed I dropping on my knees before him, and clasping my hands) had you made this proposal *yesterday*, I had embraced it with rapture, delighted that I had it in my power to glad the heart of so good a parent—but *to day*’—‘what of to day?’ (interrupted he sternly) ‘alas (replied I) *to day* I must not dispose of myself;’ ‘and have you dared to marry without my consent,’ said he rudely pushing me from him. ‘No honoured sir (announced I) but a fair *stranger* has this day made me her captive, and unless I may possess her, *life* will no longer be desirable’—he arose without speaking, and traversed the room for some time, with his arms folded and his eyes cast down. I thought I perceived a tear-like

moisture upon his cheek.—George (said he at length) you have frustrated one of my most pleasing designs, yet I have such a desire for your happiness, that I forgive you,’ he passed his hand over his eyes, ‘Go then (added he) and find out who this fair stranger is, and if she meets with my approbation, she shall be yours, if there is a possibility of obtaining her.’ I left my humble station, and kissed his aged hand, then stimulated by love, I darted away in search of my enchantress.

“I had not gone far, when to my great surprize and joy I met her, and foregoing all ceremony, I address her and told her that I had some particular news to relate, pressing her to return home for a few minutes. While I was speaking I observed that she looked very melancholy and sighed several times; however, I succeeded, and when we had entered a small parlour at her house, told her as much of my history as concerned her.

“Ah me (sighed she as I concluded) I am in a worse condition than you, for my uncle is determined to unite me with a man whom I utterly detest, and death would be far more desirable than such a connection. Oh tell me your name charming girl (said I) that I may inform my father, he has eloquence, and may dissuade your uncle from his cruel purpose.’

“At that instant her uncle entered, I made him a profound reverence, which he returned with a sulky nod, and passed through the room, saying as he went, Louisa follow me directly, I want you; she cast a sorrowful glance at me and rose, when I pressed her yielding hand to my lips and withdrew.

“As I quitted the porch I perceived an old man standing at the gate of the next house. My friend (said I) can you tell me who is the young lady that lives in the house I have just left?—‘Yes sir, returned he, it is Miss *Howard*, she lives with her uncle

Maurisson, a cross old fellow who is beloved by nobody.’ I put a guinea into his hand and flew home, with a high beating heart of joy, for I had reason to think that I was not indifferent to her I loved, and I flattered myself that my father’s respectability would procure the uncle’s consent. ‘Oh my dear father (said I as I entered his room wild with transport) the name of my love is Howard?’ ‘Howard!’ (reiterated he in a tone of voice that culled every smile from my face) ‘Howard, and with whom does she reside;’ ‘with her uncle Maurisson,’ I answered. ‘Poor fool,’ said he rising and casting at me a look of the utmost disdain, ‘poor unfeeling fool to fix your affections upon that girl. Maurisson, an old capricious villain, the veriest enemy I have in the world! *pause* on what I say George, if you resolve to love her, I will rend you from my heart, I will despise you, go to her and be miserable.’

[3. Feb 17, 1796]

“THE first part of his speech confounded me, but the latter brought me to myself, ‘no sir (said I proudly) I will not believe that I ever can be miserable with such loveliness; I *will* love her, and I shall willingly bear with the consequences,’ so saying I quitted the house, resolved to see Miss Howard immediately.

“But faltering were the steps that led me to her mansion, and perplexed were the thoughts that crowded on my mind, for from the natural severity of my sire’s temper, I had not the least doubt but that my reply had forever discarded me from his presence and protection—I had learned no trade—knew nothing of business, and excepting 200 dollars that my mother had paid me the day before, as half of my annuity, I owned nothing in the

world; I was *perplexed* but not irresolute, for I was determined to obtain Louisa at all events, but how to render her happy was the subject of my study, however, after wandering up one street and down another, I came to the determination of marrying directly and going to reside upon the frontiers.

“I hasted to the house of Louisa, and the first person I perceived, was her charming self sitting on a sofa in an attitude of the most poignant distress, with her hands clasped and her face and bosom drenched in tears. ‘Oh!’ exclaimed she as I entered, ‘how, how shall I escape the dreadful situation allotted me—my uncle knows you and hates your family, and in order to prevent a possibility of an intercourse between us, he has positively fixed upon this night for the celebration of my unhappy nuptials’—‘and can you consent to throw yourself upon my care,’ asked I; ‘will you consent to be mine, will you abscond with me?’ ‘ah (replied she) take care how you run into danger, should my uncle ever discover our retreat, he will sacrifice us both to his fury.’

“Fear nothing my love (said I pressing her to my breast) these arms shall screen you from harm; come quit this dwelling, in a moment your uncle may surprize us;’ she accompanied me without hesitation.

“As we were going down the steps, an elderly man met us with a lanthorn (for it was quite dark,) and demanded of Louisa, where she was going, telling her at the same time, that her uncle had bade him put all things in order, for that the guests would arrive in ten minutes. She sunk down at the words, and a hackney coach that instant passing, I lifted her into it, then turning to the man (whose name was Buller) bade him enter the carriage without delay, threatening him with death if he made the

least resistance. He entered, and I told him to have us set down at the house of the first Clergyman he knew, to which after musing a little, he consented, and then whispered to the coachman through the front window, who after having driven us through a number of streets, at length stopped at an ill looking house in a narrow lane, where he told us an indigent Priest dwelt.

“Our perturbation prevented our taking much notice of what passed around us, however, I observed Buller endeavouring to steal away; so fearing, lest he should betray us, I locked the door and demanded the minister instantly—he entered in the course of a few seconds, and the ceremony was performed.

“As soon as I had presented the accustomed fee, I permitted Buller to depart, and catching up my fainting girl in my arms, hurried with her to an inn just by, then flying to my father’s stable, took from thence one of his swiftest steeds, upon which I soon placed my Louisa and myself, and left New-York, never to revisit it more.

“What will not *Love* endure?—the delicate constitution of my wife, which upon any other occasion, would have been broken by the fatigue she bore, seemed now to fortify itself against every hardship—we travelled all day, suffered from hunger, cold and rain, and several times in a clear night, have slept upon the bare ground, beneath some friendly tree; for she, apprehensive of being overtaken, obliged me to pursue the most unfrequented ways, constantly avoiding every village, and only stopping now and then at the most obscure cottage, to procure sustenance.

In this manner we journeyed until we gained this wilderness—yes—*this* wilderness, which for a few short months was the scene of *all* my bliss.”

The tears of St. Herbert had strayed down his cheek from time to time during his recital, though he had endeavoured to check them—but his feeble nature could not sustain the part he wished—he clasped his withered hands, and wept aloud.

“Oh my Louisa, my dearest Louisa (at length sobbed he) didst thou know the anguish that dwells in the bosom of thy St. Herbert, it would disturb thy sainted repose, but *infinite wisdom* hath excluded you from the knowledge of what mortals suffer, and hath shut out sorrow from thine eyes forever.

[4. Feb 24, 1796]

AFTER he had collected himself a little, and wiped away his tears, he proceeded thus:

‘It was almost night when we arrived at a small farm house, whose cheerful and cleanly aspect made us know that it was the dwelling of hospitality and peace. We were tempted to alight; and upon entering the little court yard, were met by the owner of the cottage, who gave us a hearty welcome, and before we had time to thank him for his courtesy, he led us into a neat chamber, and introduced us to his wife and daughter, telling them that we were two weary travellers, who should do him the honour to stay with him till the next day. How much more grateful to our feelings are those kindnesses which spring from the natural goodness of the heart, than those ceremonious attentions which the polished part of mankind, (as they are called) make a display of. I felt a sensible difference, and to this day recall with agreeable sensations, the satisfactory hours I then spent with the good man.

“The fruits of the season, together with milk, honey, rye bread and butter, were soon placed upon a clean white pine table, and with the unrestrained cheerfulness and harmony of old acquaintances we sat down to our simple meal.

“After supper, my Louisa shewing evident signs of fatigue, our young hostess intreated her to retire, and as soon as they left the room, the old farmer in a mild tone of voice, requested to know what strange adventure had brought two, such apparently genteel people, to that uncultivated, unfrequented part of the continent? I had ever despised duplicity in others, and could not approve of it in myself; I therefore frankly confessed the whole. ‘And what do you purpose to do here,’ demanded he; ‘I will get a small hut in your neighbourhood,’ replied I, ‘and procure the necessaries of life by the labour of my hands.’ He shook his head; ‘you have mistaken the place,’ said he, ‘my friend, for besides this house, and one that you may see from the door, there is not another building within ten miles, unless it is an old stone castle that nobody will live in.’ ‘And why not?’ asked I. ‘Because people say it is haunted,’ returned he, ‘yet if you have purposed to stay here, and have courage to reside in that house, I dare say you may remain there all your life without being discovered.’ I was delighted with the idea and determined to visit it early the next day.

[5. Mar 2, 1796]

“THE sun had scarce risen when my host led Louisa and myself to our destined habitation. None can judge of our surprise at beholding it, but yourself, to see in the midst of such a dreary wilderness, so much magnificence, and to find that

magnificence deserted too, filled me with astonishment. I inquired of my guide, who was its owner, but he could give no account of it, no person ever having been seen there. We entered however, and having almost *forced* our way through cobwebs, that hung in sheets across the hall, we surveyed the apartments and found them all furnished in an elegant stile, though we could easily discern that it was long since they had been occupied; we therefore did not hesitate to take up our abode here; but having procured from the farmer, an Indian girl to assist my Love in her family affairs, while I employed myself in the garden, we considered ourselves as settled for life.

