

## SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENTS FROM EARLY US PUBLICATIONS, LATE 18C TO EARLY 19C

The regular fare of many 18C and 19C US readers was the newspaper and the periodical, which were the source of news but also of much of what we think of today as “literature,” the fiction, poetry, or essays popular at the time. Because so many readers encountered literary works through the newspaper or magazine format, they often read works in serial installments over a long period of time, excerpts rather than complete works, or short fragments rather than longer works. Reproduced below are fragments that appeared in US periodicals and newspapers between the 1780s and the 1810s. We may look at such short works today and think of them as page fillers, thrown in between the longer works in a magazine. But the fragment was a recognized and respected staple of late 18C and early 19C publication. Between 1789 and 1796, the popular *Massachusetts Magazine*, for example, published no less than 38 short pieces titled with the label “fragment,” not to mention many other short works that might be considered fragments. *The New-York Magazine, or Literary Repository* shows similar numbers during its 1790-97 run, with 27 short pieces using the label “fragment.” Elizabeth Wanning Harries, in *The Unfinished Manner: Essays on the Fragment in the Later Eighteenth Century* (1994), discusses the many different types or functions of fragments that appear in 18C writing. Fragments might sometimes present portions of an incomplete argument or artwork, inviting readers to imagine a completed version. Fragments might sometimes

create an effect of age or “distress,” like a torn manuscript sheet or a page from a lost book, making readers wonder about authenticity and origin. Fragments might also depict brief episodes of emotional intensity deliberately removed from longer narratives. All of these fragment types, in prose and in poetry, appear among the examples in *The New-York Magazine* and *The Massachusetts Magazine*.

Sentimental literature tended to favor the last of these fragment types: the intense, complex portrayal of an emotional scenario. In his amazingly popular *Tristram Shandy*, Laurence Sterne had included a vignette of one Maria, a young woman who had gone mad after being denied the right to marry her lover, and who now passes her time playing a pipe with a goat as her companion (vol 9, ch. 24, published 1767). So popular was the scene that, when Sterne was writing his fragmentary (and unfinished) best-seller, *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* (1768), he wrote a series of fragments in which the narrator stops to see Maria (her goat now replaced by a dog). The Maria scene became a favorite subject for illustrators, and as the fragments below indicate, scenes focused on the emotional state of a young Maria became something of a trope. Many other popular longer works of sentimental writing—like Henry Mackenzie’s *The Man of Feeling* (1771), Louis-Sébastien Mercier’s *Tableau de Paris* (1781-88), Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur’s *Letters from an American Farmer* (1782), or Susanna Rowson’s *The Inquisitor* (1788, US ed. 1794)—were also written in a fragmentary style conducive to such excerpting, suggesting some affinities and continuities between long and short literary forms. Reading the short sentimental fragments collected here provide some insights into how sentimental writing was read, enjoyed, shared, imitated, and distributed.

The nineteen sentimental fragments reproduced here (with a concluding twentieth parodic fragment) bring together many of the recurring tropes of the movement: the interest in

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<sup>1</sup> Prepared by Duncan Faherty (Queens College and the CUNY Graduate Center) and Ed White (Tulane University)

music, in animals, in cash transactions; familiar settings like prisons, cottages, and seaside cliffs; stock characters like the paternal figure, the wounded soldier, or the bird; and familiar linguistic expressions. While the fragments can initially seem repetitious, reading them alongside one another illuminates how different writers and editors could fine tune the same materials for different effects, sometimes making a sentimental scene into a clear lesson, at other times making it into an obscure problem.

Meanwhile, the demands of periodical and newspaper publishing meant that such fragments had long lives through frequent reprinting. Very few fragments appeared just once. Many moved across the Atlantic from British to American publications, though some may have moved in the other direction (see #6 below). Many circulated during the same year, but it was also common for a fragment to fall out of circulation and then reappear after several years or even after more than a decade. It was also common that fragments would be slightly reworked--perhaps character or place names would be changed, or moral commentary revised to make the message seem more morally appropriate. For the nineteen sentimental fragments reproduced below (with #20 as a piece of satire), we have provided incomplete publication histories. We have tried to identify an earliest printing and US printings prior to 1820 (many of the fragments were published on into the 19C).

These fragments undoubtedly circulated much beyond our bibliographies, and if you find additional publication locations, we will include your information in future postings of these fragments. If you find other sentimental fragments that you think would make good additions, please let us know as well.

**Suggestions for further reading on sentimentality and periodical literature.** While we have not located any criticism focused specifically on any of the various fragments assembled here, a great deal of scholarly attention has been afforded to the

aesthetic, political, social, and cultural dimensions of the sentimental in the early United States. In her formative book *Sensational Designs*, Jane Tompkins challenged what was then a relatively small canon of early American literature by focusing on the ideological complexity of sensational and sentimental texts; see Tompkins, *Sensational Designs: The Cultural Work of American Fiction 1790–1860* (Oxford University Press, 1986). The essays comprising Shirley Samuel's path-breaking collection *The Culture of Sentiment* further complicated the field's understanding of sentimentalism by underscoring how it was so central to nineteenth-century American cultural conceptions of race and gender; see Samuels, ed. *The Culture of Sentiment: Race, Gender, and Sentimentality in Nineteenth-Century America* (Oxford University Press, 1992). In seeking to map the tensions over racial purity which often infuse sentimental cultural production, Nancy Armstrong argues that cultural tropes about sentimentalism were often routed through figures of imperiled daughters whose futurity was called into question by their circulation or captivity; see, Armstrong, "Why Daughters Die: The Racial Logic of American Sentimentalism," *The Yale Journal of Criticism* 7:2 (1994), 1-24. Elizabeth Barnes contends that Thomas Jefferson's contention that "all men are created equal" is the quintessence of "American sentimental politics," in that the idea "epitomizes the power of sentimental representation—a power to reinvent others in one's own image;" see, Barnes, *States of Sympathy: Seduction and Democracy in the American Novel* (Columbia University Press, 1997), 1-2. By tracing how the sentimental was often linked to issues of captivity and mobility, Michelle Burnham moves to consider how a wide range of texts (captivity narratives, Anglo-American novels, and narratives of enslavement) all relied on sentiment to provoke "their readers into tears." As a result, Burnham's argues that "the sentimentalism of these texts," their "moving qualities," are "inextricably linked to the movements in and by the texts

themselves across various borders;” see, Burnham, *Captivity and Sentiment: Cultural Exchange in American Literature, 1682-1861* (University of New England Press, 1997), 3. Julia Stern argues that the early American novel “brilliantly animates” cultural reactions to the break from colonial control more vividly “than either public documents or private correspondence.” By attending to the possibilities of sentimental fiction, Stern suggests, we can better understand what would otherwise be the “imperceptible underside of republican culture in age of reason;” see Stern, *The Plight of Feeling: Sympathy and Dissent in the Early American Novel* (University of Chicago Press, 1997), 1-2. In his insightful study of the underlying tensions between republicanism and liberalism in the early Republic, Bruce Burgett argues that “the figure of ‘sentiment’” often became the structure of feeling by which “the dividing line between citizenship and subjection in the early Republic” was enacted and policed; see, Burgett, *Sentimental Bodies: Sex, Gender, and Citizenship in the Early Republic* (Princeton University Press, 1998), 20-21. In tracing the ways in which the public expression of feelings became central to eighteenth-century trans-Atlantic political cultures, Julie Ellison argues that “the literatures of sensibility and sentiment” from this era serve “as indices of the pain caused by political arrangements from which artists and intellectuals knowingly benefitted but at the same time could not control;” see, Ellison, *Cato's Tears and the Making of Anglo-American Emotion* (University of Chicago Press, 1999), 6-7. Central to the argument of Christopher Castiglia’s *Interior States* is the assertion “that the bodily interior—the space of a newly conceived and self-managed ‘consciousness’ and its unruly other, the unconscious realm of desire, appetite, and a rage,” effectively “became in the early United States a micro-

state” which was then often indexed and regulated in the pages of sentimental texts; see, Castiglia, *Interior States: Institutional Consciousness and the Inner Life of Democracy in the United States* (Duke University Press, 2008), 3.

