LUCINDA, OR THE MOUNTAIN MOURNER:

A SCHOLARLY EDITION

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for my mother

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"Although it has not yet developed passwords or secret handshakes or its own population of Ph.D.'s, its adherents can recognize one another by the glint in their eyes."

—Robert Darnton, "What is the History of Books?"

"though I would by no means wish to appear as an advocate for vice [. . .]. Never shall I be made to believe [. . .] that the bosom of sensibility can ever be barred against the all-powerful pleadings of humanity [. . .]. And might we, with unprecedented cruelty, reject her petition.—You my friend, and I trust every feeling heart, will readily give a negative answer."

—*Lucinda; Or, The Mountain Mourner*

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LUCINDA;

OR THE

MOUNTAIN MOURNER.

BEING

RECENT FACTS,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

FROM

MRS. *MANVILL,*

IN THE STATE OF NEW-YORK, TO HER

SISTER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

JOHNSTOWN:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. & A. CHILD, AT THEIR PRINTING-OFFICE NORTH OF THE COURT-HOUSE.

1807.

Fig. 1. First edition title page.

"A Narrative Statement of the Most Incontestable Facts": P.D. Manvill's *Lucinda; Or, The Mountain Mourner*

In 1807, the small rural New York press of William and Asa Child published the first edition of Martha (nicknamed Patty) Dyer Manvill's *Lucinda; Or, The Mountain Mourner*.[1] Over the next five decades no fewer than ten printings of the novel appeared in three different states. However, like much of nineteenth-century women's writing, this once-popular epistolary sentimental tale has become unknown outside of its contemporary setting, and literary studies have lost much in overlooking Manvill's only novel. In addition to providing an insight into Republican and nineteenth-century reading culture, Manvill's *Lucinda* narrows the gap between fact and fiction through its author's insistence upon retaining all names and places as they actually were at the time the events happened, a year before *Lucinda* first appeared on the market.

The following study aims to bring *Lucinda* back into critical view by two means. A critical edition of the text, replete with explanatory and textual notes and rejected readings resulting from a close examination of all previously published editions, will not only record Manvill's final revisions (something extant editions have not fully done) but also raise important questions about readership and publisher involvement. Extra-textual evidence such as owner signatures in extant copies and the physical makeup of each edition uncovers changing audience expectations and concerns through the nineteenth century. Complementing the edition will be a historical introduction which will explore the book's reception history, its author's intermingling of fact and fiction, and the significance of historical places and real people in the novel. Among the questions addressed are those concerning the book's actual readers, the reasons for their interest, the publisher's awareness of that audience, and the various strategies used to encourage them to buy Manvill's book. Two other issues emerge in a study of this book—those related to its status as a sentimental novel and the gender of its readers. In this case, the matter of

women readers and their education proves central to one's understanding of both the novel and Republican America. Does *Lucinda* necessarily invite a feminist methodology in order to be situated properly? The brief answer is no, but a full understanding of Manvill's text and its history can unmistakably be enhanced when viewed through such a lens. As this author, reader, publisher, and textual history will demonstrate, *Lucinda*'s popularity is intimately related to its importance in American literary history. To study the phenomena surrounding *Lucinda* is to learn more about Manvill's text, and a careful observation of the book yields information about nineteenth-century audience and culture.

While *Lucinda*'s first edition appeared just one year after the occurrence of events it chronicles, three years later, William Child, now on his own, published a second edition of the book with additions.[2] It is this prefatorial material that forms the basis for my literary/historical study. Promising that all the information contained in *Lucinda* is true, Magistrate Salmon Child, one of the characters in Manvill's novel, pens a letter to the editor of the second edition. In addition, a group of concerned citizens attest to the book as a "narrative statement of the most incontestable facts" through their own signatures. Evidently nineteenth-century readers did find *Lucinda* a worthy book, as they saw it through many editions in its six decades of life. Forces would combine to make *Lucinda*, seemingly a typical sentimental novel, neither fact nor fiction, but something in between.

"Abundantly favored of Providence": *Lucinda*'s publication history

Lucinda's publication history is anything but straightforward. A few carefully prepared records along with other printing histories give some understanding of its history in print. The number of copies of the book originating from a small press in New York, just a few miles from where the surviving Manvills lived in Greenfield was most likely small. Earl Bradsher's discussion of the early American publishing industry notes that when *Lucinda* first appeared in 1807, printers had to produce a variation of subject matter

to survive (viii). Publishers like the Childs printed many types of books, but most were religious or political. Fiction was a tiny part of the business. Though reprints and imports of British novels were popular, advertised in sundry local New York newspapers like the *Daily Advertiser*, *Saratoga Sentinel*, and *Seneca Farmer* (See Fig. 4, p. 33), American fiction was scarce, even after the Revolution. Colonial "political dependence had passed away[, but] our literary and intellectual dependence [on England], tho changing in its aspect, was yet a controlling force" (Bradsher 32). In keeping with this European mindset, the American fiction market consisted mainly of British imports. The majority of publications in America up until the second decade of the nineteenth century, in fact, were political pamphlets, perhaps best illustrated by Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* ,which sold over 400,000 copies in just three months (Lawson 6).

It's a long journey from *Common Sense* to *Lucinda*. A typical small town printing run in New York around the turn of the nineteenth century was a few hundred copies according to Follett's *History of the Press in Western New York* (35). Though Follett's study mainly concerns newspapers, the genre most published in Republican New York, it does mention a few fictional narratives. For instance, the largest printing in Wayne County was the 1830 Book of Mormon (5,000 copies), which cost E. B. Gradin $3,000, a staggering sum fortunately guaranteed by devoted readers of this religious publication (42). More commonly, weekly newspapers like the *Fredonia Censor* enjoyed a healthy circulation of 500 (35). Follett notes that in 1803 an unusually large printing of 1,000 copies of the Utica weekly *Repository and Advertiser* occurred because it was the area's "only medium for the distribution" of the day's news (5). The *Genesee Intelligencer,* a periodical with an audience similar to *Lucinda*'s local one in 1807 Greenfield, had a subscription list of only 100 (56), and Elias Williams, publisher of *Cornucopia*, had 300 regular readers (57). But early nineteenth-century rural New York published little fiction; in fact, the Oneida County press of William Williams did not publish any until Samuel B.

Beach's *Escala. An American Tale* in 1824. Though Williams did publish a few poetry collections as early as 1810—*The Wanderer of Switzerland and Other Poems* by James Montgomery and Pope's *Essay On Man*—rural New York did not show an interest in fiction like the more urban centers of Philadelphia, Boston, or Manhattan. Publishers were practical: they printed what would keep them in business—local news, religious instruction, and school books. Needing to be expert analysts to survive, American publishers paid careful attention to readers. By fulfilling their needs, they flourished; if they missed them, they failed.

When the Childs first released Manvill's regional account of her step-daughter's melodramatic life, the book faced a readership still unaccustomed to fiction. Mathew Carey, the largest publisher of the time (whose own life spanned the sales life of *Lucinda*) serves as a typical representative printer in many ways, despite his audience being urban rather than rural as was *Lucinda*'s. A listing of Carey's imported fiction demonstrates, as Bradsher puts it, the "ephemeral" nature of the reading public's taste. Carey's printing list for the year 1800 includes the *Complete Arabian Tales, The Vicar of Wakefield,* and *Rasselas*, in addition to more overtly sensational pieces such as Sarah Scrugdell Wilkinson's *Ivy Castle* and Stephen Cullen's *Haunted Priory* (120). Also, Walter Scott's novels were advertised in virtually every newspaper of the time, even in rural New York. Bradsher finds that for a while *Waverly*'s success eclipsed Cooper's in the popularity of novels in America. Scott's works were followed by those of Dickens, another popular literary giant against which fledging American works competed (Bradsher 80-85). The message seemed to be that American authors should not waste time writing novels when they had important messages to convey about spirituality and politics, genres much more applicable to Republican times.

The popularity of American fiction was not helped by the War of 1812, which necessarily slowed book sales and, subsequently, America's developing national literature

(Bradsher 64-65). Newspapers such as William Child's *Seneca Farmer* still related stories "from the front" more than a decade after the war in 1824, an indication that new America was more interested in national news than fictional narratives. Within two decades, however, young American writers like Harriet Beecher Stowe, Edgar Allen Poe, and James Fenimore Cooper would change that trend; even England would take notice (Bradsher 67). Oddly enough, somehow *Lucinda* continued to succeed with new editions in 1810, 1817, and 1824 in a sparse time when American novels were not what most people read.

Lucinda appeared in a complex political climate in which ministers and other moral champions spoke out against novels as evil, yet in the first decade of the 1800s, moralists "knew they were fighting a losing battle against popular taste" (Hart 61). For the nineteenth-century publisher, readers were lifeblood. The demand for fiction increased following the War of 1812 (just five years after Manvill's first edition), especially the demand for historical novels which "present patriotic subjects and local scenes" (Hart 79). Critics who liked novels but "still felt a taint attached to 'mere fiction' contended that if a historical romance were written and set in America it would probably be pure" (79). An article appearing originally in London's *Monthly Mirron* in 1797[3] ("Novel Reading a Cause of Female Depravity") was reprinted in America, yet Harvard authorities in 1803 directed their principle commencement address against the dangers of fiction (Hart 53-54). *Lucinda*'s long life may be attributed to its contents which straddle the gap between history and fiction at this time in America. In 1807, *Lucinda*, if viewed as a novel, conflicted with the messages emanating from religious authorities. And though *Lucinda* did not receive the pulpit time of *Charlotte Temple*, its prefaces do assume an audience hostile to mere fiction. With factual information and New York rural scenery at its foundation, *Lucinda* met both novelistic and historical criteria in such a way as to occupy the space between the "immoral" novel and religious ideals.

A fact that has some bearing on *Lucinda*'s publishing history is its relationship to

another publishing history, that of the state of New York. Both took place within a decade or two or each other. Rural printers set up shop and, just as quickly, disappeared, only to relocate in a village a few miles down the road or in the next county. Studies by Hamilton and Follett agree that the publishing industry's initial goal was to meet the people's demand for political and religious news. The first items printed in New York were primitive newspapers, few of which lasted over two years. Sometimes, as was the case with the *Seneca Farmer*, a periodical changed names over time, eventually disappearing altogether. Child, for example, began the *Seneca Farmer* in Waterloo, New York in June 1823. By August of 1831, the newspaper had united with the *Seneca Falls Journal* and appeared in another publishing office in Seneca Falls. Four years later, in 1835, the paper was reborn yet again as the *Seneca Farmer and Seneca Falls Advertiser*. As another example, a sister periodical, the *Waterloo Republican*, also began in Waterloo; this newspaper remained at the office of its origin but had a briefer life than Child's publication. B.B. Drake issued the *Republican* in January 1823 but ceased to publish it in July of the same year, when he replaced it with an earlier, abandoned paper, the *Waterloo Gazette*. Fiction's place in this dizzying periodical dance was clearly a minor one. Against the tide of British imports and cheaply available newspapers which often contained serialized novels, American fictional narratives made a slow beginning.

Lucinda first appeared from a publisher who has left little evidence of his practice. Scant history remains of William Child's printing business, a not uncommon situation among early American printers, even the leaders of 1820. Only two of the major publishing firms, Matthew Carey and J&J Harper, left behind extant records (Mott 67). Milton Hamilton's *The Country Printer*, published in 1936, is still unrivalled in its careful study of small printing houses of Republican America (1785-1830). Hamilton traces Child's anti-masonic stance and his marriage to Polly Weed, also from an anti-masonic family (the Weed family, not coincidentally, became the last publisher of *Lucinda*).[4]

Child's printing service underwent many changes in the first decades of the nineteenth century. First he published with near relation Asa Child in Johnstown, then after a failed libel suit (akin to his anti-masonic stance, no doubt) Child settled in Waterloo, New York and published the variously named *Seneca Farmer.* Child's newspaper and printing office changed so often in the space of three decades that it is nearly impossible to pin down his records, which, if still existing, are in some dark corner of a Weed family member's attic. And Child is not alone in his nomadic life. Silas Andrus, a member of Mack, Andrus, and Woodruff, Ithaca publishers of two *Lucinda* editions (1836 & 1839), weaved in and out of public notice. Andrus's printing house went bankrupt in 1839, although he continued to publish under the name Silas Andrus & Son (Tebbel 239). In the last half of the nineteenth century the family was at the head of the large Ithaca publishing house Andrus & McChain (335). The metropolis of Ithaca enabled Andrus to continue business under different alliances and names, unlike Child who moved from village to village in upstate New York. This nomadic nature of printers in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries adds to the difficulty of ascertaining *Lucinda*'s publishing history. With each move, Child could have left records behind, or they could have been lost in fires, a common fate of printing shops in the climate of the masonic debates in early New York.[5] To date, nothing of Child's publishing records has emerged.

W & A Child likely printed only a few hundred copies of *Lucinda* in 1807. The average printing size for a work of fiction in 1790, according to Davidson, was 300-1500 copies, a large range which includes such publishing giants as William Carey and Harper & Brothers, and also the Merriam Publishers of rural Massachusetts (Davidson, *Revolution* 17). Until 1820, local printers still published over half of the small American fiction market. To cut the costs of this enterprise, most novels came out in small editions (17-19). A "prudent printing" for rural publishers, as Jack Larkin notes in his study of the Merriams, involved "varied editions of books with press runs of rarely more than three

thousand copies" (61). The Merriam publishers are a likely parallel for the Childs, and a brief study of the former's practices help estimate some of the numbers regarding *Lucinda*'s life in print. The Merriams printed 1,000 copies of one fictional work, Grace Kennedy's *Dunallan; or, Know What You Choose* (68), a typically sized printing. For the Merriams and other rural publishers around the turn of the century who made their living off textbook sales, fiction comprised less than two percent of their business with history and biography making up another two percent (73). For all of them, the key to success resided in diversification, in pleasing the varied tastes of their reading community. One wonders if Manvill might have endured as an author if a printer like Mathew Carey had printed *Lucinda* first. Situated as it was in Philadelphia, the "acknowledged literary center of early America," Carey's environment was more amenable to book purchases than was Child's (Bradsher viii). Though extant early nineteenth-century New York newspapers do advertise ficiton along with other more acceptable literary genres, *Lucinda*'s printers were too small to create very large editions of a 150-plus page narrative. Munsell's bookstore, for example, sold various imported and American fictional pieces, but he printed few of them. The expense involved too much time and labor for a small publishing house, perhaps the single most factor contributing to *Lucinda*'s long obscurity.

By the time of Joel Munsell's *Lucinda* editions in 1852, one of which was an illustrated version, printer specializations flourished. Munsell had become "a full fledged bookseller specializing in Americana" (Edelstein 304). He also ensured a readership by printing for very specific audiences. Anticipating his readers' interest as earlier printers had done before him, Munsell developed a business which evolved with the growing literate public of nineteenth-century New York. *The New York Teacher*, for example, was a monthly periodical he designed "particularly as the Organ of the Teachers' Association of the State of New York" (Edelstein 55). The almost four hundred page periodical had a guaranteed audience, thus explaining the printing of 1,200 copies. An epistolary narrative

like *Lucinda*, on the other hand, was not a safe venture with its author deceased and the book out of print for over a decade. But with Munsell's decision to print 1,000 copies of Manvill's book, he must have seen evidence of its previous success. As the printing industry blossomed during the nineteenth century, the reading public had begun to look to their own literature and traditions.

Munsell's biographer David Edelstein pronounces his subject an antiquarian who printed a vast number of books which he often gave to historical societies and libraries (308-09). One such copy of an 1852 *Lucinda* notes on the inside front page that Munsell had donated the book to the Troy Young Men's Association, a gesture in keeping with Munsell's printing of only 1,000 copies of *Lucinda* in 1852. Even though this relatively small press run for mid-nineteenth century Albany indicates that *Lucinda* was *not* a typical best seller in volume (*Bibliotheca* 53), some demand for Manvill's book remained in 1868, when Weed, Parsons, and Company re-issued the Munsell edition, twenty years after its author's death. While *Lucinda* did not infiltrate nineteenth-century American parlors like the countless editions of *Charlotte Temple*, it did have a more lasting impact than the dime novels at the opposite end of the literary spectrum. Neither disposable nor best selling, *Lucinda* exists somewhere in between, in a not-so-unique place for an epistolary novel of its time period. A few literary surveys do mention *Lucinda* specifically among other well-selling books in the nineteenth century. Bibliographer Lyle Wright's "A Statistical Survery of American Fiction, 1774-1850," for instance, cites the publication of five letter collections between 1800 and 1809, and labels *Lucinda* a best seller, although he leaves that term ambiguous, saying merely that publishers did not bring out successive editions of any book unless the demand justified it (312). His appended list of best sellers itemizes only the titles which reached at least four editions. With seven editions in less than four decades, *Lucinda* made Wright's list easily. Munsell's reprint of the third edition in 1852 occurred after Manvill's tale appeared in six different editions by 1839, including two most

likely pirated editions in Pennsylvania and Alabama.

Because *Lucinda* stands just outside the forest of literary obscurity—published before printers saved their records and at the mercy of small, mobile publishing houses—no sales records are extant. Yet multiple sources do list *Lucinda* as a top seller. In addition to Wright's survey, Frank Mott's *Golden Multitudes* includes Manvill as a "better selling" author and claims that best sellers always sold to at least one percent of the population (317). In 1807, when the Childs first published *Lucinda*, it would have had to sell 50,000 copies to be a best seller according to Mott's definition. Only a brief list of books reached this requirement: Mason L. Weems' *Life Of Washington*, Addison & Steele's *Spectator*, Jane Porter's *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, Byron's *Poems*, and Irving's *History of New York*. Mott lists *Lucinda* as a "better seller," a term which he never precisely defines. Perhaps Mott, like Wright, concluded that based upon its many editions that Manvill's book *must* have been popular. In any case, *Lucinda*'s unique time in American literary history makes the book especially valuable. Like *Lucinda*, nearly every better selling book in the first decade of the nineteenth century was a female-authored one, demonstrating the beginning of what Nina Baym calls the woman's profession of writing (*Woman's* 11). Best sellers, most of which were female-authored, sold over 200,000 copies by 1850, a figure no doubt resulting from a population which doubled every decade. While it seems safe to posit that *Lucinda* sold less than 50,000 copies in its first edition, sources such as Wright and Mott assure that *Lucinda* survived for approximately half a century, a rather surprising feat considering the literary milieu of early nineteenth-century America. It must have sold initially because of its regional appeal and then gradually gained readers in the cities of Albany and Ithaca. Though editions were small, they sold well.

For Joel Munsell, in fact, *Lucinda*'s 1,000 copies represents a typically-sized printing for a narrative. Only a handful of like pieces appeared in Munsell's shop as most

of his orders were religious or educational. Among the 90 or so publications Munsell printed in 1852, many were club or church membership catalogues. The largest printing, at 30,000 copies, was *Webster's Calendar* and Almanac for 1853. Munsell printed no outright fiction at all that year. He did publish two memoirs, also 1,000 copies each, *A Memoir of the Rev. Walter Gunn, late Missionary in India, from the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the United States* by G.A. Lintner and *Narrative of the Reflections of Justin Wells*. At least in the case of the posthumous edition, *Lucinda* is an exception for a printer whose main output consisted of catalogues and religious tracts. But if marketed as a non-fictional memoir, *Lucinda*'s 1,000 copies make sense. Munsell expected to reach the same audience with the stories of Justin Wells, Rev. Walter Gunn, and Lucinda Manvill.

Studying Munsell's practice over time reveals his reasoning behind choosing Manvill's text and also provides clues to the cultural milieu *Lucinda* entered and flourished in across the decades. Other publications listed in *Bibliotheca Munselliana* demonstrate Munsell's attention to public desire. He published two books on phrenology during the pseudo-science's heyday in 1840. Two thousand copies of J. Stanley Grimes' *Outlines of Grimes's New System of Phrenology* evidently sold well, as underneath this citation Munsell notes Grimes successfully kept "his audiences in good humor by an abundance of comical illustrations." Munsell also placed Grimes in "a different classification from other phrenologists" (12), and he profited from this unique shoe-maker-turned-philosopher, soonafter-to-be lawyer. A later *Report on the Phrenological Classification of J. Stanley Grimes* required two editions, both over 1,000 copies.

A second item from Munsell's printing list further demonstrates his attention to popular demand. In 1843, 3,000 copies of Newton M. Curtis' *The Bride of the Northern Wilds* left Munsell's press. This 64-page "tale," as the printer labels it in the listing, is the first, though not the only one, of Curtis' works which Munsell printed because its author's fiction sold well. Munsell explains his motive in an annotation to *The Bride*:

> The author of this pamphlet was a resident of Charlton, Saratoga county, of limited education, a whiskey drinking, tobacco chewing, profane swearing, and squalid specimen of humanity. A benevolent individual aided him in the publication of his books in the hope of reclaiming him; but he soon relapsed, and swindled his benefactor. His fictions, however, had a good run. (17)

One wonders if this "benevolent individual" was Munsell himself. Since this was the first of Curtis' tales he had published, he was probably not commenting on himself. A later printing of the same tale, in 1857, lists the book's original publication date as 1743, half a century before Munsell was even born (84). Evidently *Lucinda* is not the only narrative Munsell picked up after observing its popular sales record. In 1844, Munsell again published a Curtis work, 6,000 copies of *Doom of the Tory's Guard*, the second in a series of "Revolutionary novels" (20). By profiting from the unfortunate Curtis' writing, Munsell doubled his printing size for this work, another example of how public demand dictated printing practice.

Early American novels like *Lucinda* brought the sentimental to the marketplace and revealed the value of the domestic realm in history (Davidson, *Revolution* 14). *Lucinda*'s publication history reveals a further combination of the two as this history, framed as a sentimental tale, becomes a commodity. Now not only did fictional narrative relate to women's daily lives, but life mimcs art in the history that makes up *Lucinda*, which becomes a literary, artful object. Emotion had monetary value for early American booksellers, proven by their profit gained from works of fiction, almost all of which contain a sentimental plot (122). *Lucinda* joins a market already dotted with domestic tales like those of Richardson, Edgeworth, Radcliffe, and Rowson. But unlike these established authors, Manvill was not a professional writer. She made a living throughout her life as a community seamstress. So while publishers made a substantial profit from *Lucinda*'s sale,

exant records suggest that Manvill herself made little. Since the book was not under copyright until Munsell's reprint in 1852, nearly half a century after its original publication, and three years after Manvill's death, its author received virtually nothing from its sales. This late copyrighting was not uncommon among American authors despite the 1790 copyright law. By 1809, fewer than one-tenth of all books published in Massachusetts, for example, were copyrighted. Few writers wanted to make that social trade claim, and thus Manvill was bound for oblivion because of the copyright law's lax enforcement and the ambiguous status of American women authors.

Lucinda's printing history leads one to believe that a network of friends rather than Manvill brought about its publication in the first place. The first-edition publishers, brothers William & Asa Child of Johnstown, were relatives of Magistrate Salmon Child, who investigated Lucinda's case in 1806.[6] The additions to the second edition of *Lucinda* include a testimony and signatures, attesting the book's didactic qualities, one of which is from a Child family member, and a record of William Child's entry of the book in the district office "in conformity to the act of Congress" for "the encouragement of learning." Saratoga county records report that *Lucinda* was "widely distributed through several printings as a source of instruction and admonition to youth." As a printer-editor-publisher, Child was a "distinctive character in his community. As a politician, as an exemplar of the traditions and customs of his trade, and as a pioneer in the spread of culture he became a citizen of importance. An appreciation of his work is necessary for an understanding of rural life in the early days of our Republic" (Hamilton vii). Waterloo Village records report William Child as a charter board member of the Village Library. Thus most likely the Childs, as one of the more prominent families in Saratoga County, encouraged the publication of a book whose popularity succeeded their expectations.

Later editions of *Lucinda* also indicate a family linked to its publication history, as William Child passed at least a portion of his printing duties on to J. Comstock between

1808 and 1818, the decade in which second and third editions of *Lucinda* appeared (one published by Comstock). As Comstock took over some of Child's practice, he realized that another *Lucinda* edition would sell well. This third edition, with all its prefatorial material promising a tale which could both delight *and* instruct, was popular enough to warrant still a fourth, published in 1824 by Child again in Waterloo village. Even Thurlow Weed, publisher of *Lucinda*'s last edition in 1868, is a virtual member of the family, born in Saratoga County himself (Weed 5). Aware of *Lucinda*'s local success, he benefits by publishing the novel one more time.

Early printers of *Lucinda* ensured that Manvill's book enjoyed local, Saratoga County, distribution. Each time publishers advertised *Lucinda*, they did so in their own newspapers. Of the few early nineteenth-century extant periodicals, one published by James T. Comstock, the *Independent American* of Ballston Spa, ran an ad for the novel on page three of the July 2, 1817 issue:

> **LUCINDA;**
>
> OR THE
>
> MOUNTAIN MOURNER.
>
> The Third Edition, with Additions,
>
> Just Published, and for Sale at the BALL-
>
> STON SPA BOOKSTORE, by the dozen
>
> or single.
>
> July 2, 1817

J. Comstock's placing of this ad is nearly identical to a later one by Child in 1824. Emphasizing the title and indicating that the book could be sold singly or by the dozen reveals how the printers distributed *Lucinda*—as a library or school book and a personal possession. The history of the *Independent American* ad indicates that gradually Manvill's

text made a significant move to the front page. When it did so, no other advertisements appeared with it, probably indicating that Comstock had a surplus of *Lucinda* and wished to sell them quickly by making the ad more visible after a month.

The absence of Manvill's name from the ad is telling. Though almost two hundred years had passed since Anne Bradstreet's prefatorial defense of her collected poetry, in the year of *Lucinda*'s first edition, women writers were still anything but the norm. Why would they want to enter the marketplace, the male realm, and transgress the boundary of domesticity? This notion of the unemployed, protected American woman was well in place by 1807, and novels by women attest to it by their anonymity. Davidson observes that less than one-third of American novelists before 1820 had their names on the title pages of their books, while many others took pseudonyms (*Revolution* 30-31). Manvill's name did appear on her book's title page but not in its advertisements, the facts suggesting that she remained in the background by her own choice, even though no publisher would have encouraged her to advertise her name. The Manvill name would not bring in sales; only *Lucinda; or, The Mountain Mourner*, with its promised sentimental plot, would.

When a new Mariah Edgeworth tale was published, her name often appeared on the title page because booksellers knew from experience that the name sold no matter what the title. Such was not the case for other contemporaries of *Lucinda* such as James Fenimore Cooper and Sir Walter Scott. Ads for Cooper's works nearly always began with "by the author of THE SPY;" likewise, Scott was known only as "the author of WAVERLY." Though Scott revealed his authorship of the Waverly novels soon after their publication, the common reader would remember the title before the name. Printers used this tactic to sell more books. And *Lucinda* did sell. Though no exact numbers are forthcoming at this time, the evidence of seven known editions, many of them reprinted twice or more, attests to *Lucinda*'s popularity. For, as bibliographer Lyle Wright asserts, subsequent editions only followed demand ("Statistical" 312), and demand there apparently was. Manvill's

(and Child's) text entered a national market saturated with competing European imprints and, in addition, "cumbersome printing techniques and inefficient methods for distribution [along with] no national or international copyright laws whereby an author's or publisher's rights could be protected" (317). Most likely larger printings accompanied each new edition, with little if any profit for Manvill herself. Given the time Manvill's text first appeared, it seems a miracle that *Lucinda* survived at all, yet apparently the book not just survived but flourished.

In the *Seneca Farmer*, William Child advertised his fourth edition with the largest font possible. "Just Published" appears in quarter-inch-high type, smaller only than the half-inch-high letters of the newspaper's title. Manvill's name does not appear in the ad. The book's title is the next biggest font, clearly designed to gain the reader's attention. The ad announces that an already popular book is finally in a new edition, and Child takes the cautionary step of garnering subscriptions before deciding how many copies to print. That many subscribe substantiates the tale's enduring popularity, even two decades after the original events and ensuing publication. This typical advertisement for Manvill's text implies much (Fig. 2). Like Comstock's ad, this one first appeared on the third page of the May 26, 1821 issue of Child's four-page paper. A variety of other ads and military news surround *Lucinda*, from a report of the Baltimore Methodist conference that year, to mortgage notices, to missing children. One ad, in particular, begins "A colored Girl," leading one to believe it concerns a runaway slave, but in actuality she is the youth's mother who asks for information as to the girl's whereabouts since the friends she was living with—of the same race—moved and took the girl with them. That the *Seneca Farmer* has a decided *lack* of runaway slave and wife advertisements speaks to Child's politics. *Sophia, or the Girl of the Pine Woods* was also for sale through Child's shop along with hundreds of other fictional narratives. The *Farmer*'s May 26, 1821 issue has a bookstore ad for "Books, historical and Theological, Novels, Romances, etc. etc.," both

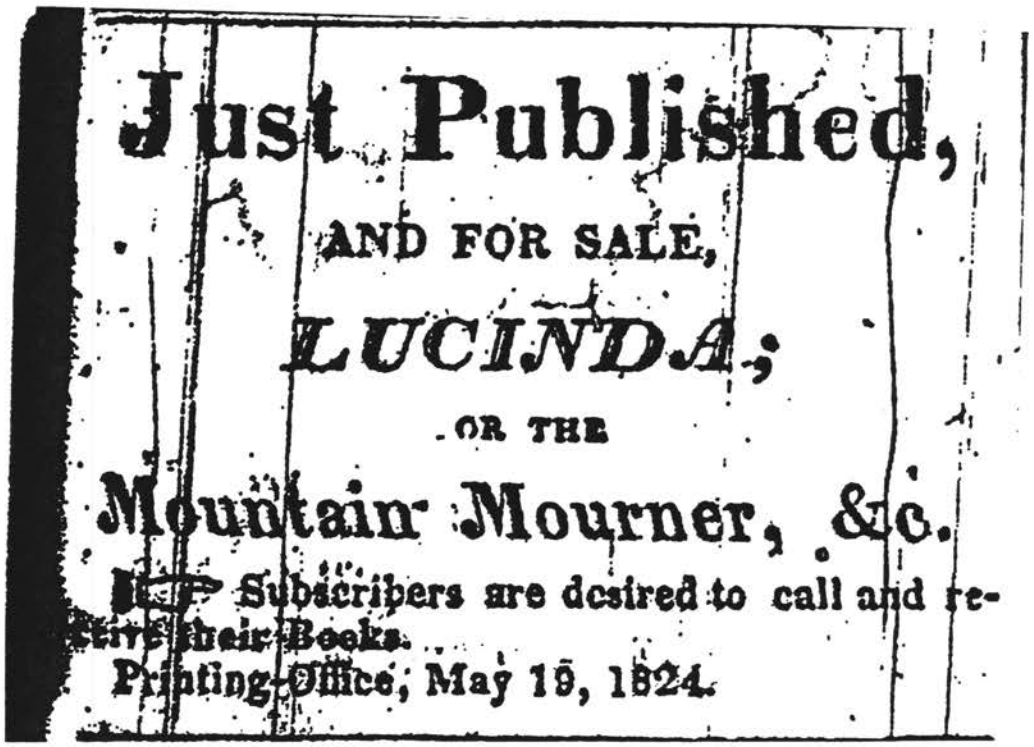

Fig. 2. William Child's May 26, 1821 Seneca Farmer advertisement

imported and American. "Family Bibles" receives its own separate space. Alongside the ads for "Seeds from the Shakers" and a "Methodist Conference," Child places stories of local interest, sensational tales themselves with headings like "Terrible Catastrophe" and "A Religious Maniac," even an untitled piece about a ten-year-old boy drowning. A study of William Child's other Waterloo publications reveals a printing house full of political and religious tracts. *Lucinda*, then, is not an unusual book for the idealistic Child to publish. Child ran the *Lucinda* advertisement for another four issues, each time on the third page approximately in the same location, the top right-hand corner.

On June 23, the fifth week of *Lucinda*'s ad, Child placed the subscription notice in one of the most noticeable places in his paper. *Lucinda* resides on the first page, about half-way down in the far left-hand column. Child did not change the font size but simply moved the ad to a more prominent position in his publication. Beginning August 18, *Lucinda* would be front page material until December. A careful search suggests that Child never—or rarely—ran another book as front-page material either before or after *Lucinda*. Local popularity might well have played a role in his strategy. Since the letters "Just Published" are in such large print, one might assume the *Seneca Farmer*'s audience to be substantial and literate. Waterloo Village's public library, established in 1830, also such an assumption. The front-page place of honor results from *Lucinda*'s three-fold appeal. Child capitalized on the epistolary form and local scenery in Manvill's book along with its anticipated popularity among a literate village. Oddly, in neither of the ads for *Lucinda* is there surrounding testimony of vocal religious or political leaders, something which often accompanied new books to promote sales. Why not copy the testimonial "Notice" signed by community members in *Lucinda* itself? Possibly, Manvill's book was already well-known in the area. The extant evidence suggests *Lucinda* was never included in a bookstore ad listing published titles for sale. To bring customers to their stores, book sellers kept a good stock of British titles such as Scott, Byron, and

Edgeworth. Child and Comstock included *Lucinda* in their stores but, unfortunately, historical documents provide no clues to *Lucinda*'s sales records.[7] Yet the fiction market was to become popular. Although British imports such as *Pamela, Evelina,* and *Tom Jones* had been widely sold for decades, the *American* fictional form, with its regional appeal, was, not surprisingly, destined for widespread popularity, too. William Child made a sound editorial decision in placing *Lucinda*'s advertisement in such a prominent position. By studying audience demographics, Child could anticipate how *Lucinda* would sell. This complex relationship among printer, book, and reader explains both advertising strategies and *Lucinda*'s long life.

"The bosom of sensibility": A Description of *Lucinda*'s many editions

As a commodity, *Lucinda* exposes readers to "an overt and covert cultural agenda [. . .] encoded in every aspect of the text" (Davidson, "Life" 158). The discrepancy between *Lucinda*'s popularity and its author's obscurity has to do with the way publishers marketed Manvill's text. Each edition is a selling campaign aimed at the audience printers hoped to reach. Printer techniques often overstepped the text itself and, in a way, made the publisher a fellow author of the books he created. Roger Chartier's 1992 *The Order Of Books* addresses these issues surrounding book publication. As with *Lucinda*'s many editions, each of which can be read differently, Chartier alerts the unwary to how much of an authorial role the printer can play in book publication. As a text's words and physical presentation are inseparable, "there is no comprehension of any written piece that does not at least in part depend upon" what form it reaches readers (9). The printer becomes co-author in the "relationship set up among the text, the book, and the reader" (10). As *Lucinda*'s many printers well knew, reading "is inscribed in a space and a relationship with oneself [. . . and] others" (8). This "subtle relationship" between printer and text, in turn, is closely tied to the reading public. Thus the words, printer, and reader make up a

triangular relationship that cannot be "reduce[d]" to its "semantic content" (90). Chartier stresses the publisher's power over books; a power in the face of which the author sometimes becomes lost in the marketing shuffle.

Lucinda's printers did take advantage of their power within the Foucaldian "author-function," which Chartier believes, includes a published work's audience and surrounding culture (29-32). A brief look at the revisions in *Lucinda*'s title illustrates how the printer participation shares in Manvill's authorship. The one change in wording appears in the 1852 version when Joel Munsell revises the phrase "recent facts" to "authentic facts." Munsell had no authorial support in making this change since Manvill died three years before his edition appeared. With his revised title, Munsell becomes a co-author of Manvill's text. The change is understandable, considering that events occurring in 1807 would no longer be "recent" in 1852. A "fourth" edition in 1868, actually a reprint of Munsell's, retains his title page revision. "Authentic" replaces "recent" for good, late in *Lucinda*'s publishing life, a clear-cut demonstration of the way printers could become co-authors. Throughout *Lucinda*'s history, other printer changes and emphases reveal just how large a role printers played in making Manvill's text their own.

The appearance of *Lucinda*'s title page also changed in appearance with each edition. Although Manvill's rather extensive (but not uncommon) title undergoes no revisions in wording besides Munsell's late one-word replacement, how the book was printed reveals the differing emphases of *Lucinda*'s publishers through its sixty-year history. W & A Child chose to highlight the first part of the title, "Lucinda" and "Mountain Mourner" being the largest letters in their first edition. In addition to being in all capital letters and block print, "Lucinda" is italicized. Seeking the audience who read *Charlotte Temple* by the tens of thousands, the Childs emphasized a first name like Rowson's original title did, *Charlotte, A Tale Of Truth.* Three years later, the largest letters on *Lucinda*'s second edition title page are the words "recent facts," not a surprising innovation

considering this edition is the first to contain the many prefaces attesting to Manvill's complete loyalty to history, including the signatures of leading moral figures in the Greenfield community. The first word of the title, "Lucinda," is no longer italicized but retains its bold print. "Recent facts" is in a markedly different font from the rest of the title's lettering, a kind of German or medieval print that is by far the most noticeable part of the title, the line occupying the central position on the page.

By 1817, the time of the third edition, *Lucinda*'s title page closely resembles its original incarnation although the first word does not re-gain its italicization. Still, "Lucinda" reigns hugely over the rest of the title's words in a bold print that includes the semicolon following it. "LUCINDA," in all capital letters, is nearly twice as large as the next largest lettering on the page, "Mountain Mourner." While "LUCINDA" remains the largest lettering in all subsequent editions, the rest of the words in the title will change sizes many times. Child's fourth edition in Waterloo, New York, has the line "series of letters" taking up as much space as the secondary title words, "mountain mourner." But the line "series of letters" is also italicized. Mrs. Manvill's name gains a larger space along with its own bold font and has now taken over center page in the 1824 fourth edition. These changes stem from printer attention to audience concerns. By this time in *Lucinda*'s printing life, new editions appeared because of reader demand. People had heard of P.D. Manvill and her tragic tale. Focusing on her name in the title was yet another sales tactic. *Lucinda*'s four editions speak well for Manvill's text being a regional success, so it is not surprising that early rural printers were rather shameless in their sales tactics. To push sales, "a fairly innocuous sentence could easily be given a more sensational cast by the strategic italicizing or capitalizing of words such as SEDUCTION or INCEST," a device which both boosted sales and also "testified that the book sold thereby was a product of *both* the writer's and the printer's art" (Davidson, *Revolution* 20). This practice certainly applied to *Lucinda*, with its many font changes in the title. Also, as fiction gained stature in

American culture, publishers no longer needed to emphasize the facts of Lucinda's story and chose instead to highlight the epistolary nature of the book, or its geographical marker, the mountain, to show *Lucinda*'s indigenous origins. Munsell's 1852 reprint hones in on the latter, as this Americana publisher makes *Lucinda* his own. "Mountain Mourner" becomes the largest line on the title page. Each of these title changes occurred within the triangular relationship of author, publisher, and reader. A publisher's every move had one motivation—to sell books, and this motive linked him inextricably to *Lucinda*'s readers. By the time of Munsell's 1852 edition, after Manvill's death, her tale still speaks between covers marketed specially for a mid-nineteenth-century readership.