“Though unaccustomed to labour, I arose each morning with the sun, either to guide the plough, or press the spade, and after my diurnal task was finished, I would stroll with my happy girl, along the banks of a creek, and amuse myself with catching small fish, which her soft hands would dress for my evening’s repast; or we would wander to our neighbour’s cot⁵, and there with his little family, and perhaps some passenger who had strayed that way: we would divert ourselves upon the green with songs and innocent chat, or the guileless sports of youth. We knew no anxiety—we were contented: true we were poor, yet poverty did not afflict us, for ambition and envy found not a place in those hearts that were consecrated to pure and lasting affection. But short and uncertain is the period of mortal blessedness; how hasty were those happy hours, oh how they hurried away!

“We had been here near eleven months, when one evening (it was in April) as I was looking over some garden seeds

⁵ *Cot.*: cottage

by a bright pine-knot fire, while my Louisa sat knitting by my side, we heard a number of people speaking loud, and rushing through the hall, which sound being very unusual, we both rose instinctively, and stept toward the door; it was opened from the outside immediately, and eight men in hunters' garments came in, and I was going to welcome them to my habitation, when a piercing and death-like shriek, which burst from my wife, fixed me to the ground. Filled with horror, I glanced my eyes every where—and they settled—Oh misery! how can I speak it—they settled upon the rage distorted visage of her uncle!

“‘Monster,’ exclaimed he, springing forward and seizing me by the throat, ‘and is it *here* you have dared to take up your residence? After having pilfered from me my best gem to place it in my cabinet for *yourself* to gaze at? But you shall suffer for your insolence; I will exclude her from your sight forever.’ ‘You dare not do it,’ vociferated I, ‘laws human or divine will not admit of such violence, for Louisa is my wife, and nought but death, shall wrest her from my bosom.’ ‘Wife,’ repeated he, ‘Wife—No, St. Herbert, do not believe it; you never were legally married. Yonder man, habited in green, the present keeper of my hounds, was the person who united you; all a farce I assure you.’ A boisterous laughter filled the room, which shook me to the soul. I recognized the infamous being instantly, and had I been a mountain, I would have fallen upon the wretch, and crushed him to atoms. But I had no time for reflection or revenge, for the deep groans of my Love, who had fallen into an hysteric fit, told my heart, that she stood in need of my assistance; I flew to her and locked her in my arms, when the barbarians tore her from my embrace, and having bound my hands and feet, they

conveyed me into a large dark room, then securing the door and windows, they left me to myself.

“Slow and dismal were the leaden-footed hours that passed, ’ere Aurora⁶ shot her purple beams through the crevices of my lonely prison; I was almost in a state of stupefaction—the transition from bliss to woe, was so great—so sudden, that it scarce left me the faculty of thinking. I had believed Louisa *mine*, and that assurance was the extent of my wishes, the completion of my happiness; but this horrible discovery, had blasted every hope, and forbade even memory to smile. The unbarring of my chamber door, at length roused me from my stupor. Some person entered, and upon pushing open one of the windows, discovered himself to be Maurisson; every pulse around my heart beat with indignation. ‘Where is my Louisa?’ demanded I; ‘where you will never see her,’ returned he, ‘this house is mine, and she is my prisoner within it; you are free; if you stay near this place and conduct yourself with propriety, you may *hear* from her sometimes; but if you quit it only for a day, I will convey her where you shall have no tidings of her;’ so saying, he unbound me, and I arose without reply, for hopeless grief had closed the avenues of utterance; and he, taking me by the arm, led me out of the mansion, and bolted the door after me.

[6. Mar 9, 1796]

“FOR three days successively did I wander around the building, looking in vain for my partner. I endeavoured to force the windows, but to no purpose; they were too well secured. I

⁶ *Aurora*: sunrise, from the Roman goddess of the dawn.

listened at the porch. ‘Perhaps,’ thought I, ‘I may hear Louisa’s footsteps—I may hear her pronounce my name.’ It was a frail hope—there was no voice—no sound to realize it. Oh, how did incertitude and apprehension torture my breast!

“At the close of the third day, Nature proclaimed herself exhausted, (for since I had been deprived of the sight of Louisa, I had neither slept nor eat,) a drowsiness—a stupidity oppressed me, and casting myself upon a grass seat that I had placed near the door, I rested myself against the wall and fell into a slumber. As the wand of Morpheus⁷ closed my swollen eye-lids, *Fancy* brought to my view, her, whose image was so deeply imprinted on my heart: Methought she was arrayed in a long white robe, that scattered a lustre from it, and was sitting on the bank of a placid river, with a beautiful dove in her hand. I approached her with my wonted eagerness of affection; but, with an angelic smile, she rose, and placing the bird upon the sod, retreated along the shore. ‘Stay where you are, my too much adored St. Herbert,’ said she, ‘I must be going, but I will leave you a dove—see, the river is smooth—we will meet on the other side, for PEACE dwells there. So saying, she dropt upon the flood, and was out of sight in an instant. Distracted at the circumstance, my busy spirit was going to pursue the lovely phantom, when some person calling me loudly by my name, awakened me. I started up, and to my great astonishment, beheld *Buller* standing before me. ‘Dear Mr. St. Herbert,’ said he, ‘follow me directly, for I believe my dear Miss Louisa is dying.’ My breath stopt as he spoke. I made him no answer, but seizing his hand, hurried with him to the chamber where she was—as he opened the door, Maurisson met me and

would have taken my hand, but I repulsed him with fury, and flew to the couch where Louisa reclined. Upon hearing my hasty steps she raised her head, opened upon me her charming eyes; but Oh, how languid, how changed; fierce distress had tarnished their lustre, and had frightened the roses from her cheeks; a deadly paleness sat on every feature, and a bluish purple stained those lips that could once compare with the ruby! I kneeled at her feet and gazed upon her face without uttering a word, for the distress of my heart was too great. She perceived it, and encircling my neck with her arms, feebly strained me to her breast, and attempting to smile, said, ‘Why all this sorrow, my Love, do I not embrace you again? You grieve upon my account, but cheer up—possess of you once more, I shall soon recover.’ Maurisson drew near. ‘Forgive, my son,’ said he, ‘forgive the mistaken zeal of a disappointed old man, I did not know your worth—your father and I have borne a long hatred to each other, and I was foolish enough to suffer an ill-grounded dislike, to rest upon his son; but forgive me—forgive me;’ and the tears ran plentifully down his withered face. I was going to reply, when Louisa, loosing her hold, begged me to retire with her uncle. At that moment the farmer’s wife came in. We retired, and I traversed the next room in sullen silence for near an hour, the old man was walking by my side and wringing his hands, when the Indian girl called us. I obeyed the summons instantly, and on entering the apartment, found my wife (for I must still call her so) in bed. ‘Here, my St. Herbert,’ said she, as I approached her, ‘see what a present your expiring spouse makes you;’ she placed a beautiful infant in my hands, ‘take her,’ added she, ‘as the only recompence I can *now* offer you for all your affection and tenderness; Yes, I feel that I am dying, and the last favour that I ask of you, is to be

⁷ *Morpheus*: a Roman god of dreams, prominent in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*.

reconciled to my uncle.’ I grasped his hand immediately and brought it to my lips; when the old Maurisson embraced me affectionately. My angel looked up and smiled—yes, in the agonies of death she smiled to see our mutual forgiveness. She made me a signal to bend over her pillow, which as I did, she enclosed me and the child in her arms and alternately caressed us—a glow of satisfaction overspread her cheeks, and her eyes resumed their former brilliancy; but it was momentary, for the cheek faded again—the eyes grew dim—they closed—and her tranquil spirit took its everlasting flight.

[7. Mar 16, 1796]

“AT first we flattered ourselves that she was only in a swoon, but when it appeared that she was really dead, then I gave myself up to the most unmanly woe, and determined upon following her by refusing to take any sustenance whatever; for two days did I adhere to this cowardly intention, without taking notice of any thing save the dear corse;⁸ the family spoke to me, intreated and even wept over me, but to no purpose, I sat by the dead with dry eyes, mute as herself.

“On the third day, the day of her interment, her uncle came into the room with my infant in his trembling arms. ‘Come, dear babe,’ said he holding it towards the bed, and bursting into tears, ‘come, take a last look of thine unfortunate mother, for to-day she will be placed in the cold bosom of the earth, and would to heaven thou couldst go with her, for thy Uncle is too old to protect thy rising youth, thou hast no father to foster thee; no

father who will shew his affection for the mother, by living for and taking care of her precious child.’ These words fell with force upon my heart, in an instant I perceived the cruelty of my conduct, and was overwhelmed with shame, ‘yes,’ exclaimed I, stretching out my hands to receive my little one, ‘yes, she *has* a father who will live for her, and will cherish her as long as memory shall impress upon his soul the idea of her incomparable mother, but ah! he must be indulged—he must be permitted to give vent to his feelings, when he reflects upon his irretrievable loss.’ He answered me in the most soothing voice of affection, gently remonstrating with me for my neglect of myself, and endeavouring to yield me all the consolation that reason could afford; ‘it is not your Louisa (said he) who there lies insensible, it is only the prison that she once inhabited—the day of her enlargement has come, and long before this she has reached her appointed abode in Paradise; whether departed spirits are permitted to know what passes upon earth after they have quitted it, we may not presume to say; but upon the supposition, that they are, can it add to their bliss to see the tears and hear the big groans of those whom they most did love when here?—and if they are not, why should we waste in useless griefs those days which might be appropriated to the benefit of those who remain? be composed my son; I do not require of you to be gay—Oh no—you have indeed lost a treasure, and must feel it sensibly, but at the same time I would not have you forget that you have a new charge which demands your kindest cares.’