For readers interested in learning more about early American periodicals, cultures of reprinting, seriality, and the trans-Atlantic circulation of Anglophone texts we recommend the following: Meredith McGill, *American Literature and the Culture of Reprinting, 1837-1853*, Jared Gardner, *The Rise and Fall of Early American Magazine Culture* (University of Illinois Press, 2012), Michael C. Cohen, *The Social Lives of Poems in Nineteenth-Century America* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2016), and the essays collected in *The Traffic in Poems: Nineteenth-Century Poetry and Transatlantic Exchange* (Rutgers University Press, 2008) edited by Meredith McGill. See also the Just Teach One edition of the 1786 *Columbia Magazine*, with an introduction by Jared Gardner. For those interested in exploring the complex interconnectedness of nineteenth century periodicals we highly recommend the deeply engaging Viral Texts Project: <http://viraltxts.org/>

# 1

[The following work seems to have first appeared in London's *The Town & Country Magazine; or, Universal Repository of Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment* in March, 1788 (anonymous, but signed "L. M. N."), but was reprinted in the US in *The Philadelphia Minerva* (May 27, 1797) and New York's *Weekly Museum* (April 8, 1797, the version reproduced below).]

## A SENTIMENTAL THOUGHT.

LINTON, a musician belonging to the orchestra of Covent-garden theatre, was murdered by street-robbers, who were afterwards discovered and executed.

A play was given for the benefit of his widow and children; and the day preceding the performance, the following appeared in one of the public prints:

"Theatre Royal Covent-Garden,  
"For the benefit of Mrs. Linton, &c.

"The widow," said Charity, whispering me in the ear, "must have your mite<sup>2</sup>; wait upon her with a guinea, and purchase a box ticket."

"You may have one for five shillings," observed Avarice, pulling me by the elbow.

My hand was in my pocket, and the guinea, which was between my finger and thumb, slipped out.

"Yes," said I, "she shall have my five shillings."

Justice stared me in the face—

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Justice, "what are you about?—five shillings! If you pay but five shillings for going into the theatre, then you get value received for your money."

"And shall I owe him no thanks," added Charity, laying her hand upon my heart, and leading me on the way to the widow's house.

Taking the knocker in my left hand, my whole frame trembled. Looking round, I saw Avarice turn the corner of the street, and I found all the money in my pocket grasped in my hand.—

"Is your mother at home, my dear?" said I, to a child who conducted me into a parlour.

"Yes," answered the infant, "but my father has not been at home for a great while;—that is his harpsichord, and that is his violin—he used to play on them for me."

"Shall I play you a tune, my boy?" said I.

"No, sir," answered the boy, "my mother will not let them be touched, for since my father went abroad, music makes her cry, and then we all cry."

I looked on the violin—it was unstrung.

I touched the harpsichord—it was out of tune.

Had the lyre of Orpheus<sup>3</sup> sounded in my ear, it would not have insinuated to my heart thrills of sensibility equal to what I felt.

It was the spirit in unison with the flesh.—

"I hear my mother on the stairs," said the boy.

I shook him by the hand.—"Give her this, my lad," said I, and left the house.

It rained. I called a coach—drove to a coffee house: but not having a farthing in my pocket, borrowed a shilling at the bar.—

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<sup>2</sup> *Mite*: small contribution

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<sup>3</sup> *Orpheus*: in Greek mythology, a poet-musician who could move even inanimate objects (or the dead) with his music

## 2

[This piece appeared in the *Weekly Museum* (Feb 27, 1796), *The Philadelphia Minerva* (Mar 12, 1796, the version reproduced below); and the *Boston Weekly Magazine; or, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Miscellany* on December 10, 1803.]

### RURAL HAPPINESS. A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

PHŒBUS was sinking, with his wearied coursers, into the bosom of the west, when I began my Sunday evening walk. I had not proceeded far down a rural lane adjoining my own estate, when I reached a small cottage. There is a weakness incident to human nature, that of boasting the little good we do—I have it—we all have it. This was a cottage which I had myself built; and placed in it a worthy family, whom I had rescued from undeserved oppression. I will endeavor to describe the place, and its inhabitants. The ivy and honeysuckle, as if endeared to each other, grew up together! and, in some degree, darkened the little window it contained. The door stood open. I entered, as usual, without ceremony, and sat down unobserved. In one corner hung a clock, which cried “Cuckoo!” to the departed hour: prints expressive of wonders from holy writ embellished the walls; a turn-up bedstead,<sup>4</sup> a few white chairs, a clean scoured dresser, with a range of pewter plates above, and brass pots and kettles beneath, constituted their stock of furniture.

The father, whose eyes, age and accumulated sorrow had dimmed, was, with the assistance of a pair of spectacles, reading

the lessons of the day. His hoary locks hung loosely over his forehead, and gave a venerable aspect to his demeanor; which may be felt, but far outsteps the power of language to express. The veneration with which he uttered every sentence, the adoration which he paid to the important truths they contained, and to their divine origin, I can never forget.

On the right-hand side of this pious instructor, sat his wife. Virtue had been her path through life, and piety her guide. Dressed in all the simple neatness of nature, and dividing her looks betwixt Heaven and her family, she formed a sweet picture of Attention. Near her sat two children, a boy and a girl; emblems of content, and of rosy blooming health. Their eyes were fixed on their father; and, if a tear overflowed his eye, in sweetest unison they wept.

When the old man had finished, he embraced them; and asked of Heaven a blessing for his family, and for him by whose bounty they enjoyed their present happiness. This was more than I could bear! A sigh burst from my bosom; he heard it, and again blessed me. I thanked him. I kissed his innocents; and wishing him and his wife good evening, put ten dollars into his hand, and returned home, with a heart happy in the bliss which it had prompted, and had felt.

J. W. H.

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<sup>4</sup> *Turn-up bedstead*: a bed that folds up to make space, associated with cramped living spaces.

### 3

[This fragment seems to have first appeared in the London *Lady's Magazine* column titled "The Budget" in 1783 (column no. 14 in the Supplement for 1783). It was republished in *The Massachusetts Magazine* in November of 1791—reproduced here—and in Frederick Town, Maryland's *The Key* in February of 1798.]

#### A SENTIMENTAL DIALOGUE.

"I AM unfortunate, truly unfortunate!" said the unhappy Amelia, after discovering Strephon's perfidy.

"Be content, my dear girl!" interrupted the worthy and experienced Ursula—"misfortunes are never messengers without an errand—they either come to correct past errors, reform the present, or prevent the future."

*Amelia.* But deserted as I am, Madam, by all my friends, what course can I pursue? The man to whom I have sacrificed my honour, has left me a prey to scandal and reproach.

*Ursula.* We must, my dear Amelia, make our own minds the seat of content—there is no state of life without its miseries! those that have money, live in fear—those who want it pine in distress. If married, you are troubled with suspicion; if single, you languish in solitude. Children occasion toil; and a childless life is a state of destitution. The time of youth is a time of folly; and grey hairs are loaded with infirmities.

*Amelia.* Had I been blest in Strephon's sincerity; had he not deceived me, I could have borne the common fatalities of life with perfect resignation. His rank and fortune placed him above want; and our distresses, if any we had, must have arose from our own imprudences.

*Ursula.* Let me, Amelia, tell you, that though want is a misery, abundance is a trouble; honour a burden, and advancement dangerous. Competency is happiness; honour and riches are the two wheels upon which the whole world is moved; these are the two springs of our discontent. We should not desire great riches, but such as we may get justly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

*Amelia.* But this, my dear Ursula, is foreign to my subject—the duplicity of Strephon merits my severe resentment; and yet I probably, in exposing him, may betray myself.—Yet, Ursula, revenge is sweet.