Beyond just revisions of the title page, readers faced a different *Lucinda* with each edition. The book's many bindings also reveal information about how *Lucinda*'s audience and cultural milieu changed over time. The handful of extant first editions, for instance, consists of "absolutely plain" brown leather binding covering wooden boards.[8] No engravings of any type are on the cover. The pages are sewn with dark brown thread. Rather small uniform half-inch margins surround the text. To match the Childs' first small printing, *Lucinda*'s first edition is a tiny book, measuring only three and one-half inches wide, six and one-half inches high. A red and gold spine label is the only decoration on the book, and extant editions suggest that either the label on some of the books disappeared with time, or the Childs printed the edition more than once, perhaps adding the spine labeling after the first printing. *Lucinda* first appeared as a sober tome, concerned with the tragic consequences of a young girl's mistakes and the education that could be gained from its re-telling. A no-nonsense binding communicates this kind of message to Manvill's and Child's local Saratoga County readers in 1807.

Lucinda grew fancier with each edition and reached an odd climax in one printing of J. Munsell's 1852 edition, which displays a woodcut or lithograph illustration opposite the title page (Fig. 3). Though Manvill's text is unchanged, the accompanying illustration

Fig. 3. J. Munsell's 1852 illustration

shows a sophisticated young woman, expensively dressed down to her delicately laced ankles in a fur stole and fashionable hat. Lucinda appears as the center of attention at a cocktail party of sorts, surrounded by male and female admirers along with choice food and drink on the tables behind her. By 1852, Lucinda had reached center stage—no longer a poor seduced woman in her final days of life before her child's birth, Munsell's Lucinda is most decidedly a high-class flirt. Davidson notes a similar development in the illustrations of *Charlotte Temple* in the 1860s and 1870s ("Life" 173). As America grew more amenable toward women's fiction, publishers responded with more decorative editions, evidence that by mid-century, Munsell wanted his public to know that *Lucinda* could easily delight as well as instruct.

In tracing *Lucinda*'s extra-textual changes across editions, one can map fiction's status in America. To return to Chartier's argument, different information surrounding the actual words of the text makes a different book (20). Because of the expectations involved, readers actually read a disparate *Lucinda* with each edition. The original edition's plain binding presents a distinct text to the public with separate expectations involved, clearly dissimilar from those suggested by the fancy gilt-decorated pages of the 1852 illustrated edition, which might well have been marketed as an elaborate gift book to display on a middle class mantel (Davidson, "Life" 172). The 1807 edition in its drab cover promises an unadorned didactic tale of tragic consequences; the Munsell edition provides readers with a few hours of entertainment, perhaps even a story about domestic power and women's growing independence. The result? People read *Lucinda*'s illustrated 1852 edition much differently from the "absolutely plain" 1807 one.

Lucinda's many editions remained about the same size, the largest being the two 1852 Munsell versions at 12 x 19 cm, a size which grew little from the first edition's 10 x 17 cm. The one extant exception to this size rule is a tiny, almost toy-sized book at 7 x 11 cm; Mack, Andrus, & Woodruff apparently printed two versions of their 1836 edition,

suggesting at least two printings of this version of *Lucinda* . The New York Public Library's copy of the small 1836 edition is, unfortunately, re-bound with generic tan covers, but the size remains a curiosity. Perhaps this small printing is the publisher's response to dime novels. Despite these size differences, every edition was of dark colored cloth or leather (either navy blue, brown, or black) bound over wood or cardboard. *Lucinda* was never a dime novel or even a paperback, as its publishing life stopped just short of the dime novels and the heyday of paperbacks in the 1850s and beyond.

Each edition of Manvill's book cost between fifty cents and a dollar, what today would be fifty to one hundred dollars, a price few middle-class individuals would currently pay. No publisher decided to market *Lucinda* to the masses, who would be more likely to pay twelve and one-half cents for cheap editions. Though technological innovations in the printing industry did lower the price of newspapers, books like *Lucinda* remained costly. By 1812, increasing literacy encouraged the printing industry to widen its market, and inexpensive cloth binding and printing from plates helped to make novels, a then-burgeoning genre in America, available to a greater population segment (Hart 67). Still, most books remained expensive. Davidson also notes the move from localized printing to a mechanized industry in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, which resulted in cheaper editions (*Revolution* 16). Prior to this development, marketing books was a difficult endeavor because of colonial America's widely scattered population. Originally, many books circulated only locally. But a new era in publishing occurred little more than a decade after *Lucinda*'s first appearance in New York. Printing and bookselling changed as professional book publishing firms concentrated their efforts on selling large quantities to bookstores. Around the time of *Lucinda*'s first edition, novels were expensive. By the mid-nineteenth century, in the dime novel's heyday, Manvill's book remained one of the pricier choices in the store. Ronald Zboray discusses this irony, observing that while newspaper prices "plummeted" (182), American-authored books retained their high prices.

Cheaper paperback editions appeared around mid-century, but these books were mostly British reprints, not American best sellers (191). During a time when a good daily wage was around one dollar, *Lucinda* could only sell to the wealthy at its probable price. Manvill's text likely became only more expensive with time, always marketed to at least a middle-class buyer, a paradox considering *Lucinda* is set in poverty. Book ownership was, even through the nineteenth century, a luxury few could afford.

Later printings of *Lucinda* actually grew in length as publishers added other narratives to the same binding. Twice printers bound Manvill's text with appendices, yet another marketing technique that participates in the author-printer-reader relationship. *Lucinda*'s fourth edition, published by William Child in Waterloo (1824), for example, finishes with a collection of brief anonymous tales of seduction—some from court cases, some "translated from the Spanish," none with an author's name. These selections are possibly gleaned from Child's newspaper at the time, the *Seneca Farmer*, as they are of the same format and length as articles in the periodical. Anticipating women's journals of the 1830s, these didactic tales approximate many appearing in contemporary newspapers like *The New York Magazine*. *Godey's Magazine*, the mid-century blockbuster, had stories of a similar tone targeted toward a female audience.

Lucinda appeared with an appendix in J.S. Kellogg's 1836 edition, where a short story follows Manvill's text. Henry G. Bell's "The Stranger" receives no room on the title page,[9] and for good reason—Bell's tale is only sixteen pages long. Though it does concern a young man and woman and is a regional tale, its similarities with *Lucinda* cease there. In Bell's story, a rich count, disillusioned with his "erroneous impressions of [money-hungry] women," travels incognito to the British village of Hodnet. There he finds a poor but noble young woman who lives with her widowed mother. They marry with the count's identity still unrevealed; the mother allows the union because she senses a gentleman in the stranger's manners and countenance. In the final scene, Count Burleigh,

Earl of Exeter, and his new countess arrive at their "gothick mansion, situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks." While certainly a common practice to bind two texts together and sell them as one, the 1836 Montgomery, Alabama edition is confusing because the authors and stories are of different nationalities, to say the least. Bell was a popular author and highly respected Scottish citizen whose works sold well in Europe and America; thus the choice here indicates some of the ways publishers wanted to market *Lucinda*. By placing "true accounts" at the end of *Lucinda*'s fourth edition, William Child had emphasized Manvill's local appeal by supporting the book's factual nature with other nonfiction pieces. In 1836, Bell's story is decidedly fiction and, despite *Lucinda*'s argument to the contrary, influences the way readers received the text. So publishers highlighted *Lucinda*'s fictional attributes not its local occurrence by 1836. As fiction gained status in America, *Lucinda* became a fictional narrative. This tag stayed with the book on into the twentieth century as scholars assumed it fiction.

Notwithstanding *Lucinda*'s historical accuracy, bibliographers, like her later publishers, place Manvill consistently under a fiction heading. This delineation says more about twentieth-century scholarship than *Lucinda*'s targeted audience. If a book looks like an epistolary novel, it must be fiction. Lyle Wright, for instance, categorizes *Lucinda* with the twenty-five fictional works published in America between 1800 and 1809. Wright notes that "the majority of the writers are those who receive little or no mention in literary histories" ("Statistical" 311-12). Regarding Mrs. P.D. Manvill, his observation is correct. What Wright does not mention is that nearly all of these anonymous authors are female. Of the few bibliographers who mention Manvill's text, Frank Black's 1940 study, *The Epistolary Novel in the Late Eighteenth Century*, lists *Lucinda* as an anonymously-authored epistolary novel. Black's findings are puzzling since Manvill's name appears on the title page of each edition. Perhaps he assumed that the title was a ruse, such as a piece Benjamin Franklin might write with a pseudonym. *Robinson Crusoe* also poses as a non-

fictional memoir, though its author Defoe does write a preface indicating his intentions. If Black looked at printer's lists only, this might explain the elision of Manvill's authorship. In many ways, however, Manvill *is* anonymous, *Lucinda* her only voice. Likewise, Allibone's *Critical Dictionary* includes Manvill under a "fiction" subject heading, citing only *Lucinda*'s 1852 edition, marketed as a novel by J. Munsell. With an emphasis on later editions, scholars could conclude that *Lucinda* is fiction. Munsell's illustrated version makes *Lucinda* look like another of the thousands of female novels that flooded the mid-nineteenth-century American market. Davidson also mentions *Lucinda* (which she credits with six editions) as the last sentimental novel in which the seduced heroine dies at the story's end (*Revolution* 106). Recent publications such as *The Feminist Companion to Literature in English* (1990) have tried to remedy the fact-fiction quandry, and they have succeeded to some degree by editors acknowledging that Manvill's tale is based on fact.[10]

Lucinda was perhaps too early to be pulp, too late for an original story. Manvill's uniqueness, then, lies in the relationship between *Lucinda* and other seduction tales. Since *Lucinda* is a re-telling of undisguised fact, Manvill inadvertently gives proof for such reader-response arguments as Baym, Tompkins, and Davidson have been offering for the last decade. Their assertions that sentimental novels spoke to a very real situation in women's lives is unequivocally substantiated by *Lucinda*. This book's existence, an undeniably popular one, means that Davidson and other feminist scholars have correctly asserted that the sentimental tale was intimately related to contemporary woman's experience. Manvill's silence-surrounded tale can now produce a stir even larger than the one among its nineteenth-century audience as scholars consider its significance.

"I trust every feeling heart": Reader history and *Lucinda*

Like *Charlotte Temple* before her, *Lucinda* becomes "an embodiment of the interdependent strands of sexual and economic exploitation" in America (Davidson, "Life"

170). As literacy rates increased among genders and classes, the "hierarchical model of learning" broke down (162). The patriarch reading aloud to his family each night loses out to "the mostly individualistic activity of perusing novels, [and] the concomitant ideological implications will be as radical as the redistribution of reading power" (162). The size of the reading public attests to its political influence. Reading was a "form of participation in the new social order of postrevolutionary America" (Nord 115). *Lucinda*'s message of warning and hope for a new generation in spite of past failures spoke to thousands, although understanding who made up its diverse audience is a difficult task. *Lucinda*'s readers leave hints of themselves in handwriting found in extant copies, but other clues to *Lucinda*'s intended and actual audience rely as much on speculation as anything else.

Investigating who read a novel like *Lucinda* involves seeking out "millions of obscure women who left no evidence" (Baym, *Woman's* 21). While we know that *Lucinda*'s readers spanned an area extending from New York to Mobile, Alabama, less than a hundred copies of the book survive.[11] Not surprisingly, New York libraries hold the largest numbers of copies since most of the editions were published in that state. Copies also end up in Oregon, the Huntington Library in California, and the Cambridge University Library in England, but that has little to do with its contemporary readers. *Lucinda* was a locally, albeit heavily, read text. The villages where Child and other small printing houses published the first few editions were the major selling grounds. The first edition sold so well because it was a local phenomenon, and all of the main characters in the narrative except, of course, Lucinda herself, were still living. Aside from this information, however, one must hypothesize tentatively about the readers by considering a "complex intermediation of reader, writer, and printer/publisher/bookseller [which] constitute[s] [. . .] the American book industry" (Davidson, *Revolution* 15).

One of the first places to look for clues concerning the readers of *Lucinda* is in the book's preface. In *Revolution And The Word*, Cathy Davidson notes that prefatory

material often revealed contemporary reader assumptions and characteristics, and the three prefaces to *Lucinda* speak about the book's "archaeology of reading" (14). Readers of the second and following editions encounter a one-page testimony, "To The Public," a recommendation for the book "founded on realities," and a narrative of the "most incontestable facts" which possesses "superior merit to most publications of a similar nature." A dozen or so people whose signatures attest to *Lucinda*'s worth act as guardians of a national morality and *assume* that their audience will be averse to fictional narrative. However, although *Lucinda* is not by any means a fiction, the undersigned promise the tale will provide amusement and instruction, the very things contemporary novels offered "to every reader of sensibility and reflection." For while America did not respect fiction, especially that by women (few novels were published during the early nineteenth century), England certainly did. Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Anne Radcliffe, and Fanny Burney all published with much success in England and, eventually, in America as well. Book lists in local New York periodicals of the time always include British titles (Fig. 4). But America remained negative in its views toward fiction because the genre transferred authority to a new sacred space, the self.

What appears clear is that publishers created an audience for *Lucinda* by exploiting the reputations of leading citizens in local communities. The recommenders of *Lucinda* are reputable staunch citizens who support the work's versimilitude and recommend it to an audience they knew would respect a factual tale as opposed to a novel. Fact could delight *and* instruct; a novel might fail in the latter case. *Lucinda*'s publisher took no chances in this regard by including among the book's advocates two ministers, a doctor, a deacon, four Quakers, and a judge. Many individuals have identifying titles following their names, such as M.D., Rev., or Merchant. Even "Esq." appears after Mark A. Child to give him respectability though he held no laudatory public office. Some are merchants, others are members of the Religious Society of Friends, and still others hold more powerful religious

May 25th, 1823.

ITHACA BOOK-STORE.

MACK & MORGAN, being determined to form an establishment which shall in all respects merit the public patronage, have enlarged their stock of BOOKS in the various departments of Literature and Science; and procured a great variety of articles in the STATIONERY line, of the best quality, which they offer wholesale and retail.

☞ Schools, Libraries, and Library Companies, supplied at a liberal discount from the retail prices. They will procure, to order, any books which they have not on hand, at short notice.

Among the books now on hand, are the following:

Historical, Biographical and Miscellaneous.

Rollin's Ancient History—Gibbon's Rome,
Plutarch's Lives—Travels of Anacharsis,
Cook's Voyages—Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry,
Porter's Travels—Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,
Johnson's Lives of the Poets,
Josephus' Works—Life of General Green,
Bigland's History of England,
Riley's Narrative—Life of General Eaton,
Las Cases' Journal of the Life and Conversation of Napoleon—Emigrant's Guide,
Mrs Wright's Views of Society—The Art of War,
Schoolcraft's Narrative, do. Travels, do. Views of Mines and Minerals—Darby's Tour,
Harper's Speeches—Walsh's French Government,
Montesquieu Reviewed—Junius Identified,
Sketch of the Military Power of Russia,
Ramsay's Life of Washington,
Mungo Park's Travels—History of New-York,
Chateaubriand's Recollections,
M. De Pradt's View of Europe,
Paez's Letters on South America,
Hobhouse's Letters from France,
Phillip's Recollections of Curran,
Darby's Tour from New York to Detroit:
Millwright's Guide—Farmer's Assistant,
Critical Review—Wonders of the World,
Goldsmith's History of Rome, do. Greece,
Scenes in Europe—Life of Peter the Great,
History of Charles XII. King of Sweden,
Grimshaw's History of the United States,
Cooper's History of North America,
Snowdon's History of North andSouth America,
Robbin's Journal—Life of Nelson, do. Putnam,
Memoirs of Jackson—Durand's Journal,
Grimshaw's History of England,
Farmer's Manual—Economy of Human Life,
Extracts from Buffon and Goldsmith's History of Animals—Goldsmith's Natural His abridged,
Sampson's brief Remarker on the Ways of Man,
Classical letter Writer,
Weem's Life of Washington,
Letters of Hibernicus——Sufferings of Constop,
Letters in Reply to Wurden,
Cogan on the Passions——Volney's Ruins,
Swinton's Voyage by Capt. Seaborn,
Character of Shakespear's Plays,
Aphorisms of Hypocrates,——A Visit to Paris,
Jemima Wilkinson——Sketches of Canada,
British Spy,——William Selwin,
Son of a Genius——Rural Scenes,
Pocket Lavater——Telemachus,
Life of Trenck——Maritime Discovery,
Howard's Life——Franklin's Life,
The Rambler——The Man of Feeling,
Espriella's Letters——Prince Deligne,
Life of Gen. Lee——Life of Bonaparte,
Templar's Chart——Marmontell,
Freemason's Monitor,
Management of the Tongue——Poor Richard's Almanac,
Accidents of Human Life——Domestic Cookery,
Vicar of Wakefield; Charles
Sorrows of Werter; The
The Refuge; Mandeville.

Religious

Bellamy's Works—M'Leod's
Pilgrim's Progress—Brown's
Hunter's Sacred Biography, or
Patriarchs—Southey's Life of

The Antiquary; Fortunes of Nigel,
Scottish Chiefs; Thaddeus of Warsaw,
Don Quixotte; Perigrine Pickle,
Roderick Random; Count Fathom,
Tristram Shandy; Orphan Boy,
Arabian Nights; Decision; Baron Munchausen,
Gulliver's Travels; Temper, by Miss Oliver,
Sanford and Merton; Miss Edgeworth's Tales,
Freeman, the new man of Feeling,
Happiness, a Tale for the Grave and the Gay,
&c. &c. &c.

Classical and School Books.

Ainsworth's Dictionary; Clarke's Homer,
Virgil, Sallust, Horace and Cæsar Delphini,
Duncan's Cicero; Longinus, Græca Minora,
Virgil with English Notes; Viri Romæ,
Historia Sacra; Græca Majora,
Latin and Greek Testaments; Simson's Euclid,
Playfair's Euclid; Conic Sections,
Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,
Roman Antiquities; Rhetorical Grammar,
Locke's Essay; Paley's Philosophy,
Macneven's Brande; Hutton's Mathematics,
Cuvier's Theory of the Earth,
Walker's Dictionary; Flint's Surveying,
Rudiments of Architecture,
Benjamin's Architecture,
Chapman's Interest Tables; Philip's Mineralogy,
Brook's Gazetteer; Morse's Geography,
Tytler's Ancient History,
Furgerson's Astronomy, Phillip's do.
Murphy's Lucina; Cicero's Orations,
Sumner's Botany; Conversations on Chemisty,
Conversations on Natural Philosophy,
Conversations on Mineralogy,
Jamieson's Rhetoric, do. Logic,
Tooke's Pantheon; Latin Grammar,
Latin Tutor; French Friend,
Perrin's French Grammar; Clarke's Eutropii,
Blair's Lectures; American Orator,
Murray's, Cobbett's, Ingersoll's Greenleaf's and Brown's Grammar—Murray's Key and Exercise,
English Reader; American Preceptor,

Poems, &c.

The Poetical works of Milton, Cowper, Young Thomson, Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Southey, Moore, Goldsmith, Burns, Bloomfield, Pope, Montgomery, Ovid, Akenside, &c. &c.
The Pleasures of Memory; Feasts of the Poets,
Remains of Henry Kirk White,
Homer's Illiad; Dryden's Virgil;
Beauties of Shakespeare; The Age of Bronze,
The Diamond Spectator; The Star,
M'Fingal; Butler's Hudibrass,
Eighteen hundred and eleven, by Miss Barbould,
William Wallace; Farmer's Poems,
Barton's Poems; Martyr of Atioch,
Ray's Poems; The Village,
Rhodolphine; Blue Lights; The Sorceress,
Hebrew Canticles; Airs of Palestine,
Search after Happiness; Fatal Jest,
Fairfield's Poems, Brown's do.

Medical, &c.

Hoopers Medical Dictionary,
American Dispensatory——Thatcher's do.
Bell's Anatomy——Bell's Surgery,
Parr's do.——U. S. Pharmacopia,
Underwood on the Diseases of Children,
Hamilton on Mercury; Barton's Materia Medica,
Armstrong on Fever, Bayerand's Physiology,
Magendie's do. &c.

Stationary & Fancy Articles.

[illegible]——Mathematical
[illegible]——Camel's Hair
Lead Pencils and Pencil Cases——Slate
Royal, Medium, Demy and Cap Drawing-paper——English Gilt, and Superfine Vellum Letter paper——Writing do.——Patent and Common
India Ink——India Rubber——Durable Ink——Ink Powder——Sand Boxes and Stamps
——Ink Stands——Sealing Wax——Best Eng-
lish Wafers——Pen and Pocket Knives, a great
variety——Best Holland Quills——Water
Paints——Toy Paints——Gilt Visiting and
Message Cards——Lee & Thompson's Paste and
Liquid Blacking——Cologne Water——Hair
Musk and Rose Soap——Shaving
tique Oil——French Pomatum

A variety of Children's Books

——Toy Books, &c.

July 29th, 1823.

Fig. 4. Book list in a New York periodical, May 25, 1823

titles. By the time of *Lucinda*'s publication, thus the Manvills had powerful people on their side. The discrepancy between the social standing of those signing and the Manvills is striking. One wonders if any of these individuals were among the group who requested Lucinda's removal from the community in 1806, an event memorialized by the second preface with its recommendation from two magistrates who investigated the case.

Written four years after their visit, the material following the signature page of *Lucinda* is a lengthy description of Salmon Child and John Prior's melancholy trip to Greenfield. Child begins his description by making a direct assumption about his readers. "Having been frequently solicited by individuals, to relate the melancholy scene that took place," writes Child, he tells of his visit only to appease readers (81). Evidently the myth of Lucinda had grown in recent years and, as an eye-witness to some of the events, Child was sought out. Child ended his silence and helped support Manvill's tale. A bracketed paragraph, probably inserted by the publisher, alerts readers to Child's status in Saratoga County and the internal reliability of the story. This originally twelve-page preface "to the editor" of the second edition becomes a cohesive part of the subsequent editions because of its style. Writing his own sentimental narrative, Judge Child begins with a Radcliffian description reminiscent of *The Italian*, including the mountain country surrounding the Manvill home; he then moves down into the valley thick with hemlock which darkens the immediate area around the house. Lucinda's sighs, groans, and lamentations fill Child's memory just as much as they do Mrs. Manvill's. Child ends by again arguing for *Lucinda*'s "incontestible facts," which provide "the purest source of instruction and admonition to the youth of both sexes" (86). Like the signed recommendation before him, Child appeals to an audience which he assumes will be skeptical about an epistolary novel. He assures readers that *Lucinda* only appears to be a work of fiction, and its affinities with a sentimental tale are merely coincidental.

Mrs. Manvill's own preface "To The Reader," has a more intimate mood.

Dispensing with arguments about the factuality of her text, the worthiness of her tale over fiction, she simply writes that the book is a tribute to her step-daughter's otherwise exemplary life. As a "suffering daughter of humility," Lucinda deserves our attention. In separating truth and fact, Manvill says the only recommendation her tale needs is "the sacred truths it contains" (87). Fact collapses into truth. *Lucinda* finally has merit not because of its factuality but its message, one that will be reiterated hundreds of times in similarly plotted novels throughout the century. Manvill's preface reads like a typical sentimental author's plea for readers to withhold their judgment until the narrative's end.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of about Manvill's own recommendation is that she did not want to write it, a fact pointing to the silence surrounding the Lucinda story and Manvill's life. If this author had been more self-promoting and written more didactic pieces for Child's press or newspapers, she would have left more evidence about her inner life. Unfortunately Manvill, a virtually unknown writer today, provides her only voice in *Lucinda*. In the preface, the first words she speaks publicly, she admits to being "urged against her own inclinations," that writing is a "truly painful task" and the world full of "unfeeling conjecture" (87). Manvill wants to forget. Perhaps she writes nothing else for the same reason. Her first husband's death and her trek across Ohio and New York with her infant daughter Julia are memories of pain she wants to leave behind. Rather than a cathartic act, *Lucinda* may be a labor which brings no reward to its author. Financial remuneration certainly is missing, and fame was distasteful to her. Whatever *Lucinda* has to offer its readers, its author gains nothing. This "gentle tribute" holds an "awful warning" for its audience and nothing but grief for the creator. Manvill only wrote after her friends and community urged her on, not from a personal desire for authorship. It was early nineteenth century readers who needed to hear *Lucinda*'s story, and to know, once again, the tragedy of fallen virtue.

While Manvill may have had little interest in a story, based upon family history, that

did not prevent publishers from using Manvill's letters to her sister as a way to create public interest. More importantly, *Lucinda*'s prefaces suggest an awareness of a readership which could be drawn from different social classes and age groups. Davidson, in fact, provides a caution regarding the highly amorphous nature of interpretive community and readership. She realizes "these matters seem clear in the text itself but highly ambiguous when we assess the way actual readers made use of the text," a situation which proves "necessarily inconclusive" (*Revolution* 9). The prefaces, in other words, make up one part of the book's web of readers.

Ascertaining *Lucinda*'s readership also involves population figures around the time it was published. In the first decades of the nineteenth century, because of the Revolutionary War and the subsequent population explosion, two-thirds of the white race in America were under age 24 (Potter 271). And though novel readers were of all classes and education levels, this audience grew from young girls, eventually to include other family members (Baym, *Novels* 49). The two primary types of novel readers were the young and the female, "those for whom the home is supposed to be all in all and whose domestication is what creates home in the first place" (50). Nord's study of the 1790 subscription list to *New York Magazine* provides a comparable cross-section of the population who very well may have read *Lucinda*. In 1790, most of the people who read *New York Magazine* were merchants and artisans such as watchmakers, butchers, and weavers (128). Though this middle-class segment comprised only fifty percent of New York City society (according to Nord's random sampling from the *New York City Directory*), these same individuals were the major subscribers to *New York Magazine*. As expected, the poorer class of unskilled laborers only made up about one percent of subscribers while they represented over seventeen percent of New York City's population (120). A magazine subscription would not have been within the economic possibilities of such a group.

Because many of *New York Magazine*'s articles and stories target women readers, and Nord finds its "readership [. . .] heavily female" (128), it is possible to make some assumptions about *Lucinda*'s actual audience from Nord's study. Twenty-four percent of the *New York Magazine*'s material concerns romance, defined as "love, seduction, etc." (126). Another thirty percent covers virtue and ten percent concerns education. These three subcategories, all aimed toward a female audience, and all subjects covered in *Lucinda*, comprise over sixty percent of the *New York Magazine*'s subject matter in 1790. Serialized fiction, moral essays, calls for women's education, and female-authored articles fill the issues of a periodical whose subscribers from all over the state would find *Lucinda* addressing issues similar in nature. While the majority of subscribers were concentrated in New York City, rural readers make up twenty percent of the 1790 list.

Lucinda is not a magazine, but its price (one dollar) was comparable to a year subscription of *New York Magazine* ($2.25). Only the elite and middle classes could afford either, a fact borne out by an extant 1852 edition of the novel belonging to the Ratliffe family, prominent Quakers in the Earlham community. Both Russell M. and Tressie T. Ratliffe were early twentieth-century Earlham College graduates. Their son, who received the book as a birthday gift from his parents, donated the volume to the Earlham College Library in 1998.

As noted earlier, the most direct evidence of who read *Lucinda* comes from owner markings found in extant copies of the book itself. One 1852 edition, for example, features this inscription on a back end-paper: "Matilda Plank's Book / Maysfield Nov. 20 1853." Other owners recorded genealogical information on the blank end pages. In White Plains, New York, a weathered 1817 edition has "Boston" written in ink on the back flyleaf underneath a much-faded and water-stained signature.

Another case concerns the Westover family; their second edition has written on its back inside cover "Jonathan Westover, Mary Westover, & Mary Westover." Evidently the

ownership of Manvill's text may have spanned generations. In the Galway/Cook family, a second edition copy contains Adolphus M. Cook's signature on the inside front cover, but the back leaves are littered with different penmanships—"Lucinda and Martin Cook's book" and "L. Cook's Book Galway June, 1811." By August 1841, Cook family members added more names: "A.M. Cook Evans Mills" and "Hannah Smith Galway wife of M. Cook." Among the most intriguing evidence of ownership appears in an 1817 edition now owned by the Sage Colleges' Troy Campus Library in New York. Two samples of human hair, one knotted and the other crocheted into a bracelet, surround a pair of initials on the page. Though faded, the initials appear to be "CB" and JMc." The hair mementos are sewn onto the page—a typical nineteenth-century inscription style by 1852 in America. The date, however, indicates the longevity of Manvill's text.

First edition owners apparently valued their copies of *Lucinda* and retained them in their families for long periods of time. In one extant first edition, many names appear on the inside covers. "J. Culyer" is stamped on the title page, and a Jane Culyer Haring signed her name on the back fly-leaf. These two signatures could denote a woman before and after marriage, indicating that the book has been passed down to subsequent family members. Owners of this first edition lived in Johnstown, New York, a fact which reflects *Lucinda*'s local appeal. A second extant first edition reveals that William Lincoln did not sign the book until August 1841, perhaps as a birthday gift or at least a special purchase, since no other family members inscribed their names on the copy before him. Silas Adams, a man who wrote in neat script in dark brown (or faded black) ink on the inside covers of his first edition also created a fancy ink border underneath his name.

Though sales records of *Lucinda* are scarce, scholars such as Cathy Davidson assert that sales were not the only route to determine readership ("Life" 164; see also Augst). Because of the popularity of reading novels, circulating libraries were born and catered especially to such readers, who read often. These lending libraries operated upon

two premises: a novel was to be enjoyed then tossed aside, and readers could afford a yearly membership was significantly more economical than buying the novels themselves. As Davidson points out, "women, in particular, flocked to the new lending libraries where they could rent novels far more cheaply than they could buy them" (*Revolution* 8). And, especially important for determining *Lucinda*'s readership, the first half of the century proved the "heyday of the circulating library in America" (Kaser 62). Thomas Augst, in his careful study of the New York Mercantile Library, finds mostly the "cheapest and least rare" books in the library since "patrons would find them too disposable to own for themselves" (294). Families kept "classic works" in their home library, not popular fiction.

Since *Lucinda* was never published in a cheap edition, we might not find Manvill's text as a popular library selection. The one small 1836 edition might have been specifically published for library use, but no record supports this conjecture. Yet two bookplates in extant editions do reveal that at least one religious institution, the Hartwick Seminary, kept the book (an 1852 edition) in its library for nearly a century before the seminary either closed down or sold its rare book collection to another area library. This seminary ownership speaks strongly for a male readership since Hartwick was, in 1852, exclusively male. The copy J. Munsell presented to the Troy Young Men's Association also attests to *Lucinda*'s availability to a male readership. Davidson remarks in her study of *Charlotte Temple* that "institutional or social libraries [like those which carried *Lucinda*.. . .] catered to a more elite audience" and often included no novels in their collections ("Life" 164). For many readers at the Hartwick Seminary and the Troy Young Men's Association, then, *Lucinda* was possibly more about a regional family's suffering than a sentimental fiction.

Generally speaking, extant copies suggest that about an equal number of men and women owned copies of *Lucinda*, whether as gifts, purchases, or heirlooms. This evidence furnishes important clues about a mixed gender audience. Parents found it an

appropriate gift for their sons; seminaries discovered its appeal to a male audience. In an 1817 edition, for one, an ink stamp of "A.G. Belcher" appears under a calligraphied "Hoes Book Is This." On the back flyleaf of the same copy, a faded signature begins "Abbott" before a water stain covers the rest of the name, asserting the book's male ownership. If, as a preliminary search of *Lucinda*'s owners uncovers, an equal number of males and females possessed and valued their copies of Manvill's story, such evidence suggest an accurately targeted, widespread readership whose amorphous nature is apparent though "necessarily inconclusive" (Davidson, *Revolution* 9). This history of *Lucinda* 's readers is as complex as the new nation in which the book appeared in 1807.

"Immediate Direction": Female Education in *Lucinda*

In *The Puritan Origins of the American Self*, Sacvan Bercovitch traces the movement of authority from the pulpit to inner personal space. The American spirit transformed itself from a public to private phenomenon but, like everything else American, the two realms collapse in the discourse process. Early American ministers spoke publicly about private salvation; nineteenth-century fiction carried on the task. While both forms of discourse discussed the private realm publicly, the novel transcended the sermon and reached a larger audience with its popular appeal. The sentimental novel is a glorious historical moment in the collective American mind that appears between the sermon and Emersonian philosophy (actually overlapping both). Though Bercovitch does not discuss the novel, his argument for a new personal authority supports Nord's and Davidson's observations on how this narrative form empowered voiceless segments of the population. The narrator of *Lucinda*, as with every sentimental American novel, spoke directly to its readers, pleaded for sympathy, and asked for complicity with its purpose—to give power through education to female members of the new republic.

Cathy Davidson asserts that "virtually *every* American novel" before 1820 included

a discussion of female education (*Revolution* 66). Likewise, the one piece of evidence Manvill leaves from an otherwise silenced life speaks extensively and variously of moral training. Evidently a well-read individual in both classical and popular literature, Manvill believed in the power of vicarious learning that comes from reading about the experience of others. When, for instance, Manvill reports Lucinda receiving*Charlotte Temple,* among other unmentioned books, she reveals her own belief in the importance of female literacy, a form of education which encompasses appropriate social behavior, formal training, reading, and writing. When Lucinda receives *Charlotte Temple* to read, for example, several issues are at stake. By having her heroine refuse to read the book, Manvill implies that one can be beyond worldly hope once fallen into error. That fiction can instruct and entertai appears apparent. Instruction is possible, but women must be willing to the chalenges of it.

In a more direct fashion in Letter XVI in the novel teaches readers the correct way to practice virtue. Brown's downfall becomes a sermon on social virtue and the value of both moral and academic learning. In demonstrating Melvin Brown's short-comings, Manvill reveals her reading of classical and European literature readily available to her in New England. The *Daily Advertiser* and the *Saratoga Sentinel*, local newspapers available in Greenfield, advertised cheap editions of European literature. Manvill draws upon her reading of Pope while discussing Brown's predicament—

> Of all the curses, which conspire to blind
> Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
> What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
> Is PRIDE the never-failing vice of fools. (153)

Melvin Brown's faults and fate are captured in lines from *An Essay On Criticism*, an interesting gloss considering Brown and Pope's concern with reputation. Brown wants no one to know about his involvement with Lucinda because she is poor, and the woman he

later courts is from a wealthy, well-established family in Troy, New York. Education and virtue take precedence over economic status here, just as they will when the Saratoga County magistrates come to call. The core of Brown's problem, according to Manvill, is his lack of a correct education. Though he has "travelled, and studied improvement [and] was admitted into the society of gentlemen of respectability and figure," he has no inner guidance to direct his life and, therefore, cannot help but live a decadent existence (124). In contrast, Lucinda's education, though humble, involves the concrete skills of reading and writing, along with the more abstract virtues she learns from her parents and family (124). Even if education was not a desirable feminine virtue at the time, Manvill insists upon its importance and her readers encounter characteristics worth emulating.

Though Nina Baym deems female characters in early nineteenth-century narratives "non-negotiable ideal[s]," often meant to inspire rather than provide realistic examples, Manvill's tale stands outside this pattern (*Novels* 107). Manvill reduces Mr. Melvin Brown, not Lucinda herself, to a soul-less allegorical figure, a figure of his own undoing. His silence brings the most harm to the Manvill family. Brown receives many chances to explain himself, but he refuses to write or communicate in person to either Lucinda or her step-mother. His silence forfeits the very communication that might have saved both his reputation and Lucinda's life. After repeated entreaties and a face-to-face encounter with an unresponsive Brown, Lucinda agrees to petition the legal system for financial support of their child, an obligation he never fulfills. His financial demise occurs during the four years following Lucinda's death, and her social fall mimics his moral one. Beginning as a respectable businessman and ending up a fiddler, "literally speaking, a vagabond" (153), Brown's life is marked by a stubborn silence. In contrast, Manvill's written account of her family's tragedy recasts its shame into the story of a virtuous life ravished. Having accomplished that goal, she does not need to speak publicly again. Brown, on the other hand, becomes progressively more open to public ridicule as he falls from an aspiring

merchant to a beggar. This public gaze is all readers glimpse of Brown, for the few times he does talk with Lucinda's relatives, the Whitneys, or her brother Smith make plain that he dissembles. Readers cannot trust Brown because of Lucinda's seduction and, more importantly, his silence. Brown never speaks from his heart, most likely having never learned the skill.

Lucinda's author, however, ever open to learning, checks each of her actions and emotional reactions with her sister. The most prominent reaction throughout *Lucinda*, typical of the sentimental narrative, is this step-mother's sympathetic and nonjudgmental attitude toward her eldest daughter.

> For believe me, Nancy, though I would by no means wish to appear as an advocate for vice; yet shall the truly humble and penitent offender, who with unremitted ardour, pleads for and receives mercy and pardon at the throne of Grace—shall they, let me ask, be denied forgiveness, of weak and erring mortals, because themselves have been more abundantly favored of Providence; and under its immediate direction, have escaped the wiles of delusion? No, my sister—never shall I be made to believe, that God would approbate such rigid virtue, or that the bosom of sensibility can ever be barred against the all-powerful pleadings of humanity. Bowed down by the most humiliating reflections, our poor repentant child had returned and sought an asylum under the paternal roof, from the scoffs of a censorious and misjudging world. And might we, with unprecedented cruelty, reject her petition.—You my friend, and I trust every feeling heart, will readily give a negative answer. (99)

Like William Hill Brown's *The Power Of Sympathy*, Manvilll's *Lucinda* posits an emotional equality based upon "the all-powerful pleadings of humanity." While Brown seeks to validate Fanny Apthorp's reputation, giving her a voice against political powers in

Boston, Manvill writes for a silenced victim. Both authors demand a justice entrenched in basic human needs. Manvill's petition can only be rejected by "unprecedented cruelty." Those more fortunate in society should not look down on her daughter, but pity her dilemma and learn from it. A double message exists here, one which asks for the approval of particular emotions and actions and admirable, charitable behavior. In testifying for Lucinda and asking for approval, Manvill seeks guidance from her sister Nancy, the literal audience of *Lucinda*. The published letters include no responses to Manvill's letters, and thus readership grows beyond the original audience of one as readers step into the role of Nancy, the watchful older sibling. The moral center of *Lucinda* hence becomes the narrator rather than the seduced victim or the audience. Manvill wonders if she acts correctly in harboring Lucinda, in comforting her, and in arranging for her medical and spiritual needs. The text implies an assent to these questions in its many prefatory testimonials written by fellow villagers, religious leaders, and government officials, the very individuals who first condemned the Manvills before they realized the details. The writing of *Lucinda* rectifies such misplaced judgments. Lucinda becomes the innocent victim with Manvill providing corrective action supplementary to each circumstance. Lucinda acts appropriately after she reaches her father's home, but prior to that time other circumstances have virtually negated her belated fortitude. It is through the person of Manvill that social virtue and education will emanate.