“His eloquence was not unsuccessful, at his request I quitted the apartment, and after having taken as much nourishment as my delicate situation would admit of, I endeavoured to repose for a little while upon a bed, when the

⁸ *Corse*: corpse

sound of people walking slowly roused me. I immediately knew it to be the funeral procession, and summing up all my fortitude I arose, and with a tottering step accompanied it, leaning on the arm of Louisa's Uncle. When we arrived at the Cemetery the coffin was uncovered that I might take a last embrace of my love—it was a most melancholy one indeed—all who were with me, were deeply affected—none spake a syllable—but the silent tears of sympathy glided profusely down many a cheek, and some who had not power to suppress their sensations sobbed aloud. The signal, after a short pause, was given to deposit the body in the earth. I saw them shut the coffin, and begin to lower it—I thought myself composed—I thought I was resigned when I saw it descend to the bottom of the tomb—but with the first clod that sounded hollow on the lid, the delusion was broken, my brain seemed all on fire—my heart beat with violence, and I was springing into the grave, when some of the attendants caught me in their arms, and bore me home, totally devoid of sense.

“For several weeks I had no knowledge of what was transacted about me, then every thing appeared to me like those fancies which only exist in a morning dream; but recollection, by degrees, resuming her functions, I remembered something of great distress—of a burial, of an infant, but could not connect their idea; and as the eye of reason opened more clearly, these images passed more frequently through my mind, and perplexed me exceedingly.

[8. Mar 23, 1796]

“AS I was permitted to walk out, as soon as I had sufficient strength, I frequently strolled to the woods through

which in my happier days I had been accustomed to ramble—and chance led me one afternoon to the burial place—the heavy dews dropt from the bending branches of the dark hemlock, which, uniting its foliage with the gloomy verdure of the thick woven cedar, cast a deep damp shade over the solemn spot, while a solitary *Robin*, that sat upon the withered bough of a neighbouring pine, threw a note of such plaintiveness to the lingering breeze, as bade my bosom feel—yes, I found a congenial dreariness, and clambered over the fence, to take a nearer view of the few scattered graves, that were there inclosed. Passing from one to another, a novel object arrested my attention; it was a grey marble monument, covered with a white slab. I approached it, and read the following inscription.

“Sacred to the memory of

LOUISA St. HERBERT,

A victim

To the misguided affections of an Uncle,

Who has raised this marble

Over the dust

As a testimony of his sincere and lasting contrition.”

“At that moment, each woful scene through which I had passed, recurred to me—memory seemed to resume her throne at once; I clasped the cold tomb, and washed it with my tears; then having vowed to the spirit that watched it, to visit it daily, I turned my steps, and slowly proceeded homeward in search of my child.

“The joy visible in the countenance of all the family, at my sudden and unexpected recollection, made a sensible impression upon me; they were all assiduous in attending on me, and none approached me, but with a cheerful aspect; even my little girl, who was now between three and four months old, smiled in my face, and by her artless playfulness seemed to lure me from my griefs. In fine, in the course of a few days, I was quite a rational being, and finding that the whole study of Mr. Maurisson, was to render me contented in my situation; I was resolved to make him not less so, if possible; accordingly, I evaded every conversation that would tend to a renewal of our regret; however, as my health increased, I perceived with infinite concern, that his was fast declining, and that though he appeared pleasant in my presence, yet a heavy melancholy had instamped itself upon every feature; he courted solitude, and often when I was busy in the garden, would leave me under pretence of taking rest; observing that his malady took deeper root daily, I began to suspect, that the woe he would not speak, preyed upon his heart, and that he cherished it in some other place. I therefore followed him at a distance, the next time he left me, and saw his aged feet enter the place where my love slept in silence. He bent over the marble, like a fond mother, over the couch of an expiring only child; with united hands, and looks of unutterable anguish, ‘dear inmate (at length sobbed he) how didst thou fade before thy prime; how early was thy little cup of joy dashed with bitterness; but *thou* tastest it no more; no, it is *I* who am left to drain the dregs, and bewail mine own imprudence.’

“I stifled my tears, and knelt down by his side, grasping his hand, ‘and is it thus (said I) that you endeavour to shorten the period that Providence has allotted you? Is it thus, you

endeavour to deprive me, and my little Louisa, of our best, our only friend? You have sympathized with, and have comforted me; alas, you want that comfort yourself. Let me I pray undertake the gentle office, of attempting to bestow it.’ So saying, I placed his arm under mine, and led him to our habitation.

“‘My George,’ said he as he seated himself, ‘I feel that my end is fast approaching; yet you will have no occasion to lament; I have brought you sorrow my son, and can make you no compensation. True, I leave you my estate—a vast one—but what are riches to a man who is deprived of the woman of his affections; the idol of his heart!’—As he said this an unusual tenderness softened his voice; he fixt his eyes fondly on my face, and the tear that stood upon his cheek assumed a new brilliance, from the glow suffused beneath it—he continued: ‘As but the barrier of perhaps a few fleeting days divides me from the invisible regions, I will unfold to you a secret, which none but myself knows, and which I had determined should be concealed with me in the grave; but fate decrees otherwise.—Barbarous and hard hearted, though *you* have found me, yet I was not always so; no, I was once gentle and kind as yourself; but ill-requited of love, and abused friendship, changed my nature, and instead of being the humane mortal my Creator had made me, I became ferocious as a beast of the wilderness—yes, in my youth I loved your mother, even to idolatry, and your father was my confidant, for I thought him my friend—but he deceived me cruelly, for in the hour that I expected to call her mine, to be blest with her forever, the mask was dropt—and I saw with horror, that the superior fortune of your father, had gained the consent of her

avaricious parents to render him happy, and make me spend my days in misery.’

[9. Mar 30, 1796]

“THE jests of the unfeeling or imprudent, and the humiliating pity of the malicious, added fresh stings to my grief; and in a phrenzied mood, I fled from society to this place, which was then only inhabited by Indians, persuading myself that thus removed from the cause of my chagrin, I should soon regain my wonted tranquillity. But solitude did not effect it—I had too much time for reflection; *night* brought with it no rest—sleep abandoned me, and while even the beasts closed their eyes, *mine* were open, straining to catch the first faint gleam of the tardy day—and when that day appeared—I brooded in silence over the machinations to which the hours of darkness had given birth in my festered breast. Plans of cruel revenge became so familiar to my thoughts, that I at length resolved upon the execution of a most barbarous one—namely, to build this prison, then to return to New-York, assassinate your father—by stratagem to seize your mother, and tearing her from her family, bring her here with me and confine her for life—this method of vengeance afforded me all the satisfaction, that so bitter a heart as mine can be supposed capable of feeling; and having procured workmen and materials, in less than a year the house was compleated and furnished in the present style.

“I now set out for my native city, with all the necessary preparations for prosecuting my design; but Providence saw fit to defeat them—for at the first inn where I alighted in the city—I was informed that your mother had taken a voyage to the West-

Indies, accompanied by your father, and that my dear mother was lying dangerously ill. Shocked with the intelligence, I hurried to her house, and was admitted to her chamber, by a weeping domestic—there I beheld my amiable parent, surrounded by her children and friends, who were come to take an everlasting farewell of her; the spirit seemed just ready to forsake its frail tenement, but on my name being pronounced, she opened her eyes again, and as I stooped down to embrace her, she twined her emaciated arm around my neck: ‘Now (said she) my prayer is granted—my son is returned to take care of my three helpless girls—yes, my boy, I leave them to your charge, be to them kind and tender as I have been to you; and you my daughters, be dutiful and affectionate to him, as he has been to me—I leave you all my blessing.’—In a few moments after she expired.

“As I had now a heavy charge upon my hands, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to my situation as much as possible. I again went into business, gave the girls good educations, and so greatly increased my property, as to be enabled to give them genteel fortunes had they ever lived to marry; but Louisa’s mother was the only one who changed her name,⁹ the other two dying young—and her partner dying suddenly a few days after your Louisa was born, it so wrought upon her sensate mind and delicate frame, that in the course of a fortnight she was laid in the grave of her excellent *Howard*, leaving me to cherish the infant.

“From the time that I first quitted this place, till you took away my Louisa, I never had an expectation of returning, neither

⁹ *who changed her name*: i.e., the only one who married and therefore and took her husband’s name.

had I ever mingled among men any more than what was absolutely necessary for carrying on my business. I, however, frequently saw your father, and did him all the ill offices in my power, incessantly nourished hatred against him in my bosom, and every time that I heard of his prosperity, I cursed my fate that it had not been in my power to prevent it—this was the situation of my mind when I first saw you at my house.