*Ursula.* Let me, Amelia, advise you, and all your sex, to meet with patience the injuries with which men wound you; hasty words rattle the wound, resignation dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion, believe me, my dear girl, will take away the scar.

*Amelia.* Farewel; your admonitions have effected what my own ideas under the ruffle of passion never could.

May they have a similar operation on the minds of those to whom they are submitted.

### 4

[This piece appeared in *The Columbian Magazine* in August 1787—our version here—and was reprinted in *The Lady's Weekly Miscellany* in June of 1808.]

*The Prisoner; a Sentimental Morsel founded on a Fact; still existing in the Gaol of Philadelphia.*

"—YES, Sir, I have tried that expedient likewise: but alas! friendship is a summer plant, that flourishes only in the warmth of profession, and charity has dwindled into mere ostentation,

that calls for a conspicuous record of every act. It is well, however—very well—for before I leave the world, it will be some consolation to have known how little it is worth. I was told this morning, that the only support which has been administered to my necessities was withdrawn, and that this was the last day that I could hope for food, even from the compassion of the gaoler. Behold that wretch: it is said that he is sent hither, after a life spent in villainy, for the crime of murder—but you see the benevolent laws of the country have provided him wherewithal to satisfy the calls of nature—nay, to make him comfortable in his chains. Would you believe it? I saw an honest man whom he had once plundered—a prisoner for debt—ask him for a morsel of his allowance, and he refused it with a curse! It is strange—for why should the state nourish and protect the violators of its institutions (who are in that respect debtors to the public) and yet give up the necessitous violator of a private contract—without stipulating some price at which his enraged creditor may gratify his revenge!—I am sick at heart, Sir—my poor Amelia, and her infants hasten this way—they will seek to comfort me—but they encrease my anguish and despair.”

Think well, ye creditors! the abuse of power is base: though tolerated *here*, how will it be *hereafter*?

## 5

[This fragment may have originated in *The Town and Country Magazine* in February, 1787. It reappeared in *The Massachusetts Magazine* in August of 1791 (we reproduce that version) and in *The New-York Magazine*

The POOR OLD MAN.—A FRAGMENT.

I AM dark, said the old man, and have lost the only blessing heaven had left me; she lied buried in this grave, and every hour of my future life will waft a prayer to the supreme director, to hasten the period of my last repose beneath the same sod. And have your days been always wretched, said I; and have your eyes never beheld the light of the sun?—Alas, sir, said he, my early days were happy, and my mature days were not embittered by any poignant sorrow; it is true, I rose up early and sat up late, but it was to give bread and comfort to a numerous family, to whom I had hoped to leave comfortable portions, and an honourable name.—But it pleased heaven to take from me five out of seven children to itself, in the course of two years. My wife, who was the best of women, sunk beneath the misfortune; she drooped like a flower, and never held up her head again, till she died. I became almost broken hearted, and soon after lost my sight.—My son, to whose care I entrusted the savings of my industrious years, with a degree of insensibility no human mind could conceive, left me not only to my former sorrows, but, taking my little treasure with him, added poverty and want to the number of them. Heaven, however, after making me the victim of its wrath, left me one consolation: My poor tender and affectionate Laura, my dutiful child, was permitted yet a while to remain by my side: Her youth and innocence, and my age and infirmity, have won the tender pity of all who knew us, and raised us friends among those who knew us not before the days of our sorrow. The quiver of fortune was not yet exhausted against me, one fatal arrow was left!—we sat on a sunny bank together, and while I revolved in silence, the dark passages through which I had been ordained to pass—Laura slept; the burning rays of noon lighted up a fever in her veins; in a few days she died, and left me more than disconsolate—I wept once again—but now trust that I shall weep no more: Here I am led every day to sit an hour upon Laura’s grave—upon her grave which will soon be mine—alas; again I

feel the tears upon my cheek—when, gracious heaven! when will the fountains be dried up forever?

6

[This fragment appeared in the July 1791 *Massachusetts Magazine*—our version below--and reappears in the London *Town and Country* of June, 1792.]

MARIA—A FRAGMENT.

WHY is my existence prolonged, said Maria, to add wretchedness to misery? O father of mercies, take from me a life, which should it please thee to continue, might, perhaps, blacken the sacred page of record, in thy kingdom, by the horrid deed of suicide.—Overwhelmed with distress, my already emaciated frame, can poorly endure, these trying afflictions and excruciating sorrows—Ah! my dear, my lost Henry, perhaps even the rights of a decent interment were denied thee. No fond parent, to see thy sad remains faithfully deposited; no affectionate sister, no kind brother, no tender friend, no, not even thy *Maria*, was there to drop a tear upon thy grave, or to mourn thy early death.—In a distant clime, in the arms of strangers, and in the bloom of youth, death clipt the thread of life—and even that small satisfaction, of wetting his ashes with my tears, is denied.—In this little grove, I will ever mourn his loss—this earth shall be my bed, this rock my pillow, and the canopy of heaven, shall alone shelter me from the inclemencies of the weather, and guard me from every impending danger.

Ah! my Henry! Soon will I meet thy spirit in the regions of Heaven; for the world which Henry has left, Maria must leave also.—He loved me—yes, with the fondest, the softest affection, he loved me; and his spirit will not find that perfect happiness in

heaven, which is promised the virtuous on earth, till his Maria joins him, to participate in his felicity.

A robin, who had for several preceding summers, built her nest, and reared her young, upon a tree by Maria's window, now flew to her, and perched upon a shrub by her side.—And hast thou come, thou little flutterer, said she, to mourn with me the loss of thy protector, and my friend—Then dear little faithful bird, thou shalt be my companion, shalt sooth my sorrows, shalt hear me enumerate thy master's virtues, and shalt proclaim thy respect and veneration for his name, by a cheerful carol. He, guarded thy young from the hand of the destroyer—he, checked the pruning chisel, lest it should disturb thy repose, and with his own hand, furnished thee with materials, for building thy nest. Pour out thy thanks, with Maria, for his goodness, and mourn with her, his death.—But a little while, my robin, shall I sustain his loss—this heart, so cruelly lacerated by affliction and sorrow, must soon burst in sunder.—She pressed the robin to her bosom—she looked up to heaven, then laid her head upon the earth—and expired. \* \* \* \* \*

7

[This fragment appeared in the *American Museum, or Universal Magazine* for August, 1790—our version--and reappeared in *The Time Piece; and Literary Companion* (March 9, 1798) and Newark's *Rural Magazine* (February, 1799).]

MARIA,  
A FRAGMENT;  
FOUNDED ON FACT.