Female education also comes about by the examples of Manvill's letter writing. Davidson notes this trend in women's epistolary fiction, where readers hone their own writing and penmanship skills by imitating novels. In addition to encouraging the improvement of vocabulary and writing skills, *Lucinda* as epistolary novel became a model for young writers which "provided a kind of education that could even parallel—admittedly, in a minor key—that which was provided by the men's colleges" (*Revolution* 73). *Lucinda*'s letters demonstrate appropriate language for writing to several

different readers, among them a sibling, an acquaintance, close friends, and a jilting beau. As each audience is addressed, language changes subtly. In her letter to Mr. Brown, for example, Manvill's formal tone begins with "Sir;" it anticipates Brown's surprise at receiving a letter from someone "who has not the honor of a personal acquaintance" (120), a far cry from a letter to Manvill's sister, her most frequent audience. Those letters begin abruptly, sometimes playfully: "Shall I tell you, my Dear Nancy, how I have spent this morning? 'Yes,' you say. Attend then, and do not call me romantic" (91). The more familiar tone toward Nancy still comes in a well-ordered letter. An introductory statement precedes a careful account of the day's occurrences along with well-placed reflections on those events. In this way, Manvill shows readers of her book, the virtual voyeurs of Lucinda's life, several ways to pen effective letters.

This implicit writing pedagogy evidently reached a receptive and large audience, as several extant copies of *Lucinda* contain commentary in them which mimic Manvill's language. One owner even wrote "Mountain Mourner" on a back page, copying Manvill's idiosyncratic terminology. While *Lucinda* is not alone in this regard, extant copies of *Charlotte Temple* also contain various kinds of signatures and handwritings (Davidson, *Revolution* 78), an 1810 edition has markings all over its inside covers and end pages. Large cursive "Ls" fill the front pages of the book underneath a careful owner signature, "Rashel Clo—." Other half-erased pencil signatures in the same hand appear on both inside covers. Just as P.D. Manvill and her family signed their names at the end of their letters, *Lucinda*'s owners put down initials and different versions of their own names inside their copies of the book. One Mary Westhover wrote her name twice on an inside cover—either citing family members of different generations or rehearsing her writing skills, perhaps before signing a legal document. No extant copy of *Lucinda* has an owner's stamp without that individual also writing his or her name somewhere else in the book, often numerous times and in varied styles. Such is the case with William Lincoln,

who lived in Bristol during August 1841. Several versions of his handwritten signature surround his name and date stamp. And Silas Adams, proud owner of a first edition, signed his name neatly in faded ink on both the front and back inside covers. He then created a painstakingly intricate decorative border in the same ink underneath his name.

Do such markings reflect a peculiar educational phenomenon at work? It is hard to say with confidence, though it is indisputable that something is going on; at the very least, *Lucinda* owners used their copies as practical learning tools. The many surviving signatures in extant *Lucinda* editions (which appear more than one time) indicate significant owner interaction with Manvill's text. The large cursive "Ls" following "Rashel Clo—'s" signature, for instance, come from a woman creating an intricate design. The repeated letter demonstrates handwriting practice as one of her most treasured keepsakes. Reproducing the captial "L" so closely suggests an involvement with Lucinda's plight —perhaps what she imagined Lucinda's signature would resemble at the end of her letter to Melvin Brown. Whatever the case, the many owner markings in surviving copies of Manvill's novel reveal how important a story *Lucinda* actually was for its time. Readers sympathized and remembered Lucinda's plight, mulling it over as they penned "Mountain Mourner" on the inside cover. Owning this book was broadcast through signatures. Young women learning to write used blank spaces in Manvill's book to practice their penmanship, as paper was scarce. Zboray notes that "the cost of raw material for paper remained high until the mid-1850s, when wood and pulp replaced always rare cotton and linen rags" (189). Private individuals often used whatever blank surfaces available to try out their newly-learned skill of handwriting. Whatever the reason for so many writing samples in extant *Lucinda* copies, they all point toward one significant fact: Manvill's tale moved and motivated readers to respond in some manner, often in the very pages of her book. Readers became students as they learned *Lucinda*'s lessons, both implicit and explicit.

Manvill's most immediate student, of course, is her seduced and abandoned step-daughter. Attempting to comfort Lucinda's grief by offering "books for her perusal, which [she] hoped at least might amuse her for a moment" (127), Manvill offers Rowson's *Charlotte Temple*, which she hopes might cheer Lucinda up by comparison. At least Lucinda has a loving family surrounding her and a roof over her head. But the distressed youth, "absorbed in her own sorrows [. . .] had no room in her heart for the distresses of another" (127). Though Manvill prefers Lucinda's educational background to Brown's, she still tries to supplement it with practical social knowledge and vicarious sympathy. An interesting cross-over between fact and fiction occurs in this action. For in offering Lucinda Rowson's novel to read, Manvill actually mirrors a similar event in another sentimental novel written ten years before, Hannah Web Foster's *The Coquette; or, The History of Eliza Wharton: A Novel*. Cathy Davidson observes that in Foster's tale, "fiction is valorized." When the main character, Eliza, is "depressed" and "rejected," her "friends and moral advisors send her novels to read" (*Revolution* 142). Eliza's seducer, Major Sanford, is a kind of model for *Lucinda*'s Mr. Brown: they both dislike reading. If Manvill's story, as historical evidence suggests, is less-disguised fact than William Hill Brown's, then sentimental novels did indeed reflect early American life.

Here then we find an endless loop. Manvill might have mimicked *The Coquette* by offering Lucinda a novel to read in the midst of her despair, and her action becomes part of a literary document which in itself is a textualization of experience. The agency through which Manvill chose to communicate these events is the sentimental novel. By providing an account of her step-daughter's last few months alive, she creates another *Coquette* for Americans to read. As Burnham notes, early and nineteenth-century American journalistic and fictional sources indicate that perhaps *all* experience was sentimentalized and transformed into the language of emotion. Manvill's version of this phenomenon becomes unique in the way it bridges the space between fact and fiction. In offering Lucinda

Charlotte Temple, she also presents her own sentimental tale as a learning tool for young Americans.

Lucinda refuses to (or cannot) read the books which her caregiver offers. Instead, she sings hymns softly in her bed until her death. An escape to the spiritual follows this conscious rejection of social education, an escape which Manvill presents as inferior, a final passive comfort. *Lucinda*'s message is implicit rather than direct, though no less emphatic as later sentimental novels which contain financially and educationally empowered women. *Lucinda* proves that "seduction is a social disease," that "women can learn to take preventative measures" (Davidson, *Revolution* 108). While *Lucinda* places female choice in the background and highlights consequences and victimization, the common issues of female individuality remain (126). In fact, early American women's fiction like *Lucinda* "set forth the sad truths of many women's lives in the late eighteenth century more tellingly than did the overtly reformist novels" (128). When the heroine fails, her story denies the cult of "ideal domesticity," and the novel actually "inadvertently advocat[es] the need for better female education and for greater female self-sufficiency" (128), an answer Manvill provides early in her book. In Letter X, she recommends anatomical education for young women; sex education of this kind is essential. It is a different avenue of discretion, peculiarly nineteenth-century: "the electric glow of voluptuousness, and the milder radiance of celestial love which beams on the eyes of sacred affection" (106-07) must be distinguished. Differentiating lust from honorable love is an essential part of every young woman's education. If a suitor presses for physical union outside the bonds of matrimony, then he is untrustworthy and not worth the risk. This simple lesson saves lives, as in the case of Lucinda, its absence ruins one. Ignorant of the courtship process, Lucinda cuts herself off from all friends except Brown, giving him all her time and attention and thus all her hopes. Such innocence leads directly to her downfall.

By the end of Manvill's book, Lucinda gets immortalized in a five-stanze poem.

An inscription, like the text which has preceded it, ends in a didactic way:

> Ye beauteous fair, who these sad truths shall learn,
>
> Admit the sacred warning to your breasts;
>
> With piteous tears, bedew Lucinda's urn,
>
> Where love's sad victim, shrouded—SWEETLY RESTS. (150)

Nineteenth-century readers learn from a negative example, and from the author's reaction to her heroine's demise. An audience accustomed to such lessons in fiction (in *Charlotte Temple*, for instance, Rowson writes of "the poor girl by thoughtless passion led astray, who, in parting with her honour [. . . .] has disgraced her friends, forfeited the good opinion of the world, and undone herself"), readers recognize that the author of *Lucinda* does not condone mistaken judgment but invites pity for "the unhappy victim of folly" (60). Manvill's text indicates that Lucinda was not an immediate victim but one who holds her own for months, actually refusing marriage to Melvin Brown because she wants to ensure financial stability before their union. Her rape comes only after Brown's frustration overpowers his reason; he exhibits weakness before Lucinda. She is not the gullible Charlotte who falls immediate prey to Captain Montraville, although she does become Charlotte's virtual twin in their similar endings. Both young women birth daughters in hidden places and die soon afterwards. Both exemplify to young readers the dangers of misplaced judgment.

Manvill's concerns about Lucinda's reputation are also similar to Foster's own rectification of the true "Eliza's" character in *The Coquette*. Magistrates Child and Prior approach the Greenfield home upon the townspeople's request. They want scandal out of their community for monetary and social reasons. If Lucinda has her child in Greenfield, she would require the town's help to raise the child since her family is so poor. In a similar way, a displaced but respectable young woman's death in a tavern threatens Foster's moral community, as does having an illegitimate youth in Greenfield's community. In Lucinda's

defense, Manvill immortalizes the individual her community would most like to forget. Rather than stay silent and bury her family's tragedy, Manvill presents it for public consummation in an epistolary format which afforded her the opportunity to give voice to a silenced class of Americans. If young women can subsequently learn how to refuse a suspicious suitor and how to communicate appropriately to different audiences, they can become empowered members in the burgeoning Republic.

"Incontestable" *Lucinda*: Bridging The Gap Between Fact And Fiction

As should now be clear, P.D. Manvill's message in *Lucinda* is similar to other sentimental novels of her time, particularly Susanna Rowson's *Charlotte Temple*, William Hill Brown's *The Power of Sympathy*, and Samuel Richardson's *Clarissa*. The message is sure: how seduction can ruin one's reputation and life. The efforts of Rowson and Brown have gained them places in literary history, but for some reason Manvill's have not. Of the few notices of Manvill, some admit her as a bestselling author, but her "novel of seduction," as Baym calls it, while garnering a large readership and many printings, stands apart from others because of its negotiation of fact and fiction.

Ultimately, *Lucinda*'s distinctiveness resides in its ability to function as fictional history which links nineteenth-century culture and fiction in subtle ways. Manvill's tale is a literary treasure that scholarship has too-long neglected, a sentimental puzzle in nineteenth-century America. Saratoga county records and Manvill genealogy substantiate the claims published in the second and later editions of *Lucinda* that Manvill's tale approaches nonfiction. While any written form of an event is necessarily a textualization, *Lucinda*'s characters move outside the pages of the story attesting to Manvill's truthfulness. Such truth proves significant in the many editions Manvill's book undergoes over the course of nearly a century. Little more than a decade after *Charlotte Temple*, *Lucinda* appears, a novel similar in theme but distinct in its reliance upon factuality.

In her study of sentimental literature, *All The Happy Endings*, Helen Waite Papashvily labels Lucinda as the "last fallen woman in the popular novel before the lists were closed" (31). Papashvily and Davidson locate *Lucinda*'s place in nineteenth-century women's fiction away from fiction and toward history and biography. As one fo the first well-selling novels in the nineteenth century and one of the last American narratives to have the heroine die, *Lucinda* offers a typical sentimental plot with unusual directness. Sentimentalized accounts of seduced young women in novels such as *The Coquette* and *The Power of Sympathy* change details to protect the innocent but fallen woman. In *Lucinda*, however, Manvill changes no names or places in her epistolary recounting of her step-daughter's tragedy.

Claiming to be a historical memoir, *Lucinda* resists the sentimental and the claims that the epistolary novel's melodrama romanticizes daily life. It rebuffs comments such as those from Josephine Donovan, who contends that the "melodramatic emotionalism. . . [which] continued to plague women writers through the nineteenth century" is unrealistic. Peppered with "inauthentic female characters," sentimental novels cannot be modeled on fact (33). Judith Fetterley and Marjorie Pryse, in their anthology of *American Women Regionalists*, also balk at the "romance" and "sentimentalism" found in early nineteenth-century literature (xiv). Its handling of these very elements makes *Lucinda* worthy of study, for Manvill's text depicts a new relationship between nonfiction and fiction in its sentimental approach to recording experience. Truth becomes a powerful message which makes *Lucinda* a popular novel in young America.

Critics have been slow to recognize the peculiar nature of Manvill's accomplishment. Feminist scholars, for example, recognize *Lucinda* deserves a place in literary history but find its plot demeaning to readers. In *Woman's Fiction*, Nina Baym deems novels such as *Lucinda* present "an unqualified picture of woman as man's inevitable dupe and prey. The woman invariably succumbs to male arts, and dies as a

result" (51). This "novel of seduction" disappears by 1810, and Baym believes its demise "a crucial event in woman's fiction [. . . and] woman's psyche" (26) because it encouraged American women to accept their inferior social and economic status and live as victims. Even if the historical record is on Baym's side, she overlooks the strength of character implied in Manvill's narrative and privileges instead the successful heroine who becomes established in the next decade of the century. Even if Baym correctly contends that nineteenth-century women authors "detested Richardsonian fiction and planned their own [. . .] alternative" narratives (25), she cannot dispute the ilustrations in the Munsell 1852 edition of *Lucinda* which point toward a view of woman as individual, able to hold her own in society.

A look at the similarities already established between sentimental fiction and women's social status in Republican America will indicate the space that *Lucinda* can potentially inhabit. In the midst of a burgeoning female readership and increased literacy among all classes of Americans, *Lucinda* appeared at just the right moment. As Baym observes, fiction, "on the strength of [its] popularity" actually established "authorship in America [. . .] as a woman's profession, and reading as woman's avocation" (*Woman's* 11). Moreover, female readers did much more than digest fiction in their homes. Davidson notes that the novel became part of the "daily life of republican women [as] the discourse of fiction was itself made contiguous with or incorporated into their discourse" (*Revolution* 114). Just as local scandal was fictionalized (following the early example of Hill Brown's *The Power of Sympathy* with its barely masked characters), so fiction could be "readily scandalized," or "transformed by oral discourse and circulated as story" (114).

As a link between culture and fiction, *Lucinda* addresses the same concerns of its fictional contemporaries, taking "especial cognizance of rural-urban tensions and [. . .] class divisions" (Baym,*Woman's* 45). Gossip among Greenfield villagers who do not want Lucinda to become a local welfare case bring about the county officials' visit to the

Manvill home. When Magistrates Child and Prior approach the impoverished Manvill home, all they and readers know is that an uninvited single pregnant woman awaits them. It is up to P.D. Manvill herself to relate Lucinda's whole story, to put her above a mere statistic or court welfare case. Both aesthetically and factually, the legal account preceding Manvill's letters builds tension and provides a frame for the story. Manvill seeks to quell rumors and relate truth through an epistolary tale which has class matters at its roots.

Understanding the special accomplishment of *Lucinda* can be aided by a consideration of its affinities to early American novels, sermons, news articles, and captivity narratives. As Michelle Burnham has discovered, sentimentality found in Mary Rowlandson's captivity narrative, Richardson's *Pamela*, and early American nonfictional accounts are "virtually indistinguishable" (55-56). In the hands of her captors, Rowlandson expresses her distress in the same way as Pamela writes about Squire B's attempted violence to her body. Rowlandson writes of "a company of hell-hounds, roaring, singing, ranting and insulting, as if they would have torn our very hearts out," but she trusts in "the Lord by his Almighty power" which saves her life (70). Likewise, Pamela gives in to despair as she says, trapped by Squire B, "It is now [. . .] in vain for me to contend against my evil destiny, and the superior arts of my barbarous master." The young British heroine puts her faith in the same place as Rowlandson, too, when she writes to "resign [her]self to the Divine will, and prepare to expect the worst" (172). Pamela's master is "barbarous," certainly capable of the "roaring, singing, ranting, and insulting" of Rowlandson's captors. Both writers use melodramatic and excessive language, the same type of rhetoric found in an 1824 *Seneca Farmer* article covering the American Revolution. Instead of simply winning a battle, American soldiers are depicted as fighting a war of poetic significance. A language of excess marked early nineteenth-century discourse, and it is this rhetoric which Manvill considers as she blurs the boundary between the novel and journalistic reporting.

By carefully exploiting the melodramatic and excessive language of sentimental literature, *Lucinda* connects fact and fiction in the new American Republic and inhabits a slightly different place than other sentimental tales of the period. While *Charlotte Temple* and even *The Power Of Sympathy*, America's first novel, purport to be based on fact, each major event in Manvill's story *is* historical fact. The rather lengthy full title, unchanged in seven editions, says so: *Lucinda; or, the Mountain Mourner. Being Recent Facts, in a Series of Letters, from Mrs. Manvill, in the State of New York, to her Sister in Pennsylvania*. The author changes no names: Lucinda is Lucinda Manvill, eldest daughter of a widower who lived in Greenfield, New York, at the turn of the nineteenth century; Melvin Brown represents no one but himself, a struggling businessman who abandoned the desperate Lucinda for a wealthier prospect in Scipio. While readers may infer from Brown a symbol of the industrial, worldly individual who takes advantage of the simple agrarian family life surrounding Lucinda, Manvill makes no such claims in her text. The recipient of Manvill's letters is her sister Nancy Winsor of Pennsylvania, married to Augustus Winsor in Rhode Island in 1783, according to public record. On many pages, footnotes accompany the story, giving credit to various sympathetic community and family members. Certainly the mere presence of footnotes could mean that Manvill (or the publisher) wanted to present a *semblance* of truth, but genealogical and historical records attest to *Lucinda*'s factual nature. Each sibling, for example, mentioned in *Lucinda* appears in the Manville genealogy, a two-thousand page book compiled by a New York descendant. Noel Manvill, one of Lucinda's older brothers, mentions Polly, his niece and Lucinda's illegitimate daughter, in his will. He leaves her a two-year-old heifer, a valuable asset for a fourteen-year-old living in poverty. These surviving documents begin the historical verification that validates Manvill's seeming novel as fact. Unlike her American predecessors Susannah Rowson and William Hill Brown, Mrs. Manvill presented events as they happened, less than a year after their occurrence, in letters to her sister Nancy.[12]

Though *Lucinda* is still a textualization of experience, historical records in Saratoga County support each event, down to the six surviving children's guardians in various small New York towns. Manvill left nothing to fiction, though for some reason literary scholars and her publishers saw fit to call *Lucinda; or, the Mountain Mourner* a novel, implying, at the least, a fictionalization of historical events.

Manvill ensures that readers view her story as factual through familiar means. The heroine is seduced and dies in childbirth; the story addresses concerns of a female audience; it provides a warning to young people through a plot similar to those of seduction novels, but it is not fiction. *Lucinda* collapses cultural fact and narrative fiction through, first of all, its footnotes. The family inn which harbors Lucinda in Troy while she searches for her Uncle Betts's home merits a footnote, in which the author thanks them for their hospitality. By doing so Manvill gives anonymous stock characters a name (the Masons) and allows the innkeepers to be traced to a New York town. Manvill continues this practice to the final page of her story, when she relates Brown's unwillingness to be a father for Lucinda's child even though he does promise initial financial support. The story's final footnote names the last person to see Brown.

Emphasizing the historical reality of women was another of Manvill's devices. Women in fledging America remained dependent upon the men surrounding them throughout their lives. Attempting to force her seducer into marriage was Lucinda's only hope for respectability. As *Lucinda* demonstrates, diaries and newspapers of the time reveal a similarity between female readers and "their most unfortunate fictional sisters" (Davidson, *Revolution* 122). To gain Melvin Brown as a husband at any cost is not that outrageous or socially demeaning of a desire, evidenced by the letters to him from Mrs. Manvill, her husband Adrian, and Lucinda's brother. All ask for him to rescue Lucinda. He does not, and Manvill clearly indicates that Lucinda's death is on his hands—an awful warning indeed to parents and youth along with those who might judge a fallen woman too

quickly.

Many detractors of the nineteenth-century melodramatic novel claim it mere fantasy. *Lucinda* again belies the limitation of such a view. It offers "an idea of female excellence [. . .] presented as a real character" (Baym, *Novels* 101). Whether read as a regional memoir or sentimental tale, *Lucinda* touched a nerve among American readers. Its painstaking account of Lucinda's experiences ultimately demonstrated for readers how a quiet—even silent—life is best lived in harmony with nature and in a charitable attitude toward one's fellow beings. However, when tragedy does arise, Manvill contends through *Lucinda* that one must speak loudly and long, and let the tears of sentiment flow.

"Bowed down by the most humiliating reflections": Lucinda Manvill

At the heart of Manvill's achievement is her heroine, the tragic sentimental heroine who poses key challenges to the familiar fallen woman of a seduction novel. As many early American novels, *Lucinda* questions social mores. Lucinda's age and financial status pose threats to the accepted practice in her rural community and later, as Manvill's audience grows, the Republic at large. *Lucinda* questions by giving silenced voices a chance to speak. While she lives, Lucinda hesitates to relate her tale until her pregnancy becomes obvious and necessity forces her confession. But even at that late date, only her family listens to her. Melvin Brown and the Greenfield community remain unreceptive to Lucinda's plea and instead uphold propriety, in this case welfare law. The public attends to Lucinda's voice only after her death.

Underscoring the fact that Manvill speaks for Lucinda and gives her a voice through her narrative is the lack of extant records regarding Lucinda's life. In fact, most genealogical accounts (like those of Saratoga County, New York) actually draw from Manvill's text word for word when relating Lucinda's life. Lucinda comes to the Manvills from her aunt and uncle Whitney, her guardians since the unfortunate demise of her

youngest sister a few years after her mother's death. Lucinda evidently tries to take over household duties in lieu of her mother, but circumstances make it best to separate the six remaining children to various relatives. When Lucinda returns to her father's home for a supposedly brief visit with some of her siblings (accompanied by her sister Eliza, now eighteen, and brother Smith), she eventually reveals her tragic lapse in judgment. Melvin Brown wanted to marry sooner than Lucinda did and ended up raping her. Like Susanna Rowson's poor Charlotte, Lucinda survives on the hope of a hasty marriage, meanwhile continuing to allow Brown his pleasures. She still clings to this hope as she tells her step-mother her story. But unlike Charlotte Temple, who was a seduced teenager, Lucinda is nearly 30 years old, which could perhaps make readers think she should have known better. Manvill's story is more complex because of her heroine's motivations.

Why wouldn't Lucinda promise marriage to Melvin Brown when he first asked since she was certainly of age? Her reasons for hesitation are vague when she tells Brown to "wait and see" after nearly a year of courtship. While her uncle and aunt Whitney move to Marcellus, Lucinda accompanies them and leaves Brown to business in Scipio. Financial hardship might be a possible reason for Lucinda's matrimonial postponement. According to the novel, she admits a strong emotional attachment to Brown and indicates during their time apart (apparently about six months) that she misses him. During their separation, Brown works in the mercantile business in Scipio while Lucinda improves her dowry some thirty miles away in Marcellus. Whatever her reservations, Brown uses them against her when she presses for the union and he refuses. Business, he says, is too hectic; she must wait a while longer. He purchases land adjoining the Whitney's property in Marcellus and becomes essentially a permanent guest in their household as he settles in the area. Later, when Lucinda's brother searches out Brown in Marcellus to tell him of the urgency of Lucinda's condition, Brown admits he will be ruined if the Manvills sue him. The public shame will destroy his precarious reputation as an emerging businessman. The

text does not speculate on reasons behind Lucinda's original postponement because Manvill doesn't know. She only records certain information, like Lucinda's painful waiting for Brown to appear in Greenfield. Outside of her father's home where she has returned to die, Lucinda sits "on a bank, which command[s], at some distance, a short view of the road" (126). Over a period of at least a month, Lucinda waits each day for hours.

Lucinda wants to marry Brown first for love, then out of necessity. Though, like Charlotte Temple, she fails to keep her virtue intact, unlike Charlotte she gains no financial status from it. Melvin Brown has little to give her, as all the people in Manvill's story are poor. This fact adds poignancy and individuality to the text, setting it apart from previous seduction tales. Charlotte Temple, for example, attends an upper class girl's academy. Even British precursors such as the eponymous character in *Evelina*, though poor, had access to rich relations and friends, and end with heroines rediscovering wealth and regaining social position. Richardson's *Clarissa* concerns an economically advantageous marriage, and Pamela marries up in spite of her decayed noble family. Lucinda has none of these hopes or temptations. The Manvill family's poverty is underscored by *Lucinda*'s lengthy prefatorial report from two Greenfield local magistrates, charged with investigating Adrian Manvill's household for a potential welfare charge. Evidently not welcoming penniless Lucinda into their midst, Greenfield citizens feared they would be responsible for extra members of the Manvill household. Magistrates Child and Prior attest to the Manvills' poverty but also to their good nature and noble character. So touched by the scene they are met with (Lucinda on her death-bed), the judges agree to allow Lucinda to remain in her father's home until her child is born; then both must leave. Hardly a wayward teenager and nearly thirty years old, Lucinda gains permission to stay temporarily in her father's home only after Mrs. Manvill signs an affidavit.

By questioning community values and standards, *Lucinda* is like other early American novels which "spoke to those not included in the established power stuctures of

the early Republic and welcomed into the republic of letters citizens who had previously been invited, implicitly and explicitly, to stay out" (Davidson, *Revolution* 79). Posing a "socially egalitarian message" (73), Manvill's *Lucinda* allows silenced voices to speak. If William Hill Brown's *The Power Of Sympathy* questions the unfortunate judgment of its heroine through the creation of a personal mythology, Manvill retains all names, settings, and details in her work to accomplish a similar purpose. Both allow

> covert questioning of the very rules textually affirmed by the tragic fall of some too-weak woman who does not properly resist the seducer's blandishments. Although seduction is the focal point of these novels, their illumination did not always fall precisely where the conventional moralists would have it. (Davidson, *Revolution* 106)

For Brown *The Power Of Sympathy* questions "the evil paradox of a nation founded on the premise of human equality still practicing slavery" and participating in a class- and financially-based morality (108). For Manvill, her refusal to mask any part of Lucinda's saga, questions contemporary mores and forces the attending judges in Lucinda's case to doubt their mission; Magistrate Child's preface indicates a mind that begins its transformation even while approaching the valley of Glass Factory Mountain. The two judges admire the heights then suffer a change in mood as they descend to the Manvill home in a dense tree-line. There is a subtlety here upon which Manvill capitalizes. She reminds readers of their spiritual roots. She by-passes nineteenth-century social law, the "public story," and opts for an earlier social vision by challenging cultural norms regarding the American individual.

When Sacvan Bercovitch studies the early colonial vision of America as a new city on a hill, he notes how no aspect of life was external to this dream. The Puritan's utopian concept involves "an unfolding redemptive design" which encompasses everything economic, social, familial, and personal (147). Sacred and secular mix, and the natural

world enters in as "a holy writ of living heiroglyphics" (152). In *Lucinda*'s preface, when Magistrates Child and Prior describe their exhiliration at the mountaintop followed by their depression in the darkened valley, the two speak from an already-rich New England tradition. Prophetic messages communicated through a thick mountainside forest would be familiar to *Lucinda*'s readers. They could relate it to the story of the Old Testament prophet Elijah's mountaintop experience in which he slew the numerous prophets of Baal at Mount Carmel but was then cast out into the wilderness by King Ahab (I Kings 18:21-19:4). To early nineteenth-century Americans, Elijah's trials and successes were their own. God spoke through nature and circumstance.

Just as Elijah went through the miraculous then the tragic, so also the two Magistrates in *Lucinda* experience a change in emotion as their natural environment fluctuates. On the mountain they can see across three New York counties, Saratoga, Rensselaer, and Washington; once in the densely-forested valley of Glass Factory Mountain, however, Child and Prior lose their expansive vision. The silence which greets them echoes Elijah's own. Whether or not Child and Prior deliberately reference the Old Testament in their writing, it is safe to say that scriptural reference was still uppermost in the public mind, linked to economy and community. The American Dream's roots have everything to do with money and immediate physical concerns. Early American scholar Perry Miller, in fact, observes the financial motive imbedded in Winthrop's "Great Migration of 1630." Since England was so over-populated, perhaps the poor would have more opportunity in the New World (2-6). Bercovitch concurs with Miller on this point, conceding that the national destiny of European Americans was "admittedly in and of this world" (81). Although the early nineteenth century was a transitional era, with New York and its surrounding New England states moving from colonial to Yankee identity, the tone of Winthrop's *Arabella* sermon, "A Modell of Christian Charity," reverberates through the generations. The "redemptive meaning of America" persists (87) as individuals move their

spiritual leadings from biblical to secular cues.

Child and Prior, then, gather foreknowledge of future events from nature, and *Lucinda*'s readers would have easily related this experience to biblical precedence. Elijah is just one of many scriptural stories they might have remembered. This initial double message from nature, both secure and sinister, recurs throughout *Lucinda* in the aid from once-reluctant neighbors, Mr. Manvill's letters pleading for his daughter's case to Mr. Brown, and P.D. Manvill's own words as she relates the story to her sister. Each of these passages fluctuates between confidence in the divine leading to a fear of circumstance. Mrs. Manvill requests that Brown rescue Lucinda from her illness or else she will die; she then adds a postscript to the letter which refuses to give Brown full credit for Lucinda's condition, claiming Providence arranged the whole situation. Yet it is in the character of Lucinda that Manvill reveals the classic American double vision—Lucinda the model daughter, caring for her family and forever choosing correctly, balanced against Lucinda the seduced and dying, hidden from the curious eyes of Troy citizens in rural Greenfield. Lucinda is paying for her sins at the same time she embodies innocent suffering. Though she chose wrongly to let Brown continue in his dishonorable ways, it was Brown who began the whole sequence with rape. Manvill speaks only through and around the silenced figure of Lucinda just as God speaks to Elijah in the midst of silence. Let us be bound by the power of sympathy, Manvill pleads, mirroring William Brown's own message. Her daughter's voice is finally free.

Given that the Republican idea of freedom had everything to do with economics (Bercovitch 120; Miller 4), in the particulars of Lucinda's welfare investigation, Manvill enacts her own charity which transcends the community's. Though Adrian Manvill's family is poor and Lucinda is a tremendous burden to them, the entire family vows to care for the dying daughter and her infant. Lucinda's sister, Eliza, even plans to take the baby into her own home when she can afford to in the future. The Manvills realize the urgency

of their situation, but, through charity to each other, overcome their circumstances. Lucinda and her child do not "go on the town" welfare. With all this in mind, Mrs. Manvill disputes the magistrates' decision to place Lucinda at the town's disposal. Thus Manvill turns the American idea of freedom into a secondary concern, inferior to a charitable life. Like Hannah Web Foster and her novel *The Coquette*, Manvill "exposes [Greenfield's] fundamental injustices through the details and disasters of the plot" (Davidson, *Revolution* 144). She reminds the judges (and her readers) of the communal basis of the American Puritan ideal—while the New World's poor laws were based, often word-for-word, on the British system, America had something more. They were a city upon a hill, a chosen people, and they would look after each other in spite of economic concerns.

Though Lucinda dies a few days after childbirth, Manvill finishes her tale with joy—Lucinda's child, who was supposed to eventually live with her aunt Eliza for financial reasons, ends up remaining with grandfather Adrian and his wife. "Polly" becomes an intricate part of their lives, but no *Lucinda's Daughter* follows in the manner of Rowson. As an author, Manvill remains silent for the rest of her life and additional biographical details are sketchy. Polly's uncle, Nicholas Manvill, wills her a cow, which she receives at the age of fourteen. When P.D. Manvill moves to Indiana with her daughter Julia, it is unclear whether Polly accompanies her or moves to her Aunt Eliza Dunning's home. Lucinda's line does continue: three of her siblings name their daughters Lucinda, and P.D. Manvill offers her written memorial to her step-daughter's life.

P.D. Manvill's own daughter, Julia Cory Dumont, carried across a state by her mother as an infant, eventually became known as the first woman writer of the west (Emch 233). Her serializations appeared in Indiana magazines; she wrote more than her mother, but both women's talents stem from the same reality—a strong education. Julia Dumont succeeded as a pioneering author with the example set by her mother, Martha Dyer Manvill. Mrs. Manvill made sure that her daughter gained the reading and writing abilities her step-

daughter Lucinda was unable to develop.

"Such rigid virtue": The life of P.D. Manvill

Lucinda is Manvill's only published writing, though one might wonder at this fact considering her eventful life. Two specific times stand out in this unkown author's biography, one involving her first marriage, the second, her famous ancestors. Killed "at the hands of Indians" a few months before her daughter Julia's birth, Manvill's first husband had just settled with his new wife and the Ohio Company hailing from Rhode Island, where Manvill, née Waterman, grew up.[13] Manvill, when she was known as Martha Cory, carried her only natural daughter, Julia, then an infant, in a saddle bag across Ohio to her family in Saratoga County, New York. No account of this journey exists in written form. Manvill could have also written about her ancestors, beginning with Richard Waterman, an Englishman who traveled to America in 1629, prior to John Winthrop, who helped found the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Later Waterman was among the dissenters who followed Roger Williams to Rhode Island, where his family remained for generations. But, again, Manvill stays silent about her own life and genealogy, choosing instead to memorialize her step-daughter, Lucinda.

Yet Martha Manvill's ancestors, the Watermans, were a distinguished family.[14] Her great-great-great grandfather, Richard Waterman, was a founding member of Salem, Massachusetts, and was known for his hunting skills, a gift which eventually made him a valuable member of the colonial community. His natural talent brought him much in spite of his lack of a formal education. When he separated from the community, he did so with official approval, receiving a confirmation of land in Roger Williams's Providence in June, 1637. A powerful man in a dissenting community, Richard Waterman must have largely agreed with Williams's "leveling" beliefs. Williams's rather unsystematized spirituality never led him to a creed per se, but his many writings against the established colonial

church, both Congregational and Separatist, speak of a faith opposed to English and colonial church hierarchies. His well-known *A Key into the Language of America* (1643), published in London, reveals Williams' belief in the equality of all men and his respect for Native Americans as a legitimate people, not "a company of hell-hounds" or "merciless Heathens" as they appear in Puritan colonial writings like Mary Rowlandson's captivity narrative (69-70). Williams' relationship with the American Indians led to his purchase of land, later called Providence, from them. Waterman's role in this venture is as one of a group of "loving ffriendes" [*sic*] to whom Williams reported his successful purchase. Williams also named him an associate in his original Providence land deed. In addition, Waterman signed a governmental contract in 1640, was one of eleven men who received a 1642 land deed from a native tribe, and was on the Providence Committee in 1647 to form a government under the charter at last gained from England. Waterman's long-standing prominence in the Rhode Island community is clear.

Richard Waterman also was arrested, released on bond, jailed, then banished from Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1643-44 when the colony disagreed with Providence concerning church government. Ironically, just six years later the "criminal" Waterman was appointed a judge of Providence's general court and, in 1655, a town magistrate. In 1656 he was elected a Juryman and Commissioner for the court and, by 1659, he had signed a deed as town deputy. Appointments on the grand jury and town council, too, were part of Richard and Bethiah Waterman's life in Rhode Island. His fairly high tax records suggest that Waterman was a wealthy member of the community before his death in 1680. In Providence, a granite monument and local street memorialize him. Richard's great-great-great grandson and namesake, Richard Waterman VI, erected the memorial in 1840 although he carved into it some erroneous information about his famous ancestor. The monument states that Richard was a Colonel (though no records support this claim) and that Waterman traveled from Bristol, England, with Roger Williams in 1631 on the

ship *Lion*. Massachusetts Bay Colony records cite Waterman arriving two years earlier. But much like Lucinda's will nearly two centuries later in New York, Waterman's life has become mythic. His body now lies on his land in Providence on the corner of Waterman and Benefit Streets.

Richard and Bethiah's third son, Resolved, married Mercy Williams, a daughter of Roger Williams, bringing the Waterman and Williams bloodlines together. Chosen as Deputy and Constable in his home Providence, Resolved followed his father in civic duties. It was not until nearly half a century later that the Waterman descendants moved to Greenfield, New York, probably as a result of military service. Richard Waterman, Jr. (also known as "the 4th"), was an ensign of the 4th Providence Company in 1742 and also served on the Cranston, Rhode Island Town Council. His gravesite in Greenfield attests to his removal from his town of origin, but records are silent on these particulars.

Three generations later, P.D. Manvill's father, John Waterman, died of smallpox at Valley Forge in 1778. His grave is marked on the site. His widow, Martha Dyer Waterman, received a pension which was unable to meet her seven children's needs. Perhaps in part because of the Revolutionary War, the Greenfield branch of the Watermans did not have the wealth of its Providence ancestors. By the time her mother's namesake married and moved to Ohio, Martha Dyer Waterman (II) was in many ways the opposite of her first-generation Rhode Island ancestor. Possessing little material wealth, she was nevertheless well-educated—as to how well, records are silent. Though married in Rhode Island, Martha Dyer (now Cory) traveled with her husband to found yet another American settlement, this time at Marietta, Ohio. Somehow managing to survive between her husband's death early in 1794 and her daughter's birth in October, the Widow Cory spent the next spring walking across the Ohio wilderness to her branch of the Waterman family in western New York.

Sometime between 1794 and 1802, when the Manvills settled in Greenfield,

Martha Dyer Cory married her second husband, Adrian Manvill, who adopted her daughter, Julia. Though Adrian originally had seven children by his now-deceased wife, Martha Cory found him alone and employed as a local school teacher. Only two sons lived with him. Adrian had six surviving children, the youngest having died by severe burns from a boiling kettle, an event which led to the household's breakup in the following years. Adrian could not care for his six children, aged 2-17, alone. Fortunately, his first wife had many siblings, all in New York, and they become guardians of Manvill's children. He was 53 by the time of his daughter Lucinda's return and unable to teach anymore. His wife supports their family of three (which grows to five) by her abilities as a community seamstress.

Martha Manvill's husband Adrian lived in Connecticut and New York. His state-to-state move occurred early in life because he fought in the Revolutionary War. When he was fourteen, court probate records show that he chose a Mr. John Welton of Waterbury, Connecticut for his guardian. According to the historical work *New York in the Revolution*, Adrian at one time owned land in Fredericksborough, New York, the location where he served in the New York Militia. Later called Fredericksburg, Adrian's property came to him through land bounty rights. After he sold his holdings in February, 1777, George Washington's troops camped there following the Battle of White Plains (*New York* 242).