“I had frequently pressed Louisa to bestow her hand upon a particular favourite of mine, and she as frequently refused, telling me she did not like him—but as he was rich, handsome, sensible, and worthy, I rather suspected that she had formed some attachment unknown to me, and accordingly questioned her strictly, when she ingenuously confessed that she had lately seen a young gentleman pass through our street very often, whose air and countenance had so far prepossessed her in his favour, that she never could be happy if united with another—she did not know his name, but promised to point him out to me the first time she saw him. My surprize at seeing you at my house, was only equalled by her telling me that *you* were the person—and in the heat of my fury, I determined upon forcing¹⁰ to that compliance from which your affection rescued her.’

[10. Apr 6, 1796]

“WHEN that event took place, I was determined to abandon myself to every thing the world denominates pleasure. I have accumulated vast heaps of treasure, (said I) and there is no one to inherit it, I will therefore enjoy it myself! I gambled, made

¹⁰ *determined upon forcing*: i.e., determined upon forcing her to that compliance

feasts, attended all places of public diversion, and frequently went out with a party of hunters; it was in one of those excursions that I formed the design of revisiting this forlorn abode, and taking up my residence here for some weeks, with my companions and attendants.

“And now what recompence shall I make you for the sad consequences of our rencountre. A trifling one indeed. Though but the bare satisfaction of seeing me penitent.’ He made a pause, and then delivering me some papers that he drew from his bosom, ‘here, St. Herbert (added he) is my will, and enclosed you will discover directions for finding where my property is, alas, it will be mine but a little longer.’

“It was in vain that I endeavoured to cheer the disheartened old man, he decayed beneath the pressure of his grief, as the flowers of Autumn wither before the stormy harbingers of winter, and after languishing ten days, I saw him deposited by the side of the tomb over which he had so often wept.

“Upon opening the will, I perceived that he had bequeathed me the whole of his estate, and not having occasion for many servants, I dismissed those slaves that he had brought with him, giving them papers of manumission; one, however, preferred my service to liberty, he is the same whom you saw this evening. I likewise retained the Indian girl and the child’s nurse, and with this little family I endeavoured to render myself as comfortable as my situation would permit.

“As my daughter grew, I found the pleasing task of cultivating her mind, to wear away my depression by insensible degrees. I thought I perceived all her mother in her again, her features, form, disposition and even manners bore so strong a

resemblance to my Louisa, that I loved the parent in the child, and half forgot my loss.

“Wishing now only to live to make her happy, I made large improvements in the garden and the house, and being quite a proficient in music, I had that little temple erected in the grove of fir, for a place to teach my daughter in, and she decorated it with shrubs and flowers as her fancy led her. The happiness of each other was our mutual study; when I was melancholy I would repeat to her the mournful occurrences of my life, and she would weep with me over the evils incident to humanity, and when in my gayer moments I sought to make her chearful she would draw me to her harpsichord, and there regale my feelings with the most enlivening sounds; let it suffice for me to say that in the possession of such a child I considered myself as the happiest of *widowed* fathers.

“Louisa had attained her fifteenth year, when one summer’s evening as we were strolling along the road to our next neighbour’s, we were alarmed by the voice of one calling for assistance; she ran to the cottage while I hasted toward the thicket from whence the sound came, and there beheld a Phæton¹¹ overset, and a young man lying near it senseless, while the driver who was calling out, sat upon a log: on seeing me he attempted to arise, but immediately sunk down into a swoon; some of the farmer’s family just then coming up, we placed the two insensibles in the carriage and gently drove them to my habitation.

¹¹ *Phæton*: a small open carriage pulled either by a single horse or a pair, typically designed for speed. Its name is derived from the mythical Phæton, son of Helios, who almost destroyed the earth by attempting to drive his father’s chariot which pulled the sun across the sky.

“After placing them upon beds, and applying such things as were necessary to relieve them, we had the happiness to see them revive; they told us they were come from the metropolis with some surveyors, and were going to purchase some land near us; that they had been separated from them by the darkness of the preceding night, and not having been able to regain the broad road, they had pursued another, where they were unfortunately overturned; upon examination we found that the young man was exceedingly bruised, and the knee and shoulder of the driver were dislocated.

“We had but just replaced¹² the bones and anointed the bruises of our guests, when my daughter came in; as soon as the young man saw her, painful as the effort was, he raised himself upon his elbow and bowed; and my timid girl who never had seen so charming a youth before, returned the salute with a gentle inclination of the head, while her blushes half suffocated her.

“Julius Cuthbert was about twenty-two, rather above the common size and elegantly formed, his lively eyes were of a beautiful blue, and his hair light; his mouth,--but why need I descend to particulars, he *was not* a regular beauty, but he had that fine expression of countenance that defied the heart to be insensible of its attraction. Louisa, as I said before, was just fifteen, her eyes large, full and black, her complexion such as a limner¹³ might wish to pattern from, she was not tall, but most enchantingly proportioned, and a redundance of long dark brown hair, more soft and glossy than the finest product of the labouring worm,¹⁴ completed the outline of her figure.

¹² *Replaced*: set, as in fixed and bandaged.

¹³ *Limner*: an artist who produced expensive illuminated manuscripts.

¹⁴ *laboring worm*: a reference to silk worms and the silk they produced.

[11. Apr 13, 1796]

SUCH was Julius, and such Louisa—a pair whose virtues as far exceeded their external appearance, as the lustre of the polished diamond does that of the rough pebble of the valley—a pair whom had it pleased heaven to have crowned my desires, would have softened by their tender assiduities, the last anguish of a disappointed mortal—and have gently closed his eyes when they should be no longer capable of contemplating two such rare copies of goodness—but long ere that wish glowed in my bosom, the edict of FATE had gone forth:—*they* were destined to have their days abridged, and the forlorn St. Herbert to finish his dull career alone!

“After several days of careful attention, we perceived with pleasure that our guests recovered apace, especially the driver, who in less than a fortnight requested leave to depart in quest of the party from which they had been separated—Julius came to me: ‘I will intrude upon your goodness no longer (said he) but I think I am not sufficiently recovered yet to undertake a journey—recommend me therefore to one of your neighbors as a boarder, and permit me sometimes to spend a social hour with you and Miss St. Herbert.’ ‘I prize you Julius, (returned I) and if our society will add to your felicity, you may enjoy it as long as your health and business require your stay; this house shall be your home, you cannot be an intruder.’ The Summer sped away as on the wings of the wind, we were all as happy as friendship and simplicity could make us—now and then indeed our tranquillity was a little interrupted by letters from Julius’s father desiring him to return, but his constant replies that his health was so delicate that it would suffer from a removal, satisfied the parent in part,

and again restored peace to our habitation. When the weather permitted, Cuthbert and myself laboured in the garden, or felled some of those trees which intercepted our view of the vast range of mountains in front of us—or else we drew from out *some* places of the creek such bulky roots and matted weeds as impeded its course, while in others we humbled huge rocks, against which as the sullen waters crouded, they complained in low murmurs of the obstruction—some perennial shrubs and simple wild flowers that bloomed upon the bank were the care of Louisa—and they seemed to wear a brighter hue, and exhale redoubled perfume when propped up or sprinkled by her hand—you may judge how agreeably our time passed, by the idea of its dwelling so long upon the broken heart of an old man—but our quiet had its period, for the father of Julius impatient of his delay, wrote to him, and with the authority of a parent commanded him to return immediately or expect to meet with his severest displeasure. He hesitated not to obey—yet he obeyed with reluctance; that very day he set out for his home. When he was departing, Louisa and myself walked with him to the outer edge of the wood, and there took our leave. ‘Farewell,’ said the amiable youth, in a scarce audible voice, ‘may you both be blest, and ah! in your blissful hours do not forget me, but whenever you wish to remember those who most sincerely love you, think of Julius Cuthbert.’

[12. Apr 20, 1796]

“SO saying, he threw himself into the carriage, and drove away, while Louisa placed her arm under mine, and we proceeded slow and thoughtful toward home. ‘He is quite out of sight,’ said

she at length, turning her head with a sigh, 'He will never tread this path again.' 'Perhaps not, my child,' replied I, 'but he has promised to write to us often, and though the conversation of such a friend is much to be desired, yet since it cannot be obtained, we must not only be contented with such of his sentiments as he may favor us with, but must consider them as his valuable substitutes.' 'They would certainly be a precious acquisition to our little library,' said she smiling, 'but I fear in that great city where he has so many friends, he will forget us.' 'It cannot be' (returned I) 'for though the generality of men are prone to ingratitude, yet I believe Julius to be one of the few who treasure in their mind, the remembrance of past kindness; but *should* I be mistaken—*should* Julius indeed forget us; we will solace ourselves with the reflection that we have done our duty, and we will consider him as dead!