MISERY, distress, and remorse, were pictured in her countenance, in such striking colours, as would have made a

Herod<sup>5</sup> sympathize with her. She could not shed a tear—that would have eased her rending heart. “O virtue!” sighed she out, while every feature bore irresistible evidence of her approaching dissolution—the finger of death was visibly on her—“how unhappily have I swerved from thy paths! but—divine Father!—to thee it is known—that a misplaced confidence—not the power of vice—has been the cause of my ruin—and blasted the fairest prospects that ever opened upon any of my sex!—Deluded girl! Cruel, perfidious Polydore! May heaven forgive you—as with my last breath I do. May you repent, and enjoy happiness—that happiness which you have robbed me of!—But who could have suspected that villainy possessed the bosom of one, whose every look, whose every action appeared the offspring of the purest virtue—of the most tender sensibility? May every innocent, unsuspecting girl take warning by my fate! May she shun the approaches of temptation! May she have it impressed on her mind, that “*she who hesitates is lost*”—and that security is only to be found in flying from contest!.....Alas! alas! little did I....little did my fond parents imagine this...would be....my tragical end—O heavens! forgive, if possible....this one....this irreparable error....let the sincere....contrition....of my soul....atone for my crime—”.....More she would have said—but she sunk in death. At this moment, Polydore arrived. When he beheld her ghastly form, anguish and horror seized his guilty soul—the perfidy and villainy of his conduct stared him in the face—He knelt down by the side of the angel whom he had corrupted and destroyed. He kissed her wan cheek—he sighed—he raved—he wept bitterly,—“Dear maid” said he, “thou art gone—I have infamously robbed you of peace—of happiness—of virtue—and even of life itself—but thus shall I expiate my guilt.” He then seized a sword, and

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<sup>5</sup> *Herod*: a reference to Herod the Great, who in the Christian New Testament orders the killing of male children in the Bethlehem area (see Matthew 2:16).

plunging it into his breast, fell down by her side—and groaned out his soul in agonies of horror and despair,

*Philadelphia, Aug. 6, 1790.*

## 8

[This widely reprinted fragment may have appeared first in London’s *Town and Country Magazine* in January, 1788, before appearing in *The American Museum, or Universal Magazine* (April, 1790), *The Massachusetts Magazine* (February, 1791), *The Bee, or Literary Weekly Intelligencer* (Edinburgh, April 18, 1792), the *New-York Magazine, or Literary Repository* (June, 1794), the *Boston Weekly Magazine* (April 21, 1804), the *Lady’s Weekly Miscellany* (New York, April 29, 1809), the *New-York Weekly Museum* (Oct 28, 1815), *The Intellectual Regale; or, Ladies’ Tea Tray* (Philadelphia, November 4, 1815), and Boston’s *The Weekly Monitor* (August 23, 1817). We reproduce *The American Museum* version here.]

### SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

—“THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impearls the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower: and, though it has since lost its vermilion, it still retains a partial similitude; for the tear is on it. But, alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrow; and the crystal, which stole forth in the morning from my eyelids, holds its place at the midnight hour.”

“And is love,” said I, “the canker-worm that has preyed on thy beauty?—Does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear?”

“No,” replied Lucilla—“Love gave me all the choicest blessings. During five years, I rioted in them; and this world was

a heaven to me. William, it is true, is no more; but he died in the field of honour—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my William loved none but me: and he still lived in the blessed image which he left me of himself.

“It was my duty—and soon became my sole delight—to point out to the darling boy the path which his sire had trodden, and to instil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame: and he was wont to weep, when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father.

“But he, too, is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers—here my fancy feeds my sorrow; and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, till weary nature conduct me to my husband and my child.” \* \* \*

## 9

[This fragment appeared in *The New-York Weekly Magazine* for September 23, 1795, reproduced here, and was probably reprinted from *Walker’s Hibernian Magazine* (April, 1795), where this fragment was signed with the pen-name “Junius Minor.” It later appeared in *The American Magazine of Wit* (New York, 1808) and *The Juvenile Port-Folio* (Philadelphia, July, 1813).]

### SYMPATHY.

#### A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

—“I wish you well” said an elderly lady—“let those who cannot feel the sweet touches of Sympathy, deride its influence, and question its existence.” Those words instantly vibrated every

feeling of my soul! They are simple in themselves; but the expressive look that accompanied them, spoke more than volumes could convey. Ah! how glorious is the magnetic power of Sympathy, which insensibly draws to a congenial soul! O sacred fountain, from whence springs the most exalted love, the most lasting friendship! it is by Sympathy, that virtuous minds no sooner meet than they feel—what is only to be felt, for words fail to pourtray the inward workings of the soul at such a moment—a friendship fervent, pure, and eternal! Though meanness and avarice despise thy reign, and though brutal minds brand with the title of youthful folly thy sublime and soul-elevating influence; yet, may I ever feel thy finer touch! nor would I exchange thy mental luxury for all the wealth of India or Peru!—

## 10

[This fragment appeared in the *New York Weekly Magazine* on July 6, 1796, reproduced here, and in the *Philadelphia Minerva* in July of 1796, and appears to have originated in *The Weekly Entertainer* (Sherborne, Dorset) in May of 1784.]

### SENTIMENTAL PERFUMERY.

A SENTIMENTAL Perfumer recommends it to the fine ladies, to furnish their toilets with the following articles:

*Self-knowledge*:—A mirror, shewing the full shape in the truest light.

*Innocence*:—A white paint, which will stand for a considerable time, if not abused.

*Modesty*:—Very best rouge, giving a becoming bloom to the cheek.

*Contentment*:—An infallible smoother of wrinkles in the face.

*Truth*:—A salve, rendering the lips soft and peculiarly graceful.

*Good humour*:—An universal beautifier.

*Mildness*:—Giving a tincture to the voice.

*Tears of Pity*:—A water, that gives lustre and brightness to the eye.

N. B. The constant use of these articles cannot fail rendering them quite agreeable to the sensible and deserving part of mankind.

## 11

[This fragment seems to have first appeared in the *London Magazine, or, Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer* (June 1778). It reappeared in *The American Museum* (November 1789, reproduced here), and then came back into print in the late 1790s, in the *Lady's Magazine* of London (June, 1797), then in *The Franklin Minerva* (Chambersburg, PA, March 1799) and, in abridged and long versions, in Philadelphia's *The Dessert to the True American* (February and again in July, 1799). It appeared again in August, 1803, in London's *Lady's Monthly Museum*.]

### SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS ON LOVE.

—*In solitude*

*What happiness? who can enjoy alone?*

*Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?*

MILTON.<sup>6</sup>

THAT affection, or reciprocal passion, which unites two persons, is called love. Love is a passion so necessary among mankind, that without it, they would soon be reduced to nothing. The desire of the one sex for the other, serves to perfect them both; it

makes happy unions and amiable societies; but this is only the case when reason presides over and directs it. Guided by a wicked passion, it every day causes adulteries, incests, perjuries, and many other evils of the same cast. If you have naturally a tender, affectionate heart, do not endeavour to make it insensible; but fix your affections upon proper objects—upon such as may not endanger the loss of your virtue; or rather love only those who are themselves virtuous, and thereby your propensity for love will be no less satisfied. What am I saying? It could exist but imperfectly, without that precaution. There is no friendship without virtue. The union of two lovers, without virtue and good morals, is not love, but an odious association, which engages them in a commerce of vices, and establishes between them a reciprocal participation of infamy. Morals need fear nothing from love: it cannot but perfect and better them. Love renders the heart less fierce, the temper more easy, and the disposition more complaisant. Most people are accustomed to submit to the inclination or will of the person beloved; they contract by this, the glorious habit of curbing their desires, to conform their inclinations to places, occasions, and persons. But morals are not equally safe, when we are troubled with those sensual desires, which are sometimes confounded with love. Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. Fire, a substance pure in itself, emits fetid vapours, while it is consuming infected matter; in the same manner, if love is nourished by vices, it only produces shameful desires; it only forms criminal designs; and is only followed by troubles, cares, and misfortunes: but let it be produced in an honest, upright, and virtuous heart, and kindled by an object adorned as well with virtues as charms; such love is not at all deserving of censure. God, far from being angry at it, approves of it: he has made objects amiable only that they should be beloved.

<sup>6</sup> *Milton*: from *Paradise Lost*, Book 8, lines 364-66.

A certain person once asked Zeno<sup>7</sup>, if wise men ought to love? A very curious question this; but Zeno, without hesitation, immediately replied, “if the wise did not love, the fine ladies would be very unhappy.” The union of love and innocence seems to be a paradise on earth: it is the greatest felicity, and the most happy state of life.

The advantages arising from love are, 1. The propagation of the species. 2. Happy unions. 3. Advantageous alliances. 4. Happiness, if rightly managed. 5. Amiable societies. And, 6. The taming or curbing the passions.