Adrian's first wife, Polly Wright, married him when his future held more financial promise since he by then had acquired property in Saratoga County, land that later became the Ballston Springs Estate. Within this Ballston township, his wife Polly bore him seven children before she died in 1795. Fortunately, her three sisters offered to care for the surviving children because grief and illness left Adrian unable to provide for his large family. Adrian Manvill's change in fortune, although not uncommon for his time in American history, was tragic. A 1790 census counts eight family members living at home,

a few years before they had their youngest child. Just twenty years later, in 1810, Adrian's household had changed both locations and members. Adrian moved to rural Greenfield, New York, sometime between 1795 and 1806. Land might have been cheaper there than in the burgeoning Ballston Spa, and Adrian began a post as Greenfield's schoolmaster. An 1810 census count reveals only a single man with two women and two girls. These female members would be Martha Manvill, his second wife, her daughter Julia, Adrian's granddaughter Polly, and, probably, Eliza, Adrian's surviving daughter, soon to be married to Edward Dunning. Though Eliza had lived with her Aunt and Uncle Marvin in Malta, New York, after her mother's death, this census count, placing her in her father's home once again, would not be unusual. Manvill's text states that Eliza married in 1810, probably after the census occurred. Most likely, Eliza returned to her father's home to prepare for her coming marriage and to help raise the then-toddler Polly, Lucinda's orphaned daughter. Adrian would have been sixty-one that year, Martha forty-six, neither in very good health. They probably welcomed Eliza's temporary aid, although *Lucinda* states that they refused her offer to help raise Polly in the Dunning household. Eliza Dunning eventually had only one daughter, named Lucinda after her deceased sister.

Following the events of the *Lucinda* text and despite nearly four more decades of living, Martha Manvill returned to obscurity and, except as the author of this one text, she remains an unknown woman at the beginning of the American Republic. Manvill died in Indiana, a few years after her husband Adrian's decease, at age 85. Once again, she had moved, this time to be with her daughter Julia. Research suggests that Adrian opted to stay in Greenfield until age 96, when he died in 1845. P.D. Manvill's death in 1849 followed years of living an exemplary life, as records centering on her daughter Julia's early writing career substantiate (Skelcher 1). But a frustrating silence settles over this part of Manvill history, revealing little past the time of Lucinda's short life.

"Though I would by no means wish to appear": Manvill's frame of silence

The village of Greenfield (now Greenville),[15] where Lucinda's story occurs, remembers Lucinda's story, but biographical information is sparse. Only Manvill's text memorializes Lucinda, not local anecdotes about her family. Buried within the Saratoga County Historian's Office, genealogical information concerning the Greenfield Manvills gather dust. Village historians know little beyond the words Martha Manvill wrote, no manuscript or original letter is under glass; no piece of the Manvill home is kept in a museum. Instead local historians pour over *Lucinda* to ascertain Manvill biography.[16] *Greenfield Glimpses*, a local historical guide, mentions *Lucinda* as an early curiosity of the area, but residents know little information about the story beyond Manvill's text. No family remains in the region; historical records indicate that Mrs. Manvill returned to the west, moving near her daughter and husband, the Dumonts.[17] Manvill survived as a seamstress in Vevay, Indiana, just as she did in Greenfield. Perhaps because of their poor economic status, this branch of the Manvills (and Watermans) disappeared from history. *Lucinda* is the clue they left.

On the basis of Manvill's indignation at Lucinda's plight and her suggestion of *Charlotte Temple* as encouragement for her dying step-daughter, we may infer her inclination toward vicarious learning through reading. From her subsistence as a community seamstress, she knows firsthand a woman's individual potential and ability. In her writing all of these issues impact her purpose: to teach others through Lucinda's misfortunes. The silence which both precedes and follows *Lucinda* is oddly fitting, for Manvill's writing speaks for itself.

This introduction has commented upon the silence attendant in some way in each part of *Lucinda*'s history: the heroine's silenced voice due to her gender, poverty, and Manvill's obscure biography; the paucity of historical records. All could possibly emanate from Manvill's reticence. Her text begins and ends with such a theme, and the first letter

addresses noncommunication: "You are alarmed at my long silence, and fear that the heart, whose every sensation you once knew [. . .] has suffered a material change" (88). Evidently Manvill's correspondence begins after a gap in communcation between her and her sister. It will end with Lucinda's premature death. The series of letters represents Lucinda as ultimately mute, a warning to an early nineteenth-century audience of the dangers of seduction. Between the bookends of Manvill's narrative, *Lucinda* furnishes a painstakingly detailed account of Manvill's real-life step-daughter come home to die.

As Cathy Davidson reminds us in her monumental study, *Revolution And The Word*, silence can speak just as forcefully as readily available information (3). In an ironic sequence, Lucinda's death begins P.D. Manvill's life as an author. Manvill's voice rises above situations marked by quietude and silence: Lucinda's death, her illegitimate child, her seducer Brown's downfall. Each of these subjects is painful to discuss and often society would rather they be ignored altogether or, at least, kept out of American history. Framing her tale as a sentimental novel, Manvill prevents their disappearance. She introduces them to a literary tradition in which silenced voices speak.

Because Lucinda had literally no political or economic power, her presence in the Greenfield community spurred much gossip, although she herself didn't speak. Local inhabitants, in fact, have revised *Lucinda* in the wake of *Charlotte Temple*'s many retellings (Davidson, "Life" 169). At least one oral revision of the story exists; in it, Lucinda did not die in childbirth but instead went into permanent hiding with her child to avoid public shame, an unlikely occurrence since historical records, along with Manvill's text, note that the family brought up her daughter Polly. This change in Lucinda's regional history highlights a concern with female morality, a central focus of all aspects of nineteenth-century society. Nina Baym's exhaustive study on *Novels, Readers, and Reviewers* demonstrates the changing nature of taste in the nineteenth-century reader and how popular aesthetics guided critical reviews of fiction. Baym traces the changing expectations and

nature of male and female fictional characters, finding that the male character demanded increasing complexity and truth to nature, whereas the

> real function of [. . .] female characterization was to deceive—for some, in order to inspire women to strive toward an ideal; for others, to screen women from the betrayal that the new demands of psychological characterization could not but lead to if they were seriously heeded. In either case the issue of female characterization so far as the genre of the novel is concerned makes it seem possible that the novel—even and perhaps especially the "best" examples of the genre, by which I mean those that were most praised by reviewers for their characterological content—never really could achieve what it was praised for, fidelity or insight into human nature. (107)

Although "truth to nature became a criterion [of] superior novels" (106), the fictional female was a non-negotiable ideal. Manvill's depiction of Lucinda rarely varies from this ideal, yet at the same time, it provides a factual basis for the idealization, a reason behind the myth. *Lucinda*'s presence complicates Baym's argument by emphasizing the real character of Manvill's step-daughter.

Jane Tompkins reminds us that determining literature's worth "is not just a struggle over the relative merits of literary geniuses; it is a struggle among contending factions for the right to be represented in the picture America draws of itself" (201). She asserts that observing a text is not "performed outside of political struggles and institutional structures, but arises *from* them" (23). Many nineteenth-century books, as Frank Mott discovers, enjoyed both popular and literary status. Nina Baym specifies further that in the 1850s in America, to be great, a book had to have first been popular (*Novels* 45). A nineteenth-century editorial column in *Harper's* supports Baym in its portrayal of the American public mind: "The safest rule in literature, as in government, is to believe that the people are the

soundest judges and the sharpest guardians of their own interest. If left to themselves, they will not go very far astray" (qtd. in Baym, *Novels* 46). In studying the phenomenon of *Lucinda*, just such cultural implications become factors in determining the literary worth of this Republican American text.

Like *Charlotte Temple* before her, *Lucinda* does have a geographical marker. Though the young woman's grave is yet unfound, Manvill Rock is now an unofficial historic, if unreachable, landmark in the township of Greenville, New York.[18] This rock comprised one wall of Adrian Manvill's home, which is no longer standing. No tears bedew the gravesite of Lucinda, but one may sit on a felled tree nearby where she waited hourly, on so many different occasions, for her Mr. Brown. "How does one privilege the voice of a woman who, given the society in which the novel is written and read, enjoys neither voice nor privilege?" asks Cathy Davidson (*Revolution* 147). Lucinda herself is an invisible center to a virtually silent author's creation. If, indeed, "female being" is "nothingness,"[19] then the conventional nineteenth-century woman had no voice. Nina Baym interprets this female question a bit differently, saying that "if there was but one female character, and if plot derived from character, then woman could have but one story [. . .] how far might it be subjected to trials and obstacles *and yet remain womanly?*" (*Novels* 102) Baym further argues that the early American novel "existed only when the distinction between it and the reader disappeared, when the novel initiated and the reader completed a single experience" (81). Like other didactic texts, Lucinda's "death can convey the conservative moral that many critics of the time demanded." But specific details surrounding her death "tease the reader into thought" (Davidson, *Revolution* 148). In *Lucinda*, Manvill writes while doubting that a virtuous woman can triumph in life at all. Textual and biographical evidence suggests that Mrs. Manvill did not want visiting flocks of the faithful to mourn Lucinda. Instead, she most likely preferred that the silence which begins and ends her tale be filled not with Lucinda's failure, but with the successes of her

readers' own lives.

Notes

[1]Information concerning this edition appears in Wright (*American* 191-92) and a slightly different account (although both agree on the first edition) in the *National Union Catalog*.

While much erroneous information exists about the Manvill family, consulting a number of sources settles some matters. P.D. Manvill's name appears in the Saratoga County historian's office as "Polly (Martha) Dyer Manville," but in *The Waterman Family*, a family genealogy, a "Patty (Martha) Dyer Waterman" married an "Abram Manville" although the probate record concerning "Abram" was probably misread. Other sources identify Mr. Manvill's first name as Adrian. I tend to think that P.D. Manvill's name was also misread for several reasons: Polly was the name of Adrian's first wife, so one can see how a mix-up might occur with two such similar names; one of P.D. Manvill's sisters was named Polly, according to *The Waterman Family*; also, Lucinda's daughter is named Polly, probably in memory of her mother, not step-mother; and Patty, not Polly, is the logical nickname for Martha than Polly. The most compelling answer to Mrs. Manvill's name mix-up is an appraisal request signed by Patty D. Manvill regarding the Greenfield property of her deceased mother (Martha Dyer Waterman) on 13 June 1807 (See Manville file, Saratoga County Records, Saratoga, New York).

[2]This second edition was published in Ballston Spa by William Child in 1810.

[3]Cited in Davidson, "Life" 177. Davidson lists this book as an anonymously-authored essay, with the first American publication appearing in the *New England Quarterly* 1 (1802): 172-74.

[4]Both Pick and Hamilton comment upon antimasonic controversy in Republican New York. Long suspected of "insidious influence" (Hamilton 106), Freemasonry came under direct attack after one William Morgan's supposed murder in Fort Niagara, New

York, in 1826. Morgan evidently attended a number of lodges but was never formally initiated as a Mason. After a lodge refused him admission altogether, Morgan "conspired with one Miller, a newspaperman, to publish an attack [in his paper, the *Republican Advocate*] on Freemasonry in the form of an exposure in 1826" (Pick 229-30). Masons evidently tried to silence the new publication and, finally, forced Morgan's retreat to Fort Niagara. There he was murdered, and rumor spread that the Masons had successfully silenced their most vocal antagonist, resulting in the Anti-Masonic movement. Advocates of this political party published many newspapers and "ran for [public] office [often solely on their objections to Freemasonry] while three of [Morgan's] alleged assassins received sentences of imprisonment" (Pick 230). This rabid controversy sparked attacks on printers' offices and families for a over a decade. Anti-masonry also influenced Manvill's printing history. One of *Lucinda*'s publishers, Thurlow Weed, created the *Anti-Masonic Enquirer,* and William Child's printing office was attacked in 1825 in the wake of this longstanding conflict (Hamilton 106, 316).

[5]In 1798, Increase and William Child began printing in Ballston Spa and Saratoga County. William Child published small newspapers in many villages of the county, and then moved on evidently selling his printing offices each time. *Lucinda*'s publication, for example, occurred during Child's three-and-a-half-year stint in Johnstown from 1805-1808. By September of 1808, he returned to Ballston Spa and began the *Independent American*, later owned by J. Comstock (McMurtrie 2:213). His mobility may have resulted from masonic controversy; Child's apparent involvement appears in *The Country Printer*:

> The censure of Dr. Jesse Fifield, of Waterloo, by William Child, of the *Seneca Farmer*, for some of his masonic acts, caused the doctor to start litigation against the printer and finally to enter his office and assault him with a club. (Hamilton 193)

Such libel suits were not unusual. In New York alone, dozens of country printers were sued, including several of *Lucinda*'s printers:

1819—James Comstock by James Thompson, settled; retraction printed

1825—William Child by Jess Clark, no bill; dismissed

1828—Thurlow Weed by O'Reilly & Tucker, delayed until 1841; dismissed

1829—Thurlow Weed by Jacob Gould, damages, $400

1830—James Comstock by Colonel Young, result unknown. (Hamilton, Appendix)

These suits provide not only insight into the contents of early American newspapers, but also encourage one to conclude that only anti-masons published Manvill's text. Yet such was not the case. An 1831 issue of the *Ithaca Chronicle* reveals Ebenezer Mack (who published two editions of *Lucinda*) to be "a masonic High Priest withal," running as a candidate for a Member of Assembly in 1825—which, incidentally, he lost on two separate occasions (Hamilton 126). Masonic controversy obviously fueled many early New York newspapers (see also Williams 201-212), but did not prevent masons and anti-masons from publishing Manvill's non-partisan text.

[6]Genealogical records from Howard Van Kirk, Seneca County Historian, actually suggest that Salmon Child lived for a time with William in Ontario, New York.

[7]Although current New York state law prohibits the destruction of any document dating before 1905, the mobile nature of the country printer encouraged accidental archival damage and loss as his company moved from town to town and changed owners and names. See Hamilton's *The Country Printer* for an excellent account of the small New York printer.

[8]This apt description comes from Jill Rosenshield, Associate Curator and Yiddish Bibliographer for the Department of Special Collections at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

[9]The *Dictionary of National Biography* lists Bell, "the last of the literary sheriffs," as living in Glasgow, Scotland. He wrote critical, historical, poetical, and fictional pieces. At the University of Edinburgh, Bell contributed influential criticism for the *Observer* and, by the time he was 21, published a small volume of poetry. His popularity as a judge, literary editor, and writer was well-established during his lifetime. His final large work, an edition of Shakespeare, was followed by *Romances and Minor Poems.* Bell's writings were published in America, also. Kellogg's strategy in binding "The Stranger" with *Lucinda* is obviously a financial one—a well-selling book becomes even more attractive by adding another popular author's piece to it.

[10]Manvill's entry in *The Feminist Companion*, is misleading. The editors base all information about her from the *Lucinda* text, and some of it is erroneous. Hannah Foster's *Coquette* is not the reading material given Lucinda to read; while it would have been available at the time, and could very well have been included in the number of books Manvill gave her step-daughter to peruse, *Lucinda* does not mention this title specifically. The *Companion* locates "five repr[ints] in four different towns" (712) and names Manvill's husband as Elias F. Manvill, the individual who attained the 1852 copyright over the epistolary text, an impossible feat since he was not born at the time of *Lucinda*'s original publication. Elias F. is grandson to Adrian, the actual name of P.D. Manvill's second husband. It was Elias who was interested in receiving what Mrs. Manvill had little interest in during her lifetime: royalties and family ownership of her book.

[11]Fortunately, each edition is still extant. By far the rarest editions are the reprints from Mobile, Alabama, and Erie, Pennsylvania. The American Antiquarian Society holds one copy of each, with an additional extant copy of the Erie edition at Princeton University Library.

[12]Original letters are, so far, unfound. Several letters are cross referenced, as if to ensure internal reliability. (See Letters XII, XIV, XVI, XXII, XXIII, XXV, XXVI,

XXVII, and XXX.) In addition, footnotes indicate names of people and their locale if unacknowledged in the letters themselves. For examples of this phenomena, see Letters V, XI, XVII, XXIV, and XXVII. Though publishers marketed her book as a novel, Patty Manvill sought to establish the factuality of her text through these methods.

[13]For much of this information on the Manville family see the Manville file, Saratoga County Records, Saratoga, New York. The Manvill name appears to have been changed to "Manville" sometime between *Lucinda*'s publication and this century. Genealogical sources contain both spellings. A surviving relative, Stewart Manville of White Plains, New York, explained to me the French Hugenot origin, *Manneville*, and the gradual evolution of the family name from Manvil to Manvill, to Manville, its present form. I have decided to spell the name as it appears in all the editions of *Lucinda*.

[14]All of the following biographical information on the Watermans comes from *The Waterman Family*, Vol. III.

[15]Greenfield became Greenville in the course of county redistribution. No longer a part of Saratoga County, Manvill's village is now in Greene County.

[16]Greenville Historian Mary DeMarco provided a display of the Manvill home for a time, supplemented by a fifteen-minute audio presentation which was, tellingly, an excerpt from the book. A recently abridged, serialized version of *Lucinda*(based upon the third edition) were also available at the exhibit for two dollars.

[17]Julia Dumont, as stated earlier, became somewhat of a famous author herself. Known as the first woman writer of the West, Dumont was a popular serial writer in the Ohio Valley, with many American magazines pirating her work in the days before copyright was enforced. Her husband, John, met her after reading one of her early poems published in a local New York newspaper. After writing to her, he began a courtship with the young school teacher—only sixteen when she began teaching in 1811 in New

York—which resulted in a successful married life together in Ohio and Indiana (Eddy 321). A Julia Dumont Club, consisting of thirty members, was one of the first women's clubs formed in Ohio (Emch 230-33). Dumont was admired and renown for her ability to juggle family and career: she had twelve children, taught school, and wrote short stories for literary magazines. A volume of her collected works, *Life Sketches from Common Paths: A Series of American Tales*, was published in 1856 in New York by D. Appleton. She died a year later from tuberculosis, at age sixty-three, much younger than her mother (Parker 17).

[18]For information concerning this experience and much of the Manvill genealogical history, I extend heartfelt thanks to the careful research and more than two thousand pages of resulting information which Stewart Manville shared with me in November 1999 at White Plains, New York. Manville is a descendant and genealogist of the Manvills in all of their name's permutations and he has travelled to Manvill Rock. He reports that one needs a four-wheel drive vehicle to approach the area; bear and other wild animals are a part of this wilderness on the outskirts of Greenville. Today, Manvill Rock is literally an unapproachable area in the Adirondacks.

[19]In *Revolution And The Word*, Davidson finds that Foster's *The Coquette* has precisely this central message.

LUCINDA, OR THE MOUNTAIN MOURNER

TO THE PUBLIC.

We the undernamed, having perused the Book entitled *Lucinda; or the Mountain Mourner, &c.* recommend it to the attention of the American public, and particularly to the young and inexperienced, as possessing, from its being founded on realities, superior merit to most publications of a similar nature. It contains, according to the best information (and some of us are thoroughly acquainted with many of the circumstances therein recorded) a narrative statement of the most *incontestable facts;* and is well calculated to afford not only amusement, but useful instruction, to every reader of sensibility and reflection.

ELIAS GILBERT, *Minister of the Gospel, Greenfield.*

MARK A. CHILD, *Esq. Greenfield.*

EZRA NASH, *Justice of the Peace.*

E. WHITE, Jun. *Merchant, Ballston Spa,*

PRINCE WING,

NOAH WEED, *Members of the Society of*

DAVID DUEL, *Friends.*

BENJAMIN PECK,

ASA C. BARNEY, *M.D. Greenfield,*

CHARLES DEAKE, *Deacon of a B. C. Greenfield.*

LEMUEL SMITH, *Minister of the Gospel, Canajoharry.*

[The following communication from the Honorable SALMON CHILD, Esq. *First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the County of Saratoga,* and *Colonel* JOHN PRIOR, while it establishes the authenticity of the succeeding pages beyond all contradiction, will be read with peculiar interest.]

To the Editor of the second Edition of Lucinda; or the Mountain Mourner.

Sir,

Having been frequently solicited by individuals, to relate the melancholy scene that took place when we attended, as Magistrates, to the enquiry of the last place of legal residence of Lucinda, and her means of subsistence; we the more readily comply with your request in furnishing you for publication, a short narrative of the facts to which we were witnesses, and our opinion of the history of Lucinda, as written by Mrs. Manvill.

In the fore part of May, 1806, we were called upon to make the above enquiry by virtue of a complaint, stating that a daughter of Mr. Manvill had come to reside with him, in a situation which rendered it probable the town would be put to expence on her account, should she be suffered to remain with her father.

Mr. Manvill is reputed to be an honest upright man; well read, of good behaviour, and possessing rather a philosophical turn of mind; of an easy disposition, and not very anxious to accumulate property. He had generally taught school for a livelihood, and like most others who have undertaken to support a family by that honorable and important calling, had been familiar with poverty, till compelled by necessity to seek a living by some other employment. But he was too far advanced in life to accumulate wealth by manual labor, and was of course poorly qualified to encounter the fatigues consequent on cultivating a mountainous desert.

Mrs. Manvill bears an unimpeachable character; is affable and genteel in her

deportment; exceeding kind and benevolent, and remarkably attentive to the sick and distressed. Her expertness with the needle (being a seamstress) procured the principal support of the family. From this circumstance, it was natural to conclude, that should Lucinda (of whose character we knew nothing, our conjectures being unfavorable merely from her situation) be ill any considerable time, or her benevolent mother by any unfortunate occurrence, rendered unable to pursue her wonted industry, assistance from the over-seers of the poor would be necessary.---Under these impressions, which chiefly originated from others who had an opportunity of being better acquainted with the family than ourselves, we agreed on a day when we would attend to the enquiries and proceedings, enjoined on us by law.

On the day appointed, we arrived at the foot of the Kayaderosseras Mountain, situated at the west part of the town, where we left our horses and proceeded on foot.---We ascended on a fertile soil over improved land, and the air being clear and serene, we had a pleasing prospect of a very considerable part of the county of Saratoga, a part of the counties of Washington and Rensselaer, and south of us as far as the Catskill Mountains. We passed on slowly, every few rods stopping and looking back on the wide extended country behind us; little thinking of the wonderful exhibitions that were before us. We however had concluded, that we should not be unwelcome guests to Mrs. Manvill; that she would consider her toils already sufficiently great, without any further addition to her family, and rejoice to be freed from the burden of doing for a daughter-in-law, under circumstances so disagreeable; but the variety of pleasing objects within our view, afforded us little time to reflect on the situation of the unfortunate and distressed.

At length we suddenly descended into a valley thickly covered with hemlock; then again ascending over irregular hills and precipices, we were totally secluded from those beauties of nature we had so recently admired; and almost as suddenly were our minds enveloped in sorrow.---We soon came up to *Mr. Manvill*, whose countenance bespoke the

afflictions of his heart, having anticipated the object of our visit. After passing the usual compliments, we mentioned our business; he gave us a short account of the seduction of his daughter by Brown; his son's journey to the westward, and the promises that Brown had made of coming and atoning for his perfidy. He then invited us into his habitation, the outside of which had the appearance of extreme poverty; but the inside was more comfortable than what we had expected. The apartment which we entered, was very clean. Every thing we saw, demonstrated the neatness and industry of *Mrs. Manvill*. In one corner of the room was a reservoir erected, into which there was constantly running a small stream of water, conducted from an adjacent hill; and by the same means carried out at the back part of the cottage, which, being but dimly lighted and standing in a solitary place, the sound of the water gently falling from the conductors, all conspired to awaken the monitor with-in, and greatly added to the solemnity of the subsequent scene of woe.

Mrs. Manvill received us with becoming decency, but not with her usual sprightliness. *Mr. Manvill* went directly to the apartment where *Lucinda* had retired. *Mrs. Manvill* soon understood our business, and her anxiety and distress for *Lucinda*, in spite of all her resolution, instantly trickled from her eyes, and silently accused us of having been altogether ignorant of her character, when we concluded she would gladly part with her visitor. Indeed, such God-like excellency shone in her tender concern for *Lucinda*, as we had never before witnessed in a mother-in-law; a virtue of infinitely more worth than the mines of Peru---more durable than the foundations of the mountain on which we stood. Did step-mothers always possess that virtue, their very countenances would tend to sooth the distresses of the bereaved children of their care.

But, to return. Soon after *Mr. Manvill* entered the apartment of *Lucinda*, we heard her sighs and groans. He returned, and *Mrs. Manvill* attended her. Their mingled lamentations, were sufficient to have moved the heart of the most obdurate. Her parents attended her alternately for a considerable length of time. At length she made her

appearance, accompanied by her mother. They had both endeavored to compose themselves, and had so far succeeded, as to appear the more interesting. *Lucinda*, if not a beauty, was graceful and delicate; and altho' the tears were wiped from her face, her countenance bespoke the keenest sorrow, while her eyes expressed the sensibility of her soul. *Mrs. Manvill* introduced her to us, when we proceeded to the examination of her last place of legal residence. We first took the affidavit of her father, and then administered to her the requisite oath. She behaved with great reverence to the Supreme Being on the solemn occasion; was candid and intelligent in her answers, and the relation she gave of the places in which she had resided, and of the families in which she had lived.---We never beheld more sedateness in a witness on any occasion whatever, and so interesting was the scene, that we endeavored to comfort her and her distressed parents, with every consolation that came to our recollection, or that the circumstances of the case would permit.

We then went out to converse by ourselves. But the interview within made such an impression on our minds, and the circumstances were so intricate, that we were totally at a loss in what manner to proceed. *Mrs. Manvill* had by her extraordinary tenderness and benevolent conduct towards *Lucinda*, greatly added to the esteem we had entertained for her, which made us unwilling to add to her troubles, were it possible to prevent it, and at the same time fulfil our duty to the town. To give notice that *Lucinda* must leave the place in so many days, unless security was given to indemnify the town from expence, looked like adding affliction to affliction; though at that time we had not the least information of her ill health, or of her being in that habitual, disconsolate state of mind, with which we were afterwards made acquainted. Our greatest concern for *Lucinda*, was immediate consequences. We sometimes thought the gloom we had passed through so shortly after the pleasing prospects of the morning, had made us unreasonably timid, though perhaps neither of us are noted for timidity. We finally concluded, that we would inform them in as

gentle a manner as possible, what our duty was, agreeable to the principles of the law. *Mr. Manvill* was silent, and appeared to know not what to say. A flood of tears gushed from the eyes of *Mrs. Manvill*, who expressed herself in nearly the following words:---"*We are poor; I know not that we can give any security but our industry. I will do as long as I can crawl, rather than have the poor, suffering, innocent Lucinda, torn from us in her present situation. She is the most extraordinary person I ever saw; her distressed soul is constantly grieving for the disgrace and trouble, she conceives she has brought upon us. The sighs and groans of her wounded heart, are to be heard day and night! So fearful is she of injuring others, that she sometimes pleads for the* viper *that has given her the mortal wound, and can hardly be willing to have him brought to justice; and must she now be cast among strangers, who know not the glowing virtues of her heart?"* Here her soul seemed to burst; but after a short pause she exclaimed:---"*Does the rigor of the law know no mercy?"* Our reply and the closing part of the scene, you will see stated in the xviii letter of *Mrs. Manvill* to her sister.

We then took our leave of them, and proceeded down the Mountain with sensations quite the reverse of those we possessed when we ascended it. The beauties of nature and distant prospects, had lost their charms; and our minds were attracted by the more noble and durable excellencies of virtue. We could not but recapitulate the unparalleled affection of the step-mother, and the uncommon sensibility of the daughter-in-law. We were pained with anxiety for the safety of Lucinda, and almost trembled when we anticipated the probable effects of our visit on her mind, in the disconsolate and precarious circumstances to which she was reduced; sometimes reflecting on ourselves for not having used more precaution, and for not having enquired more particularly of *Mrs. Manvill* concerning her. The case was so uncommon, that when other objects became the subject of remark, we could not confine our conversation to them; some new recollection of what had so recently transpired, would crowd every other consideration from our minds. For several days, nay

weeks, the melancholy scene of that day, would almost present the unfortunate sufferer in person to our imaginations.

From the information we have received from the physicians who attended Lucinda during her whole illness---from the neighbors and others, from whom we have been able to obtain information on the subject---and from our own personal knowledge, it is put beyond a doubt that the history of *Lucinda* is founded on the most *incontestible facts;* and in our opinion, is the purest source of instruction and admonition to the youth of both sexes---and the brightest ornament of a mother-in-law, of any thing of the kind we have ever seen in print.

SALMON CHILD.

JOHN PRIOR.

Greenfield, July 31, 1810.

TO THE READER.

To tell you that I have been urged against my own inclinations, to enter on this truly painful task, would be deviating from that which I humbly trust will be the governing principles of my life: And though the request of those friends who partake of a heart felt interest in promoting the work, may have had great influence; yet the conscious duty I owe an Innocent Orphan, *cast on a world of unfeeling conjecture (exclusive of what is due to the deceased, and those of the present and future generations, who are desirous of profiting by the awful warning it contains) has determined me to offer to the public, in a* series of letters *dedicated to my* Sister, *a melancholy narrative; depending for its recommendation, on the sacred truths it contains.*

And shall we, my friends, while the tears of sensibility flow in torrents, at the doubtful sufferings of fictitious greatness, refuse the gentle tribute to the suffering daughter of humility.

LETTER I.

Greenfield, July 20th, 1806.

Dear Sister,

You are alarmed at my long silence, and fear that the heart, whose every sensation you once knew and affectionately approved, has suffered a material change.—You mistake the cause. Learn it then, from a series of writings, which I presume will sufficiently elucidate it, and convince you that for many months, I have had no time to devote to you. Ever accustomed to receiving the most melancholy epistles from your sister, you will not be surprised to find, that Providence, for wise purposes, still holds out to her the cup of affliction. May she be enabled with cheerful submission, to bow to the throne of Omnipotence; and with humble gratitude, receive the bitter draught. My next shall present you with a clue, which leads to my sorrowful tale.

LETTER II.

You are acquainted with the principles on which I united myself to one of the best of men; and our consequent retirement from a world, which had measurably denied to each its common enjoyments. On the Kayaderosseras Mountain, by the side of a beautiful and never failing stream, we built our humble cot. The surrounding scenes, like the friendly monitor of the soul, were calculated to inspire and perpetuate those sacred reflections, which lead to real and permanent happiness. Thus mutually contemplating the beauties of creation, did we frequently traverse the surrounding forests—climb the ragged rocks—and happy, supremely happy, in the reciprocal affection and esteem of each other—while we smiled at the rude scene which conveyed such unaffected delight. Thus employed, the moments fled on the wings of bliss, which were allotted for a temporary relaxation from labor; we returned again to the cheerful mansion, characterized by love, peace and humility; where no other embarrassments awaited us, than such as are ever inseparable from

indigence; nor knew we of wretchedness, but by the power of recollection. Our affections were by no means circumscribed to ourselves alone; our children in common, when with us, shared an equal love and attention. My little daughter was his—his, consisting of six in number, four sons and two daughters, were mine; and though only two, which were sons, occasionally resided with us; yet the others, (the oldest son excepted, who was settled in life) each living with a sister of their deceased mother, whom they loved, and by whom they were tenderly regarded, we were happy on their account. And although they were at a distance from us, yet we felt no other solicitude, than that which naturally arises in the bosom of paternal fondness, under such privations.

Four years had elapsed since our residence in this sequestered spot; and each annual revolution brought with it, some new source of happiness. The lenient hand of time, seeming to promise in the decline of life, to reward past sufferings by an uninterrupted course of felicity.—Blessed days of delusion—never to return.

Thou sacred source of intellectual love;
Supreme thy power—unerring thy decree:
On wings of mercy, waft my soul above;
And let me rest, my hope, and life on thee.

Pardon this digression, my Dear Sister—my soul instinctively addressed the throne of Grace; and I found myself unable to proceed with my subject.

LETTER III.

In October last, we received a letter from our eldest daughter, who had resided in Marcellus, in the western part of the state, for almost three years. She informed us, that she had returned to Troy; and was then at an uncle's there, waiting a convenient opportunity to make us a visit. Why it should be so, I could not comprehend; but I was far from being happy at the intelligence; my heart foreboded the most painful consequences.

We had been informed that she received the addresses of a Mr. Brown, who had a long time previous to her departure from this quarter, professed an unbounded attachment to her. Her father could scarce believe it possible, as he had ever supposed him indifferent to her, since she for many months at first, refused his suit. Had it been otherwise, doubtless the tenderness of a fond parent, would have suggested to her the danger of a connection with a man, whose only recommendation was industry. And although that may be considered as one of the moral virtues; and is essentially necessary in the character of a good citizen—a good husband, or a father of a family; yet beneath the shadow of œconomy, may be shrouded every vice that can taint the human heart, or meet the approbation of the fallen angels.

But to return to my narrative. The three following months after the receipt of her letter, passed without further news from her. I was by no means happy, when one day sitting by the fire with my little daughter, immersed in the volumes of futurity (my husband being engaged in some domestic concerns without) I was aroused from my stupor by a knock at the door. A youth entered—and although my business with my needle, bro't almost every day some stranger to our cottage, yet I felt an unaccountable emotion and interest in the countenance of this young man. He enquired for Mr. Manvill; my heart immediately acknowledged him for our youngest son, whom I had never seen. I rose, took his hand—"You are his son, I presume."—"I am."—"Can you then look on me as your mother." I could say no more; my heart was full. "I can, madam," replied the sweet youth; whom I could have pressed to my bosom, and called on the shade of his departed mother, to have witnessed the affection and pity I felt for her darling son. We both stood for a moment, when recollecting myself, I asked him if he was alone—he told me his sisters were in a sleigh at the door. I accompanied him to them; the youngest of whom likewise, I had never seen. And while my heart bade them welcome to the rural roof; every faculty of my soul seemed absorbed in the most undescribable sensations, which was not

in my power, for many hours, to overcome.

After their father was called in, and the mutual ceremonies over, LUCINDA (that was the name of the eldest daughter) observed with a look which seemed to ask for sympathy, that she had brought a trunk with some other articles, intending with our permission, to stay some time with us. Her looks were more particularly directed towards me; most probably wishing to develope my thoughts. Misconstruing her sentiments, I aimed at being cheerful; and told her with a smile that illy accorded with my feelings, "that it should depend upon her merit." Cruel words; how often have I reproached myself for my ill-timed raillery; how little did I think I was throwing a javelin at a wounded heart. While I was preparing some refreshments, she made some remarks on the duty of filial obedience, and the imbecility of forming hasty judgments. I collected from her observations, some unconnected ideas of what was passing in her heart; yet little did I know the struggles it must have felt, before it yielded to a desire of returning to a father, whose protection she had voluntarily left, at a time when her attention, was perhaps necessary to his happiness; and now she knew not the reception she should meet. After supper, the conversation turned on different subjects; her father and brothers, who had come in (being at that time at home) took notice of her altered manners; for myself, she was so much a stranger to me, that had the change been still more apparent, I could not have known it.

A sudden dizziness in my head, compels me to bid you adieu. You will soon hear again from your friend and sister.

LETTER IV.

Shall I tell you, my Dear Nancy, how I have spent this morning? "Yes," you say. Attend then, and do not call me romantic; for believe me, I do not feel a single sensation, that can entitle me to such an epithet. I arose, intending to have devoted a few hours to you, having made some previous arrangements, as you may perhaps recollect, that the

morning was ever my favorite time for writing; my mind being then free, from all the cares and fatigues of the day. Endeavoring, however, before I took my pen, to recollect a few circumstances which had been partly eradicated from my mind, in the long series of events which succeeded, I was imperceptibly led into a train of painful reflections, which totally unfitted me for such an employment. The sun rose with unusual splendor; but its rays had no power, or at least no commission, to illume my heart. I could not help asking myself, why I was thus distressed; when perhaps there were thousands in the world, wading through the same channel of affliction, with fewer sources of happiness to support them, than I had. Why then should I dwell for ever on the dark pages of life, regardless of the thousand blessings that awaited me. But my reasonings were of no avail; I dismissed the idea of writing—went and prepared breakfast for my little family; after which I walked out, and gave myself up to reflection. In a short time, however, my attention was called to the most delightful sounds, that I ever heard from the feathered choir; and though I instinctively listened to the notes, yet they were without their usual effect. Thus for some time he continued to sing, till at length (as if sensible of the inutility of his labors) he raised his notes to such a height, as insensibly drew me from the subject of my meditations. I listened in silent gratitude to the little cherub who had thus befriended me. Thanks to the sweet warbler, I am again restored to a degree of tranquility, which will enable me to continue, or rather resume my narrative. But as this seems to have no connection with my story, I will conclude it, after observing, that I apprehend my last, must have left you under very unfavorable impressions, respecting Lucinda's leaving her father. Suspend your judgment; my next shall undeceive you.

LETTER V.

Lucinda lived with her father for three years after her mother's death, most faithfully discharging the duties, not only of an affectionate child, but those of a cheerful

and prudent œconomist. To tell you her motives for leaving him, would be at present, out of place. I must therefore desire you to suppress your curiosity, till the thread of my story conducts you to them; and return to the evening of that day, which brought her with her brother and sister to the Mountain. Eliza, to all the glowing beauties of eighteen, happily united that easy cheerfulness, at once so interesting to the beholder, and expressive of that internal happiness, which animates the bosom of unsuspecting innocence and virtue; and made her a playful companion for Julia, who was scarce turned off eleven. The strongly contrasted manners of Lucinda, I very naturally ascribed to the disparity of years, and that experience which teaches us the fallibility of all sublunary enjoyments.—At a late hour, we repaired to rest; my bosom filled with a thousand inexplicable sensations, it was long before I could close my eyes; overcome at length, I had just fallen into a slumber, when I was called on to visit a sick neighbor. I threw on my cloths in haste, went into the apartment of my children, whom the noise had already awoke, and told them I must leave them for a short time, but would return again as soon as possible; in the mean time, begged they would remember they were at a father's house, and would (with Julia's assistance) make themselves comfortable with whatever it afforded.—Promising they would obey, I left them. I did not return till nearly noon the next day; I was received with apparent joy, and the situation I found every thing in, evinced the interest they felt in the welfare of the family.

Next morning was the time appointed, for the departure of our two youngest—they took their leave of us, to return again to those tender friends,* who are entitled to receive from them, that filial reverence and affection, which is forever due to our parents and

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* Mr. William Marvin, of Malta, has brought up the daughter from seven years of age (at which time she lost her mother) and has most tenderly discharged the sacred trust.

Mr. Peter Betts, of Troy, with unremitted zeal, has performed the same parental duties to the son, whom he took at eight years old, somewhat more than three years after the death of his mother, who was sister to Mrs. Marvin and Mrs. Betts; to whose tender care is due the most grateful thanks.

benefactors; and who may with propriety expect from us, those grateful acknowledgements, which flow from the bosoms of sensibility. Unhappy children! You left us unconscious of the misery that awaited our unfortunate family; and you, my son, in particular.—Little did you think you were taking a last leave of a much loved sister, who for three years, had supplied to you the place of a tender mother; and whom, in the innocent gaiety of your heart, you had raillied on her apparent melancholy.