"At our return to the house, we found some of our neighbors sitting at the door, who had come to spend the evening with us; and had brought with them a young lady, who with her mother had come from the village of,and was going to New-York for her education. We passed the hours as usual, in cheerfulness and innocence;—Louisa alone did not seem to relish our rustic chat as formerly—she conversed but little, and now and then turned her bright eyes with a thoughtful air towards the gate, as though there was some one still expected whose presence was necessary to render our festivity complete. The girls perceived it, and upon enquiring for Julius, and being informed of his departure, they failed not to rally her upon what they termed the loss of her lover; piqued at the insinuation of her gravity proceeding from the grief occasioned by his absence, she exerted herself, and soon assumed a gaiety equal to ours, and

when the company retired, intreated my permission to pass the night with my neighbour's daughter Elinor and the young stranger, whose name was Julia Raymond—to which, as it was a common request, I consented.

"Mrs. Raymond and her daughter staid in the neighborhood near a fortnight, during which time Louisa contracted a close intimacy with them, especially the former, who being a well educated woman, and exceedingly intelligent, could not fail of rendering herself agreeable; however, notwithstanding the satisfaction which Louisa seemed to take in her company, I could not but mark with agony the melancholy change in my child's appearance. She grew thin, her colour and strength forsook her, nor did her eyes beam with their wonted lustre—and though she still retained a great flow of spirits, I feared lest some secret care lay rankling in her bosom. 'Alas!' sighed I to myself, 'the sorrows of my heart are about to be enlarged.'

"I disclosed myself to Mrs. Raymond. 'Is it to be wondered at? (asked she) have you not given her an education that qualifies her for society, and do you not exclude her from it?—You procure her books that give her an idea of the world and its pleasures, and you here immure her in this doleful mansion in the middle of this frightful forest, where, except a few Indians, and a half score of rustics little less barbarous, she sees not the face of a human being. You perceive her to fade daily—surely she sighs for society, and her affection for you, alone prevents her from complaining. Come, make the experiment; I go to New-York in a few days, and will return again in less than a month, let her go with me.' I drew a deep sigh. 'You are apprehensive sir, but I will watch over her, as over a precious deposit, upon whose safe delivery depends the peace and perhaps

life of a worthy but superstitious Hermit.’—I consented. ‘Come Louisa,’ said she, when the girls came in, ‘you are going to the city with us for a little while, you are melancholy child, and it is only because you are deprived of those blessings to which you have an indubitable right. It was in vain for her to expostulate; we were all convinced that it was necessary for her health, and she was obliged to comply—yes—a few days after, I pressed my weeping darling to my bosom, and bade her a reluctant—a sorrowful adieu!

[13. Apr 27, 1796]

“SHE wrote to me by every opportunity, as did Mrs. Raymond, who complained exceedingly that Louisa did not enjoy the pleasures of the city, as she ought—but rather seemed to encourage a thoughtfulness which appeared extremely injurious to her; and upon my arguing with her in the most gentle terms, on the impropriety of such conduct, she answered me thus:

“*****The novelty of the city is past, though its hurry and bustle still remain—these excited surprize at first, but not pleasure—and since that surprize is entirely gone, what sensations must they produce in a mind so habituated to silence, regularity, and solitude as mine?—Join not with those, my dear papa, who stigmatize me as a stoic—say not that my heart is not formed for happiness;—It surely is, but then it is happiness of a more refined nature, than what is met with in the giddy brilliant circles of fashion.—Mrs. Raymond is constantly with me; she has introduced me into the most crouded companies, where the laws of consequential dress among the ladies, and the success of the last play among the gentlemen, afforded ample and only matter

for conversation—I have been at the Theatre, where vice was displayed for execration, and met with approbation—and I have spent several hours of fatigue at the ball room, and then returned home, chagrined to the soul at the numberless impertinencies, which I had been obliged to hear. And these are the places—the objects from which I am to receive satisfaction!—No; I must confess that the pleasures I have known since I came here, are derived from another source—only the pious conversation of our hostess, who is a Roman Catholic, and practices all the virtues she teaches.’ *****“A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mrs. Raymond restored my amiable girl to my bosom.

After the first effusions of encountering affections had subsided, and the heart had relieved itself by overflowing, she gave me a detail of almost all that had past since she left me, and was particularly delighted in delineating the character of the good Papist.—As I had been educated with the strongest prejudices against that sect, I heard the description with an indifference which I thought would have silenced her on that head; but she was an enthusiast, and spoke of the beauty of piety in the most exalted strain. Apprehending the commencement of a religious melancholy—I begged her to suspend her narrative, until her wasted strength should be somewhat renewed, and endeavoured to point out the dangerous consequences of dwelling too ardently upon so serious a subject as her last. She acquiesced with so much meekness, that in a little time I persuaded myself she had entirely laid aside her superstitious opinions.

“One night, not being able to sleep, and perceiving through my window, that the moon shone bright—I arose with an intention to traverse the snow-paved paths of my garden, and amuse myself at the harpsichord. ‘I will play some solemn airs

(said I) and at this dull season they will soften the slumbers of my Louisa.’ As I passed along the gallery, I thought I heard some person speaking in a low voice;—making a pause, I found it to proceed from my daughter’s apartment, and being curious to know with whom she could be conversing at that late hour, for it was past twelve, I approached the door with silent steps—it stood half open, and disclosed to my view only herself.

“She was kneeling before a small table, covered with white velvet, and upon which stood an ivory crucifix about four inches high—on one side lay a book open, and from the other a slender wax taper streamed its dim light upon a face, pale as languor itself: yet the figure, the attitude, was interesting: it was the semblance of humility: of holy resignation. Her hands were crossed upon her breast, and her eyes elevated. She was concluding a pious petition: ‘Fountain of mercy (said she), shed thy benign influence in the bosom of my beloved parent, let the sun of righteousness arise upon him, let its genial rays illumine his path, till he enters the portals of eternity: and aid me, thy frail creature, to conquer a PASSION, which, tho’ pure, is *hopeless*, and detains my affections from thee.’ Something more she added, but not sufficiently distinct for my hearing, and bowed low before the crucifix: then rising from her knees, stepped to her bed, while oppressed with a variety of conjectures I returned to my room.

[14. May 4, 1796]

“BUT the latter part of her petition most sensibly affected me; it was too evident that she did love, but why she had concealed the state of her heart from me was a mystery, and I

knew not to what cause I should attribute her silence. I felt grieved for her situation and want of confidence in me, and though I determined if possible to have the secret unravelled, the sun had risen upon the mountains before I could resolve upon the most proper method.

“A female neighbour coming very early to pass the day with us, prevented me from saying any thing particular to Louisa during her stay; but in the evening, as I was sitting pensive before the fire, musing upon my past sorrows, a deep sigh escaped me, which being instantly observed by my attentive girl, she asked whence it arose, and whether she might not be intrusted with its cause, ‘and does Louisa never draw a sigh (said I) whose occasion she wishes to conceal from her father?’ She answered firmly, ‘No.’ ‘How is it then (demanded I) that you have become the victim of misplaced affection, and have hidden from me the passion and its object?’ ‘It was too delicate a subject (replied she) for *me* to enter upon—but had *my papa* ever deemed it a necessary topic of conversation, I should have been happy in discovering my feelings, nor have labored so long under a disagreeable and unusual secrecy.’ She paused a minute for an answer, when finding I had none to make, she proceeded thus: ‘doubtless you wish to know the object of my attachment—it is Julius Cuthbert—at our first interview I was strongly biassed in his favour, and during his residence with us, his uncommon attractions compleated a conquest to which he had no right,’ ‘and why not,’ said I, ‘because (answered she) it can yield him no happiness, and it is a source of deep distress and infinite regret—yet in nothing do I blame him—he made use of no artifice—no persuasion; it was as natural for him to charm as for me to admire.’ ‘But why my child (said I) do you call your passion

hopeless, did Julius never say he loved you?’ ‘never, (replied she) never, directly or indirectly, and yet from his gentle, his fond attentions, my folly drew the conclusion that he regarded me with *affection*, and that some important cause, which he would one day disclose, alone prevented his telling me so—but “hope deferred maketh the heart sick”¹⁵—I have cherished the dear expectation of hearing that avowal, until it has too firmly entwined itself around my heart, and I fear that the grasp of death only, will loose its hold.’ ‘Say not so, my Louisa (exclaimed I) you have given way to dejection too soon—his attentions to you were not the mere offspring of politeness or gratitude—surely—surely they arose from another source—I have been strictly observant—I am certain that you are beloved by Julius more ardently than he is by you.’ ‘Ah! (sighed she) it is but too certain that he loves another.—The idea of seeing him at New-York, was the only inducement for me to go thither, and when there I listened attentively to every conversation, hoping that I might hear of him, but I was disappointed for a long time—I neither saw nor heard of him—however, being one night at an assembly, a gentleman who sat near me said to his partner, ‘Julius Cuthbert is gone to the southward,’ ‘probably for his health,’ replied the lady, ‘no (answered he) I rather suppose he is gone to marry the rich heiress, for whom he had his picture drawn last week.’—More I did not hear, a new distress palsied my limbs, my eyes grew dim, and I sunk senseless upon the bosom of Julia Raymond, they conveyed me home immediately, and for three days I did not leave the house—upon the fourth, the afternoon being fine, I went with Mrs. Raymond to purchase some little

¹⁵ *Hope deferred maketh the heart sick*: Proverbs 13:12.

necessaries; and as we were entering into a store, a young lady very richly dressed, brushed by us in great haste with several small parcels in her hand, and stepping into a chariot that was waiting for her, drove off instantly; upon my turning round, I perceived she had dropped a packet—I picked it up, and finding the carriage was out of sight, put it in my pocket till I returned home, where, upon opening it, I found it to contain the likeness of *Cuthbert!*—Convulsions was the consequence, but happily my companions did not suspect the cause, they supposed it to be occasioned by the city air, and Mrs. Raymond proposed leaving town the next day.—But my heart has now discharged itself, it feels relieved, and though I am certain of a speedy return to the dust, yet RELIGION brightens the way, and will smooth even the bed of agony.’