*Picture of sensual love.*

DAMON has upright intentions; he is deeply smitten and sincerely in love with Phyllis; this may be easily seen by the description he gives of her accomplishments. One thing is yet wanting; he mentions nothing concerning her virtue or morals, her temper or behaviour: but these are not the objects of his love; she is endued with a grace and attraction that enchant him; she is full of sprightliness and humour; that is enough for him; he knows no greater happiness than that of possessing her. Lighted and illuminated by her sparkling eyes, he is in raptures; absent from her, he languishes, and is consumed with cares. Would you think that this eagerness and ardour are nothing less than love? Damon does not suspect it; he thinks really that he is deeply in love with her. But you may easily perceive whence his error proceeds; that which he takes for love, is only sensuality.

*Picture of true love.*

CLARA is young, handsome, and virtuous. Corydon is about the same age with her, genteelly made, brave, witty, and well behaved. They saw each other at a neighbour's; they immediately, by a powerful charm, as it were, fixed their eyes and

minds upon one another. The hour of departing soon came; they saluted each other respectfully, and spoke some obliging things. Three days passed before they met again. Corydon became bolder, and ventured to enter into discourse with her: he had before only a glimpse of her virtues; he now saw the beauties of her mind, the honesty of her heart, and the simplicity of her manners. He was sensible of the love he had for her, and did not despair of one day calling her his own. He declared his passion to her in these words: “Amiable Clara! the sentiment which attaches me to you, is not mere esteem: it is love, the most lively, and the most ardent love. I find I cannot live without you. Could you, without reluctancy, resolve to make me happy?”

A coquette would have affected anger at such a declaration as this. Clara heard her lover without interrupting him; answered him with good-nature, and permitted him to hope. She did not even put his constancy to a long trial. The happiness for which he longed was only deferred till they could make the necessary preparations. The articles of the contract were easily settled between the parties; interest had no share in it; the chief thing was the mutual gift of their hearts, and that condition was fulfilled before hand. What will be the fate of this new married pair? the happiest that mortals can find on earth. No pleasure is to be compared with those which affect the heart, and there is none which affects it so agreeably, as the bliss of loving and being beloved.

D. M.

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<sup>7</sup> Zeno: a 5C BCE pre-Socratic Greek philosopher

[The following fragment appeared in Britain in *The Weekly Miscellany; or Instructive Entertainer* (December 1773) and London's *Universal Magazine* (October 1779) before appearing in the *New London Magazine* (January 1786). It later appeared in the *South-Carolina Weekly Museum & Complete Magazine of Entertainment and Intelligence* in January of 1797, as well as the *Philadelphia Repository & Weekly Register* on April 17, 1802, the version reproduced here.]

### SENTIMENTAL HISTORIETTE

DURING the last French war but one, a young English officer whom we shall here call Clermont, that had been wounded in a skirmish, was brought into Brussels and billeted upon a gentleman, where he was taken the most humane and tender care of; the gentleman was a married man, and his wife and daughters were in the house, the youngest of the latter being a professed Nun, though, on account of the troubles in the country, as is usually the case, she had left her Convent, and came to reside at her father's.

This young lady was of an order which particularly obliged to care and attendance of the sick; in consequence of which she administered to Clermont, who was not only wounded, but had an after attack of a violent fever; she gave him all his physic, sometimes even dressed his wound, which was in his breast, and not unfrequently sat up with him whole nights to relieve his nurse and his other attendants. As he grew better, the care of Maria, for so we shall call the lady, slackened; but it began to make great impression on the patient; he saw every day his beautiful attendant, and soon grew sensible of her charms; and by the time he was able to walk about his chamber, his passion grew so violent, that he could no longer contain it within the bounds of secrecy.

At length, her service being no longer necessary, the lady appeared no more. Every person that came to him he inquired of for Maria, but still received vague but civil answers: a week passed; he saw nothing of her. He was no longer able to bear the deprivation of her sight. Clermont was the eldest son of an opulent family in the west of England, in present possession of a handsome fortune, and in expectation of a very considerable one: he found that Maria's father was, with regard to fortune, but in a middling way: he resolved to disclose himself without further hesitation. Accordingly, having one morning desired to see him in his chamber, after having returned him many thanks for the great civilities and friendship he had experienced in his house, he began to give some account of his fortune and connections: he told him he never should enjoy his life (which, under God, he owed to his care) nor his possessions, with half the satisfaction, as when both were devoted to the happiness of one belonging to his kind host and benefactor; in short, the fair Maria had cured him of the wounds given by his enemies, but she had left a wound behind, which none but she could cure; he was willing to make what settlement the father pleased, or to enter into any other term of agreement, and begged instantly his permission to make her his wife.

"Sir, it is impossible." "Good God! how so?" "My daughter is a Nun." The fatal consequence of this reply was immediate; young Clermont was seized with a deep melancholy, which was succeeded by a relapse of his fever, that soon reduced him to extremity. The regiment he belonged to, of which his uncle was Colonel, was now at Brussels: he had every thing brought to his nephew that could be procured; but as the principal root of his disorder was inquietude of mind for want of a beloved object, the physicians declared that there was no hope for their patient, unless his former fair doctor returned to help him. The young lady had not yet gone back to the nunnery, but to an uncle's near the city, where she had assumed the habit of

her order; her father, with much entreaty, was prevailed on to suffer her second attendance upon young Clermont, and she came in her habit. His delirium, before very violent, abated almost immediately; but, alas! as he recovered, the unfortunate Maria began to shew the symptoms of the distemper, which she had caught from him; in a word, she sickened, and the third day expired!

During her illness, Clermont could never be drawn from her door, except when by actual force he was obliged to go to bed. However, when he heard of her death, which could not be concealed from him, he received it without any extraordinary emotions, only he entreated to see the corpse, and at length he obtained permission; he stood at the foot of the bed, gazing upon it for a few minutes, then left the room, and from that time never exchanged a word with any one, either in question or answer, but always imagined he was in company with, and talking to the deceased. When he went to meals, he always set a chair for her and a plate; helped her, drank to her, and on retiring seemed to wait for her at the door till she was ready to follow him: nay, when he was alone, people have listened and heard him hold long conversations, sometimes grave and sometimes merry; and when any one came into his room, he was immediately silent, unless he spoke to the object of his idea.

In this melancholy way he was brought by his uncle to England, where he remained some months in his father's house, without appearing to have the least remembrance of any one; when spoke to, he only answered with a down look and a deep sigh; he performed yet all the functions of nature like a man in perfect health, and his family took every care to indulge his fancy, seeing there was no cure for his distemper.

About this time, a young lady came to visit at a neighbouring gentleman's, who was a very striking likeness of Maria; young Clermont's uncle saw her, and tho't she might be of some use in restoring his nephew to his senses; for this purpose,

having brought her to his father's, they provided her a dress like the religious habit that Maria wore; and one night, while young Clermont was at supper, she came and seated herself opposite to him; he looked earnestly at her for a moment, then turning to the chair at his side, he cried, "*There are two,*" and expired!

## 13

[The following fragments are reprinted from the 1775 work by William Combe, *The Philosopher in Bristol*; Combe was an acquaintance and imitator of Laurence Sterne, and frequently wrote in the fragmentary mode. The passages are abridged and excerpted from two chapters, "The Hot-Wells" and "Durdham-Down," and appeared, without attribution, in *The Massachusetts Magazine* in April 1795—the version reprinted below—and then later in *The Philadelphia Minerva* in June, 1798.]

### SENTIMENTAL SCENES.

—WHILE he was speaking, a tall gentleman with a ghastly but smiling countenance came into the room. "I am really, said he, so much better, and in such good spirits, that I flatter myself I shall be able to dine with you."—"Do so, said my friend, at half past three I shall expect you."—"You may depend upon seeing me, added the gentleman, unless something very particular happens; and accordingly he took his leave. At half past three, a message was sent to inform him that dinner was ready; but he could not come: something very particular indeed had happened; he was under an engagement he could not break: for the servant returned and informed us—that he was *dead*.