The first day of their absence was principally devoted to inquiry by the father, and absent answers, if I may so express it, on the part of the daughter, who was evidently in a state of latent anxiety; the succeeding one, however, opened a new scene. I was busily employed in some little family arrangements in another room, when she came in and began to assist me. After some time, she observed that her aunt Betts talked of coming up soon; but it was a matter of uncertainty. I asked if her husband was coming with her; she replied, "no." "Surely she will not venture to come so far alone," said I; when casting a look at Lucinda, I observed she blushed exceedingly, while a tear stood ready to fall. I was that moment awakened to the purport of her communication, and thus addressed her:—"My child, I have made no enquiry of your sister, respecting your connection with Mr. Brown; because I had rather be indebted to your confidence, than to be informed of it through any other channel; tell me, therefore, if we may not expect him with your aunt?" She readily answered, that on him, depended her coming; and further added, that she had little reason to expect such an event, as she had hourly expected him for many weeks; and as the sleighing was leaving us very fast, it being now about the middle of February, if he was not here in a few days, there was very little probability of her seeing him soon. Finding her heart deeply interested, and ignorant of any immediate cause of fear, I told her I saw no reason to doubt his coming, on account of his having delayed the time, longer than was expected; as there were a thousand ways for people to be disappointed themselves; and as she had just observed, he was in Philadelphia on business, when she last heard from him;

it was more than probable that he might have been unexpectedly detained, and was doubtless more anxious on her account, than she imagined. I spoke from the dictates of my heart—therefore plead his cause with energy.—All my rhetoric, however, I found was lost on her; and while each returning day brought to the rest of the family, some new expectation of his arrival, she seemed lost in thought; and as the little apartment where she lodged was adjoining to ours, I never awoke at any season of the night whatever, but the sound of grief assailed my ears; and yet so stupid was I, that almost a fortnight elapsed, before I suspected the fatal cause. Her desires at length, to communicate her sorrows, exceeded all bounds. She made use of every expression, which would be likely to produce an enquiry into her situation; but even after I suspected it, it was a matter of so much delicacy, that I knew not how to request an explanation. You will, perhaps, be anxious to know what first drew the veil of misapprehension from before my sight. I will tell you. Her young brother, when here, had affectionately joked her on being subject to the hysterics; but I thought nothing of it at that time. One day, however, when we were alone, Lucinda observed, that she would explain to me the meaning of her brother Smith.

The day before her leaving her uncle's at Troy, her mind had been uncommonly agitated by reflecting on the distressing state in which she was about to return to her father, after having left him for so many years. The idea was oppressive; the recollection of the poor Prodigal, who returned naked and forlorn to the bosom of a father, pressed powerfully on her imagination; her faculties were for some moments suspended; and she conceived the hand of death was upon her. It was observed by the family, who immediately lent her some assistance, and she recovered. Could I be blind any longer?—And yet I did not dare to ask any questions. Pardon my diffidence, my sister, and remember that I was a step-mother. That night, however, with all the tenderness I was mistress of, I told her father my apprehensions. I found him by no means surprised; as he had for many days conceived the same, from her excessive sorrow—but while he was

studious how to devulge it to me, whom he saw in a state of friendly delusion, that equanimity, which governs every action of his life, only served to thicken the veil that blinded me.

The measure we took to confirm or dispel our fears, shall be the subject of my next.

LETTER VI.

I requested my husband to take an opportunity of introducing the subject of our fears to our unhappy daughter, when they were alone; as perhaps it might be less painful for her to converse with him, than with me. Consequently the next day, when, as was her constant custom, she retired to her room to indulge her grief, he followed her—begged she would no longer mourn in silence; but rest assured that her parents tenderly participated her sufferings, and would do every thing in their power to alleviate them. She seemed greatly desirous, yet unable to speak on the subject. He saw her embarrassment; and told her, that if it would be more agreeable to write a line which would inform us of her sorrows, he would for the present desist from any enquiry, that might give her pain to answer. He then left the room, where she continued alone for several hours, till our little family were assembled to supper. She had with the rest obeyed the summons; but her appetite was swallowed up in grief. In vain were all my intreaties; she left the table, but only to return again to her apartment, where she spent the night in the most agonizing affliction.

The following day when we were again alone, she began by saying, that her father, the preceding evening, had very much distressed her by his tenderness. "Indeed," said she, "little as I merit such solicitude, it wounds my heart." She could say no more—my soul was wraught up to the height of sympathetic woe. "Lucinda," said I, "I cannot any longer bear to see you thus distressed—I am your friend—I am your mamma—and what mother would forbear to enquire into the distresses of her child. Tell me then—it is a cruel question, and I trust your goodness will pardon my suggestions if groundless—tell me my

child—is not your situation peculiarly wretched?" She burst into tears—I was answered!

What could I say, to comfort her or myself. My eyes were at once opened to all the awful circumstances that succceeded. However sanguine my expectations might have been, with regard to her union with the object of her affections; yet for several days past, I had been doubtful of some unforeseen event. Our mingled tears, forbade any further explanation at that time. You will, perhaps, ask me, how I could ever have expected him, when I contemplated her sorrows; and further observe, that you never saw our daughter. I will endeavor to shew you the basis of my hopes; and I trust then, you will not think them ill-founded. Lucinda, without being a striking beauty, possessed all the eligance of form. I would proceed, but am incompetent to the task—suffice it then to say, that she added to the above, all those amiable and numberless virtues, which (though absorbed in the gloom of wretchedness) endeared her to all who saw her; and while my tears flow at the tender recollection, I say to myself—unfortunate woman, while life is lent thee, the image of thy lovely child, shall never be eradicated from thy bosom. Oh! my dear, dear Lucinda!—Could thy sacred shade witness the tears I have shed, while relating the horrid deed which caused thy dissolution, you would comfort me by saying, as you once did before—"Mamma, I am now happy!"

Farewell, my sister; my heart is full, and I can write no more.

LETTER VII.

Could I suppose, my dear sister, that there existed the man on earth, who knowing (as he must have done) he possessed the highest place in the bosom of such sensibility, who could basely have deserted her, at the time appointed for their union to be solemnized. Thus far, I presume, I have justified those expectations, the imbecility of which, however, we have most fatally proved. Being fully apprised of the extent of our misfortunes, we thought it most advisable to write to her uncle Whitney, with whom she had lived, and

request him to see Mr. Brown (as there had for a long time subsisted a very friendly intercourse between them)—and inform us immediately, by the mail, of what we had to hope.

Mr. Manvill, therefore, wrote to her uncle and aunt—first informing them of the awful stroke of Providence, of which we believed them still ignorant, (not knowing at that time, there had any letter been forwarded to them from Troy, of which Lucinda afterwards informed us)—and then pathetically repeated the dying words of his departed wife; that now rushed with redoubled poignancy on his heart. She had particularly mentioned Lucinda; recommending her to his immediate care. Here suffer me to remark, that it seems her prophetic soul, foresaw this dreadful calamity; or why should she have expressed a more particular solicitude for the fate of one child, when they must all have been equally dear to her. I will not, however, trouble you further with my comments; but return to the contents of the letter. He likewise added, that had he not supposed her character would have been more securely established, under the kind care of her affectionate aunts, with whom she alternately lived; and with whose precepts and examples he should ever rest satisfied, he should not have consented for her to have left him. His heart, torn by that anguish which could never be obliterated, could not reproach him with want of paternal love, or conjugal duties, in endeavoring to fulfil the last and most tender request of his dear deceased wife; by exerting every faculty of the soul, to guard her (while with him) against the duplicity of the human heart, and those complicated arts of seduction, concomitant of it.—Then, after making the above stated requests, respecting brother Whitney's interposition, in the principal business which now occupied all our thoughts, he concluded. I added a short postscript, which, as it only related to the interest I felt in the distresses of my family, it would be superfluous to transcribe it here.

And now, dear sister, observe all our hopes resting on the returns we were to receive; and as it would at least, take up several weeks, it was necessary that every exertion

should be tried to divert her melancholy, which was by no means abated—though that extreme anguish of soul, had appeared to be somewhat softened, since she had communicated the fatal cause, and found herself not the less welcome to our hearts, for her misfortunes. For believe me, Nancy, though I would by no means wish to appear as an advocate for vice; yet shall the truly humble and penitent offender, who with unremitted ardour, pleads for, and receives mercy and pardon at the throne of Grace; shall she, let me ask, be denied forgiveness, of weak and erring mortals, because themselves have been more abundantly favored of Providence; and under its immediate direction, have escaped the wiles of delusion? No, my sister—never shall I be made to believe, that GOD would approbate such rigid virtue, or that the bosom of sensibility can ever be barred against the all-powerful pleadings of humanity. Bowed down by the most humiliating reflections, our poor repentant child had returned and saught an asylum under the paternal roof, from the scoffs of a censorious and misjudging world. And might we, with unprecedented cruelty, reject her petition.—You my friend, and I trust every feeling heart, will readily give a negative answer, and thereby approve the conduct of

Your truly affectionate, &c.

LETTER VIII.

You are extremely impatient to hear the sequel of my melancholy narrative—yet wish to know the most minute particulars. Attend, and you shall hear how we spent our time during those tedious weeks of doubtful expectation; the first of which were chiefly, on the part of Lucinda, devoted to writing to her sister, and to her uncle and aunt in Troy; to inform the latter of the proceedings, as they were the only friends whom she had made acquainted with her situation. She now gave her sister an account of her distressing circumstances, and pathetically intreated her pardon; representing in the strongest colors her deep regret, at having brought, not only infamy and disgrace on her friends in general; but

more immediate distress on her parents, whose embarrassments were already sufficiently burdensome. Unhappy child!—that she should then be thus doubly oppressed by an idea of the accumulating weight of sorrows she had brought on those she loved. Yes, my sister, I say on those she loved—for could you but have witnessed the filial affection with which she treated me—heard those tender expressions, by which I was mentioned in her letters to her aunts, you would justify the above remark. She had written several; but delicacy forbade my asking to see them; by the same power, perhaps, she was with-held from shewing them. Thus was I, in some degree, a stranger to their contents; however, when one day she had just finished writing to her aunt Whitney, she sat some time in a hesitating manner; at length reaching it to me, "mamma," said she, "It is but just that you should see my letters; as they contain nothing which my heart does not acknowledge." I perused the writing; but could not speak. You know the heart of your sister—that heart, which with all its errors, she has often wished could be laid open to full view, and every sensation scanned—to be thus assured, of having been instrumental in any degree, of pouring the balm of comfort into the wounded bosom of my child, judge what must have been my delight. I wept from the excess of joy, that heaven had thus reciprocated our affection for each other.

"Lucinda," said I one day when we were sitting alone, "I wish you could feel a freedom, to tell me the commencement, and progressive circumstances, attending your connexion with Mr. Brown. I wish, at least, to find some trivial excuse for his conduct. Perhaps you may have triumphed over his attachment at first; and like the little churlish school boy, he first means to triumph in his turn for a season, and then be friends. However, should that be the case, I shall not much approve his disposition. For believe me, though I should sincerely blame the cause, I should heartily detest the effect." She then mildly entered into a relation of the motives, by which she had been governed for many years, even from the death of her dear mother. But as our conversations were

frequently interrupted, I cannot give it to you in such detached parts; and will therefore endeavor so to connect the broken threads of her history, as to give you as clear an idea of the truth, as can be drawn from memory, when the impression it has made on the heart, is indelible. And as I know it will be quite agreeable to you, I will throw it into the form of a letter, and enclose it.

LETTER IX.

Lucinda to her Mother.

Since heaven has destined to me a friend, where cruel prejudice taught me never to hope for one; I will endeavor, as far as I am able, to relate every circumstance, which can have a tendency towards assisting her judgment, respecting my past conduct; which, however guilty I may have been in the conclusion, permit me to say, I never lost sight of those principles of virtue—the gifts of heaven, and fruitless cultivation of my dear parents. In my mother's last sickness, my uncle and aunt Marvin, from motives of tenderness, knowing my father's circumstances, which were by no means eligible, sent for his two youngest children (excepting the babe) to keep till she could be restored, if consistent with the will of Providence. However, it was otherwise determined. After languishing for five weeks, in the most excruciating distress, her soul took its flight to those regions of bliss, where I have long since, most ardently wished to follow her. My unhappy father was left with seven children, of whom I was the eldest, then about seventeen years of age; the youngest, a daughter of two. After the last duties were paid to the remains of my dear mother, my uncle sent home my little brother—but desired that they might keep my sister, as they had no daughter—and observed, they would use her as their own. My father, therefore, consented.

About a year after this, having been engaged in some domestic duties, I had just taken a kettle of boiling water from over the fire, when turning to get something to put over

it, my dear little sister, who had been asleep, awoke at that critical moment; got off the bed, and attempting to run to her daddy, who sat at the opposite side of the room, by some unhappy step, blundered and fell, alas! into the boiling kettle! Oh! the distress of that moment! It will never be effaced from my memory. We caught her out immediately; but indeed, too late. She lived only three days. From the time of that unfortunate event, I began to think it would be best for the family to break up; as my father was mostly employed in a school, and had nothing wherewith to employ my brothers to any advantage, either to himself or them. And now I humbly hope, they will not take it unkind, should they ever know that my anxiety for my father, for whom it was hard to support so large a family, from the mere productions of his own labor, made me wish to leave him; thinking perhaps, when I was gone, my brothers might be put to some mechanical branch; and thus become useful and valuable members of society.

I contemplated this for two years; when at last, I requested my father's permission to leave him. He at length, not only consented; but even permitted me to take as much of his house-hold furniture, as I saw fit—as therefore, no one would be left, who could take the necessary care of it. I hope I am excusable for having taken the principal part; particularly of such things, as were most likely to be injured by neglect. However, I trust I may so far justify myself, as to assure you with truth, that I have ever cherished this principle, that whatever might be the event of my leaving him, he should never suffer, while it was in my power to relieve him. But, alas! how little did I think, when I was fondly anticipating the supreme delight of discharging the duties of filial affection, should it ever become necessary for me to support my parent; that in the course of a few years, I should again return to him, in a far more deplorable state, than that of infancy. Oh! my beloved father—what a complication of sorrows have I brought on your aged heart! And you, my dear mamma—for your sakes, and the rest of my friends, my heart bleeds; was there none but me to suffer, I could bear it with more fortitude! But I must refrain from

such thoughts, if possible; and confine myself to the recollection of events long past. Indeed, I cannot justly tell how long; for I hardly know when first my acquaintance with Mr. Brown commenced. Only this I remember—that I had often seen him before he made any professions of love; or even solicited permission to visit me. But when he did, though I had no desire of entertaining him as a lover; yet I hope and trust, I was very far from treating him with disrespect.—I alternately resided with my relations—but mostly with my uncle Whitney, in Charlton. I frequently fell in company with him, when he would be sure to treat me with a distinguished attention; but wholy unacquainted in the science of love—as I had never kept any company, I suspected not his partiality, till I was repeatedly raillied on it by others; particularly a relation of his, whom in the confidence of friendship, he had told, that he should never have taken up his residence, where he then was, had it not have been for the opportunities which he flattered himself might offer, of evincing his attachment to me. This communication, in particular—the sincerity of which I had no reason to doubt—aided by the most tender and undeviating attentions from him, taught me at last to look into my own heart; and finding I had that esteem for him, which I felt for no other of his sex, I accepted his love; and began to receive his visits, in the year 1802.—From that moment, I even denied myself the common privileges of my sex. My whole happiness was centered in him. I had not as yet, however, engaged to be his wife; although I had no other motive in keeping his company; but was unwilling to be too precipitate in a matter, on which the future happiness of my life depended.

My uncle had disposed of his property in Charlton, and made a purchase of lands at Marcellus; whither I had promised to attend the family, previous to my connection with Mr. Brown. The time arrived for their departure, in the spring of 1803. It is true, he dissuaded me from going; but did not propose an immediate union; which had he done, I should then have accepted. But to stay, and not only disoblige my good aunt (to whom I was under many obligations) but expose myself to the ridicule of the world, for my fondness for one,

who might change his sentiments, and abandon me, indeed I could not bear it. Therefore, after making you a very short visit (in which time, as I then was unacquainted with my mamma, I could neither tell her my thoughts, nor ask her advice, which, alas! might have saved me and herself, those heart rending moments, which now surround us) I set off for the western country. Mr. Brown, however, proposed his coming out the following autumn; and pressed me to bind myself by some promise—but I feared the caprice of the human heart. I therefore, perhaps I was wrong, recommended as the most consistent with propriety, to be bound by no other ties, than the rights of honor; which, while we continued to esteem each other, our hearts would naturally suggest. He appeared satisfied with my remark, and after assuring me, that I might depend on his coming, took his leave. Here, for the present, suffer me to leave my narrative.

LETTER X.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

There having been an interval of some time, before I found an opportunity of conversing further with Lucinda, on the subject which employed all our thoughts; and having for some time been oppressed with an idea, that even now to relate, chills my heart, I sought an interview of a few moments only (when the rest of the family were in bed) that I might be relieved from a state of awful apprehension. But how was I to ask an explanation, which was become so essentially necessary to my peace of mind. Summoning, however, all the fortitude in my power, I said, "My child, from every circumstance I can collect, either from your principles, your manners, or those frequent remarks obscured in darkness, which I have heard you make, I have every reason to believe, that however great your affection might have been for your betrayer, that you did not fall by the common arts of seduction. Relieve my mind—and if possible, acquit him of

the horrid charge! She answered me not—I looked, and beheld the conflict of her soul! I had unexpectedly awakened her mind to the most distressing recollections. She was unable to speak.—The crimson glow on her cheek, and convulsive emotion of her bosom, convinced me of my error; and desirous of relieving her, I endeavored to turn my inquiry into a less painful channel, and affected not to notice her situation. But unskilled in the science of dissimulation, I was unsuccessful; and as we were both willing to be relieved from a painful restraint, we took leave of each other for the night—repaired to our beds, but not to rest. For occupied, as I must have been, by the mere suggestions of a cruelty, which had apparently been practised, how could I sleep? And much less reason had I to hope for the rest of my poor Lucinda, from whose wounded heart I had torn the bandages, and saw it bleeding afresh!

Suffer me here, my sister, to digress a little from my subject; and offer a few comments on the attributes of love. The love I would first describe, has true religion and morality for its basis—unaffected virtue for its object—truth and honor for its supporting pillar—stability and tender solicitude for its everlasting crown. I will now endeavor to point out those of its anti-type; and then by way of reference, discriminate the different traits, by which they may be understood. That love, then, which by the young and inexperienced, and indeed too often by those of a more advanced age, has been often received as the genuine effusions of purity itself, may be justly said to have for its consistent parts, atheism, immorality, duplicity and pride. It is likewise covered with the magnetic mantle of flattery; and thus it ventures forth in search of prey.—As the former may be justly esteemed a compound of all the mental virtues—so the latter may, with equal propriety, be termed the offspring of impiety, licentiousness and guilt. The capacious soul, which comprehends and is governed by the first, would sooner sacrifice his own temporal existence, than give pain—much less assassinate the object of it. It will be ever studious to communicate that happiness, which it longs to find reciprocated, and without which, to a

feeling heart, life is but a painful void. Far different, the votaries of voluptuousness.—Studious of nothing but the gratification of their own inordinate passions, they pursue with unremitted zeal, their intended victim; till the innocent and unthinking fair one, who has long been the dupe of mere sounds, unsuspicious of their duplicity, submits her heart, happiness, and what is still more painful to add, her honor, to the shrine of that love, with which she believes herself revered; and thus becomes the wretched sacrifice of ungovernable lust.

Oh! my sister, though thousands have fallen, many of whom now sleep in dust, and neither precept nor example, can be of any further use to them; yet we ought not, to withhold the assisting hand, from the dear inexperienced survivors. And I humbly believe it to be the indispensible duty of every person, whether parents, preceptors, or those who only stand in the general relationship of the world, to point out, according to the best of their abilities, those hidden rocks, on which the sons and daughters of virtue may be lost. But as it is more particularly our province to guide and direct those tender plants of our own sex, how ardently I could wish, that the dispensations of Providence in my own family, together with what I have here written, might prove an awful warning to all the youthful and innocent daughters of Adam. To each of whom I would further recommend, not merely a strict adherence to the principles of virtue; but a rigid watchfulness of the false meteors, whose delusive powers might lead them imperceptibly from the paths of rectitude. Would each one of our sex, my Nancy, instead of contemplating in their mirrors, real or imaginary beauties, devote a small proportion of the inestimable moments of time, to the general study of physiognomy, we should not, I presume, so often see the victims of perjury, sinking to their untimely graves. Little as the study of this science is recommended to the fair sex, yet believe me, I conceive it to be of the greatest importance. As those who have ever made any tolerable proficiency in the art, will seldom fail to discriminate, betwixt the electric glow of voluptuousness, and the milder radiance of

celestial love, which beams on the eyes of sacred affection. There is something in the former, which can only be understood by a minute investigation; and when once discovered, will most assuredly cause the bosom of innocence to shrink from its advances—while the magnetic power of the latter, which holds out to them the cup of connubial bliss, unadulterated by any impious anticipations, will imperceptibly inspire that esteem, which (being founded on real merit) will soon ripen into love; and when sanctioned by the laws of heaven and earth, and crowned by the conscious rectitude of their own hearts, they may reasonably hope for a blessing in their union. And even should Providence, for wise purposes, disappoint their endeavors, the demon discord, will find little room in their hearts to erect his throne. While on the other hand, should the libertine from mere necessity, unite himself with one whom his vices had sullied, what might be expected from such a connection? When I reflect on this, my sister, I am happy; even while I write and bedew the memory of our child with tears, that she has paid the debt of nature, and now enjoys the reward of unaffected penitence.

When I first strayed from my subject, I did not intend to have detained you so long; the motive, however, I hope will be my apology. Pardon me, therefore, and read the inclosed.

LETTER XI.

Lucinda to her Mother.

Dear Mamma,

I will continue my narrative, though I am sure there is nothing it contains, that can afford either consolation or hope. Yet the power of sympathy is great; and I am doubly bound, not to deceive her whom I address.

After our arrival at Marcellus, notwithstanding the affectionate treatment of my uncle's family, I was exceedingly unhappy; there was a strange void in my heart. I then,

for the first time in my life, felt all the tender emotions of love. At length autumn arrived, and my hopes were completed. Mr. Brown not merely come for a visit; but made a purchase of a piece of land adjoining my uncle's. Yet as he was about commencing the Mercantile business in the town of Scipio, about thirty miles from thence; and that, together with making some little establishments on his land, would necessarily take up much of his time; and I being willing to make what additions I could to my own accommodations, our nuptials, for the above reasons, were postponed till the next fall, notwithstanding our vows of eternal fidelity were interchanged. When business admitted, he constantly made it his home at our house, where he was treated with the utmost politeness by the whole family. The year at length had elapsed, and I was prepared for the fulfilment of my vows. But shall I tell you on what pretence he evaded his? Oh! that some kind friend had stepped between me and ruin! Ignorant and unacquainted with deceit, little did I think, cruel as it was, that the man who could wish to debase the proposed object of his choice and affection, must be totally destitute of every sentiment of honor or tenderness. Yet, alas! such has been the painful conclusion.—Blinded by the power of my own love, I simply attributed it to his excessive fondness, which absorbed every rational idea. Instead, therefore, of discarding, as I ought to have done, I continued with unabated affection to receive him as before for many months; constantly endeavoring, and vainly hoping, to remove from his mind, that prejudice by which he had hitherto been governed; and convince him, that the greatest proof I could possibly give of that tenderness which engrossed my whole thoughts, was inviolably to preserve my own honor, till it should be more inseparably connected with his.—But Oh! my mamma—my kind friend! Your suspicions have not been groundless. Unbounded as was that passion, which even death can only refine, your wretched child was neither the victim of love or credulity; but the more cruel sacrifice of premeditated guilt. Oh! do—do not tell my father!

In continuation, after several days.

Pardon me, I cannot be more explicit. Indeed you already despise him. But what was now to be done. Alas! my honor gone; and with it, every thing that was dear or valuable in life; and nothing left me, but that fatal love, which had unsuspectingly thrown me into his power; and which, I now blush to acknowledge, has never known any diminution. And believe me, when I assure you, that his reiterated vows to repair my wrongs; and the imprecations called upon himself, should he ever forsake me, lulled me into a kind of gloomy security. Thus did I live for several months in those guilty scenes, which were degrading to my friends, repugnant to my soul, and offensive to my God! And though in the course of that time, he had twice desired me to be prepared for the solemnization of our union; yet when the appointed time had arrived, he repeatedly waved the ceremony on some trivial pretence of business. Yet so lost and infatuated was I, as still to think he loved with unabated ardor. Often did he wish with apparent tenderness and concern, that he might be blessed with that proof of affection, which will soon publish my disgrace to the world.

Previous to my dishonor, I had been very desirous of coming home on a visit; but had no thoughts of coming alone and unprotected. Last fall, however, there was a young lady with whom I had some acquaintance, that was going to return to her relatives in some of the Eastern States in company with a friend, who was then gone on business further into the country, and was to call for her on his return. As their route led them through Albany, she was very anxious I should come with her as far as there; where, by the assistance of her friends, I could obtain a passage in the stage to Troy, at any hour of the day. My uncle and aunt, knowing how great my desires had been for coming; and totally unsuspicious of any cause which might have changed my sentiments, urged my accepting the invitation. I could not tell them the reason why I wished not to leave Marcellus; but waited an opportunity to inform Mr. Brown, when I told him of the offer. He seemed much to

approve my coming. Filled with the most distressing ideas, I humbly requested him to secure my happiness, before I left him. He again waved it, as being very inconvenient for him at that time; as he was making out a drove of cattle for the market. But observed, as I wished of course to come down after furniture, which was at my uncle's in Troy, it would be best for me to come then; and he would make every possible dispatch in his business, and meet me here, where he chose the ceremony should be performed, and then we would return back in the stage. With a trembling heart I acquiesced—we then parted. His business detained him some time from home; I cannot recollect how long; but before he returned, there was word sent from my young friend, that the carriage had arrived, and that we must be ready to set off early the next morning.

Judge, if possible, what must have been my sensations! I had given my word to attend her. What must be done! I was not merely dishonored in the sight of heaven and my own eyes; but began to be under more distressing apprehensions, for the fatal consequences. I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, for one minute to have seen the object of all my cares. Conceive, then, my feelings, when I heard the joyful sound, that he was come. For that moment, my grief subsided; but alas! the peaceful calm was succeeded by an awful storm. I was enveloped in the billows of despair!—unable either to extricate myself, or impart my sorrows to those, for whose counsel I much longed. It was evening when he arrived; I impatiently waited for an interview; when after sitting some time conversing in general terms with the family, he rose, and to my infinite surprise and grief, repaired to bed with one of my uncle's sons; seemingly determined to give me no opportunity to speak, notwithstanding he saw preparations were making, for my departure in the morning.—At this event, I was almost frantic. Often did I say to myself—Oh! my dear aunt, could you but know the cruel tortures that oppress my soul, you would not only pity, but soothe my sorrows by your kind advice. But, alas! you know them not. Your own heart, formed of purity itself, can never suspect your

unfortunate niece has lived in infamy. As she was up with me till very late, on account of my journey, I made many efforts to open my whole heart to her; crave her pardon for the disgrace I had brought, not only on herself, but all my family—and humbly solicit her counsel respecting my present conduct. For that purpose, I made several remarks, as I had often done before, which I thought could not fail of leading her to a suspicion of our fatal connection; and consequently to those inquiries, I so ardently wished her to make; but all my endeavors were lost. Dear mamma, how could she be so blinded by a mistaken confidence in the merits of her wretched niece. After many unsuccessful attempts to be understood, I gave over the task, and silently submitted to my fate.

Early the next morning, the carriage came; I was handed into it in all the horrors of despair! Mr. Brown, who had cautiously avoided being alone with me, now addressed me in presence of the family—and desired I would tell my friends, he should be down in January.—In October we parted. Little reason as you must naturally suppose I had to believe him; yet the fond hope supported me through the journey, which lasted four days. When we arrived in Albany, the stage was just ready to set out for Troy. I therefore took leave of my friends, who had treated me with every mark of respect and politeness. We reached Troy just at evening. I had, however, some difficulty in tracing out my friends. To a heart more at ease, perhaps so trivial a circumstance might have passed unnoticed; but alas! to me, the smallest disappointments appeared consequential. I knew that my uncle Betts lived a little out of the town; and had therefore concluded to have been sat down at the door of his brother's, who I had been informed resided there, till I could send him word of my arrival. But through a mistake, occasioned by a similarity of names, I was carried past his house, and set down among all strangers; who far from being able to direct me back, did not even know that any of that name lived in the town. I was very much distressed, and knew not which way to direct my steps. The driver, who appeared to be a very humane person, pitying my situation, recommended me to a family of his acquaintance,

who kept a public house a little distance out, and were people of respectability; whither he would, if I pleased, conduct me. He further added, that I might there perhaps, make some inquiry more to my satisfaction; and if I wished to return again in the morning, he would with pleasure conduct me, as he should then drive back. What should I do? Indeed I could but be with strangers; and those whom I was then with, could give me no account of my friends; it was possible the others might; I therefore accepted his offer. His remarks were justified. I found them an amiable family; and being informed of my embarrassment, treated me as an own child. How grateful to my soul, was this kindness! In the evening, there came in a gentleman, of whom the landlord enquired, if he knew a Mr. Betts, who kept a public house in Troy; observing, likewise, there was a young woman there, who was interested in knowing. He replied, that he knew him very well, and was himself going there that night; if the young lady wished to go there, and would put herself under his protection, he would conduct her with safety. I thanked him for his friendly offer; but could by no means have accepted it—and indeed, my generous friends with whom I was, were too kind and considerate, to recommend to me so rash a step. I felt, however, much relieved; and waited with some little impatience, the returning of the stage next morning; when I took leave of the hospitable family,* who would accept nothing but thanks for my entertainment. My heart and eyes, overflowed with the weight of my gratitude; not merely to those, but to the generous man,** who conducted me to them; and who now sat me down at Mr. Betts' door—where I had been but a few moments, before, to my agreeable surprise, my uncle and aunt drove up.

Not to dwell on particulars, I returned home with them that day; where I informed them of what Mr. Brown had requested, without adding any of my fears that it would not

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* Whose name, if I mistake not, was Mason.

**Whose name, I am sorry to say, has been forgotten; but whose friendship will be remembered while life lasts me.

be fulfilled. From thence you will perhaps recollect I wrote, informing you of my desires and intentions of returning home; but as no opportunity offered, I continued with them a few weeks; when one of my uncle Whitney's sons, who had left Marcellus (a few days after I did) in company with Mr. Brown for Philadelphia, arrived at my uncle Betts's; and informed us, that having been to Norwalk on a short visit to his friends, was now on his return home—but according to appointment, was to wait in Troy for his friend, whom he had left in Philadelphia; and from whom he brought me this verbal message—"Tell Lucinda, that I shall be there sooner than I expected." This intelligence, revived my drooping spirits. My cousin, however, after waiting for him some time, and going to Albany twice in hopes of meeting him there, returned to the westward alone. Though love suggested a thousand causes of delay, yet my hopes began gradually to forsake me. And as my friends had very little business in which I could employ myself with any advantage to them; and conscious that I ought not to depend wholly on their bounty, while it was in my power to support myself, I consented to go into the service of a very worthy family in Troy, by the name of Warren, who wanted my assistance; there to stay, till I had an opportunity of coming to my father, or some more happy event should take place.—Six weeks, I continued with this truly amiable family, laboring under the horrors of disappointment. My strength failed me through continual weeping, and I found I should not much longer be able to provide myself a home. I repeatedly wrote to my false friend, but received no return; till at length, to save my family from dishonor, I even contemplated the impious purpose of suicide! But thanks to my God! those principles of religion which had been early implanted in my breast by the best of parents, forbade the awful deed. I then thought I would go to my uncle's—disclose to them all my sufferings, and beg their assistance. But when I returned, the apparent pleasure of seeing me, defeated every purpose of my heart; and I again went back to town, without introducing a subject, of which it was evident they had not the least suspicion, notwithstanding they had frequently

remarked the gloom that over-spread my countenance. When I took leave of them, most fervantly did I pray, that the Supreme disposer of events, who alone knew my grief and penitence, would in mercy take me to his bosom—wipe away my tears, and save my dear friends from that dreadful and unexpected stroke, which otherwise awaited them.

The Sunday following, my aunt came to church; and calling to see me, the distressing idea of my situation for the first moment, rushed on her heart. She desired to speak with me alone. But what language can paint her sorrows, when she found her conjectures real! After some time spent in silent contemplation, she at length proposed that I should be immediately brought home; as I should not only be with friends, but also much less exposed to company in this retired place, than I could be at their house. The proposal was pleasing to me; not merely because company was painful, for I had an ardent desire to die at my father's. She then left me, begging me to be comforted; for they would do every thing in their power to assist me. A few days after, she came again with her husband; they took me home with them; my uncle wrote immediately to the westward; and the next day, my brother was directed to prepare for a visit to his parents, and bring me with him. We were likewise to stop at my uncle Marvin's, stay over night, and take my sister with us. They were both, however, ignorant of the fatal cause of our coming, and were happy in the prospect. You know the rest.

But I hope my dear mamma will believe me, when I assure her, that however great the distress which she has witnessed may have been, it has in a manner lost its poignancy in her kind sympathy and consoling tenderness. Nor can I ever be sufficiently grateful to heaven, for having given such a friend, to soothe the passage to death, for the wretched

LUCINDA.

LETTER XII.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

Dear Nancy,

The conclusion of our child's narrative, has quite overcome me. Indeed, I do not know but my tears have rendered it quite illegible; for as I had no command over my feelings, while committing it to writing; they have flowed almost incessantly through the whole course of it; and the tribute which was due to her grateful soul, forbade me to omit any circumstance, which might have saved me a single pang. Wait a few hours; I will endeavor to compose myself, and then continue the subject.

The human heart is inexplicable. I could sometimes pass whole days without shedding a single tear—at others, I wept from morning till night. Each post-day, brought disappointment with it; till worn out with expectation, we dispatched one of our sons to Troy, to see if there had been any return to those letters which had been sent from thence, either from Lucinda or Mr. Betts. On the third day, he returned; bringing a line from Mr. Betts, with one inclosed from Mr. Whitney, which he had just received. The contents of the latter (to which the former chiefly referred) were these:—that the author, agreeable to the request contained in Mr. Betts' letter, had seen Mr. Brown; delivered him the inclosed from Lucinda, and talked with him in very plain terms. His answers, far from being satisfactory, were indeed very insulting. He told Mr. Whitney, that after leaving Philadelphia, he had traveled almost over the Southern States; that on his return to Marcellus, he had been in Albany, and Charlton, where he staid a week. But as he heard Lucinda was at Troy, he did not choose to go there—for she had promised to meet him there, at Mr. W's. house; with many other ridiculous remarks, equally inconsistent with truth or manhood. It was very surprising, that he should presume to tell her uncle that she had promised to meet him there, when he must have been conscious of his presence, when

he addressed her in the carriage.* Through the whole course of this conversation, his observations were so exceedingly void of common sense, or even of decency itself, that they neither ought to be repeated or remembered.

But the effect of this cruel letter on the heart of our child, was beyond description. The fond hope which (notwithstanding all her distress) she sometimes cherished, that some unavoidable accident had detained him, was now no longer her support. For myself, you know me, my sister; and therefore will not be surprised to hear that my soul was wraught up to the height of indignation. Indeed, from what I had been informed of before, there was nothing lacking in him but insult, to form the chief of Milton's fell band.

The next day, our friends in general having been apprised of our misfortunes, I received a billet from brother M— —, intreating me in the most feeling terms, to write to Mr. Brown in behalf of our daughter; as it might possibly have a better effect than for Lucinda's father to write; fearing he was too much exasperated.—But indeed, our brother was mistaken. However distressed Mr. Manvill might have been, I was the one who was distracted with resentment. I wrote back to my brother, requesting that he would never more wish me "to flatter a wretch whom my soul dispised; and who never merited an alliance with the murdered Lucinda." A few days after, we received a letter from the westward in answer to ours, which had been sent by the mail six weeks before. But as it merely contained (with respect to Mr. Brown) what has been before written, with the addition only of a few more insulting remarks, I shall pass them over, as you will have an opportunity to judge of them hereafter, and proceed to the next step.

Lucinda had a great desire that her father would go to him, and see what effect that would have; but the situation of our affairs were such, that it would not possibly admit of it. One of her brothers, therefore, offered to go, and thought it most advisable to take such

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* See Letter XI.

measures as would bring him, should he prove refractory. But the tenderness of her heart revolted at the idea. She could not consent that he should be distressed; and begged her brother to treat him with respect. "Her father would write, she would write herself; and if I would add my entreaties to theirs, she still hoped that he would listen to the calls of humanity." Oh! my sister—could I be deaf to the energetic pleadings of her tears? No, indeed. I therefore subdued, or rather stifled my detestation (for what fitter name shall I give those sensations I felt towards him) and promised her I would do every thing in my power to make her happy. I performed the task with much more ease than I expected; for Providence kindly compassionating the violence I must have done to my feelings, absorbed every other sensation in that of pity to my child. And as I know you will be desirous of knowing the contents of what was written, I will here inclose the rough draught of her father's and mine, with a few extracts from her's.

LETTER XIII.

From Mr. Manvill to Mr. Brown.

Sir,

I have taken up my pen, with a view of reciting a few realities, and of making some remarks on the powers and faculties, with which rational beings are invested by the great Author of nature; and the propensities to which we find ourselves liable, which I flatter myself, might by some, be esteemed deserving of attention. A knowledge of the world, I allow to be useful; but we cannot act with propriety, without a knowledge of ourselves. Let us take a candid and intrinsic view, the better to discover whether we apply our gifts agreeable to the will of the great Giver. This discovery must be made by the light of the mind, which every rational creature possesses in a greater or less degree. For that light is reason; and every thing which is not consistent with it, is irrational; but every action which is consistent with the light of reason, is approbated by laws human and divine; they bear

the seal of conscious rectitude, and deserve laurels of honor according as the action proves less or more useful.—True honor is not derived from wealth; it is not derived from learning nor external beauty; but it is derived from the beauty of the mind, that noble ornament, called virtue. It may be asked whether those who possess the greatest gifts of reason, are always the most virtuous. I answer—No. Such, as often as any, are guilty of a misapplication of their talents—they neglect to form a proper system of self-government; suffer the powers of the mind to be led by inordinate desires, to the pursuit of objects beyond the en-circled rays of their own reason; and often spend their days in infamy—their faculties become so absorbed in darkness, that they have no heart to prove their good qualities, and sometimes, I suppose, they are almost persuaded themselves that they have none.