[15. May 11, 1796]

“A SAD presentiment filled my heart, and I burst into tears. ‘Ah! my child (said I,) did you know the feelings of a parent, you would not thus crush them by anticipating such an event as your death.—Providence forbid that it should take place prior to mine!’ ‘And wherefore (demanded she calmly) would you wish me to survive you—would not the uncertainty of my future mode of life embitter your last moments? would you not be apt to say, as the torpors of death stole upon your limbs, ‘what will become of thee, my child—thine inexperienced and unsuspecting youth, but illy calculate thee for the new scenes through which thou art to pass—and alas! thou hast no parent,—no guide’—‘No, my pappa, when you perform for me the last sad office that weeping affection can offer—shed not a single tear of

regret upon my clay—but rather console yourself with the reflection, that you have seen your only child descend blameless to the tomb.’

“An hour previous to the departure of Julius, he led me to the garden, and there, with the most profound seriousness and diffidence, declared to me that Louisa possess his warmest affection, and intreated me to favour his passion, and if possible keep my girl disengaged. ‘I must quit you immediately (said he), and it is probable many months may elapse before I return to this delightful forest—yet every hour of absence shall be crowned with the idea of my enchanting Louisa, and the sweet hope of again seeing her shall alone cherish life—yet, conceal these my sentiments from her—if you value my happiness or her’s you will do it; tell her I am her friend, but say not that I love—time will divulge my motive for this singular secrecy.’ These were the expressions of Cuthbert; and with these expressions would I have soothed the sinking spirits of my daughter, regardless of his injunctions, had not her narrative of the miniature prevented me; but that confounded me, and at once closed every avenue to consolation—

“The steps of time, brightning in the sun of *May*, again brought on the hours of glee, that called the expectant rustic from his humble hamlet to renew his unambitious cares—to lead his fleecy dependants to fields gay with young verdure, and to streams that burst rejoicing from the cold fetters of winter; that bade the sod teem with blooming fragrance, and the winged tenants of the wilderness cheer solitude with their melody. But *I* only amid the exulting offspring of nature, heard not the call—I was enwrapt in my griefs, for the fairest work of creation, my precious bud was fading, ere it had attained half its excellence.

“Early one morning, as I was preparing to visit Louisa, who was confined to her bed, the young man who had attended Julius, hastily entered my chamber; ‘I bring you a letter (said he) from Mr. Cuthbert, he will be here in a couple of days.’ The letter was directed to Louisa, and fearing that it might contain something that would distress her, I opened it, and to my great joy found it replete with the most ardent expressions of love.—‘I shall not see him (said she after perusing it) my lamp will not hold out till then—*could* I but have had one last look—yet let me be content—I *am* beloved by Julius, and let that be sufficient—tell him so Papa, and (drawing his picture from her bosom) give him this, and say that it has been the loved companion of all my solitary hours ever since I first possess it;—yes, tell Julius how I love him!’ A visible change instantly took place, she was sensible of it, and after bidding the family a tender adieu, called for her crucifix, and spent some little time in devout petitions, then reclining her face upon my bosom, she expired with a gentle sigh.

[16. May 18, 1796]

“IN the midst of mine own distress, I forgot not Julius; I remembered what my feelings were when my love left me, and what a relief it was to my gloomy spirit to embrace her dear remains, ‘and it shall solace Julius too,’ said I. We therefore, in expectation of his arrival, deferred the interment till the fourth day, when, perceiving that he delayed coming, the sorrowful procession, toward sun-set, moved slowly to the cemetery—we had scarce entered that dreary abode of death, when a person on horseback came in sight—he rode up—it was Cuthbert.—Our silent woe seemed to oppress him—he drew nearer, and with a

faltering voice accosted me—but I could not reply—I only waved my hand; the white haired grave digger gave a sign, and the supporters of the bier set it down, and uncovered the corse; the eyes of Julius glanced upon it; he started; again his sight turned to the coffin, and giving a loud shriek he dropt upon the earth. He was instantly raised, and every one making use of the remedies in his power, we soon saw him revive, and attempted to lead him away; but he burst from those that held him, and throwing himself down by the corse: ‘powers of pity (exclaimed he,) it is, it is my Louisa—but after so long an absence, we will not be so soon separated; no, my love, even in spite of the everlasting stupor that hath locked up thy senses—we will be united—I will meet thee in the territory of death—we will be enclosed in the same tomb.’ Then placing his lips to her livid cheek, he encircled her with his left arm. Our own grief was renewed, and we attempted not to interrupt his, but stood weeping around him as partners in affliction, when the report of a pistol awoke us to terror; we rushed toward him together, but the blood that streamed from his bosom, and his convulsive gasps, convinced us that his desperate spirit had forever quit its beauteous abode; yes, the amiable, the youthful Julius, unable to sustain so keen a disappointment, had, in that moment of anguish, deprived himself of life, and as an union with her dust seemed to be his latest wish, we placed him the next day in her grave.

“When the excess of my grief had abated, Cuthbert’s young man (who had never left me for an hour since the death of my daughter) made some distant enquiries respecting Louisa. I frankly related her little story; and made various observations upon the mysterious conduct of Julius. ‘His motives are known to me (said the youth,) and till lately he believed that you had

been made acquainted with them long since—for he had written to you frequently during his journey to the South, and in every epistle he had depicted the emotions of his mind. His reason for wishing your daughter to be ignorant of his sentiments respecting her, was, that as he was not in any line of business at that time, his father, who was avarice itself, had determined to send him to Europe, and from thence to the East-Indies in quest of a fortune. ‘It is always a long voyage, said he to me one day, and should it be protracted beyond the common time, then, if I had told Louisa how I loved; had I obtained her approbation; would she not accuse me of inconstancy, would she not upbraid me as ungenerous, and say, that I had engaged her in vows which I did not regard, and thus prevented her accepting some one more worthy. No, I will not offer to her inexperienced youth those protestations, which her maturer years may reject; but, I will await with patience that period when I can tender her my hand and fortune together. Upon his arrival from this place, his father had changed his mind, and was now anxious for his going to the southward, as his agent—but a better reason was, that a rich young Carolinian heiress who had become enamoured of Julius, had written to his father and sister, intreating them to make use of every art and argument to induce him to marry her, and in case of their succeeding, she offered to settle three thousand dollars per annum upon the daughter; it was for this that the mercenary girl intercepted and detained his letters; letters which contained all that your young unfortunate child wished to know; the fatal picture was inclosed in one of them.

“No sooner had the young man left me, than I gave myself up to the most obstinate melancholy, and forgetting the injunctions of my departed treasure, resolved to cherish sorrow,

till my spirit shrinking from the burden should seek another residence. I therefore shut myself in my apartment, and never quitted it, excepting when I went to the burial place, where indeed my visits were frequent.

“In my way thither, I had often met with an Indian, habited as a traveller; his brow was furrowed and his head bald, yet such a benign serenity overspread his countenance, that it seemed as though *age* had made his approaches upon the tufted path of unbroken quiet; he always eyed me with complacency, but never accosted me; doubtless the severity of my aspect forbad him.

[17. May 18, 1796]

“AT length, however, as I was returning once rather late from my usual walk, he overtook me, and saluted me in the Cayuga language¹⁶: ‘Brother,’ said he, ‘can thy herd afford a draught of milk, or thy field an ear of maize to a hungry traveller?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘and my habitation shall shelter thee from the damp winds, and the dews of the evening.’ ‘Thou art kind,’ returned he, ‘yet I would not intrude upon thy hospitality, were I not in want; but early this morning, as I was crossing the creek that runs at the foot of yonder green mountain, the angry stream, in its strength, tore from my belt the calabash¹⁷ that held my little portion of hommony,¹⁸ and carried it away.’ ‘Thou goest often to that mountain,’ said I, ‘doubtless, thou goest thither to

pay homage to the new moon.’ ‘Not so,’ answered he, ‘but I go thither to pay homage to the Great Spirit, who, when he blots one moon from the face of Heaven, illumines another to cheer the narrow path of him, who journeys solitary by night.’