— — — —

A chaise now came to the door of the house where my friend lodged, and he immediately rose from his seat, and stood beside me at the window.—“If I have any knowledge of you, said he, you will be as much delighted, within these few minutes, as you ever were in your life.” But before he could explain his meaning, a young lady, of an elegant figure, came hastily out of the house with a pillow in her hand, and having placed it carefully on the seat of the chaise, she returned, and in a few minutes, came forth again supporting her brother, who was so weak he could scarce walk. They stopped at the bottom of the steps, when she took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and held his stick while he made use of it; and then she returned him his stick, and put his handkerchief into his pocket, and led him to the chaise; and having once again smoothed the pillow for him, she helped him into the carriage, and got in herself after him.

—“This little melancholy scene of affection, said my friend, is acted here, three or four times a day; and such a fine melancholy pleasure does it bestow upon my heart, that I sometimes postpone my ride for an hour lest I should not enjoy it.”

He was in the right—he knew me well!—I never was more delighted in my life. The beauty of this action had charmed me, and I was so entirely won by it, that if I had possessed an exchequer which would have admitted of matrimony, I would have laid the keys of it at the feet of this young lady, and those of my heart along with them.

—The next day, as I was passing by the young gentleman’s lodgings, the window was open, and he and his sister were standing near it. His arm was round her neck and his head reclined upon her bosom. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, and with the other she helped to support his feeble frame. His eyes were shut, while she never took hers from off his pale countenance, but watched it with the most winning and heavenly look of affection I ever beheld.

—Oh! thought I, what a fine discipline is this business, as I have seen it performed, to prepare the sister for the wife.—This school of fond attention, where every amiable feeling of the mind is in continual exercise; where affection keeps her vigils, and with a vestal patience and piety watches over the flame of expiring life—Oh! It is a school of virtue! And from such a seminary I would recommend those very few who do not look towards riches, birth and fashion in their matrimonial connections, to chuse the amiable partners of their joys and sorrows.—

—From such a school they come with hearts already formed to tenderness and the most angelic offices of life, and enter with a degree of perfection into the marriage state; which they who step forth from the temple of vanity and pleasure do seldom, if ever, attain, but after much time, and many repeated strokes of adversity and sorrow.—

—Some weeks have flown away since, in a morning’s ride, upon this part of the Down<sup>8</sup>, I met a young party, which consisted of two ladies and as many gentlemen; one of whom, by his dress, appeared to be a clergyman. A boy followed them, at some small distance, carrying a basket. I passed them at a place, which, being marshy, the ladies found a difficulty in getting over. This trifling circumstance occasioned some lively sallies of imagination which engaged my attention.—When they had surmounted this little obstruction, they all laughed so heartily and seemed to be in such good humour, that I quite longed to be of the party. But not knowing them, I was obliged to content myself with wishing them happy on their little expedition, whatever it might be, and a safe return. But in the evening I heard, alas, that my wishes had been ineffectual.—A sad tale of misfortune was told me respecting this little group of social beings!

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<sup>8</sup> Durdham Down, near Bristol. [Note in original.]

But it has been on every tongue<sup>9</sup>—nay, I hope, in every heart—I am sure it is, at this moment, in mine—and I cannot dwell upon it.

— — — —

It may be, perhaps, the weakness of my nature, but so it is, that my heart is very susceptible of tender impressions; and I have experienced so much pain from the attachments of life, that I have almost made a resolution, as the very few, which I possess, fall off, to elect no more to succeed them.

—Even at this moment, when my pen hastens to the last page of this little volume, I am seriously affected with the consideration; and involuntarily look forward with an awful expectation to that solemn and, perhaps, approaching period, when time will date the last page of my life, and write my name in the registry of death.

How it was, I know not, but I was never so disposed to receive melancholy impressions as on this occasion.<sup>10</sup> I have often parted with those I loved and have never I trust, been insensible to tenderness on those occasions: but I was now affected with a concern which I have seldom experienced. It was a real heart ache, and I could hardly sustain it.

—But if I suffer this violent affliction when I part with a friend whom I may see again, of whom, at least I may receive frequent intelligence, and who, as in this instance, is gone from me to possess a thousand comforts which solicit him to enjoyment—how shall I meet that dreadful moment, when, as I lay weak and languid upon my dying bed, Amanda, stealing into my chamber, shall gently open the curtains, and present her dear

form before me! and when, with a pale face and streaming eyes, with an air of desolation, and a look of inexpressive tenderness and anguish, she shall strive to speak, but strive in vain—how shall I be able to wave my hand as a signal to bid her depart, and not arrest my thoughts in their passage to heaven!

Or if it is decreed by the great Arbiter of humane allotments, that I should survive thee: how, Amanda, shall I support those fearful moments, when I draw nigh to take my last look of thee as thou layest in thy coffin; and having put the flowers into thy cold hands, I bend down to kiss thy pale, senseless lips, and bid thee an eternal adieu!

All-gracious power! that canst make firm the feeble knees, and give strength to the drooping spirit; if I am doomed to meet this trying hour—Oh, strengthen me!—sustain me!

—Have mercy upon me!—

## 14

[The following fragment seems to have appeared first in London's *The Pocket Magazine; or Elegant Repository of Useful and Polite Literature* for July 1795, where it was signed "De Burghe."

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<sup>9</sup> Alluding to the melancholy death of the Rev. Mr. Newnham, who lost his life in attempting to fathom the depth of Pen Park Hole, near Bristol. [Note in original.]

<sup>10</sup> Having just taken leave of his friend, who was going to settle in Ireland. [Note in original.]

The fragment was reprinted in June, 1796 in *The Massachusetts Magazine*; in April, 1797, in *The New-York Weekly Magazine*; in February, 1801 in *Philadelphia Repository and Weekly Register*; in October of 1806 in *The New-York Weekly Museum*; in October of 1806 in *Weekly Visitor, or Ladies' Miscellany*; and in February of 1813 in *The New-York Weekly Museum*. We reproduce the *Massachusetts Magazine* version.]

ELINOR,  
A SENTIMENTAL SKETCH,

—“AH how cold the wind blows!” said a tall female, as she descended from a white cliff, which over-hung the sea. I raised my eyes wistfully to her face. I saw it was traced by the hand of Beauty, and not by the tear of misery. The fresh breeze blew through her light garments, and cast her brown hair in disordered, but beautiful masses, over her naked bosom; her eyes were sweet and blue, but they rolled with the quickness of phrenzy as she approached. “Who are you?” asked I, with emotion, taking her hand within mine. “They call me Wild Elinor!” answered she, in a soft but hurried voice, eyeing some flowers. “I am very poor—I have no home—I have lost my lover—

“Beneath yon wave  
Is Edwin’s grave!”

repeated she, in a musical tone. “But come back with me, and see it. I strew it every day with flowers, and weep sometimes—But—I can’t now!” She stopped, and sighed; then putting her hand on her breast—“I am very unhappy, stranger! O my breaking heart!” Her voice died away. I thought reason gleamed in her eye, as she sunk on the sod. I stooped to raise her falling frame. She lifted her large blue orbs towards me with silent gratitude: a soft bloom

spread her pallid cheek; and, articulating “Edwin!” fell lifeless on the earth.