Who then are praiseworthy, or who are truly honorable? I answer, those who hold their will in such subjection, that it never leads them beyond the limits of their own comprehension. Such, search for propriety; they consult reason, and are not deceived; they have a true sense of honor, and are never led by undue means to the deception of raising a character on the ruin of others; all the powers of the mind are well organized, and in cordant subordination to the laws of humanity; they feel a sympathy in the distress of others, and are excited to alleviate their griefs. These are the ways of wisdom; which are said to be the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace. Have you my friend—let me call you so, because I feel a disposition to be yours—have you I ask, kept an eye on these paths, in your correspondence with Lucinda; or are you rambling in the dark in search of honor and happiness, where your reason, if you will attend to it, will shew you they never existed. If you were never stimulated by an ordinate and honorable love for her—it was not only dishonorable, but cruel to persist in your suit. But if your love was ever sincere, only ask your own heart, and it will tell you, she has yet the highest place in it. In common affairs, my friend, it is rarely necessary to take much pains to persuade a man to do as he

pleases; but in love affairs, there are many allowances to be made; and I, of all men, perhaps ought to make them. I have traversed those wiles in early life, and can judge of most of your sensations, though I never was agent in a case quite similar; for I do not know that ever I injured the character of any one; had that been the case, I judge by the light of my own reason, that it ever would have been a thorn in my path; and more, if life had been hazarded through my neglect. That my daughter loves you, is no matter of doubt with me; neither can it be with you—for of that she has given you the highest proof. What then is her crime which merits such a reward? She has placed an implicit confidence in your honor and friendship; do not suffer her, then, to be deceived. Her heart is yours; and her life is, under God, at your disposal.—You are all the world to her, and without you, she is apparently lost to herself, her friends, and the world. But she has still a hope; she thinks if she could see you, all would yet be well—or if I could see you. What shall I do for my child? I could only tell you, were I to see you, what you already know—that you would be welcome here. Come then, and speak comfort to your Lucinda—who loves you more than all others—more than is possible for her to love another, or any other to love you. The matter has become too serious to be trifled with any longer, or delayed for any trivial cause. Could she have come to you, she would not have hesitated. Consider impartially, Sir, whether you have objections sufficient to counterbalance the destruction of one, who, if considered on the general scale, must be ranked among the lost of her sex. If not, make haste to heal the wounded heart of my daughter. It is you alone can save her, and restore peace of mind to the family of

Your Friend,

A.M.

LETTER XIV.

From Mrs. Manvill to Mr. Brown.

Sir,

You will probably be surprised at an address from me, who have not the honor of a personal acquaintance; more especially, on a subject which will doubtless be disagreeable to you: And indeed, Sir, I am perfectly sensible that my writing must be superfluous. Nor would I have troubled you therewith, had I not promised my poor child, that I would supplicate for her. For surely if her own pathetic entreaties, together with those of a disconsolate father, can have no influence, I certainly cannot hope to be more successful. Should your heart be callous to the tender sentiments of humanity, as well as love, you will perhaps ask, what right I have to interest myself so far? Let me tell you, Sir, I am not merely bound by those ties, which, as her father's wife, duty calls me to fulfil; but she is my child, by the strongest ties of maternal love. Her dutiful and affectionate manners—her unremitted grief, and her steadfast attachment to—let me say, her persecutor, all conspire to make her one of the most interesting characters, I ever saw. Nor shall she ever want a friend while I live.

Now, Sir, I think I have elucidated my reasons for the liberty I am taking; and will now presume to ask you a few questions. Have you ever loved Lucinda, or has she been the dupe of duplicity? If the latter, sooner would I consign her to her parent earth, to which she is apparently hastening, than see her united to you. But if she ever held a place in your affections, how is it possible she should be thus painfully abandoned; and not she alone, but your own offspring? Oh! Sir, can you possibly be deaf to the pleadings of nature; and leave the dear innocent to infamy and disgrace? Alas! what will be the portion of misery allotted to it. For believe me, when I assure you, that unless your heart acknowledges its mother as the partner of your future joys and cares, her sufferings, I apprehend, will soon cease. Dear sufferer!—and can my heart survive the sacrifice.

Overpowered by the distressing idea, and blinded by my tears, I dismissed my pen a few moments, till I could summon more fortitude. But Oh! Sir, could you for one moment look into our humble dwelling, and see the poor dying Lucinda,—her distressed parents—her mourning friends (for all who know her are such) and know yourself the author and only healing physician, what must be your sensations? Adieu—my tears flow so fast, I cannot proceed.

I again resume my pen, to tell you, our reliance is on that kind Providence, who will not reprobate our repentant child; and to entreat that you seriously reflect on what has past; and by seeking to redress, as far as possible, before it is too late, entitle yourself to the love of a now wretched family; and particularly to the gratitude and esteem of

P.D.M.

Extracts of a letter from Lucinda to Mr. Brown.

My hopes are fled; and all those days of blissful expectation are vanished from the sight of the unhappy Lucinda. Why is it thus? Ah! Could you but have read my thoughts when last these eyes beheld the dearest object of my affections, your heart must have bled for my sufferings, which were rendered more poignant by that excess of joy I felt at your unexpected arrival.* How did my bosom glow with the fond idea, that the dear friend had come, on whose breast I could rest all my sorrows; and his own heart would plead my cause.

If you think me too humble for your wife, pray remember by whom I have been dishonored.

If I have erred, as I am willing to acknowledge, pray forgive me, I entreat; and hasten to me, that I may see one day more of comfort before I depart and am no more.

LUCINDA.

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* See Letter XI.

LETTER XV.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

On the 10th of April, our son sat out for Marcellus. The term of his absence, which was a fortnight, was spent in alternate hope and fear by his sister; by my husband with expectation some-thing more sanguine; and by myself, alas! without hope, for having lost that enthusiasm which dictated my letter.—What hope could I have if indeed he should come, in seeing the daughter of patience, truth and piety, united to such an abandoned reprobate? But yet, as to see him once more was the only earthly desire which found room in her heart, for her sake, I most sincerely wished it.

As one continual series of events filled up the measure of time till the return of her brother, I will not tire your patience by dwelling on them; but proceed to the more interesting particulars of his mission. As our little family sat one evening collected round a fire, which must have expanded every heart but those congealed in woe, he entered. On his countenance was depicted strong marks of disappointment. I do not recollect who first addressed him; but when he was asked what news, his answers were evasive. However, I saw from some of his words, that Lucinda had caught a ray of hope; and dreading to have it extinguished, after having been confirmed by conjecture, I requested him to give a candid relation, and not excite a hope which might not be gratified. He replied, that he would give us the particulars of their interview, and leave us to judge for ourselves.

He then proceeded to tell us, that the last day of his journey out, he met Mr. Brown on the road; the sight of him, he continued, so agitated him, he could scarce speak without betraying those emotions he wished to conceal. He however addressed him with the common ceremonies of an old acquaintance; inquired after his uncle's family, &c. but did not give him the letters, as he observed he should be at Mr. Whitney's the next day. They then parted, and he proceeded on to his uncle's, where he informed them of the purport of

his visit, and likewise of the painful and precarious state of his sister. He then gave them a letter from her, together with all those for Mr. Brown, that they might be delivered to him by Mr. Whitney, who was necessarily in his confidence. Mr. Brown, however, did not arrive till the third day, and then made his appearance in all the pompous parade of disdainful arrogance.—The letters were given him; when he very impertinently asked, if they had been opened; and being answered in the negative, observed, he did not choose they should be. Mr. Whitney ventured to remonstrate; and pointed out to him the inutility of such a step, in colours so impressive, that he was at last prevailed on to hear them. They retired to a separate apartment, where they continued some time in the perusal; but their contents had no effect on the brutal heart of him to whom they were directed, as you will be assured when I tell you he threw them carelessly aside, and left the house.—However, when he came in again, Mrs. Whitney (who is amiableness itself) took up the melancholy subject in behalf of her unfortunate niece. She observed to him, that he had ever been treated with the utmost respect in their family, and wished to know if Lucinda had ever offended him. He readily replied, "by no means—the truth is," continued he, for I do not wish to dissemble, "that we had agreed to be united." Mark the word *agreed*, my sister, which he had substituted for the most solemn engagements. But Oh! he must one day appear before the awful throne of Omnipotence! Alas! when I think of this, I could almost pity him. But to continue—he further added, "but she has hitherto slighted me."

Her brother then gave him an unequivocal account of her situation; and entreated that he would pay some regard to the laws of humanity. The hardened wretch replied, that should she not live two hours, he should feel perfectly happy on his own account. Thus ended their conversation for that time. And here suffer me to conclude this letter after remarking, that it is past a doubt with me, that from the first moment his suit was denied (however politely in other respects he was treated) the demon of resentment determined her

ruin; and so fixed and unalterable was his revenge, that he hesitated at no crime, that could in any degree tend to the accomplishment of it. And as the first requisite thereto, it was necessary that he should feign the most honorable and disinterested attachment. To a heart wholly unacquainted except by precept, with the deceit of man, it was morally impossible that his wretched victim should detect his complicated arts, which ceased not till he had (by some yet unknown means) violated all the laws of heaven and earth; and for which the avenging wrath of God will most assuredly call him to answer. Is it wonderful then, that the man who from early infancy must have possessed the most abandoned principles; and who necessarily must ever have been on his guard to conceal them, is it wonderful, I ask again, that such a man should be uneducated or uninformed, in any other science than that of duplicity. But I forgot myself.—Adieu my sister; and pardon all the errors which the painful interest I feel in what I am relating, imperceptibly leads me into. Again adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

In a further conversation between Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Brown, she desired he would inform her, if there existed no more laudable motives for his discarding her niece, than had been already described. To which he most insultingly replied, that Lucinda had been plainly brought up.—For himself, he had travelled, and studied improvement; was admitted into the society of gentlemen of respectability and figure; they also visited at his house, &c. intimating that he thought her manners not sufficiently elegant to distinguish his entertainments from those of the vulgar! Mrs. Whitney very reasonably offended, replied with some warmth, that humble as the education of her niece had been, and though she was the daughter of a poor man; yet she could both read and write. This last stroke somewhat confounded him, and he found himself no longer able to defend his cause.

Next morning, being the time appointed for our son to set out for home, and Mr. Brown being ready to depart that evening, desired him to walk out with him a short distance, saying, he wished to have some conversation with him alone. He therefore complied. But instead of the haughty cant of the preceding evening, he now assumed the language of a petitioner. Observing, that should he be publicly called upon, so critically was he circumstanced, that it would inevitably ruin him. He further added, that his sister's letter was more agreeable in its contents than he had expected to find it; and that when he saw her all would be settled. "I do not doubt it," replied the brother with warmth, "but I presume you are determined that time shall never come." "If God spares my life," rejoined the reprobate, "I will be there in three weeks from this day." On that they parted—he rode off, and our son returned to the house. It was, however so plain, (comparing all that had passed, with his present conduct) that his last conversation was a finesse to elude public justice, that one of the young Mr. Whitneys conceived himself no longer bound by the ties of honor to respect the confidence of such a wretch, now communicated to all present, that Mr. Brown had told him some time past, that he was very much attached to a young lady in Scipio, of some considerable prospects; but had not as yet made any address to her. He further added, that since that time, the young lady's father had enquired of him the character of Mr. Brown. This appears to have been a very singular circumstance, that Mr. Brown should presume to boast of his attachment to Mr. Whitney, when he knew that he must have been sensible, that he was under engagements to his cousin. It is, however, most rational to suppose, that he expected he would immediately inform her of it; and she would then be prepared for what he intended. Far otherwise, Mr. Whitney considered himself bound by honor, not to betray a confidence reposed in him; more especially as he had no suspicion the honor of Lucinda was so deeply concerned in it. And indeed it would have been useless, as it was then too late to have saved her, and as gratitude to him for his considerate tenderness towards her, demands that I should do him justice. Let me further

add, that he was the same young gentleman, whom the inconsistent Mr. Brown (after informing him of his new attachment) sent the verbal message mentioned in her narrative.* If therefore Mr. Whitney believed, as certainly he did, that he was coming to fulfil his engagements—he certainly could not have exhibited a greater mark of affection, exclusive of the ties of honor, than to withhold from her the knowledge, that her husband prefered another.—And now, as I humbly hope I have fully acquitted Mr. Whitney of any breach of duty, or dishonorable concealment, I return again to our son, the last of whose narrative, more sensibly affected his sister, than all the preceding insolence with which she had been treated. Indeed for twenty-four hours, her cries were almost incessant. At length, seeming to catch a hope, from the idea, that he could not thus cruelly forsake her, she collected some little degree of fortitude, and looked forward with an apparent expectation of once more seeing, and expiring on the bosom of her loved assassin. Each day she would walk out; and seated on a bank, which commanded, at some distance, a short view of the road, she would sit till her eyes became dim with watching and weeping, and her body enervated by the cold chills of spring; when returning to the house, she would enter it with that sweet smile, which ever marked her countenance, and rendered her sorrows doubly interesting. Sometimes she would stay out so long, that alarmed for her safety, I would follow her; but indeed her griefs ever appeared too sacred to be molested. At length the utmost limits of the time perfixed for his coming arrived—it passed.—"Alas!" she cried—"still let me hope for one poor week longer; he seldom ever came at the time appointed." Oh! my sister, my tears flow so fast at the cruel recollection of what I have so painfully witnessed, that I cannot proceed.

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* See Letter XI.

LETTER XVII.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

All my care and attention was now devoted to our poor distressed Lucinda. I exerted all my powers—I offered books for her perusal, which I hoped at least might amuse her for a moment. Among the number was Charlotte Temple, which I strongly recommended; and desired that she would draw therefrom, some comparative ideas, whereby she would find the balance of wretchedness on the part of Charlotte; who far distant from her native land, and every dear and tender connexion, lingered out a wretched existence, aggravated by all the poignancy of cold and hunger. While she, on the other hand, was surrounded by those, who loved, pitied, and would do every thing in their power, which could afford her the least comfort; and though our circumstances were humble, yet we did not want the necessary means of support. My endeavors were all lost. Absorbed in her own sorrows, she had no room in her heart for the distresses of another.

Hope has at length fled the bosom of our child; and in its stead, do we behold unaffected piety and resignation, whose influence, like the mild beams of the evening sun, illuminated her heart. But mark, my sister, the decisive stroke; yet do not ask who levelled it.—As every feeling heart must revolt at their names, suffer me to spare them. Probably, however, they supposed they were discharging a public duty; I therefore, pardon them. But while I am making my comments, I forget you are in suspense.—Know then that Lucinda was not a lawful resident of Greenfield; neither had her father any legal possessions, which could secure her a home. You will comprehend the rest. Sometime about the middle of May, two Magistrates* arrived at our cottage. My heart sunk within me at sight of them; as we had previously been informed, that a complaint had been lodged.

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* Messrs. Child and Prior.

Our poor child was sitting with me, appearing to be unusually calm and placid; when accidentally stepping to the door, I saw them conversing with Mr. Manvill, a little distance from the house. As she knew nothing of our apprehensions, I stepped back, and told her there was company at the door, that might probably come in with her father; therefore, as usual, she went to her little apartment, unconscious that she must so soon be called to attend them. They came in, and imparted to me their business, while her father went in to prepare her for the stroke. He staid but a few moments; but coming out desired me to attend her. I instantly obeyed—found her sunk on her bed, absorbed in the bitterness of woe. "Oh! my Lucinda!—my child!—what shall I do to comfort you!"—Unable to say more, I threw myself on the bed beside her, and wept aloud! My first transport of grief a little subsiding, I rose, took her hand, and endeavored to compose and fortify her mind, that she might be enabled to walk out; her father then returned, begged her to be calm for that the gentlemen were friends, and would treat the matter with tenderness. "We ought not, therefore," continued he, "to treat them disrespectfully by detaining them;" then desiring we would walk out as soon as possible, he again left us. Raising her streaming eyes to me with a voice of supplication, she cried out—"Oh! mamma!—spare me but one moment!"—and fell back on the bed from which she had just risen. I stopped short; when in a moment, seeming to recollect herself, she again arose, gave me her hand, and I led her out. Her figure was naturally delicate, and being rendered doubly interesting by those traits of sorrow and anguish which had for so many months preyed on her constitution; the humane Magistrates were affected, and proceeded with the utmost caution to the execution of their office. They first took the testimony of her father, respecting his last residence previous to her being of age; then hers, of her manner of living since she left him, and of what she at present possessed—then tenderly dismissed her. They walked out alone for a few moments, and when they returned, closed the painful scene. We had three days given us to procure bail; or commit our poor dying child to the care of the public. Oh! my sister,

I thought my heart would have burst! Even now—I can write no more.

LETTER XVIII.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

I remained for some moments silent, not knowing what to do with myself.—Mr. Manvill was lost in thought. I read his sentiments from my own heart. It was a very delicate thing, for a father to ask any one to be security for him in such a case, even had he been assured of success; and to have her taken from us in such a precarious state, was still more painful. Summoning, therefore, all my fortitude, I asked the gentlemen if the decision of the law paid no regard to the principles of humanity. "Most certainly," they replied. I then observed to them, that I thought the peculiar situation of our daughter, rendered it very dangerous to remove her. They admitted, that of course I must know better than any other person; and asked if I was willing to give my affidavit. I told them, to determine on the decrees of Providence, was what I could not do; but I was willing to give testimony of my sentiments. They observed, that presumptive evidence was all that was required; or indeed all that could be obtained in such cases. They therefore took my deposition, which for the present mitigated the rigor of the law, and secured the dear suffering saint under paternal care. They then in a very friendly manner, took their leave; recommending to us the exercise of fortitude and resignation; which indeed had become two very essential requisites for our support.—This last, and to her most unexpected stroke of Providence, was like the cold blasts of December on the tender blossom; which unconscious of its approach, had peeped forth its latent beauties, in that inclement season—and as the fatal blight seals up the yielding plant, till the return of spring bids it resume and expand its native colours, and more odoriferous sweets—so from this moment we dismissed every hope of comfort in our child, till the sweet sounds of universal peace

shall prevail; when wickedness shall no more pervade the heart of man. And then, Oh! then my sister, do I trust that we shall see our dear departed one, clothed in robes of celestial light, sitting among the martyred saints, at the right hand of Omnipotence.

LETTER XIX.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

Her tears ceased to flow—deep and hollow groans, which frequently assailed my ears, sunk into my bosom; and though without any apparent success, I ceased not my endeavors to soften those griefs, which flowed, not merely for herself; but which were evidently more poignant on our accounts, than on her own. Yet notwithstanding she appeared insensible to every thing I could offer for her relief, she seemed more affectionately attached to me than ever—nor would she willingly suffer me to be away from her. The sacred volume, which had been much her companion, she could now no longer read. Her eyes had become dim through sorrow and weakness; neither could she, as she had frequently done, select some favorite Psalm, most applicable to her situation, and sing with me; till touched with the melancholy sweetness of her voice, I could sing no longer. Those things were done away; she now looked forward to death as her last hope and refuge.

Now, my sister, I will tell you a conversation, which, when you consider what is due to the memory of my grateful child, I presume will excuse me from the censure of egotism. As I was sitting by her one day, she thus addressed me:—"You know not, when I first came to this house, how difficult it was for me to call you mamma—nor yet how dear the sound is now to my heart. I love to dwell on it. Nor can my dear mamma ever know the sweet consolations I have received from her kind sympathy and tender care, which heaven only can reward. And though enveloped in the complicated miseries of

disgrace and disappointment, I have in the moments of enthusiasm, even dared to anticipate the delight of revisiting my father's house (should my still dear betrayer take me from it) since I was now assured, I had a second mamma; but alas! the illusion is now vanished, and I have but one hope, which is, to be pardoned and accepted of that God, against whose holy commands I have sinned; and who I now trust, sees the unaffected penitence of my soul.—And as there is little probability that I shall survive the approaching hour of distress, I wish to dispose of what little I have, in such a manner as may be most consistent with justice and affection; and though I have but little to give, yet I fear it will be out of my power to give satisfaction." She then spoke of what had been done for her, and the still further trouble she might be to us; seeming to fear we should take it unkind, should she give any thing from us. "Lucinda," said I, "believe what I am now going to say to you—not merely for myself, but for your father, for whom I think I may with safety speak. It is my most sincere wish, that you dispose of what you have, agreeable to the dictates of your own heart; and be assured of this, my child, that whoever is offended with you for that, never loved you." She seemed much more composed after this, and commenced writing; observing, however, that she would want some assistance. I told her if forms were necessary, she could easily obtain them; but I did not conceive them to be. Her desires were all that were wanting to be known, and I presumed to say, that should her father or myself survive her, they should be executed with as much punctilio, as though they were written by a notary. She then desired I would assist her in prizing, particularly those things that had been given her by her father. I therefore lent her all the aid in my power in that respect; but told her she must not insist on my seeing the writing, nor indeed any one else; but seal it up when she had done, and if it was consistent with Divine will that she should be restored to us, there would be no necessity of any one knowing the contents. She now devoted what little time she was able to sit up, to the little arrangements of her temporial concerns. When she had got through and sealed them up, she told me she felt

eased of a burthen that had for some time distressed her.—Then pointing out to me the garments reserved for her grave-cloths, together with some trifling articles not particularized in her will, she observed she had done all that laid in her power; hoped that no one would think hard of her—for that it was not possible to exhibit that love she felt for all her friends. She further added, that on her parents she relied for the fulfilment of her desires, which I assured her, should be regarded as sacred injunctions.

LETTER XX.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

A few days after, sister M— — came to make us a visit; when the evening approached and she was preparing to depart, I told Lucinda (who had sat up long enough to take tea with us) that I was agoing to leave her, and walk a little way with her aunt. She seemed very willing, and we sat off—proceeded slowly forward, and often stopping to rest; we had gone more than half a mile, and got quite in sight of the settlements at the foot of the Mountain, before we were sensible of having walked so far. But being then deeply engaged on the subject of our misfortune, we were unwilling to part. We therefore seated ourselves on a fallen tree and sat till almost dusk, when we found it necessary to take leave of each other. And though the distance to walk back was not very great; yet at that late hour, in the state of mind I then was, the wood appeared very gloomy; and fearing my family would be uneasy, I returned with hasty steps. But judge my surprise, when at the foot of a little descent, which marked the way to our cottage, on a log beside the path, wrapt in a small blanket, sat the wretched Lucinda! Greatly agitated, "my child," said I, "what is the matter." "Don't be alarmed, mamma," she answered, with a sweet smile; "I sat out directly after you, intending to walk back with you; I therefore followed slowly after, stopping whenever you did, that I might not interrupt you, till a short turn took you

from my sight; nothwithstanding I kept forward, till I came within view of open fields; and there being several paths which intercepted each other; and not knowing which to take, I sat down with the intent of waiting for you there; but staying some time without seeing you, and fearing I had already made some mistake, I hastened back till I was sure of being right; and here I have been sitting a good while—but don't be uneasy, I am not tired." Fearing it would be dark, I stopped but for a moment. Her countenance was animated, and she stepped up the hill with apparent alacrity.

Believe me, my sister, the circumstance I have recited, however trivial in itself, affected me not a little. Next morning she told me she had rested better that night, than she had done since she came home. Her decisive hour approaching, and it being indispensibly necessary that her father or myself should leave home for the purpose of procuring such things as our Mountain did not afford us—I thought then was a proper time to mention it; yet knew not how to propose leaving her—and it was extremely inconvenient for him to leave his business. However, I at length ventured to ask her if she was willing to spare me while I could ride to a store, a few miles distant. She replied, that since it was necessary she was willing; but ere I was ready, she was apparently more indisposed and gloomy than usual; so that I was unwilling to leave her; yet knew not how to avoid it. She saw my embarrassment, and insisted on my going, saying I should not be gone long. "No"—I told her, "but a few hours." Then turning to my youngest daughter, I spoke to her of some little articles of clothing which she needed, and which had been promised her. While we were talking, her sister desired to speak with me; when we were alone—"mamma," said she, "I do not wish to disappoint Julia; but I request that you will not get the things you were speaking of, as you are already sufficiently embarrassed on my account; and I have made such arrangements, as will perhaps render it unnecessary." Then extending both her arms towards me, and bursting into tears, "Oh! mamma, my fate will soon be determined." I embraced her; begged she would be composed, and not talk of leaving us—adding, we

still hoped that she might be restored to us, and enjoy what she possessed. Apparently insensible to what I had said, she remained some time before she spoke; at length she observed with extreme regret (as she had often done before) that I could not wear her clothing. I stopped her. "My dear child," said I, "be happy on that account; for should it be the will of Providence to take you from us, however dear I might esteem any gift of yours, be assured that your affectionate manners towards me, has fixed a more indelible memento in my heart, than could ever have been implanted there by all the perishable goods of this world." Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

And now my sister, methinks I hear you emphatically exclaim—and is it possible you could have left her, if but for a moment, in the situation you have described. Suspend your censure a moment, and hear me. She still insisted on my going, and when I reflected, that situated as we were, should assistance be soon wanting, it would be much better for me to be absent than her father; I hesitated no longer—but instantly left her—made every possible dispatch, and returned under the impressions of a thousand painful sensations. It was late in the afternoon; she met me at the door, but was unable to speak. When she could, she informed me she had been writing, during my absence, to Mr. Brown; but being very ill, was obliged to leave it before she had written all she wished to. Finding it necessary, I delayed not a moment to inform her father of her situation—who with the most ardent zeal of a tender parent, exerted himself so, that by ten o'clock in the evening, distant as we were from our neighbors, we had every necessary assistance. But Oh! my Nancy, through the horrors of an awful night, how incessantly did I wish, that the dear sufferer in all the agonies of excruciating distress, might be present to the imagination of the cruel

author, that he might be able to form some faint idea, of the crimes he had committed, and detest himself accordingly. Alternate hope and fear prevailed for many hours; at length the rising sun, and the birth of a lovely female infant, in a measure dispelled the gloom which pervaded every heart. Lucinda was apparently comfortable; her mind was serene as the morning, and even emitted a ray of celestial joy. But here let me rest.

LETTER XXII.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

She continued thus, through the first and part of the second day; when we began to discover an essential change. She grew extremely restless, and at times her intellects appeared to be deranged. However, being unwilling to be burdensome to our good friends and neighbors, her father and I sat up, by turns, (never undressing) till the fifth day. She had been very much distressed through the preceding night, but in the morning appeared more calm; and I had left her for a few moments to prepare some little nourishment for her. When I returned again, "Oh! mamma!" said she as I entered the room, "do come and sit with me on the bed; I am now happy."—Then taking my hand, she continued, "I have just been at prayer; and never before did I feel such fervor—such ardent desires—the Lord has heard me—I saw my dear Saviour in the clouds—I feel at peace with the whole world." Then stopping a moment as if to recollect some-thing, she said—"pray bring my last writing and read it to me; I want to know if it contains any thing that can give pain.—Happy myself, I feel a sincere wish to make every one else so." I went and fetched the letter* she had written the day preceding the birth of her child; a rough draught of which I have enclosed for your perusal. You will be so good as to recollect under what painful

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* See Letter XXI.

circumstances it was written, and spare the eye of criticism.

LETTER XXIII.

Lucinda's last Letter to Mr. Brown.

Sir,

Once more I presume to present you with the productions of a trembling hand and a bleeding heart. You may not feel a disposition to pay an immediate attention to my sufferings; yet I trust you will not always be capable of evading the stings of remorse. On you, I once placed my whole heart; my mind was absorbed in the idea of being happy with you, and of making you happy. In this blind affection I have too far lost a sense of my duty to my God, and by you I am made wretched. If I had trusted in my Saviour as I trusted in you, I never should have fallen. But this is the effect of my love. Oh! my dear Sir, had you not been dear as my own heart, this never would have been. Had I considered you as a stranger, or an enemy, I should have fled far from you. But trusting on you as on my dearest friend and guide, I have fallen a sacrifice to my misplaced confidence. Where is the love you once professed for me? O! where is your honor? If it was only my ruin you saught, and think that acting the part of a gentleman, you will perhaps exult for a while in your conquest. But is it possible, that you can think such conduct, consistent either with the ties of honor, or the laws of humanity? Let me ask how you dispense with the promises you have made me? Did you not promise by the Supreme God of Heaven, that I should not suffer by you—and that you would be ever ready for my support and defence as long as you could crawl, even on your hands and knees—with many other vows, which you called God to witness? Have you not professed to consider me as your wife; and set times for the completion of the nuptial ties? Did you not promise

my brother* that if God spared your life, you would be here within three weeks from the time you parted with him? I am your wife; and you might with equal propriety have discarded me after the public performance of the marriage ceremony. How can this be? Have I ever labored under a cruel deception—or did you once love? If the latter, why this change of sentiment? Is pride the origin? If so, know that it will end in ruin!

You say, that you never should have gone to the westward, had it not have been on my account. If this be the case, and you had gained an interest by it, I think I ought to have shared it with you. I am further informed,** that you acknowledge you "ever thought I should make a poor man a good wife;" but that now you thought yourself something better. He that gave can take away; and you may yet be glad of one, who would be suitable for a poor man. You further object*** to my plain breeding. I would ask you, to consider your own; you have little indeed to boast on account of an education. That remark of yours my friends despise; and I think you ought to despise it yourself. You boast of your improvement by travel and society with people of distinction; but it seems you are insensible of that which constitutes a gentleman.

My brother informed you of my dangerous state, from which it seems you anticipated much happiness. Should it be God's will to call you first, I should mourn over you, as for the loss of a dear friend. Yet, you will rejoice over my grave. But I have prayed that Heaven might prosper you on earth, and give you wisdom so to reflect on the evil of your ways, as may lead you to repentance, that you may obtain forgiveness of that Being, who claims a right to vengeance, and who hath declared in his sacred word, that he

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* See Letter XVI.

* *See Letter XII.

* * *See Letter XVI.

will repay. Adieu! my dear Melvin! Again I say farewell, and it may be a long farewell

From your victim,

LUCINDA MANVILL.

LETTER XXIV.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

When I had finished reading, as she had requested, she made many comments on some parts of the letter, observing that they appeared too much like reflection.—She therefore desired I would write once more to him; tell him she wished to recall that part of her letter; and likewise entreat for pity in behalf of her infant.—And now, Nancy, shall I here acknowledge, that those two requests I have not literally fulfilled. For the first, my indignant soul could not stoop to tell him she was sorry for any thing she had written. Yet I in some degree have; for I wrote to Mr. Whitney, to whom (agreeable to her request) Brown's letter was inclosed; and requested that he would read my letter to the wretch, which might answer the same purpose, as if I had written to him. And respecting her babe, I believe she was conscious before she departed life, that justice ought to take place; though in the first moments of blissful assurance, she fancied every heart like her own, purified from all the evils of this life; consequently thought that should he once hear of her poor babe, his bosom would cleave to it.

A fews hours after, she became very uneasy, and wanted her father called in, and desired we would both sit with her. She then asked us many questions—particularly our sentiments respecting that passage in Holy Writ, where it is said, that the offspring of illicit connections, "shall not enter the kingdom of heaven, even unto the tenth generation." This we found was a matter of great anxiety to her. We therefore gave her all the consolation in our power—representing to her the love of a Redeemer, who made no distinctions. She

seemed more composed on that account, but wanted the assistance of some divine, who perhaps might throw some new light on her way, which notwithstanding her blessed assurance in the morning, began to be somewhat overclouded. She likewise desired that her sister might be immediately sent for, as it appeared she had but little longer to stay with us. Each request was fulfilled in sending for those she wished to see. Our kind neighbors being apprised of her situation, flocked in to offer their generous assistance, which was indeed become extremely necessary. Physical aid* was immediately called, that nothing should be omitted which might possibly afford relief. Next day, her sister arrived. Lucinda had been very much distressed, lest she should not reach her, before she received the last summons—which, though for many months she had impatiently waited, yet now for the sake of her infant, she could have wished it postponed, if consistent with the will of Providence. But now mark, my sister, the kind concern she felt for us all.—When she heard that Eliza had come, she took hold of my hand as I sat by her—"mamma," said she, "don't weep; but receive her cheerfully—do." But the advice she wished to impress on my heart, had a very opposite effect. Here let me pass over a meeting, as the sensations to which it gave rise, no words can paint.

LETTER XXV.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

Our friends in general, and indeed every friend to humanity, enjoined it on us, to take such measures previous to her dissolution, which was apparently fast approaching, as would leave it in our power, to demand of him all the justice that was in his power to give or us to receive. This was a very delicate matter, as she had never given public testimony

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* Doctors Barney and Hix, attending Physicians, who not merely officiated as gentlemen of the faculty, but as sincere and interested friends—to whom our grateful thanks are due.

of the father of her babe; and her intellects were so easily deranged, that we apprehended that the least alarm, might incapacitate her for the sacred duty. We therefore, without informing her of the design, that she might not be distressed by anticipation, sent for one of those gentlemen* mentioned in a preceding letter, to take her deposition. When he arrived, her father in the most tender manner, unfolded the business to her; adding thereunto, the injustice it would be doing, not merely to herself, but to all her connections; more particularly to her helpless infant, whom she would for ever deprive of any assistance from its cruel father, by delaying so necessary a step.—Neither was that all—for notwithstanding we had both promised her, that her child should never suffer while Providence gave us power to defend it; yet it was more than probable, in our present circumstances (as her property was by no means an adequate fund) that we should stand in need of some assistance for its support; and from whom could we receive it with so much propriety, as from the author of its existence. The above reasons were very influential; and she supported herself through the painful trial, with more composure than I had presumed to hope for. But soon as it was over, she beckoned me to her, when speaking in a low voice—"Mamma, my task is done!—and I feel my life fast fleeing from me!" Assisted by some kind friends, I did every thing which reason or pity suggested, to sooth and tranquilize her.

A little while after, when no one but myself was with her, she looked upon me with anxious earnestness, and attempted to elucidate more fully the cruel transaction, of which I had been but imperfectly informed. "Oh!" said she, "I still remember his cruel and triumphant words—that "resistance would no longer avail me!" Here she seemed to pause for a moment, as if intending to proceed; but the distressing recollection deprived her of reason; and she fell back on her bed, from which, in the agonizing remembrance of past

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* See Letter XVII.

sufferings, she had raised, and appeared totally insensible of all her past or present distresses. Once more then, my dear sister, and probably for ever am I left in the chaos of conjecture, respecting the cruel arts which were first made use of, to subdue her rigid virtue. They were, however, doubtless such as would have justified the most stern decision of the law, had not that unprecedented love, which perhaps never before, and I presume to hope, will never hereafter find place in a female bosom, plead for the inhuman assassin, who first dishonored her by violence, and then lulled her into a life of infamy for several months, by the most sacred promises of an inseparable union. Oh! Nancy, how ardently could I wish, that every soul of unspotted innocence, might read and mentally realize the wrongs and sufferings of the unfortunate Lucinda.

LETTER XXVI.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

You will probably be surprised, that in her letter to Mr. Brown, she did not speak of the cruel circumstances mentioned in my last. I will therefore tell you my sentiments. As she frequently observed, she could never forgive herself, for the sins she had committed against her Maker, in consenting, however reluctantly, to live, if but for one day, in violation of his holy laws, she probably thought it would be criminal in her to reflect on him, as that might appear to be building her hope of pardon on his condemnation. There also appears to have been an additional reason. She had desired me not to let it be known to her father* — evidently fearing that he might personally avenge her wrongs; and if she mentioned it in her writings, which he would most probably see, it would then be exposed.

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* See Letter XI.

But now, my sister, as a tribute due to the memory of emolated excellence, I conceive it my duty to let it be known. It may further be of the most sacred utility to those dear, young and innocent females, who hearing of it, may wish to profit by the awful warning it presents, by being placed as a centinel in their bosoms—which will be ever watchful and ready to warn them of the approach of danger, under the mask of a most pure and disinterested attachment. But you will pardon my digression, if such it may be called; and attend further. After my child had been for some time in a state of apparent insensibility, she seemed to have collected some little degree of strength and reason, and asked for her babe—pressed it fondly to her bosom, and wept over it. Observing, that as I was weakly, she could have wished it, had it been consistent, for her sister to have taken it; but as she was unsettled in the world, she could not ask it. She then remarked, that if her child should live, the will she had written would be useless; and though she was sensible she had not enough to bring it up, yet wished to have some thing kept for it.—She then asked me to call her father. I did. When he came in, she desired him to write for her. He therefore sat down by her, and wrote according to her directions. First submitting her babe with all she possessed, to his and my care; then after making the reserves in its favor, together with some little bequests to her sister, it was signed, sealed, and witnessed. A few hours after, she called me to sit down by her—when she said—"Mamma, you have had a great deal of trouble in taking care of me—and if it should live, you will have much more in taking care of my child—I have done wrong—pray call my father again, that my will may be altered while those friends are here, that witnessed the other." I was really grieved—this apparent conflict betwixt justice, filial affection and maternal love, was truly distressing. I however obeyed her request, and again left the room. She expressed to him much anxiety for having reserved so much for her child—and begged him to alter it. But he put her off, assuring her that every thing which was in our power to do, either for her or her child, would be freely done; but as for writing, perhaps it might be useless, for if we

could not obtain justice in any degree of its father, we should probably be obliged to make use of all her effects towards its support. Yet notwithstanding, whatever was possible to be done in its favor, would be most willingly and tenderly put in practice; and thus ended this painful and affecting trial.

LETTER XXVII.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

Next morning the divine,* who had been previously sent for, arrived. At the news, she appeared to be very happy; and his conversation, and concluding intercession at the throne of mercy was such, as I hoped might afford her much consolation; yet her senses were so debilitated, that though she listened with extreme attention, yet she seemed not fully to comprehend what was said—and indeed she never after possessed her reason, but by momentary intervals; at which times she would be anxiously solicitous with her father, to see that I was reimbursed, particularizing some articles of clothing (which did not depend on the size of the wearer** to render useful) and desired they might be given immediately to her "mamma, as mementos of her gratitude and affection." You, my sister, who know my heart, can judge of my motives for being thus minute, which is to show you the worth of the dear child we have lost; and to evince the imbecility of that mistaken prejudice, which teaches us that step-parents and children can have no affection for each other, merely because they are such.

Day after day passed on, and one continued scene of distress surrounded us. And though each medicine administered operated agreeable to its peculiar properties, yet they

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* Mr. Nichols.

** See Letter XX.

failed of their much desired effect; which plainly evinced there was no derangement in any part of the human structure, which was in the power of medicine to reach. And though our kind friends, the Physicians, had little reason to hope, yet so desirous were they to restore her if possible, that they ceased not their attentions, till the last moments. It would have melted a heart of adament, to have seen her one day in the course of her delirium, which had now become almost continual. Fancying, as we conjectured, that the officers had come for her; and probably retaining some faint recollections, that I had once* saved her, she cried out in the most fearful agony—"Dear mamma! save!—Oh! save me!—they have come to carry me away!" Then clinching both my hands, she clung to me, almost lifting herself out of bed, still crying—"Do, dear mamma, call more help; or they will take me away from you!"—This distress, which language has no power to paint, lasted almost an hour, before she could be calmed by any or all our exertions. After that, she noticed one of her brothers, who was sitting a little distance from her. She conceived him to be her eldest, whom she had not seen for several years (as he lived far from us)—she therefore called him to her; desired he would sit down, and asked him in the most pathetic manner, after the state of his soul; recommending to him in the strongest colours, the necessity of living agreeably to the commands of God, through his dear Son. She then continued calm till some time in the evening; when all the family were at supper, excepting our youngest daughter and one of the young ladies who had come to sit up, we were much surprised at hearing the sounds of soft music.—We all rose precipitately and rushed into the room; where we beheld our child, our dear Lucinda, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, who in sweet and melodious accents, rendered tremulous by the cold hand of death, was thus addressing that Being, whom she adored:

"Dear Jesus, how delightful, fair;

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* See Letter XVIII.