“When we arrived at the house, supper was ready, and, according to the Indian custom, we ate our meal in silence. When we had finished, he commenced the conversation: ‘In my journeys along this way,’ said he, ‘I have frequently seen thee near an inclosure; I have sometimes seen thee in it weeping upon the flat stones, and speaking to some one in the voice of distress. Tell me, I pray thee, with whom thou conversest, and why thou art so sad.’ With a shower of tears, I gave him a brief account of my sorrows. ‘It is thy wife and child who lie there,’ said he, pausing a little, ‘it is to them thou bewailest thyself; they hear thee; they are pleased with thy lamentations; they answer thee.’ ‘Ah, no!’ sobbed I, ‘they that are shut up in the grave, are deaf and insensible.’ ‘Why then,’ asked he, in a firm tone, ‘dost thou waste thy days in complaints that avail thee not? Behold thou hast seen but few winters, and the locks of thy head are white as the snows that drift upon the top of the Alleghanies, and thy life is fleeing from anguish, as the pale leaves of the wild rose from the northeastern storm.’ ‘Alas!’ demanded I, ‘how can I cease to weep; I have none to comfort me; I am quite alone.’ ‘So am I,’ said he, ‘yet thou seest me comforted; but listen, and learn instruction from a red man of the wild. Like thee, I have known prosperous days, but the hand of *misfortune*, which none may arrest, hath borne hard upon me, and thou now beholdest me old and desolate. I have a good and wise wife, and strong and beautiful children. My fields of maize and my plats of beans, reached farther than my sight could stretch. My woods abounded

¹⁶ *Cayuga*: the Cayugas were one of the Five Nations of Iroquois indigenous to what is now known as the Finger Lake region of upstate New York.

¹⁷ *Calabash*: a container made out of a hollowed out gourd.

¹⁸ *Hommony*: a food staple made from dried corn kernels.

with the yellow plumb, the crimson raspberry, the blood-red strawberry, and the purple grape; while the fat bear, and the nimble deer rolled among the scented mandrakes; my brooks were full of fish, and on their banks wild fowl brooded in flocks—my neighbors envied my plenty, and in the pride of my heart I said, ‘my glory is great, I am exalted above my tribe;’ but I forgot to be grateful to the hand that had raised me, and my glory was of short duration: the fountains of the sky ceased to flow, and my fields were parched up: the grain dried upon the stalk, and the leaves became as dust: the angel of disease arose from a pool, whose *sweet* waters had been stolen by the fierce rays of the thirsty sun: he passed by my wigwam, and two of my children died.—Accompanied by my oldest boy Tolala, I put my canoe upon the lake to get some fish for my afflicted family, and with a bitter tongue I bemoaned myself: the spirit of the flood heard my murmurs—he called together his strongest winds: the boat was upset far from the shore, and Tolala perished—while the noisy waves threw me against a high barren rock; I climbed its steep side, and from the top heard the war whoop of a triumphant enemy, and saw my wigwam in a blaze.—Mad with grief and rage I plunged again into the water and swam to the land: I rushed to the ruins of my dwelling, and there of all my boasted treasures, only beheld the scalped and tomahawked carcasses of my wife and two last little ones.

[18. May 25, 1796]

‘AS the wounded wolf, who cannot fly, snaps his teeth, and bites his own flesh—so did I—I tore the hair from my scalp, and gnawed the nails from my hands, and yelled till I had no

voice left. I looked toward the forest, and wished myself a thunder storm, that I might wrench its strong trees from the earth and blast its beauty. The sky blackened, the crooked lightning shone among the bursting clouds—and the winds howled over the lake.—I clambered to the top of the highest rocks, and called to the heavy rains to beat me off.—The tempest passed—and the last voice of the thunder groaned among the mountains.—I ran into the woods, ‘I will let the wild beasts devour me,’ said I; but I terrified them with my fierceness, and even the *hungry* bear and the blood drinking *panther* fled affrighted from my presence; I rushed like a whirlwind from place to place, and before one moon had faded away, I had drunk of the waters of the *Niagara*, and been drenched in the mists that hover over the *Cohoes*.—I had eaten herbs upon the blue mountains of *Tokanoe*, and had slept upon the *Alleghanian* ridges;—yet no peace came to my heart:—When I waked I was full of wrath, and when I slept I was overwhelmed with terror.—At length one evening, weary with wandering, I reached the borders of lake *Ontario*—the moon rose broad and clear upon the water, and the winds that were going to their caves of rest, blew gently upon the little waves.—I looked around me—there was no sound among the trees, nor any cloud in the sky; a few bright stars were sprinkled on it.²⁰ ‘All is composed,’ said I, ‘all is tranquil that surrounds me, I alone am disquieted and distressed;’ and for the first time since the beginning of my troubles, the fountain of my tears was

²⁰ Ludono here describes sites around New York State, from Cohoes Falls in what is now Albany County, Lake Ontario on the state’s northern border, and Niagara Falls at its western border. Late 18C maps often showed the Alleghenies ending near New York’s southern border. *Tokanoe* may refer to the Poconos.

opened, and I wept freely.—I sat down upon the soft green bank, a sweet sleep came upon me, and the Spirit of the Lake stood before me, ‘Ludono,’ said he, ‘make an end of complaining—thou hast no cause to murmur at what hath befallen thee.—Thou wast froward²¹, and thou hast been corrected; let reproof make thee wise. When thou wishedst for opulence, it floated around thee like the spray round the grey rocks of my lake, but thou wert ungrateful—Thou didst good to none but thyself—and lo! adversity is become thy companion.—When thou returnedst from hunting, thou calledst to thy meal him whose fat salmon and tender venison corrupted for the want of being used, and thou didst forget the poor who had no food, and the hungry stranger who had none to comfort him.—Thou gavest to him who had no need of thy gifts, and boughtest of him to whom thou shouldst have given.—Thou wert healthy, and didst not remember the sick: But when, in thine activity thou didst chase the swift buffaloe, thy heedless foot crushed the good herb that should have healed thy neighbour.

“It was for this that thou wast bereaved of the produce of thy land,—It was to teach thee to feel for others:—but thou hardenedst thyself, beneath the stroke—more followed, and thy proud breast rose against them. Hadst thou been humbled by the first, a second had not succeeded.—

“But arise even now and endeavor to answer the purpose for which thou wast born. Go, build thee a wigwam, and again cultivate thy fields.—When thou seest the fainting traveller pass by, call him in, and let him partake of thy bounty; and when thou hearest the groans of the afflicted, haste to his dwelling, and

anoint his wounds;—thus shall thy tribe bless thee, and Comfort take up her residence with thee.”

“When the red morning arose, I remembered the vision; and, hasting to my former possessions, obeyed the commands I had received.—Many seasons have passed since then, and I have learned from my own experience, that the man of gratitude, fortitude, and usefulness, is the only happy man.”

“The good Indian closed his little tale, and the next day departed early, after promising to stay a night with me whenever he went to or returned from the mountain.—At every visit he related to me some new observations which he had made on piety and the life of man.—When I was gloomy, he would divert me from the subject on which I mused; and when my spirits were ruffled, he would soothe them with calm reasoning.—A strict and tender friendship subsisted between us for many years, during which I felt all the composure that a situation like mine could admit of.—One morning as he was departing, he said, taking me affectionately by the hands, ‘Brother, I believe I shall return to thee no more.—My spirits waste, and my steps are slow and uncertain.—I *may possibly* return at the shining of the next moon; but if I do not, thou mayest believe that I am sitting²² in the dust.’—He came not again, and in him I have lost all that I considered as valuable upon earth—I miss his counsels greatly, and having none to converse with, I again relapse into my former sorrows:—and did I know where his ashes rest, old and feeble as I am, I would seek the peaceful spot—not to disturb his quiet

²¹ *Froward*: contrary

²² Almost all the Indians bury their dead in that posture. [Note in the original text.]

repose with moanings, but to heap a few stones upon his grave, and do homage to his memory.”

The regret which had swelled in the bosom of St. Herbert, as he finished his narrative, found a passage from his eyes, and he again wept audibly—Albudor accompanied him with his tears, which the old man at length perceiving, “It is enough, my son,” said he, “I respect your sensibility, but I fear I have already oppressed it too much.—By the time-piece I perceive the night wears away fast, embrace then the few hours of rest that remain;” and with these words he conducted him to his chamber.

[19. Jun 1, 1796]

BRIGHT rose the dawn on the cottage of St. Herbert, and loud were the morn'g chaunts of the robin that was perched upon the roof, when Albudor roused from his slumbers by the early songster, arose, and being informed that his host would not quit his chamber for some hours to come, he left the hamlet and strolled along the forest. “Oh too precipitate Caroline,” sighed he, “after so painful, so long a separation; when my hopes were all glowing, when I expected each moment to press thee to my heart, then to find thee flown, how did it rack my bosom, and how tasteless are the pleasures of life without thee;”—As thus he wandered disconsolate, his eye glanced along a broad path high overshadowed with pines. The dews yet rested upon their branches, and the pale wild flowers that were scattered among the under wood, nodded upon their slender stems, diffusing around delicate sweets—a tender impulse bade him enter upon the path, and following it for some little distance, it led him to a circular lawn, at whose far edge stood a small building of rude structure,

and half concealed by the thick foliage of two ancient oaks;—a pale fence inclosed the little green before the door, at one end of which a narrow rill prattled along, and on its glassy breast two white ducks were sporting, while a third cropt the purple blossoms from the margin.—He approached the mansion in silence, fearing to disturb its peaceful tenants, but as he crossed the runnel, the door was opened, and an aged female appeared. Albudor, immediately was going to apologize for his early intrusion, but she prevented him: “you are a stranger,” said she smiling, “and as such have a claim upon me, come in then and permit me to discharge it.” He did not hesitate to accept the invitation, and she, leading him into a back room, desired him to amuse himself with some books which were lying on a table, for a few moments; “my daughter,” said she “is gone to gather flowers to adorn the hearth, her stay will not be long, and as the conversation of an old lady can at any time be dispensed with by a young gentleman, I will make no apology for attending to my family affairs for a little while.”—Albudor, however, could not read, the neatness and simplicity with which the apartment was furnished, and the cheerfulness and engaging address of his venerable hostess, perplexed him. “What means this,” said he, “have I found another recluse? no, that cannot be, St. Herbert is wrapt up in woe, and every thing around him bespeaks the anguish of his soul; but cheerfulness seems to have taken up her residence here, and all I see, answers to her voice; why then should *she*, evidently born in a higher sphere, thus immure herself in a desert.’ With these words he seated himself by a window, and looking out, perceived a girl bearing flowers, lightly stepping across the meadow in the rear of the house. She was dressed in a loose blue silk robe, which was gathered about the waist in a

white sash; her hair fell careless upon her shoulders, and a small straw bonnet shaded her face from the sun, which just then shone above the east horizon. At this new sight, the perplexed conjectures of Albudor redoubled, and he was falling into a profound muse, when he heard her voice in the entry; it struck upon his heart like lightning—he trembled, his breath stopped, an idea flashed through his mind, and he sprang up to assure himself of its reality; when she entered—he looked—but stopped not to gaze—for wild with extacy, he clasped her in his arms, and feebly articulated “it is—it is my own Caroline.”