“Thy gentle spirit is now at rest!” said I bending pensively over her clay. “But Oh! what agonies must have torn thy heart, luckless maid! when returning *reason shewed thee all thy wretchedness*, when that wretchedness cut the thread of thy existence! Cold, cold is the loveliest form of nature! closed is the softest eye that ever poured a beam on mine! that form must now moulder in the dust! that eye must no longer open on the world!” The tears gushed as I spoke. I fell on the earth beside her corpse: the warm drops of sensibility washed the marble of her bosom—my heart heaved with agony. I was a *man*, and I gloried in my tears!—

DE BURGHE.

here, and was reprinted in *The Massachusetts Magazine* in December, 1792, and the *Weekly Visitor, or Ladies' Miscellany* in December, 1802. Its source seems to have been *The Town and Country Magazine, or, Universal Repository of Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment* for July, 1787. With some slight changes, the same narrative (with "Sarah" renamed "Maria," and "Acasto" renamed "Erasmus") appeared in the *General Magazine and Impartial Review of Knowledge and Entertainment* in June, 1798, and in *The Juvenile Portfolio* in September, 1813. It also appeared in the Irish periodical *Walker's Hibernian Magazine* in March of 1795.]

SARAH.

*A Sentimental Fragment.*

CAN I hope that heaven will hear my complaint when a father turns his ear from it! can I hope that charity will relieve a child whom its mother has forsaken! to what corner of the wide inhospitable world, can I turn for succour? the seducer is far off, and thinks not of me, perhaps exults in my undoing. Death, the terror of the world, is deaf to my petition; and while he lays the happy low, refuses to grant the boon to misery. I ask a grave, and it is denied me. Heaven send me a friend! said Sarah, with tears streaming down her cheeks;—and a friend it has sent thee, said an elderly gentleman, who was taking his walk in the field, where this unfortunate creature was lamenting her fate, and as he raised her from the ground on which she knelt in despair: I have heard thy complaint, said he, and am come to relieve thee!—he took Sarah to his home, and wept as she told her story. It was a tale of virtue undone by the seductions of love: It was the history of a father; it was the cruel picture of a mother; who forced an innocent bleeding victim to the altar of prostitution.—I will see thy father, said Acasto, and tell thy disconsolate state to thy mother, and bear thee back to thy parental roof: But he saw the father relentless, and told the sad tale to the mother in vain; the

door of Sarah's parental roof was for ever shut against her. But mine, said Acasto, shall be open to thee;—I will give thee the protection thy natural parents deny thee; be it known, that while they wear their grey hairs in sorrow, thy auburn tresses shall flow round the brow of content, and the effectual contrition of thy wounded spirit shall establish thy happiness forever.

## 16

[This piece appeared in the July, 1790 *Massachusetts Magazine*, our version below, and was reprinted in *The Juvenile Portfolio*, and *Literary Miscellany* in September, 1813.]

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A SENTIMENTAL PICTURE.

HE has gone and left me, cried Delia, as she sat under an oak, and I know not where; he has left me to weep, and languish out my life in misery. Oh! that I knew where to find his grave, there would I lay me down, and expire upon the humble sod. Alas! perhaps he was denied the common rites of burial—he may have been mangled to death by a merciless banditti, who had rather leave his body above the ground to be devoured by voracious animals, than to wrap it in a covering, and suffer it to moulder in the silent tomb!

For whom art thou mourning, pretty maid? said a stranger, who had been gazing, undiscovered, at the weeping fair, during her plaintive soliloquy.

My dear Armine, announced she, starting with surprise; he was taken by the Indians in the late war, and I have not heard from him since. He was all friendship—we both loved—here is a token of his affection, (pulling a beautiful miniature from her

bosom, and tenderly kissing it) here is a pledge of the sincerity of his heart; it shall be buried with me in the same grave.

Here she paused—her tears prevented utterance—her tumultuous passions and tender feelings, were too poignant to admit the power of speech. Her body was enfeebled, and her senses, at times, were somewhat impaired. After a few moments interval, she again proceeded:

My dear Armine and I had but one heart, we contracted an intimacy in our childhood, and it did not fail to increase as we grew up to years of discretion. My papa disapproved of our connection, because Armine was poor. We parted, but our attachment was too great to suffer a total separation. We resolved to endure poverty, that we might be happy, rather chusing to live amid the difficulties of a tempestuous world, and enjoy the sweets of contented minds, than to roll in affluence, and eat the bread of affliction. But heaven has taken him away, and I am left alone to perish; my vindictive father will not receive me—the cold earth is my bed—and the canopy of the sky my covering. I long to be going, I wish I was with him, and then——

Ah pitiful maid! interrupted the compassionate stranger, with some emotion—would the sight of thine Armine make thee happy?

Yes, cried she, sighing, it would—because he loved me, he told me so; he was incapable of deceiving me. But alas! he is dead, or I should have heard from him before now. Since the fates have decreed the unavoidable misfortune, and since it is the will of providence to cut us off in the midst of our youthful days, I must acquiesce, and say, *the will of the Lord be done.*—Nevertheless, the few moments I have to live, shall be devoted in shedding tears of sorrowful friendship, and in wreathing a tablet of flowers, which may ere long be placed upon the urn that contains the precious dust of Armine!

“*The Stranger stood confess’d*”—he claspt her in his arms, and thus exclaimed, I am thine Armine, who was lost, but now lives

to hush the rising sighs of his lovely Delia. Pardon my silence, I little thought of finding thee under an humble oak, clad in the robes of despair. Forgive me heaven! I live to make my Delia happy.

The bosom is pained at the view of this tender scene. It is enough to remark, that the instantaneous shock, the sudden transition from a state of melancholy woe to the most exalted joy, and the powerful conflict of contending passions, rushing like an impetuous torrent through the soul, subdued every faculty—they fainted in each others arms, but they recovered, they are happy!

PUNCTILIO.

## 17

[The following fragment appeared in *The Massachusetts Magazine* for March, 1792.]

### A FRAGMENT.

—IT was a hapless night—the sun had just departed—a faint crimson spread the skirts of heaven—the air was hush’d—the sea murmur’d along the rocky shore—the owl screamed in the distant forest—sadness checked the downy throat of Philomela—sure there was something in the evening, that spread so universal a sadness over the face of nature. Where art thou going, my good Scialto? exclaimed the gentle fair—she took me by the hand to detain me as I rose from my cottage door; I will wander, said I, on the rocky shore, to hear the broken murmurs of the surge. Tarry not long, my Scialto, hasten thy returning steps, our cottage without thee is but a dreary hut—I will soon return, my love, I walk but for a moment—I press’d her hands to my lips—It was the fairest hand I had ever beheld, white as

alabaster, beautifully adorned with purple streams, and soft as the bosom of Venus.—I left her—her eyes followed me as far as the darkness would permit—adieu—I put my hand in my bosom, my eyes bent towards the earth, and a small cane in the other hand—thus I wandered on the barren shore—I was going to yield myself up to the pleasures of contemplation—a voice interrupted me—it was the voice of mourning—I listened to find from whence it came—it proceeded from the summit of a rock, that like a promontory advanced a small distance into the bosom of the sea—silently I crept up the side of the rock, and sat myself down near the cliff on which the wretch was reclining; he beheld me not—the moon played upon the yielding waves—he lay stretched out on the cold flint, his head supported by his left hand, his right leaning upon his breast—his eyes were bathed in tears—the silent streams flowed down his cheeks without cessation—sighs, unnumbered, broke from his laboring breast—his bosom beat as in the conflict of death—he drew a dagger from his bosom with his right hand—‘Art thou here,’ said he, looking wistfully at it for some time—the tears flowed—‘come, let me kiss thee, let me hug thee to my breast’—he prest the poniard to his lips, the tears rolled down the blade.—‘Thou art (said he) the only friend that is left me this side death: For four long years have I withstood the conflicts of life—fain would I sleep in peace, and forget an inhuman world.’—He laid the dagger upon the rock, and set up. ‘Why was I born to be the sport of fortune, and the ridicule of those I most esteem—why am I the sport of every wind that blows on the face of the earth? I will descend to the silent chambers of the tomb, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest—then no more will mortifications assail me on every side—the surges of affliction will roar no more—lost to every feeling of humanity, I shall sleep on this lonely rock, forgetting and forgotten by the world; and they that saw me once, shall see me no more for ever.—He took up the dagger that laid aside of him—he leaned the arm that held it upon his right knee,