"How sweet thine entertainments are,

"For those bless'd saints who taste above,

"Redeeming grace and heavenly love."

Her lovely bosom heaved with the fervor of devotion; and apparently insensible to every surrounding object, she continued singing for some time; and though we distinctly heard the preceding lines, yet in vain did we endeavor to catch the rest. The organs of speech being much debilitated, the sounds were mostly inarticulate; yet were they pathetically descriptive of the internal joys of a soul, just verging on the confines of life, with full assurances of a blissful eternity. To attempt describing my sensations at that moment, would be vain, as the shadowy joys of the sensualist, who builds his hope of happiness on sublunary gratifications. She continued to sing at short intervals through the night. From that time she appeared to have little solicitude for any thing except her babe; for that she would frequently ask, and when brought, would fondly press it to her dying bosom. Thus she continued for two days longer. At 12 o'clock on the second night, the family were all called.—A cold sweat having overspread her whole frame, it was apparent the last agonies were approaching. But as she seemed to lie for some time, without any visible change, and being much indisposed both in body and mind, I again lay down, requesting to be spoken to on the least change; but as there appeared none, I lay till morning. When I arose, and went into the room, she looked at me and distinctly pronounced these words—"Oh! mamma!—you have come again; now if I can make you understand me, I shall be happy." I hastened to her—reached her my hand, which she took, and grasping it with all her might, again endeavored to speak; but it was impossible; the sounds died on her tongue!—She exerted all her faculties—she drew my face down to her's, but all to no purpose. She could not articulate a single sound, whereby I could catch the least idea of what she wished to say. The hand with which she had grasped mine, apparently growing weaker, she also took her other, and seeming to fear lest I should leave

her before she was able to speak, held me with all her strength, notwithstanding my endeavors to make her sensible that I would not. Judge, my sister, what must have been my feelings. I would have given worlds had I possessed them, to have known her desires! Thus, after exerting herself till she was quite spent to no purpose, she dismissed the idea. I have since endeavored to reconcile myself, by this—about an hour afterwards she spoke plain, and said that a noise disturbed her. It is probable, as there were several in the room who were speaking when I first went in, that might be what she wished to make me understand. I will at least endeavor to believe, there was nothing else she wished to communicate. A little while after, as her brothers, sisters and I surrounded her bed, she regarded us with the most expressive looks, apparently distinguishing us all. But missing her father, asked for him. I told her he would be here in a few moments. She then appeared calm—her lips only moved. I could sometimes catch the sweet sound of "Dear Jesus!" Her father soon came in; she regarded him with a look of tenderness but did not speak. Soon after she ceased to notice any thing; her eyes were fixed in death. The struggles were long and painful—I cannot dwell on them. Suffice it to say, that on the 20th of June, 1806, between the hours of 11 and 12, A. M. she ceased to breathe; and her purified and disincumbered soul, flew to the bosom of its God!

LETTER XXVIII.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

That sweet smile with which, through all her distresses she had met every friend, was now indelibly stamped by the seal of death. Nor had the grim messenger left any traces of his unrivalled power behind, save the lily's mantle. Indeed, Nancy, such was the beauteous corpse, that I could have contemplated it for hours, with celestial delight! There now remained to be fulfilled our last duties to the dear departed one; and as she was to be

laid in our family burying ground, and our little habitation being far in the Mountain, for the convenience of each sympathizing friend who wished to attend on this last solemn occasion, it was thought advisable, that the corpse should be conveyed to a small public building, which you may perhaps recollect, about a mile north of the Burying-Hill—and that there the funeral sermon should be preached—where a very apt and pathetic discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Nichols, from the first Epistle general of Peter, Chap. III. 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. If there is a consolation to be derived from sympathy, and certainly there is, we have much reason to be grateful. The impressions our misfortunes had made on the hearts of our neighbors for many miles round, was most feelingly exhibited, not merely in this last day's attention, in which many came up the Mountain to assist those kind friends who came with carriages to convey the corpse and mourners down to the valley, but even through the course of the latter part of our distresses, when assistance had become necessary, their goodness was indescribable. To particularize any individual, would be doing injustice to the rest of our friends, so universal were those acts of beneficence, which only can be estimated by that Omnipresent power, whose infinite wisdom presides over all his works, and who holdeth in his right hand the rewards of virtue.

LETTER XXIX.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

The third day after the interment, our daughter Eliza, whose tender solicitude, through those painful scenes, had greatly alleviated my cares, took an affectionate leave of us, and returned to those dear friends, who had been to her as second, but real parents. She had promised her dying sister, that should it ever be in her power, she would take her infant. But at present, that was impossible. Never—never shall I forget the day, when

clasping her feeble arms around my neck, she begged me to be a mother to it, saying her father had already promised his protection; yet she was much distressed on account of my ill-health. Never before had I felt so desirous of possessing a competency which might have given her a more full assurance; yet I hesitated not to follow the dictates of my heart, in telling her that her dear babe should never suffer, while God gave us the means to prevent it; and desired her not to be grieved on my account, for perhaps we might be able to procure a nurse for it, until it should need less attention; and should Providence so direct that it should be brought up with us, it should be educated as our own, and share the same tenderness. Here my sister, let me assure you, that I feel my promise no burden on my heart; for should the cruel father elude the cries of nature and justice, and we receive no assistance from any other quarter, never can I see the dear innocent suffer, while God gives me strength to labor. Farewell.

LETTER XXX.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION.

Dear Sister,

Overpowered by a complication of tender and painful ideas, I left you abruptly, and indulged in a torrent of tears. I am now somewhat relieved, and will hasten to conclude my melancholy tale.—Our sweet babe (who was three weeks old when its mamma departed life) is now at nurse in a very tender and affectionate family, where every necessary attention will be paid it, even more than my fondest care could accomplish in my present state of health. I yesterday had the melancholy satisfaction of pressing the dear little orphan to my bosom, and bathing it with tears, while my heart involuntarily renewed its promise, of lasting love and tenderness.

How many things combine to perpetuate the memory of our dear Lucinda.—In a

visit to my friends in the valley a few days since, I first passed the log* on which I found her sitting the last time she walked out; next the bier on which her corpse was carried, till the carriage could receive it; and even the veil I wore, which in my abscence** she had added to a suit of mourning, which at her request I had put in repair a few days before, having been sometime since I wore them, and which she then observed, lacked only a veil; the will she had written previous to her last distresses, and at the time when she did not expect that either herself or infant would survive them, has just been put into my hands for my perusal, by her father, in whose care it has been; and though the contents are now of no use, yet they have done honor to the heart that dictated them.

Adieu, my dear Nancy!—and believe that through all the vicissitudes of this probatory state, I am the same unchangeable friend and affectionate sister, whose heart, as an assistant to the best of parents, you have measurably formed. Again adieu.

P.D. MANVILL.

P.S. I here inclose a monumental inscription, dictated by maternal love.

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Pure was thy soul, sweet injur'd lovely fair,
As fragrant blossoms, tipt with morning dews;
Till love, enthusiastic joys declare,
And to thy bosom for admission sues.

No kindred spirit, from the bless'd abode,
Commission'd here thy guardian friend to be,

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* See Letter XX.

* *See Letter XXI.

To paint the man, who has defi'd his God;
And from his snares, to set Lucinda free.

Respectful ardor, mark'd his impious breast,
When at thy feet, his humble suit he mov'd;
Foul rancl'd vengeance, every nerve impress'd,
And fell deceit by Satan's arts improv'd.

Stranger to guile, and artless as the dove;
The dire event, ne'er wak'd thy slumbering fear,
As gentle guest, receiv'd the shafts of love;
Nor knew the shades of death, were hov'ring near!

Ye beauteous fair, who these sad truths shall learn,
Admit the sacred warning to your breasts;
With piteous tears, bedew Lucinda's urn,
Where love's sad victim, shrouded—SWEETLY RESTS.

OF MR. BROWN.

As it is natural to suppose, that those who may read this little volume will be desirous of hearing something further respecting the wretched author of the calamitous events it contains, I conceive it my duty to inform them, that a few weeks after the preceding letters were written, the young gentleman who had been commissioned to call on Mr. Brown, returned with the following account:—He found him at Marcellus, and after acquainting him with the importance of his business, was answered, or rather questioned as follows:

Brown.—"Why was I not informed of the circumstances?—I would have come down immediately!"

Officer.—"I understood you were."

Brown.—"Not lately; and I scorn the public should take it up; but she shall fare ne'er the better for this."

Officer.—"Nor ne'er the worse, I presume."

Brown.—"Where is she?"

Officer.—"In heaven, I trust!"

Brown.—"Is she dead?"

And being answered in the affirmative, a long silence succeeded; his mantle of delusion was measurably thrown off; a ray of reason flushed over his benighted mind; and he saw the harvest of his anticipated triumph! But alas! the fruit was unpleasant!—the false meteor which he had followed, disappeared—he now discovered his happiness was on a distant shore from which he had strayed, and no laudable excuse appeared, that might serve as a boat to conduct him through the channel of horror and dismay, that obstructed his passage thereto. After some moments of apparent agitation, he spoke thus:—"Lucinda was innocent; I have done wrong—she was my wife by the most sacred engagements—her child is mine, and I will be a father to it!" He then, without hesitation, complyed with the requirements of the law, so far as to give security for its support. And here, for the present, we will leave him to the gloomy reflections, of having contracted a debt he can never pay; sincerely wishing that a consideration of the incurable wounds he has made in the bosom of a once happy family—together with his own personal loss of interest, honor, and happiness, may so lead him to a sense of his unprecedented crimes, as shall produce that unfeigned repentance, which shall procure him pardon at the hand of an offended, but merciful God.

LETTER XXXI.

Mrs. Manvill to her Sister.

IN CONTINUATION---AFTER SEVERAL YEARS.

Long---long, my dear sister, have I contemplated writing---but as often as I have attempted to take the pen, have I been withheld from the painful idea of addressing one, who might no longer be an inhabitant of this terrestrial globe; consequently, that tender solicitude to know the sequel of those melancholy communications received from me, in the year 1806, could no more stimulate that laudable anxiety, which dictated your last enquiry.—And can you be surprised at my fears, when I assure you, that more than three years have elapsed, since I had the pleasure of receiving one line from you.

Passing over the concerns of our family in general, this letter shall be principally confined to one subject---that of our little orphan grand-child, whom we took from nurse, two years ago last April. She has ever since lived not merely in the bosom of our family, but likewise in the heart of each individual of it; and has become the sweet cement of universal love. Julia, on whose care she has more particularly depended, is so much attached to her, that I believe nothing but death will ever be able to displace the reciprocated tie.

You will recollect, perhaps, that our daughter Eliza, in consideration of my ill health, had promised her dying sister, that should she ever be settled in life, she would take care of her infant. She is now apparently, happily united to a Mr. Dunning, a young gentleman of a respectable family and flattering prospects, who has recently made us a visit, and joined his request to take our little darling under their protection. But indeed we knew not how to part with her. Perhaps we shall be censured by some, for not accepting their generous offer; while others might have condemned our acquiescence as the offspring of sinister motives. And really, Nancy, set apart my affections for the lovely babe (whose ways are calculated to attract general love) never did I find the line of duty so difficult to be

kept, as in the present instance. Shall I portray the peculiar circumstances? I anticipate your reply. Observe then, that Mr. Manvill and myself, both previous and after Eliza's tender promise, had assured our dear anxious Lucinda, that we would ever, to the utmost of our abilities, be the real parents of her hapless orphan; and hence our little POLLY, who was called after Lucinda's own mother, continues to be a much loved member of our humble family.

Thus far, as it respects the innocent offspring of the unfortunate sufferer, I have stated facts which have fallen under my own observation; but with regard to the cruel assassin, I must be content with relating the most accurate accounts we have been able to procure. For this four years past, various have been the reports of his regrets, his intemperance, his insanity, &c.—together with innumerable judgments that must nearly have filled up the measure of his days; and though not sufficiently authenticated to obtain undoubted credence, yet all served to corroborate the idea of his fall from that fancied height on which he stood, when our ill-fated daughter became the victim of his lust. The following, however, is the report of a gentleman of veracity, who has recently returned from an excursion to the west. These are his words:---"All the information I could obtain respecting Mr. Brown, is that sometime since he became reduced to the most extreme poverty, and is now, literally speaking, a vagabond; supporting himself by the mean employment of a fiddler---a just reward for his perfidy." Thus we see the ultimate end of all his boasted acquirements. Pope very aptly observes:---

"Of all the curses, which conspire to blind
"Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
"What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
"Is PRIDE the never-failing vice of fools."

It seems, my dear Nancy, as if this misguided and now wretched man, has been a compound of every vice, among which pride seemed to predominate. He is now humbled

to the dust; his gaudy trapping of tinseled greatness no longer screens his perjured heart. And what—ah! what must be his sensations? For surely his forlorn and despised situation, must often awaken in his mind, a recollection of the past; when the purest principles of virtue awaited his embrace, and would have conducted him to the mansions of eternal bliss. But no, I mistake. He is merely humbled in externals---the cool, sober moments of reflection, have never visited him; neither has the influence of Divine love, illuminated his gloomy soul with the smallest conceptions of his crimes---or he must before this, have flown on the wing of penitence, to have clasped in his agonized bosom, all that remains of the lovely woman whom he has sacrificed, and implore through her, pardon of her sainted mother. But, alas! his stubborn will seeks no palliation for the wrongs he has committed; for notwithstanding his voluntary engagements, to become the father of the sweet babe, and his ready submission to the demand of public justice, by giving bail for its support; yet has he been totally regardless of the former, and by some, to me inexplicable means, has hitherto avoided the latter. But however short sighted man may err, the laws of heaven are equitable. To that tribunal, let us seek for that justice, which is denied us here.

I am, my dear sister,

Your truly affectionate,

P.D. MANVILL.

Greenfield, December 31, 1810.

Appendices

Explanatory Notes

81.14 expence on her account: Child and Prior's euphemistic terminology to discuss Lucinda's pregnancy. Their solicited investigation was not unusual to the time period. As Marcus Jernegan notes in *Laboring and Dependent Classes in Colonial America*, the village of Greenfield would have to provide for the young woman and her child if the Manvills could not afford this burden. Evidently some watchful townsfolk assumed a basically vagrant pregnant daughter returned to the family home was unwelcome to the Manvills. Colonial law supports this neighborly assumption; in fact, a "warning out" tradition was well-established in small towns centuries before. Jernegan observes that usually the burden of proof fell to "the householders to inform [the authorities] if strangers came to reside with them, to enable the former to warn them out if they saw fit" (193). Oftentimes even visiting family members could become a financial liability over time. In addition, "stringent laws" existed to "compel the entertainer to bear the burden of support if the visitor became chargeable" (192). Walter I. Trattner's study on poor law, *From Poor Law To Welfare State*, also provides an overview of the Manvill's situation (15-27).

Even when the visitor was welcome, if the public suspected an alien wanderer of living off its inhabitants, the visited family would have to put up bond to ensure future support, sometimes each week or month. Jergensan elaborates: "A person who succeeded in entering a . . . town did not immediately become an inhabitant. Rather he was put on probation for three months to a year, during which period he was a non-inhabitant. If he became chargeable before gaining a residence, then the burden of support fell upon the person responsible for his entrance" (192). Lucinda does become chargeable, and her condition promises a further financial burden on her parents. Magistrates Child and Prior were acting under a well-established American law, even to the detail of two magistrates making the legal decision (192).

Greenville probably had a workhouse, as many places did, like Plymouth, Boston, and Danvers (Jernegan 200-01). If Adrian Manvill did not come up with the required bond, then Lucinda would be removed from them to a workhouse or even jail, to be provided for by the community and to work when she could. Certainly shame plays a big role in the Manvill's grief, but also the very real possibility of Lucinda's demise in prison. Mrs. Manvill's plea for Lucinda's condition is well-timed.

87.10 my Sister: Mrs. Augustus Winsor, née Nancy Waterman, Manvill's older sibling by ten years. (Thanks to the Latter-Day Saint Family History Center records.)

89.3 my little daughter: Julia Louise Cory, product of Manvill's first marriage (Manville 704).

89.4 four sons and two daughters: In chronological order, they are Lucinda (born 1778), Murray (b. 1779), Noel (b. 1781), Milton, Eliza (b. 1788), and Jonas (Smith) Manvill (Manville 702).

89.5 only two. . .occasionally resided with us: Noel and Milton (Manville 702).

89.6 their deceased mother: Polly (Wright) Manvill

89.8 distance from us: Of the towns where the first Mrs. Manvill's sisters live, Troy is approximately 60 miles from the Manvill home; Marcellus, over twice that. Neither was a short journey. In Letter XI, Lucinda writes of the four-day journey from Marcellus to Albany. Malta, where the Marvins live, is 50 miles away, and Charlton, where the Whitneys resided before Marcellus, is also nearly 50 miles from Greenfield.

90.10 fallen angels: Manvill's first direct literary reference, if one considers this a reference to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Later, in Letter XII, the author does explicitly compare Brown to the "chief" of Milton's "fell band."

90.18 our youngest son: Jonas (Smith) Manvill, then about sixteen years old.

90.24 his sisters: Lucinda, then 28, and Eliza, who is, as Manvill soon illustrates, 18.

95.21 the hand of death was upon her: Lucinda faints.

97.6 expected him: Melvin Brown, who Manvill still thinks might visit after his stint in Philadelphia.

99.21 sister. . . in Troy: These letters go to Eliza, evidently back in Malta with the Marvins, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Betts in Troy.

101.15 his two youngest: Eliza and Jonas thus go to stay in Malta, then Jonas returns upon his mother's death.

102.3 into the boiling kettle!: A not uncommon occurence. Constance B. Schulz, in "Children and Childhood in the Eighteenth Century," studies parental diaries which record the many accidents toddlers and young children suffer in busy households, where they are "not always closely watched" (69). Schulz cites many instances of children falling into the fire or catching their clothes on fire as examples.

103.17 common privileges of my sex: Lucinda here implies that she shows no reserve in her affection toward Mr. Brown, but lets him know she was willing to marry him. The "common privileges" of womanhood certainly included pride.

104.18 oppressed with an idea: Manvill suspects (correctly) that Brown has raped Lucinda.

109.15 my disgrace to the world: Brown wishes she were pregnant.

110.13 more distressing apprehension: Lucinda first suspects her pregnancy.

112.7 my embarrassment: her difficulty in finding the Betts household.

113.23 my uncle's: Mr. Peter Betts

116.11 brother M— —: Mr. Marvin. Since the rest of the novel identifies every character if not in text, then by an appreciative footnote, perhaps this omitted surname is merely a printing device, bowing to popular usage.

120.23 dear innocent: Lucinda's baby

132.10 sister M— —: Mrs. William Marvin; see 97.11.

138.24 the tenth generation": Deuteronomy 23:2—"Those born of an illicit union shall not be admitted to the assembly of the Lord. Even to the tenth generation, none of their descendants shall be admitted to the assembly of the Lord."

144.13 her eldest: Murray, one year younger than Lucinda.

146.24 lily's mantle: One antiquated usage of "mantle" as cited in the *Oxford English Dictionary* is a diffusion of a certain color over the cheek. "Lily" always referring to the color white, the "lily's mantle" would thus be the white pallor of Lucinda's corpse.

147.8 10th, 11th, and 12th verses: A unique passage to use for a funeral sermon, these verses are actually a reworking of Psalm 34:12-16.

> "Those who desire life and desire to see good days,
> let them keep their tongues from evil
> and their lips from speaking deceit;
> let them turn away from evil and do good;
> let them seek peace and pursue it.
> For the eyes of the Lord are on the righteous,
> and his ears are open to their prayer.
> But the face of the Lord is against those who do evil."

153.20 vice of fools: "An Essay on Criticism," II.201-04.

Textual Commentary

This edition of *Lucinda; Or, The Mountain Mourner* is an eclectic, unmodernized text which faithfully reproduces the substance and sometimes varying forms of the multiple copy-text. No changes have been made silently. When emendations are made necessary by the existence of errors and by variants which infer authorial origin, they are fully reported in Emendations. Occasional exceptions to these policies and futher specific explanations of them are offered in Textual Notes keyed to the individual readings in question. Other substantive variants which fall outside the purview of these policies for emendation are reported in the Historical Collation.

The chronology of printings of Manvill's text is straightfoward. The first edition (A, in following the *stemma*), printed by W & A Child in Johnstown, appeared in 1807. Strong demand and positive reception of the memoir led William Child to publish a second edition in 1810 in nearby Ballston Spa (B), with an added recommendation page and preface written by the investigating magistrates in Lucinda's case. J. Comstock, once an employee of the Childs, printed a third typesetting in 1817 (C), also in Ballston Spa. P.D. Manvill made some changes in wording in both the second and third editions, with only minor changes in the last Child edition (D), published in 1824 in Waterloo.

The last three editions published during Manvill's lifetime, the Mack, Andrus and Woodruff 1836 (E) and 1839 (F) along with the J. Kellogg edition in Mobile, Alabama in 1836 (E2), are nearly facsimiles of each other. The only difference between these three versions of *Lucinda* is an appendix, Henry Bell's brief tale, "The Stranger," which appears in the Kellogg edition then again in the 1839 book. Perhaps these two publishers had a business trade together and borrowed books from each other for printing as they did *Lucinda*. These editions are non-authorial. While the 1817 J. Comstock edition contains some substantive changes, and from their consistent nature, one can assume from textual evidence that Manvill did have input on this version, this is not the case in the last three

editions published in Manvill's lifetime. The nature of the substantive changes in the 1836 Mack, Andrus, and Woodruff edition does not prove authorial intervention. The variations are so random as to appear accidental in nature, even the first page difference of "undersigned" (1836 edition, E) versus the earlier established "undernamed" (A-D). The omission of footnotes before Letter XII in this later edition further supports the probability of little, if any, authorial input. A last, probably priated edition of *Lucinda* is the Rufus Clough "seventh" edition, published in 1831 in Erie, Pennsylvania. An entire chapter is omitted from this version though the section remains in every other edition, and this missing material is evidence that the 1831 edition is non-authorial.

Three more *Lucinda* editions also exist, two from J. Munsell in 1852 (one illustrated) and one from Weed, Parsons, and Company in 1868. Because they were produced after Manvill's death in 1849, they are non-authorial and outside the scope of this project.

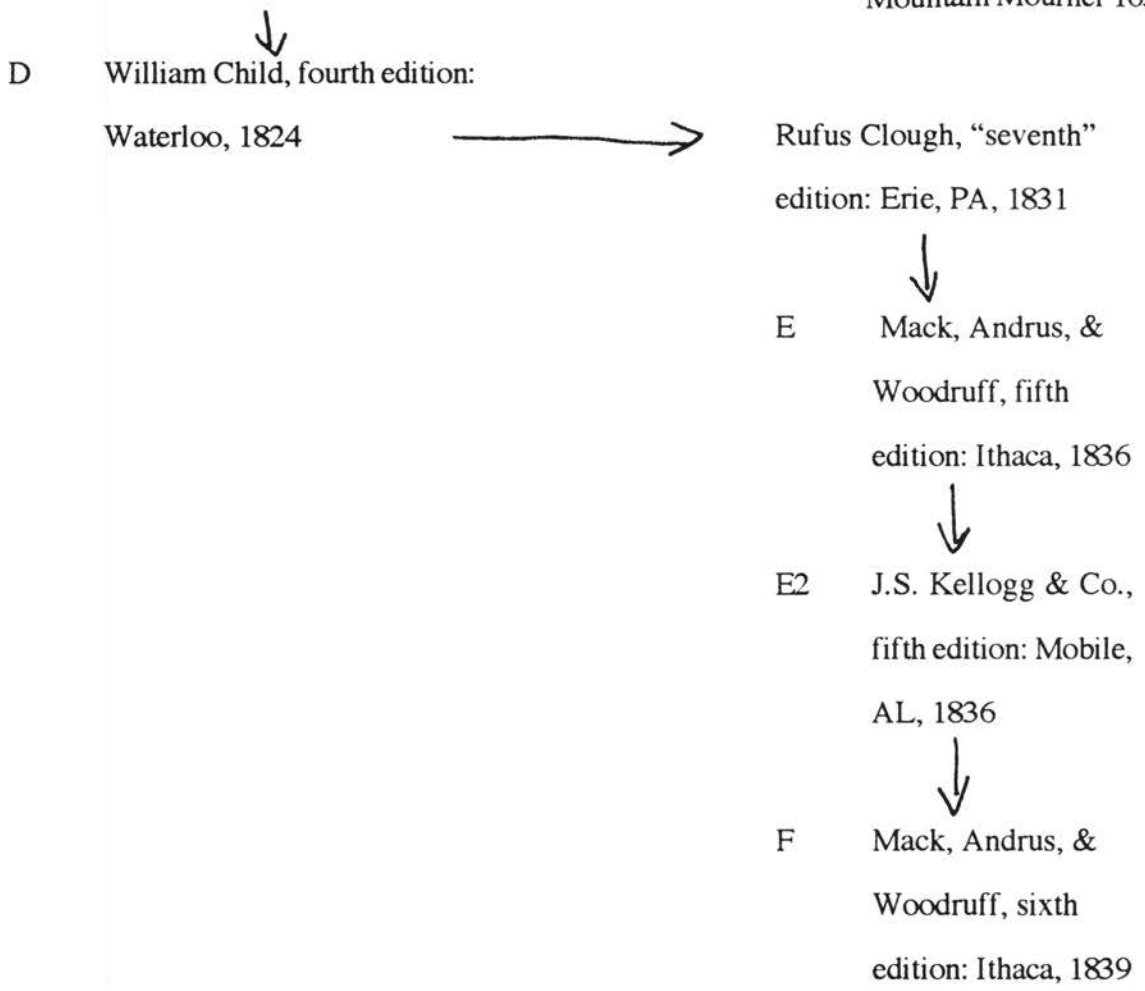
As the following *stemma* demonstrates, *Lucinda* was a popular book meriting many editions in various towns and states, both authorized (left side) and presumably non-authorized (right side):

Stemma

A W & A Child, first edition:
Johnstown, 1807

B William Child, second edition:
Ballston Spa, 1810

C J. Comstock, third edition:
Ballston Spa, 1817



In addition to showing *Lucinda*'s popularity, these many versions also reveal Manvill's continual revision. Nearly two decades after the first edition came out, Manvill was still making substantive changes to her text in its fourth edition (D). Unfortunately, the printed versions are the only clues to her authorial process. No correspondence is extant between Manvill and any of her publishers. Also, no manuscript or letter collection survives for *Lucinda*. The few surviving copies of *Lucinda* editions are the only remains of a once at least locally well-known writer.

COPY-TEXT: W & A CHILD FIRST EDITION, 1807 (A) & WILLIAM CHILD, 1810 (B)

Because this edition comes from a multiple copy-text, the epistolary tale (Letters I-XXX) is printed from the New York Public Library's copy of the first edition by W & A Child in 1807 under its original title, *Lucinda; Or, The Mountain Mourner.* However, the dedication, recommendation, and Letter XXXI are printed from the second edition by William Child in 1810, as that was the edition in which this material first appeared. These additional pages remain in each subsequent edition and evidently are to be considered as part of *Lucinda*'s text. As a general rule, this edition retains the accidentals of the copy-texts and the substantives of later editions. However, this method is not as simple as it may first appear. For example, in one letter, at 95.10 in the edition, Manvill writes:

> She made use of every expression, which would be likely to produce an enquiry into her situation; but even after I **suspected** it, it was a matter of so much delicacy, that I knew not how to request an explanation.

The narrator "expected" in the first edition copy-text (A), while B and every subsequent edition replaces that term with "suspected." In this case, a shift in meaning occurs to support the change. Also, the later editions in which Manvill participated to some degree, the Comstock 1817 (C) and the Child 1824 (D), retain "suspected" instead of changing the word back to its original printing, "expected." Because futher substantive revision occurs within both these later versions of the text, one can assume that Manvill opted to keep "suspected" instead of the first edition "expected." So the copy-text reading, "expected," emends to "suspected."

Determining if this change is substantive or accidental ultimately comes from the revision pattern of the second edition, where the triple hyphen (---), for instance, was added only in random spots and the dash (—) was left in others; at times a triple hyphen replaced a period which had been in the copy-text. Such changes are accidental and the editor must stay with the punctuation of the copy-text. But where consistent changes in wording occur, even if seemingly accidental, as in the removal of the word "so" from "so

often," Manvill's evident revisions have emended the copy-text, as in the following at 100.13 in the copy-text:

> You know the heart of your sister—that heart, which with all its errors, she **has often** wished could be laid open to full view. . . .

The copy-text reading at the bold print reads "has so often," a more excessive wording that Manvill deleted in B and every other edition. Another example of author revision in B occurs at 123.5, where Manvill replaces the A reading, "impatiently," with "impertinently" in B. This change leads one to wonder if the first edition printers perhaps misread Manvill's handwriting, as the two words have such different meanings. In this case, the chosen term describes Mr. Brown's attitude toward an unsolicited packet of letters from Lucinda and her parents.

> The letters were given him; when he very **impertinently** asked, if they had been opened; and being answered in the negative, observed, he did not choose they should be.

"Impertinently," the revision in B which remains in subsequent editions, is authorial and demonstrates a change in meaning over the first edition's printing of "impatiently." Similar changes like the former appear throughout *Lucinda*'s second edition in a consistent manner. If they were random, one could assume a printing error, but their very consistency and frequency forces an editor to lean toward authorial intent.

Two types of dashes appear in *Lucinda*. Letters I-XXX use exclusively the single dash (—), while the surrounding material appearing first in B uses both the single dash and the triple hyphen (---). These remain as they appear in the multiple copy-text since they may well be a part of authorial expression.

J. COMSTOCK THIRD EDITION, 1817 (C)

By the time of *Lucinda*'s third edition, a decade after Manvill originally wrote her

family's tragedy, this author still participated, albeit to a limited extent, in the printing process. The following examples are emendations made in C:

86.5 it is put] C; put it B, D-F

99.6 she] C; they A, B, D-F

117.3 father] C; daddy A, B

129.21 which] C; who A, B, D-F

130.4 have] C; has A, B, D-F

Two substantive changes which occur in C, at 86.5 and at 117.3, seem a matter of nuance, and the difference in wording goes beyond a printing error. This first emendation in C comes in the preface written by Salmon Child, not Manvill's text. Instead of an imperative statement, "[you] put it," Child or Manvill decided on the expletive construction, "it is put." A smoother reading results:

. . . and from our own personal knoweldge, **it is put** beyond a doubt. . . .

The emended phrase improves the original reading.

Other authorial changes made in C involve grammatical revisions, with the exception of one place, at 117.3, where Lucinda's quoted words appear. "Daddy" is a jarring usage among the more formal language of the surrounding text. The replacement in C, "father," provides, again, a smoother reading, as at 86.5.

WILLIAM CHILD FOURTH EDITION, 1824 (D)

Lucinda's last local edition in 1824 was further emended grammatically and, in a few places, substantively. One of the latter occurs at 80.12, on the signature page, where one signatory who did not have a title after his name gains one in this edition, "Esq. Greenfield." This change might signify a changed financial status, or perhaps someone involved in the printing decided for consistency's sake to give everyone some designation, as every other name on the list has a subsequent stated position in the community.

One other substantive change in D, at 112.1, shows Manvill's continuing concern with accurate wording. In this revision, "whether" becomes "whither," a single-letter correction that causes the passage to make sense where it seemed opaque before:

. . . .**whither** he would, if I pleased, conduct me.

"Whether," the A-C reading, is either a printer misreading or author mistake, but the fourth edition corrects this error rather late in the book's lifetime. This reading remains in all subsequent editions.

This project's goal has not been to create a facsimile of the first edition and its various fonts, decorations, and footnote marker, but to create an edition that comes as closely as possible to the author's final intentions for her tale. At the same time, this edition does not seek out the ease of the modern reader. Although following italics, capitals, and line spacings as they have to do with authorial emphasis, this text does not pretend to mimic the various sizes of type in the first edition (or any of the subsequent versions) as this is part of the printer's realm, and no authorial corroboration is, at the present time, evident. Numbers, though not italicized in early editions even if part of italicized dates, are regularized and italicized as this difference was probably because of printing practice, not authorial intention. Any font changes in an excerpted section are regularized, as in the case of poems and hymns. While this text also standardizes the beginning capitals, it does retain the miniature capitals when they appear, presumably for emphasis, in the text.

Because *Lucinda* has its own set of footnotes, this edition's explanatory notes, which often appear at the bottom of the page in many scholarly editions, come in the apparatus section. Following Tanselle's guidelines, no definition which can be acquired through a standard dictionary appears in the explanatory notes. Instead, these notes give helpful context otherwise unavailable to the reader. Since *Lucinda* contains many references to family members and nineteenth-century welfare law which are sometimes

confusing, the notes further explain these situations.

Textual Notes

81.22 and] In the 1817 edition (C), the "n" appears as a strike-over and perhaps was originally an "s" or "a."

82.26 *Mr.*] This italicization is one of only three places in *Lucinda* where I override all printed versions. Although the copy text is inconsistent in that sometimes the Manvill's names are italicized, sometimes not, I have decided against regularization except in this one case, where only half of Mr. Manvill's name is italicized. Elsewhere, if the complete name is italicized or not, I have retained the copy text reading, since font is largely accidental, not substantive.

85.3 Mrs. Manvill] See 82.26

88.16 Kayaderosseras] This emendation is one of the few with which seems appropriate to regularize the spelling. The mountain had probably only been under its English name for less than a century, so therefore its spelling was highly irregular. By the second edition, either Manvill or Child had regularized the spelling, as this mountain appears in both the preface to the editor and in Letter II. Basically, this spelling emendation is for clarity.

88.18 monitor] In A (the 1st edition), a smudge appears after the word "monitor," which might indicate a comma. However, this would be incorrect usage even in the antiquated mode. Further study of the *Lucinda* text indicates that Manvill had consistently correct and regular comma usage, a find which supports this emendation.

89.5 others,] Though this correction did not occur until the fouth edition (1824), I

have opted to cite the change not as an accidental although it appears so at first glance. But the context makes the added "s" a substantive change, referring to the rest of Manvill's children by his first wife.

95.23 sister,] In the copy-text, a blank space appears at the end of the line after the word "sister," a circumstance which never occurs anywhere else in Child's first edition. One can assume, then, that a comma, which is in the second edition, simply didn't print.

96.12 embarrassment;] In the 1817 edition (C), the second "s" in this word is either marked out or the result of a strike-over. It resembles either a thickly inked "e" or a smudged "s."

97.1 wretched?"] Although no edition closes the quotation, Lucinda stops speaking at this point and, therefore, I have added the quotation marks myself.

101.10 assisting] An apparent spelling error was retained in the second edition; though the second "s" was printed, it is carefully blacked out!

108.22 friend!] The copy-text has a smudge mark over the punctuation after the word "friend," obscuring all but a period. An exclamation mark may well be in the copy-text, but the few surviving copies which were examined are inconclusive.

110.20 rose] Both the 1836 editions (E and E2) have an interesting version of this word, as the last letter is a strikeover in both editions, the letters "e" and "s" both printed onto the same space. This error, along with all the other misspellings which were retained in the Montgomery, Alabama edition implies that this second 1836 edition (E2) was pirated.

112.21 surprise,] Even though this is only a historical collation entry, it merits notation here because of its singularity in the second edition printing. Obviously overlooked by the printer, "sur-" appears at the end of the line, but the word is never completed, and the text continues with "my uncle."

113.4 Betts's;] The editorial decision is to leave the inconsistency in possessive spelling (both Betts's and Betts' appear in the first addition), just as the spelling of "inclosed" varies, sometimes beginning with an "e." This difference does not impair understanding of the text and, in this instance, I have opted for faith to the copy-text over a catering to the modern reader's expectation of consistent possessive form.

116.14 mistaken.] The decision is for the 2nd edition over the copy-text because of a capital H beginning the next word, which implies that the semicolon in the copy-text is a printing error, not an authorial mistake. Yet perhaps the capital H is a printing error in the copy-text, and the 2nd edition printing simply corrected what it thought to be a printing error, replacing the semicolon with a period. But a capital letter is not as careless an error as a semicolon for a period. I have opted for the most likely error.

116.16 dispised;] Perhaps one might assume that a seemingly obvious spelling error is simply corrected in the 2nd edition. However, as Tanselle points out in "Problems and Accomplishments in the Editing of the Novel," modern spelling rules and consistencies do not necessarily apply to early nineteenth-century novels. If this word were "corrected," there are many other words which might also fall under this shaky emendation category, such as "raillied," "till," and "inclosed," to name a few.

122.16 him;] The copy-text has a smudge over the punctuation at this point, and only a comma shows through it, which could very well be a semicolon. However, going only from the knowledge available, an emendation is appropriate.

128.6 business,] The 1836 edition (E) has a blank space at the end of the line directly following this word, which is obviously for a comma, probably resulting from plate erosion.

128.16 mamma!—] In lieu of the exclamation point, the 1817 edition (C) has a curious mark which could be a hand-drawn punctuation mark, but most resembles a beginning parenthesis, as noted in the historical collation listing.

130.22 mamma—] ~ -- B Though this a rejected reading, a comment is in order. The 2nd edition has only two hyphens instead of the usual three substituted for the 1st edition dash. This situation might result from a worn plate, but no mark at all appears before the first hyphen, so the historical collation records the available information, in this case, as a space and two hyphens.

132.23 smile;] The 1836 edition (E), again, has no punctuation after this word, which might very possibly be from plate erosion.

134.19 absence] I have emended a spelling change which occurs in the second edition because of another, obviously a misprint, spelling error on the page which encompasses this item's concerns. The first edition "sbscence" is emended to "absence," a fairly safe assumption, but if Manvill made this change herself, then the nearby "abscent" should also be emended to reflect her wishes. Since internal evidence suggests that the author did have

a hand in the second edition, I have decided to change the spelling of both on this assumption.

Emendations

The following list records all changes introduced into the multiple copy-text. The reading of this edition appears to the left of the square bracket. The source for that reading appears to the right of the bracket, followed by a semicolon, the copy-text reading, and the copy-text symbol. If not listed, the readings of texts which fall between the copy-text and the source cited for the reading of the edition agree substantively with the copy-text reading. If an intervening reading does not agree substantively with the copy-text, that intervening reading and its symbol are recorded after the copy-text reading and symbol.