[20. Jun 15, 1796]

SHE knew him instantly, and dropping her face upon his shoulder, gave way to the emotions of her heart in a copious gush of tears, without being capable of uttering a single syllable. He kissed away the drops as they fell, and for some minutes stood silent; then leading her to a seat, placed himself at her side. “Ah Albudor,” sobbed she at length, “did you know what I have suffered during your absence, your bosom would bleed for me; for it is only upon your account that I have suffered—yes, rather than break the vows I had made you, I preferred leaving my home, my parents, and all that I held precious.” “And wherefore did you flee my angel Caroline?” asked he, “because,” returned she “my father pressed me to marry one whom he called a man of his choice, and upon my refusing to see or speak to him, my parent said he would be obeyed, and that whether I consented or not, my nuptials should be celebrated that night; so saying, he quitted my chamber, and locked the door after him, when I, taking advantage of the gloominess of the evening, escaped by a

ladder that was placed against a lamp-post near my window.” “And did you enquire the name of him who was offered you, my love?” said he. “No” answered Caroline, “I shut my ears when my father would have mentioned it.” “Cruel girl” said he, “how have you disturbed your own tranquility and mine; how have you retarded our felicity;—I was the man he meant.” “*You*, my Albudor?—*you*?” “yes, my love; our parents in our infant years had destined us for each other, but as youth is apt to be froward, they were apprehensive that if their intentions were made known, we might consider ourselves as under constraint, and that instead of loving, we should hate one another;—they therefore kept their wishes secret, and with transport beheld our growing affection, only waiting, like us, till I should be established in business, for the completion of their and our mutual desires.—The moment that the vessel in which I returned from Holland came within the Hook,²³ I wrote to my father, acquainting him with my arrival, and inclosed a note for you; he went instantly to your father’s, who being willing to indulge a merry humour, spoke to you in the manner that alarmed you so much:—but come, my Caroline, he has already wept enough, hasten with me to dry up his tears, and to bind the broken heart of your afflicted mother.” “And can it be possible,” exclaimed she, “does our love indeed meet with their approbation?—Yes, I will hasten with you immediately, and on my knees ask them forgiveness for the anguish I have caused

²³ *The Hook*: This is likely Sandy Hook (New Jersey), which was commonly imagined as the southernmost land marker of New York harbor. This would have been an area where ships took on harbor pilots to guide them into port; it may have also served as a place where sailors and ship officers transferred messages to be carried into the city by smaller boats as they awaited clearance in the harbor’s quarantine ground (which, in this period, was near Staten Island).

them to feel;—yet satisfy me in one particular—who informed you of the place of my retirement?” “An Indian,” answered Albudor, “who saw your picture in my bosom, told me where resided the fair original.” At this moment the mistress of the house entered with the tea-board—she knew Caroline’s story, and needed only see the pair, to know that the lover was present.

[21. Jun 22, 1796]

HAVING received her congratulations upon their happy rencontre, he rose to take leave, “And why will you leave us so soon,” demanded the elder lady.—“My host will expect me,” answered he, “the good old St. Herbert.”—“St. Herbert!” reiterated she, in a tone of surprise, “St. Herbert, where does he live?—who is he; “He is your neighbour, madam;” “An old man, did you say?” “I did.” “How long has he resided here?” “For very many years.” Oh!” exclaimed she, bursting into tears, “lead me to him, for it must be my brother.”

However, at the instance of Albudor, who apprehended that her sudden and unexpected appearance might operate too powerfully upon the sorrow-worn hermit, she dispatched a note to him by one of her servants, and before the man had well delivered it, her impatience had led her to the door of St. Herbert’s cot:—its owner stood ready to receive her—and with many drops of renewed affection did they bedew each other’s faded cheek.

When they had obtained a degree of composure, Albudor, who with his Caroline had followed St. Herbert’s sister, enquired how long she had dwelt in the vicinity of her brother: “For three years,” replied she, “and yet until this morning have

never had an idea of his being here; however that is not to be wondered at, for as it was my intention to withdraw from the world entirely, I made no enquiries concerning it; and my two aged domestics, possessing even more taciturnity than myself, it cannot be expected that they were either inquisitive or communicative.”—St. Herbert being willing to know by what means she had been induced to seclude herself from society, she satisfied his curiosity thus: “Shortly after your unexpected flight from the city, a young French merchant from Montreal became acquainted with me, and perceiving my attachment to him, asked permission of my father to marry me, who thinking that it was an advantageous offer, consented without hesitation, but the rest of the family opposed it so violently, that my father with tears in his eyes, intreated us to be united privately, and then to set out for Canada without delay; as my brothers had vowed to assassinate Dugazon if I persisted in my attachment,—he being in point of politics and religion their declared enemy.—We obeyed, and in the silence of midnight I uttered my vows to Dugazon before heaven, then having received upon my knees the whispered blessing of my weeping parent, I bade him an everlasting adieu.—We arrived at Montreal after a tedious journey, and for several years I scarce knew what anxiety was, save in the absence of my adored partner; but death, the great leveller of man’s proudest schemes of felicity, laid my idol in the dust, and withered by one stroke my every blooming joy;—there was now nothing upon earth that was worth my wishes, and desirous of being excluded from cares which were no longer pleasing, I retired to the monastery where my husband was interred.—I here indulged myself in weeping over his relics and mingling my petitions with my tears; my mind by insensible degrees, became calmer, and I

mourned as one of those who did not mourn without hope. For eight years I resided there, when the building taking fire, it was burnt down to the ground, and as the rebuilding of it was protracted for some time, I grew tired of living among strangers; so, collecting what money I had left, I put the major part out at a moderate interest, and with the residue purchased the spot I now occupy from a young man, who was as much disgusted with solitude as I was charmed with it. Once have I quit my mansion since then in order to transact some urgent business at New-York, and upon my return homeward I met with my eloping Caroline, who being young and a stranger, I invited her to accompany me, intending to have kept her with me, till we could have gained some intelligence respecting this young gentleman; but surely, my brother, since we have so happily met, we will not stay here to renew our past sorrows, let us return to our native city, and close our lives in peace, where they so prosperously began.” “No, Julia,” sighed St. Herbert, “since I last saw you, I have had a wife, a daughter, and a friend, but they were mortal, and the cold fetters of the grave now encircle them; when I was deprived of the last, I forsook the tenement where I had seen and had been blessed with them all; I wedded myself to this, and vowed never to forsake it; I will not cancel my vow. Here have I had daily converse with my griefs, and till the wand of an eternal sleep shall press heavy on my lids, I will not admit of a thought of felicity—no, not on this side of the grave.” Finding that all endeavours to persuade him to a removal were useless, Albudor and Caroline agreed upon setting out for the city the next day. Julia determined upon staying with St. Herbert, promising them, however, that should she survive him, she would come and take up her residence with them for the rest of her life.

The remaining part of the day was spent in sober cheerfulness, but toward its close, St. Herbert called Albudor to him, “My son,” said he, “I believe I am drawing near to the valley of death, my exertions last night to collect the incidents of my life, were too great for a debilitated frame like mine to support; do you however profit by them; remember the instructions that have been given me; and when you find that my spirit is gone, lay my corse by the side of my Louisa; my domestics will shew you where my papers are, go now and call my family.”—They came, he saluted them with affection, and committing his spirit to the all sufficient Power who framed it, expired in the united arms of Julia and Albudor.

After the usual time, they placed him by the side of his consort, and upon perusing his papers, found that he had bequeathed his property there to the old mulatto and his daughter, beside a considerable sum of money; and the residue to be distributed among the necessitous of any place whatever. Julia presented her little farm to her domestics, and proceeded to the metropolis with Albudor and Caroline, who were united in presence of their rejoicing friends and relatives, and for a length of time enjoyed the blessings resulting from prosperity and sincere affection; and when they sunk in the vale of years, a numerous offspring arose before them, to cherish their declining days and imitate their virtues.²⁴

²⁴ The final installment concludes with the signature “ANNA” and the dateline “NEW-YORK, *June* 17, 1796.”