clapping the end of his left finger upon the point to see if it was sharp—then let it fall—the blood descending from his countenance—‘how long have I been nourished by a tender parent, to come to this untimely end’—his heart melted at the idea—I saw the conflict of his bosom—‘my brother’—he could say no more, sorrow denied a passage to his words—he sat for some time absorbed in grief.—‘But why do I dream on the verge of life—why sleeps the vigor of my arm—why melts my heart with softness—I must be gone, a thousand spirits wait my lingering steps—see they beckon me hence.—Fare thee well Louisa, no more shall Amon disturb thy repose—sleep on my Louisa, I shall join thee to awake no more—how sadly moves the lingering night—what hour is this?—farewell, ye passing hours, soon I shall count you no more—What saddening horrors brood upon the flood!—Hark! is it not the owl that screams ill omen’d notes from yon projecting cliff?—I am summon’d—once more, farewell, Louisa!—May no anguish hover over thy pillow—may the hapless AMON never be remembered any more, lest it shall cost thee a sigh—be happy as you are virtuous—may you be blest in the arms of a man more worthy than your devoted Amon—Fare thee well at once.’ He made bare his bosom—his right hand extended the *fatal steel*—whither \* \* \* \* \*

## 18

[The following fragment appeared in *The New-York Magazine; or, Literary Repository* in November 1795—this is the version signed Alwin, which we reproduce here; in *The Key* (May 26, 1798); in *The Philadelphia Minerva*, June 16, 1798; and in *The*

*New-York Weekly Museum* (September, 1813). It appears to have originated in *Walker's Hibernian Magazine*, in May 1791.]

The LOVER'S GRAVE. *A Sentimental Fragment.*

—MY morning's meditation in the beautiful plains of —, was interrupted by the sighs of a maiden, sitting in pensive mood on a green sod—Her head was leaning on her hand, while the briny drops trickled down her pallid cheek—

—Thy griefs appear heavy, said I—

—She looked upon me without emotion, and spoke not a word—

—The fixed agony pourtrayed in her face interested me—

—I sat down by her side—still she remained mute. A little dog, as it were to relieve its mistress's sadness, by amusing me, strove to divert my attention by numberless playful tricks.

—Tell me the cause of your grief; I will not add to it, trust me, fair one, said I, while the little animal licked my hand—

—*Sophia* turned her eyes upon the dog, and they streamed afresh—

Alas, Sir, said the afflicted maid, observing in my looks astonishment—that little animal belonged to my beloved *William*—I loved it because it was his favourite—

One fatal day, *William* insisted on accompanying me to the mill, for he could scarce bear me out of his sight. We were walking on the banks of the river, and while the dog was diverting us it fell into the river—The stream was bearing it away—I screamed, and ere I could recover myself, *William* plunged after his favourite animal—I saw him with it in vain attempting to regain the shore. They were carried with great rapidity by the eddy to the mill, and the horrid wheel was my dear *William's* executioner—

The dog escaped—its size and lightness saved it—

—I could not chide it, for it licked its dead master and made most piteous howlings—

—This, Sir, is his grave!—

—Ere *Sophia* had finished her melancholy story, I felt the tear steal from my eye. She observed it, and with her handkerchief, already moist, wiped it away—

—The only comfort I now have is in this little dog. Here, the live long day he attends me, and will often drop tear for tear with me. I sometimes think that the memory of its master interrupts its sports; but custom having familiarised its temper to mine, it mourns in union with me—I often assume a cheerful face, in pity to it—

—But do you never seek to divert this fixed melancholy? said I.

—Sometimes, Sir, I walk upon the bank from whence I lost my love, and sometimes I visit the cottage where he lived—the villagers know my fixed grief, and indulge it; but if I stay long away from this place, *William's* grave will want its offering, and I must not omit the dues I have vowed to daily pay it, till Heaven makes it my own—

ALWIN.

## 19

[This fragment seems to originate in *The Lady's Magazine* (London) for December, 1798. It appears in *The Baltimore Weekly Magazine* for January 14, 1801, the version reproduced below.]

THE ENTHUSIASM OF SENTIMENT.  
A FRAGMENT.

—————“YES,” said Maria, kneeling with fervent ardor, “I will indulge in the enthusiasm of my heart—I will cherish the sensibility of my nature. Retired within myself, I hear not the confused noise of the jarring world, I heed not its follies, I escape the contagion of its vices. I cultivate that benevolence, that charity which endureth and pardoneth all things. My heart was once fixed on the gay, but I fear, the deluded Florio. If all that rumour alledges be true, that heart must be torn from him, though it bleed to death at the separation. Yet amidst the pangs of my sufferings I shall see a consoling sentiment arising from conscious integrity, which deceit and vice cannot know. Time may perhaps heal my wound; I may at length become capable of reflecting with calmness on the worthlessness of the object of which I was enamoured. The face of nature again shall smile as it was wont, and my mind resume its former cheerfulness and emotions of delight. Yet, should the worst be true, I will cherish that sensibility to which I owe my pain; exquisite has been the delight it has afforded, and I cannot consent to purchase even exemption from misery at the price of becoming torpid and unfeeling.”

A shower of tears here relieved the swelling heart of the fair enthusiast; but she was soon after more effectually relieved by learning that all that rumor had insinuated against her lover had been merely the invention of venomous slander, and her melancholy and fears succeeded by the liveliest emotions of rapturous joy.—

[This satirical text appears to have been written for *The Massachusetts Magazine*, appearing in the November 1796 issue.]

MARIA—A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT,  
*In the delicate, beautiful, sublime, consistent, and fashionable style of the  
present day.*  
[EMBELLISHED WITH A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.]<sup>11</sup>

\*\*\*THE rosy morning now reddened in the east, the sun, bright god of day, shone from his meridian throne with dazzling resplendency, and sable evening spread around the sky her dusky mantle, bespangled with starry gems and shielded by the rotund moon; when Maria, fanned by vernal gales, reclining on a verdant bank by the side of a murmuring stream, well night exhausted by the summer’s sultry heat, beneath a rugged oak, shorn by autumnal frosts of its leafy honors, and stripped of its rugged limbs by wintry blasts—when unfortunate Maria, thus seated, regardless of her full pail at a distance, was stripping from the kind cow her milky treasure, and thus mourning her cruel fate.

Most miserable Maria! How supinely hast thou collapsed!—Faithless Fidelio! Your guilt must kindle a hell in your bosom.—How happy were my early days, unclouded by the blaze of misfortune! Innocence and health were my companions; and Delia, who yonder approaches towards her couchant cow, chanting a merry ditty, was my friend, my sister.—Now with my innocence my health has fled, and Delia treats me with contempt!—Perfidious Fidelio!—I am undone!—I am distracted!—All nature has conspired against me! The sheep

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<sup>11</sup> *ENGRAVING*: a reference to the practice of including an illustration of a particularly poignant scene from a sentimental tale published in a periodical. See, for example, the Just Teach One editions of “Amelia or the Faithless Britton” and “The Story of Constantius and Pulchera.”

bleat, the wolves yell, the oxen low, the lions roar, the doves coo, the hawks scream, the storms howl, the sun shines—all, all to make me miserable!—Shall I betake myself to yonder licentious town!—I cannot!—

Alas! My only fault was love!—I loved the false—how can I name him?—I cannot—A few miserable moments more will snatch me from this hated life; and then—I shall be dead!—Altho he has been my murderer, still I love him—Still will I pray heaven to shower its best blessings on his perfidious head!—I'll go to yonder town, dismiss female modesty, and rise superior to shame—I will not—I'll stay in the habitation of my parents—and mind my business—

While thus lost in painful reflection—alas!—how shall I relate the sequel!—a voracious quadruped—of the canine species—leaped into—her unguarded pail—and soiled her milk!!!