Several conventions and sigla appear in the Emendations List of *Lucinda* for the reader's convenience and information. Within an entry, the curved dash ~ represents the exact word that appears before the square bracket and is used in recording punctuation and paragraphing variants. A caret ^ to the right of the square bracket signals the absence of a mark of punctuation on the left. An asterisk indicates that the reading is discussed in the Textual Notes. An entry whose page and line number is contained within a previous entry shows that it is a minor revision made subsequent to the extensive change immediately prior to it. Ellipses to the left of the square bracket indicate an extensive reading in this edition. Ellipses to the right of the square bracket refer to a passage quoted earlier in that entry.

The following texts of *Lucinda* are referred to:

A Johnstown: W & A Child, 1807

B Ballston Spa: William Child, 1810

C Ballston Spa: J. Comstock for R. Sears, 1817

D Waterloo: William Child, 1824

E Ithaca: Mack, Andrus, & Woodruff, 1836

E2 Montgomery, AL: J. Kellogg, 1836

F Ithaca: Mack, Andrus, & Woodruff, 1839

COPY-TEXT: B

80.7 similar] C; simliar B

80.12 *Esq. Greenfield.*] D; [*omitted*] B, C

80.21 *Minister of the Gospel, Canajoharry.*] C; *M.*~ B; Min. of the Gospel, Canajoharie. E-F

81.2 *Colonel*] C; *Col.* B; Col. D-F

81.11 written] D; wrote B, C

82.26 *Mr.* *] Mr. B-F

83.19 infinitely] C; infinite B

85.3 *Mrs. Manvill* *] C; ~ Manvill B; Mrs. ~ D; Mrs. Manvill E-F

86.5 it is put] C; put it B, D-F

COPY-TEXT: A

88.16 Kayaderosseras *] B; Kayaderosaras A

88.18 monitor *] B; ~, A

89.5 others, *] D; other, A-C; others— E-F

90.2 departure] B; departue A

91.6 sentiments] B; sensations A

94.7 absence] C; abscence A, B

95.7 stupid] B; stuped A

95.10 suspected] B; expected A

95.13 being] B; being a little A

95.23 sister, *] B; ~^ A

96.13 would] D; might A

97.1 wretched?" *] ~?^ A-F

97.14 thy] B; my A

98.17 have consented] consented A-F

99.6 she] C; they A, B, D-F

99.14 and] B; and and A

100.13 has often] B; ~so~ A

100.16 the excess of] B; excessive A

100.20 trivial] B; trival A

101.4 into] B; in A

101.10 assisting *] C; asisting A

101.15 could] B; should A

101.20 youngest,] B; ~^ A

101.20 daughter] B; ~, A

104.3 nor] B; or A; ~, C

105.9 had apparently] B; apparently had A

105.22 latter] B; lattar A

105.25 than give] B; than to give A

105.22 friend! *] B; ~. A

110.4 after furniture] B; after my furniture A

112.1 whither] D; whether A

112.16 returning] B; return A

114.21 sufficiently] B; fufficiently A

115.8 the] B; my A, E-F

115.17 latter] B; letter A, E; letter, F

115.18 Betts'] B; Bett's A

116.14 mistaken. *] B; ~; A

116.20 shall pass] B; ~ now ~ A

116.24 offered to] B; ~ himself ~ A

117.3 father] C; daddy A, B

117.11 written] B; wrote A

117.25 consistent] B; coincident A

118.20 disposition] B; diposition A

119.16 trivial] B; trival A

120.4 have] C; has A-F

120.12 those] B; the A

120.16 while I live] B; ~^~ A

120.20 than see] B; than to see A

121.2 a few] B; for ~ A

121.7 my] B; the A

122.7 indeed] B; induced A

122.11 continual] B; continued A

123.5 impertinently] B; impatiently A; impertinantly C

124.14 *Manvill*] B; *Manvill,* A

124.16 desired he] B; ~ him ~ A

124.22 entertainments] B; establishment A

124.24 stroke] B; strok A

124.25 defend his cause] B; withstand ~ ground A

125.13 conceived] B; conceiving A

125.22 Far] B; For A

126.23 Letter] B; letter A

127.14 another.] B; ~^ A

127.17 illuminated] B; illumined A

127.20 forget you are] B; forgot ~ were A

129.21 which] C; who A, B, D-F

129.24 sweets] B; ~. A

130.2 that we shall] B; ~^~ A

131.19 punctilio] B; punctuality A

132.3 laid] B; lay A

132.24 walk] B; have walked A

133.1 within] B; in A

134.4 indelible] B; indeliable A; indeleble D

134.8 world."] B; ~.^ A

134.16 absent] B; abscent A

134.19 absence *] B; sbscence A

135.24 Letter] B; letter A

137.7 be]B; is A

137.7 had] B; have A, D-F

137.22 Letter] B; letter A

137.23 Letter] C; letter A, B

137.24 Letter] C; letter A, B

140.23 a] B; a a A

140.25 Letter] B; letter A

141.2 distresses] B; distress A

141.24 See Letter XI.] B; ~ letter ~ A; ~^ C; [*omitted*] E-F

143.17 know]B; knows A

143.24 Letter]B; letter A

144.3 were] B; was A

145.5 distinctly] B; distincly A

145.19 distinctly] B; distincly A

145.23 she drew] B; I pressed A

146.17 breathe] B; breath A

146.23 indelibly] B; indeliably A; indellibly E, E2

147.14 indescribable] B; indiscribable A, C, E, E2

147.16 Omnipresent] B; Omnipotent A; omnipresent F

149.22 Letter] C; letter A

COPY-TEXT: B

153.15 gentleman] C; gentlemen B

154.1 gaudy] C; guady B

Historical Collation

80.2 public] publick E-F

80.4 We] ~, E-F

80.4 undernamed] undersigned D-F

80.4 Book] book E-F

80.4-5 *Lucinda; or the Mountain Mourner, &c.*] "LUCINDA, OR THE MOUNTAIN MOURNER," &C., E-F

80.5 public] publick E-F

80.6 superior] superiour E-F

80.7 information] ~, E-F

80.8 recorded] ~, D-F

80.9 facts;] ~, E-F

80.11 Minister] Min. E-F

80.14 Jun.] jun. D

80.14 Merchant, Ballston Spa,] ~. C-F

80.16-17 Members of the Society of Friends.] ~, C; ~ Soc. ~. D-F

80.19 Greenfield,] ~. C, E-F

81.1 *omitted*] RECOMMENDATION. E, E2

81.1 Honorable] Honourable E-F

81.1 Esq.] [*omitted*] E-F

81.2 County] county D-F

81.5 Edition] edition E-F

81.5 Lucinda;] ~, E-F

81.8 enquiry] inquiry E-F

81.9 Lucinda] LUCINDA D

81.9 subsistence;] ~, E-F

81.9 we the more] we more C

81.10 were] are E-F

81.11 Mrs. Manvill] *Mrs. Manvill* D

81.12 enquiry] inquiry E-F

81.13 Mr. Manvill] *Mr. Manvill* D; ~, E-F

81.14 expence] expense D-F

81.16 honest] ~, E-F

81.16 behaviour] behavior C

81.18 property.] ~.— C

81.18 and] ~, D-E2

81.19 family] ~, C

81.19 honorable] honourable E-F

81.22 and *] asd *or* aad C

81.22 labor] labour E-F

81.24 affable] ~, F

82.1 benevolent, and] ~, E-F

82.2 needle (being a seamstress)] ~,^~^, D-F

82.4 Lucinda] ~, D-F

82.4 (of] ^~ D-F

82.4 our] (~ D-F

82.4 unfavorable] unfavourable E-F

82.5 situation)] ~,) D-F

82.5 mother] ~, D-F

82.7 necessary.---] ~.^ C, F; ~.—D-E2

82.9 enquiries] inquiries E-F

82.10 proceedings,] ~^ E-F

82.11 Kayaderosseras Mountain] *Kayaderosseras Mountain* D-F

82.12 foot.---] ~.^ C, E-F; ~.— D

82.13 land] lands E-F

82.15 Mountains.] ~.— C; Mountain.— D; Mountain. E-F

82.17 We] ~, E-F

82.18 however] ~, D-F

82.18 Manvill;] *Manvill*— D; ~— E-F

82.24 secluded] excluded D, E-F

82.26 sorrow.---] ~.— C; ~.^ D-F

82.26 *Manvill*] Manvill C, E-F

83.2 business;] ~: C

83.7 saw,] ~^ F

83.7 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. ~ D; Mrs. Manvill E-F

83.12 woe] wo E-F

83.13 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. ~ D; Mrs. Manvill E-F

83.14 *Mr. Manvill*] Mr. ~ D; Mr. Manvill E-F

83.14 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

83.14 retired.] ~.— E, E2

83.14-15 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. Manvill D-F

83.15 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

83.18 visitor] visiter F

83.18 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

83.20 Peru---] ~— C-F

83.21 sooth] soothe C

83.23 *Mr. Manvill*] Mr. Manvill E-F

83.23 *Lucinda*] Lucinda D-F

83.24 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. Manvill E-F

84.1 endeavored] endeavoured E-F

84.2 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

84.3 altho'] although D-F

84.5 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. Manvill E-F

84.6-9 We first. . . lived.---] *om.* C

84.7 oath.] ~.— E, E2

84.8 answers,] ~^ E-F

84.9 lived.---] ~.^ E-F

84.11 endeavored] endeavoured E-F

84.12 or that] or D-F

84.14 ourselves.] ~.— D

84.15 at a] at E-F

84.16 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. ~, D; Mrs. Manvill, E-F

84.17 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

84.19 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

84.20 expence] expense D-F

84.23 *Lucinda*] Lucinda E-F

84.24 the] that ~ D-F

84.26 inform] inforn E2

85.1 was,] ~^ D

85.1 agreeable] agreeably D-F

85.1-2 *Mr. Manvill*] Mr. ~ D; Mr. Manvill E-F

85.3 words.---] ~.— C-E2; ~.^ F

85.3-11 "*We are. . . . heart?*"] "We are. . . . heart?" E-F

85.5 crawl,] ~^ C

85.7 trouble,] ~^ E-F

85.6 saw;] ~: C

85.9 viper] *viper* D, E-F

85.10 justice,] ~: C

85.11 know] now E, E2

85.11 heart?"] ~— D-E2

85.12 exclaimed:---] ~:— C, D-E2; ~:^ F

85.12-13 "*Does. . . mercy?*"] ~*?*'— D; "Does. . . mercy?"— E, E2; "Does. . . mercy?" F

85.12 rigor] rigour E-F

85.14 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. ~ D; Mrs. Manvill E-F

85.15 Mountain] mountain E-F

85.16 it.] ~.— D

85.17 prospects,] ~^ E-F

85.22 reduced;] ~: D

85.23 enquired] inquired E-F

85.23 *Mrs. Manvill*] Mrs. Manvill E-F

85.25 could] would E, E2

85.26 transpired,] ~^ E-F

86.4 illness---] ~— C-F

86.4 neighbors] neighbours E-F

86.5 subject---] ~— C-F

86.6 doubt] ~, E-F

86.6 *Lucinda*] LUCINDA D; Lucinda E-F

86.6 *incontestible facts*] incontestable facts E-F

86.6 and] ~, F

86.7 sexes---] ~— C, D; ~, E-F

86.10 SALMON CHILD.] ~, D, F

87.1 reader.] ~^ E

87.3-14 *To tell. . . . of humility*] To tell. . . . of humility E-F

87.3 my own] my ^ D-F

87.5 life:] life. E-F

87.5 heart felt] heart-felt B, C, E, E2; heartfelt F

87.6 have had] have E-F

87.6 influence;] ~, E-F

87.7 Innocent] innocent D-F

87.7 Orphan] orphan E-F

87.7 conjecture] ~, D-F

87.7 (exclusive] ^~ D-F

87.9 contains)] ~, D-F

87.9 public,] ~^ C; publick, E-F

87.10 letters] Letters D-F

87.10 *dedicated to my*] dedicated to my D-F

87.10 narrative;] ~: C; ~, E-F

87.10 recommendation,] ~^ C, E-F

87.11 *sacred truths*] saced truths B, C; sacred truths D-F

87.12 torrents,] ~^ E-F

88.5 change.—] ~.^ B-F

88.6 it] ~, E-F

88.6 writings,] ~^ E-F

88.7 months,] ~^ F

88.9 surprised] surprized B, C

88.10 enabled] ~, E-F

88.11 Omnipotence;] ~, E-F

88.11 gratitude,] ~^ E-F

88.12 clue,] ~^ E-F

88.16 enjoyments.^] ~.--- B; ~.— D

88.17 never failing] ~-~ E-F

88.18 reflections,] ~^ E-F

88.20 forests] forest C

88.20 rocks.—] ~.--- B

88.21 other—] ~--- B; ~; C

88.24 labor] labour E-F

88.24 peace] ~, E, E2

88.24 humility;] ~--- B, C; ~— D-F

89.2 children] ~, E-F

89.3 his—] ~--- B

89.5 us;] ~, E-F

89.5 (the] ^~ E-F

89.6 life)] ~,) D; ~— E-F

89.8 solicitude,] ~^ E-F

89.9 paternal] patrenal E, E2; parental F

89.9 fondness,] ~^ E-F

89.10 spot;] ~, E

89.11 it,] ~^ D-F

89.11 happiness.] ~.— D

89.11 time] Time E-F

89.13 felicity.—] ~— — B-D

89.13 delusion—] ~— — B-D; ~!— E-F

89.13 return.] ~! E-F

89.14 love;] ~, E-F

89.15 power] pow'r D-E2

89.15 decree:] ~; E-F

89.16 mercy,] ~^ E-F

89.16 above;] ~, E-F

89.17 rest,] ~^ D-F

89.17 hope,] ~^ D-F

89.17 thee.] ~^ C

89.18 Dear Sister—] dear ~— D; dear sister; E-F

89.19 Grace] grace F

89.21 eldest] oldest B-F

89.22 us,] ~^ E-F

89.23 Troy;] ~, E-F

89.23 was then] was E-F

89.23 uncle's] Uncle's D

89.25 consequences.] ~.— C

90.1 Mr. Brown] *Mr. Brown* D

90.4 suit.] ~.— C

90.5 parent,] ~^ E-F

90.5 connection] connexion D, F

90.6 man,] ~^ E-F

90.7 virtues;] ~, B-F

90.8 citizen—] ~---- B; ~, D-F

90.8 family;] ~, E-F

90.9 œconomy] economy C-F

90.11 narrative.] ~.— E-F

90.13 futurity] ~, D-F

90.13 (my] ^~ D-F

90.14 domestic] domestick E-F

90.14 without)] ~, D-F

90.14 stupor] stupour E-F

90.15 entered—] ~---- B

90.15 needle,] ~^ D-F

90.15 bro't] brought B, C; brought, D-F

90.16 day] ~, D-F

90.16 our] my E-F

90.17 man.] ~.— D

90.17 enquired] inquired D-F

90.19 hand—] ~---- B

90.19 son,] ~^ F

90.19 presume."—] ~---- B; ~,"— E-F

90.19 am."—] ~."--- B; ~."^ D-F

90.20 full.] ~.— D-E2

90.20 heart] hear C

90.20 the] he E

90.23 alone—] ~---- B

90.24 them;] ~, E-F

90.24 whom] ~, E-F

90.26 undescribable] indescribable E-F

91.2 LUCINDA] LUCINDA D

91.2 (that] —~ E-F

91.3 daughter)] ~— E-F

91.3 observed] ~, F

91.4 intending] ~, E-F

91.7 cheerful;] ~, D-F

91.8 upon] on D-F

91.9 raillery] railery E, E2

91.10 refreshments] refreshment B-F

91.11 judgments.] ~; B-D; judgements; E-F

91.12 heart;] ~: C

91.13 felt,] ~^ E-F

91.14 attention,] ~^ D-F

91.14 was] ~, D-F

91.14 perhaps] ~, D-F

91.15 meet.] ~.— E-F

91.16 in] ~, D

91.16 (being] —~ E-F

91.17 home)] ~,) D; ~— E-F

91.18 it.] ~, F

91.22 Dear] dear E-F

91.22 say.] ~, C

91.23 romantic] romantick E-F

91.23 for] ~, F

91.23 sensation,] ~^ E-F

91.24 an] on E

91.25 recollect,] ~^ E-F

92.1 favorite] favourite E-F

92.1 free,] ~^ D-F

92.2 Endeavoring] Endeavouring E-F

92.3 mind,] ~^ C

92.4 reflections] reflexions C

92.5 splendor] splendour E-F

92.7 distressed;] ~, E-F

92.8 them,] ~^ E-F

92.9 for ever] forever C

92.10 family;] ~, E-F

92.13 sounds,] ~^ E-F

92.13 from the] from one of the E-F

92.14 effect.] ~.— D

92.15 labors] labours E-F

92.16 me from] from me B, D-F

92.18 tranquility] tranquillity E-F

92.19 resume] to ~ D; to ~, E-F

92.19 connection] connexion F

92.20 last,] ~^ E-F

92.21 unfavorable] unfavourable E-F

92.21 impressions,] ~^ E-F

92.21 father.] ~.— D

92.22 judgment] judgement E-F

93.1 œconomist] economist C-F

93.1 present,] ~^ B-F

93.4 Mountain] mountain E-F

93.6 happiness,] ~^ E-F

93.7 off] of F

93.8 years,] ~^ E-F

93.8 and that] and E-F

93.9 of all] of E-F

93.9 enjoyments.—] ~.^ B-F

93.9 hour,] ~^ F

93.12 neighbor] neighbour E-F

93.12 cloths] clothes B-F

93.14 possible;] ~. B-F

93.14 in] In B-F

93.16 afforded.—] ~.^ B-F

93.18 in,] ~^ D

93.20 appointed,] ~^ E-F

93.22 them,] ~^ E-F

93.22 forever] for ever B-F

93.23-28 Mr. . . . . thanks.] [*omitted*] E-F

93.24 trust.] ~^ D

93.25 Betts,] ~^ B, C

94.1 benefactors;] ~, E-F

94.1 us,] ~^ D-F

94.2 acknowledgements] acknowledgments B, C, E, E2

94.3 you,] ~^ D

94.4 particular.—] ~.^ C-F

94.4 much loved] ~-~ E-F

94.5 years,] ~^ D-F

94.6 gaiety] gayety E-F

94.6 heart,] ~^ D-E2

94.6 raillied] rallied B-D, F

94.11 observed^] ~, B-F

94.12 replied,] ~^ B-F

94.15 her:—] ~: -- C

94.16 enquiry] inquiry D-F

94.16 connection] connexion D, F; conncetion E, E2

94.19 him,] ~^ E-F

94.20 weeks;] ~. C

94.24 coming,] ~^ B-F

94.24 time,] ~^ E-F

94.25 expected;] ~, E-F

94.26 him;] ~, B-F

95.2 imagined.^] ~.— B

95.3 energy.—] ~.^ C-F

95.3 rhetoric] rhetorick E-F

95.3 found was] found E-F

95.4 family,] ~^ E-F

95.9 expression,] ~^ E-F

95.10 enquiry] inquiry D-F

95.11 will,] ~^ B-D

95.12 veil] vail F

95.12 misapprehension from] misapprehension B, D-F

95.13 brother,] ~^ B-D

95.14 hysterics] hystericks E-F

95.16 uncle's] Uncle's B, C

95.23 longer?—] ~?^ D-F

95.23 yet I] I yet E-F

95.25 surprised;] ~, B-F

96.1 devulge] divulge B-F

96.7 alone;] ~, B-F

96.8 Consequently] ~, E-F

96.11 them. She] ~.¶~ C, E-F

96.12 unable] ~, E-F

96.12 embarrassment; *] ~, B, C; embarrassments, D-F

96.12 her,] ~^ E-F

96.14 enquiry] inquiry D-F

96.17 intreaties] entreaties B-F

96.19 day] ~, E-F

96.20 tenderness.] ~.— C

96.21 heart."] ~."— C

96.21 more—] ~--- B

96.22 wraught] wrought B-F

96.22 sympathetic] sympathetick E-F

96.22 woe] wo E-F

96.23 distressed—] ~--- B

96.23 friend—] ~--- B

96.23 mamma—] ~--- B

96.24 enquire] inquire D-F

96.24 child.] ~? E-F

96.24 me] ~, E-F

96.24 then—] ~--- B

96.25 groundless—] ~--- B

96.25 me] ~, E-F

97.1 child—] ~--- B; ~, E-F

97.1 tears—] ~--- B

97.2 say,] ~^ E-F

97.2 myself.] ~.— D; ~? E-F

97.2 were at once] were E-F

97.4 affections;] ~, F

97.4 yet] ye D

97.5 unforeseen] unforseen F

97.5 tears,] ~^ D-F

97.6 me,] ~^ E-F

97.7 observe,] ~^ D-F

97.8 endeavor] endeavour E-F

97.8 shew] show D-F

97.8 trust] ~, B-F

97.9 ill-founded] ~^~ E-F

97.9 eligance] elegance B-F

97.10 it] ~, E, E2

97.10 then] ~, E, E2

97.11 above,] ~^ F

97.11 which] ~, E-F

97.11 (though] (tho' B, C; ^~ E-F

97.12 wretchedness)] ~, E-F

97.14 child,] ~^ E-F

97.21 (as] —~ E-F

97.21 done)] ~— E-F

97.22 who could] ^ ~ C

97.22 solemnized.] ~? E-F

97.23 which,] ~^ D

97.24 fatally] faithfully E-F

98.1 (as] —~ E-F

98.2 them)—] ~)--- B; ~^— E-F

98.4 therefore,] ~^ C

98.4 aunt—] ~--- B

98.5 ignorant,] ~^ B-D; ~^— E-F

98.5 (not] ^~ E-F

98.7 us)—] ~)--- B; ~^— E-F

98.7 wife;] ~, E-F

98.8 heart.] ~.--- B; ~.— C

98.10 prophetic] prophetick E-F

98.10 soul,] ~^ E-F

98.12 not,] ~^ D

98.12 further] farther E-F

98.12 comments;] ~, E-F

98.13 added,] ~^ C

98.15 lived;] ~, E-F

98.18 endeavoring] endeavouring E-F

98.19 her (while] ~,~ E-F

98.19 him)] ~, E-F

98.20 seduction,] ~^ B-F

98.21 it.—] ~.--- B; ~.^ C-F

98.21 Then,] ~^ C

98.22 interposition,] ~^ B-F

98.22 concluded.] ~.— C

98.23 which,] ~^ B-F

98.24 transcribe it] ~^ C

98.25 now,] ~^ C

98.26 least,] ~^ C, E-F

99.1 abated—] ~---- B, C

99.2 soul,] ~^ C, E-F

99.2 softened,] ~— E, E2

99.3 hearts,] ~^ E-F

99.5 vice;] ~, E-F

99.5 yet] ~, E-F

99.6 ardour,] ardor, D; ~^ F

99.6 for,] ~^ B-F

99.6 Grace;] ~---- B, C; ~— D-F

99.7 forgiveness,] forgivness^ E, E2; ~^ F

99.7 mortals,] ~^ C

99.7 themselves] ~, D

99.8 more abundantly favored] favoured E-F

99.8 Providence;] ~, E-F

99.9 No,] ~^ C

99.9 sister—] ~---- B, C; ~; F

99.9 GOD] God B-F

99.12 saught] sought B-F

99.14 petition.—] ~.--- C; ~?^ E-F

99.14 You] ~, F

99.16 affectionate,] ~^ C

99.18 narrative—] ~, E-F

99.19 Attend,] ~^ C

99.20 expectation;] ~: E-F

99.20 were chiefly,] were^ D; were, E-F

99.21 aunt] ~, E-F

99.21 Troy;] ~, E-F

99.24 intreated] entreated B-F

99.24 representing] ~, E-F

99.24 colors] colours B, C; colours, E-F

99.25 regret,] ~^ E-F

99.25 general;] ~, E-F

100.1 on] upon D-F

100.2 child!—] ~!^ C

100.5 heard] hear B, C, E-F

100.6 several; ~, E-F

100.8 shewing] showing D-F

100.10 me,] ~— D-F

100.10 mamma] Mamma B-F

100.10 It] it D-F

100.11 acknowledge."] ~."— E-F

100.12 writing;] ~, E-F

100.12 speak.] ~.— C

100.12 sister—] ~---- B

100.13 errors] errours E-F

100.14 scanned—] ~. B-F

100.14 to] To B-F

100.14 assured,] ~^ E-F

100.18 day] ~, E-F

100.19 freedom,] ~^ E-F

100.19 commencement,] ~^ E-F

100.19 circumstances,] ~^ E-F

100.20 wish,] ~^ B-F

100.22 school boy] schoolboy E, E2

100.22 and then] and E-F

100.24 effect." She] ~¶~ D-F

100.25 motives,] ~^ E-F

101.2 endeavor] endeavour E-F

101.3 heart,] ~^ E-F

101.4 indelible] indellible E, E2

101.8 Since] ~ kind E-F

101.9 one;] ~, B-F

101.9 endeavor] endeavour E-F

101.10 towards] toward E-F

101.10 judgment] judgement E-F

101.10 conduct;] ~, E-F

101.12 virtue—] ~--- B

101.16 Providence.] ~.--- B

101.16 determined.] ~.--- B

101.18 since,] ~^ D-F

101.21 brother—] ~— — C

101.22 daughter—] ~--- B; ~— — C

101.24 domestic] domestick E-F

102.1 sister,] ~^ E-F

102.1 off] up off E-F

102.2 daddy] father E-F

102.5 indeed,] ~^ E-F

102.6 up;] ~, E-F

102.10 family,] ~^ E-F

102.10 labor] labour E-F

102.10 him;] ~--- B; ~— C, D; ~, E-F

102.10 thinking] ~, E-F

102.13 years;] ~--- B; ~— C, D; ~, E-F

102.14 length,] ~^ E-F

102.14 consented;] ~, E-F

102.14 to take] take F

102.15 house-hold] household E-F

102.15 furniture,] ~^ E-F

102.15 fit—] ~, E, E2; ~; F

102.15 as] ~, E-F

102.15 left,] ~^ E-F

102.17 things,] ~^ E-F

102.19 suffer,] ~^ E-F

102.20 relieve] releive E, E2

102.20 But,] ~^ B, C, E-F

102.21 affection,] ~— E-F

102.22 parent;] ~— E-F

102.24 father—] ~---- B

102.25 mamma—] ~---- B

103.1 thoughts,] ~^ E-F

103.1 possible;] ~, E-F

103.1 past.] ~.--- B; ~.— C

103.2 Indeed,] ~^ E-F

103.3 remember—] ~---- B

103.4 love;] ~, E-F

103.5 lover;] ~, E-F

103.6 disrespect.—] ~.^ B-F

103.6 relations—] ~---- B; ~, E-F

103.8 wholy] wholly B-F

103.9 love—] ~, B-F

103.10 raillied] rallied D-F

103.11 told,] ~^ D-F

103.11 residence,] ~^ E-F

103.12 offer,] ~^ E-F

103.13 particular—] ~---- B

103.14 doubt—] ~---- B

103.14 him,] ~^ F

103.15 heart;] ~: F

103.15 him,] ~^ E-F

103.16 love;] ~, E-F

103.17 1802.—] ~.^ B-F

103.17 moment,] ~^ E-F

103.18 wife;] ~, B-F

103.20 matter,] ~^ D-F

103.22 Marcellus;] ~, E-F

103.22 conection] connexion E-F

103.25 (to] —~ E-F

103.26 obligations)] ~— E-F

103.26 world,] ~^ E-F

103.26 one,] ~^ E-F

104.1 sentiments,] ~^ D-F

104.1 it.] ~.— D

104.2 (in] —~ E-F

104.3 I] as I E-F

104.3 advice,] ~— E, E2

104.4 herself,] ~^ E-F

104.4 heart rending] heart-rending D-F

104.4 moments,] ~^ E-F

104.4 us)] ~— E, E2; ~, F

104.6 autumn;] ~, E-F

104.6 promise—] ~; E-F

104.6 therefore,] ~— E-F

104.7 wrong,] ~— E-F

104.7 ties,] ~^ E-F

104.8 honor;] honour, E-F

104.10 me,] ~^ E-F

104.14 *Manvill*] *Manville* B

104.16 time,] ~^ E-F

104.17 conversing further] conversing E-F

104.17 Lucinda,] ~^ E-F

104.17 thoughts;] ~: C; ~, E-F

104.18 relate,] ~^ B-D

104.19 only] ~, F

104.19 (when] —~ E, E2; ^~ F

104.19 bed)] ~— E, E2; ~, F

104.21 explanation,] ~^ E-F

104.21 mind.] ~? B-F

104.26 mind—] ~--- B; ~; F

104.26 and] ~, F

105.1 not—] ~--- B; ~; F

105.1 looked,] ~^ C, D

105.1 and] ~, D

105.2 recollections.] ~.— E-F

105.3 speak.—] ~.^ B-F

105.4 error] errour E-F

105.4 endeavored] endeavoured E-F

105.4 inquiry] enquiry B-D

105.7 night—] ~--- B

105.12 subject;] ~, E-F

105.14 basis—] ~; F

105.14 object—] objects— E, E2; objects; F

105.14 honor] honour E-F

105.15 pillar—] ~; F

105.15 endeavor] endeavour E-F

105.16 anti-type] antitype F

105.19 itself,] ~^ D

105.20 parts,] ~^ B-D

105.20 immorality,] ~^ D

105.20 duplicity] ~, E-F

105.21 magnetic] magnetick E-F

105.21 prey.—] ~.^ D-F

105.22 virtues—] ~, E-F

105.23 propriety,] ~^ B-D

105.23 licentiousness] ~, E-F

105.25 pain—] ~, E-F

105.26 happiness,] ~^ E-F

106.1 different,] ~^ E-F

106.2 voluptuousness.—] ~.^ D-F

106.3 zeal,] ~^ E-F

106.5 to] too B, C

106.5 honor] honour E-F

106.9 example,] ~^ E-F

106.9 not,] ~^ E-F

106.10 hand,] ~^ E-F

106.10 survivors] survivours E, E2; survivers F

106.11 indispensible] indispensable F

106.13 lost.] ~.— E-F

106.15 wish,] ~^ E-F

106.18 virtue;] ~, E-F

106.19 lead] leave F

106.19 rectitude.] ~.— E-F

106.21 time,] ~^ E-F

106.22 physiognomy] phisiognomy E, E2

106.26 discriminate,] ~^ E-F

106.26 electric] electrick E-F

106.26 voluptuousness,] ~^ C, E-F

107.1 affection.] ~.--- B

107.2 former,] ~^ C

107.2 only be] be only E-F

107.4 advances—] ~--- C; ~, E-F

107.4 magnetic] magnetick E-F

107.5 unadulterated] unadultered B

107.6 which] (~ C; ~, E-F

107.6 (being] ^~ C, E-F

107.6 merit)] ~, E-F

107.9 endeavors] endeavours E-F

107.9 discord,] ~^ F

107.10 libertine] ~, F

107.12 connection] connexion B-F

107.12 happy;] ~, C; ~— E-F

107.13 tears,] ~— E-F

107.17 inclosed] enclosed E-F

107.22 hope.] ~.— C

107.23 bound,] ~^ E-F

107.25 then,] ~^ B-F

108.2 come] came C

108.2 visit;] ~, E-F

108.4 Mercantile] mercantile B-F

108.4 thence;] ~, D-F

108.9 family.] ~.--- B

108.10 vows.] ~.— B

108.12 unacquianted] unacquinted C

108.14 honor] honour E-F

108.14 tenderness.] ~.— E-F

108.15 conclusion.—] ~.^ C, E-F

108.18 endeavoring] endeavouring E-F

108.19 mind,] ~^ E-F

108.19 governed;] ~;— C; ~, E-F

108.20 him,] ~^ E-F

108.21 honor] honour E-F

108.22 his.—] ~.^ C-F

108.23 groundless.] ~^ E, E2

108.25 guilt.] ~.— D

109.3 done.] ~? B-F

109.3 honor] honour E-F

109.3 gone;] ~, E-F

109.3 it,] ~^ E-F

109.4 me,] ~^ E-F

109.4 love,] ~^ E-F

109.5 power;] ~, E-F

109.5 has] had E-F

109.6 me,] ~^ E-F

109.7 wrongs;] ~, E-F

109.8 months] ~, E-F

109.10 though] ~, E-F

109.11 union;] ~, E-F

109.13 ardor] ardour E-F

109.13 wish] ~, E-F

109.14 affection,] ~^ E-F

109.15 the] th B

109.16 dishonor] dishonour E-F

109.17 alone and] ~, ~, C

109.19 Eastern States] eastern states, E-F

109.21 there;] ~, E-F

109.22 to] for E-F

109.22 day.] ~.— D

109.23 coming;] ~, E-F

109.24 accepting] excepting D

109.25 Marcellus;] ~, E-F

109.26 much to] to D-F

110.2 him.] ~^ D

110.3 time;] ~, E-F

110.5 dispatch] despatch E-F

110.6 and then] and D-F

110.7 acquiesced—] ~. D-F

110.7 we] We D-F

110.7 parted.] ~.— B

110.8 long;] ~: C

110.10 morning.] ~^ E

110.12 dishonored] dishonoured E-F

110.13 eyes;] ~, E-F

110.13 apprehensions,] ~^ E-F

110.15 feelings] feeling C

110.17 despair!—] derpair!^ C

110.18 those,] ~^ E-F

110.18 counsel] councel E, E2

110.20 rose *] ross E, E2

110.21 sons;] ~, E-F

110.22 making,] ~^ C-F

110.23 morning.—] ~.^ B-F

110.23 frantic] frantick E-F

110.24 oppress] oppressed D-F

110.25 soothe] sooth E-F

110.26 not.] ~.--- B; ~— C

111.1 me till] me D-F

111.2 her;] ~: C

111.6 connection;] ~: C; connexion, E-F

111.6 inquiries,] ~^ E-F

111.6 make;] ~, E-F

111.7 endeavors] endavours E-F

111.8 niece.] ~? D-F

111.10 horrors] horrours E-F

111.11 despair!] ~? C

111.12 in] ~ the D, F

111.12 family—] ~--- B; ~, E-F

111.12 friends,] ~^ that D-F

111.13 January.—] ~.^ B-F

111.13 reason] ~, E-F

111.13 suppose] ~, E-F

111.14 him;] ~— D

111.14 days.] ~.--- B; ~.— C

111.18 but] ~, D

111.20 of the] of D-F

111.20 town;] ~, E-F

111.20 sat] set D-F

111.21 brother's,] ~^ E, E2

111.23 strangers;] ~, E-F

111.23 who] ~, B-F

111.24 in the] in D-F

112.1 public] publick E-F

112.1 respectability;] ~, E-F

112.2 added,] ~^ C

112.2 there] ~, E-F

112.5 strangers;] ~, E-F

112.5 whom] with ~ B, C

112.5 with,] ~^ E-F

112.5 give me] give E-F

112.6 friends;] ~: C

112.6 offer.] ~.— D

112.8 child.] ~.— D

112.8 soul,] ~ ^ E-F

112.9 enquired] inquired B-F

112.10 public] publick E-F

112.13 offer;] ~, E-F

112.14 it—] ~---- B; ~; E-F

112.15 considerate,] ~^ E-F

112.15 to me] me to E-F

112.16 impatience,] ~^ F

112.16 next morning;] the ~, E-F

112.17 family,] ~^ E-F

112.18 eyes,] ~^ C, E-F

112.18 gratitude;] ~, E-F

112.19 man,] ~^ E-F

112.19 them;] ~— D; ~, E-F

112.20 Betts'] Bett's B, D; Betts's C

112.20 door—where] ~--were C; ~; ~ D; ~, ~ E-F

112.21 surprise, *] sur- B; ~^ C

112.22 day;] ~, E-F

112.25 friendship] ~, B, D

112.24-26 Whose name. . . . lasts me.] [*omitted*] E-F

113.3 had left] left D-F

113.3 Marcellus] Marcelus, E, E2; ~, F

113.3 (a] ^~ E-F

113.4 did)] ~, E-F

113.4 Betts's; *] Bett's; B; Betts', D-F

113.7 message—] ~-- B; ~? E-F

113.8 intelligence,] ~^ F

113.9 spirits.] ~.— B

113.10 Though] Tho' C

113.13 them;] ~, E-F

113.14 myself,] ~^ E-F

113.16 father] father's D-F

113.16 place.—] ~.^ B-F

113.17 weeks,] ~^ E-F

113.17 laboring] labouring E-F

113.17 horrors] horrours E-F

113.20 dishonor] dishonour E-F

113.24 me,] ~^ B-F

113.25 heart;] ~, E-F

114.2 fervantly] fervently C-F

114.2 pray,] pray^ B-F

114.2 disposer] Disposer D-F

114.5 church;] ~— D; ~, E-F

114.6 situation] ~, E-F

114.8 real!] ~!--- B; ~!— D

114.9 home;] ~, E-F

114.10 place,] ~^ C

114.11 me;] ~, E-F

114.12 father's.] ~.— E-F

114.13 after,] ~^ F

114.14 westward;] ~, E-F

114.14 day,] ~^ E-F

114.19 me,] ~^ D-F

114.21 tenderness] tender-ess E, E2

114.21 ever be] be ever E-F

114.22 heaven,] ~^ E-F

114.22 friend,] ~^ E-F

114.22 soothe] sooth E-F

115.2 Manvill] Manville C

115.5 narrative,] ~^ E-F

115.7 feelings,] ~^ E-F

115.7 writing;] ~, E-F

115.9 circumstance,] ~^ E-F

115.9 hours;] ~— E-F

115.10 endeavor] endeavour E-F

115.12 a single] a E-F

115.12 tear—] ~--- B; ~; E-F

115.12 others,] ~^ E-F

115.12 night.] ~.— E-F

115.12 post-day,] ~^~, B, D; post day^ C; ~^ E-F

115.13 dispatched] despatched E-F

115.15 Lucinda] ~, D

115.15 day,] ~^ D-F

115.15 returned;] ~, E-F

115.16 Betts,] ~^ E-F

115.16 inclosed] enclosed C, E-F

115.17 (to] —~ E, E2; ^~ F

115.17 referrred)] ~— E, E2; ~, F

115.17 these:—] ~;— B-D; ~:^ E, E2; ~;^ F

115.18 Mr. Brown] Brown E-F

115.18 inclosed] enclosed E-F

115.20 insulting.] ~.— D

115.21 traveled] travelled C-F

115.21 Southern States] southern states E-F

115.22 Albany,] ~^ E-F

115.23 there—] ~, E-F

115.23 she had] she D-F

115.25 surprising,] ~^ F

115.26 conscious] conscience F

115.26 presence,] ~^ E-F

116.1 this] his E-F

116.5 which (notwithstanding] ~, ~ E-F

116.5 notwithstanding] not withstanding D

116.5 distress)] ~, E-F

116.7 sister;] ~, D-F

116.7 hear] ~, E, E2

116.7 wraught] wrought B-F

116.8 informed of] informed D-F

116.9 him] ~, C

116.10 having been] being E-F

116.10 apprised] apprized D

116.11 intreating] entreating E-F

116.11 in the most feeling terms,] [*omitted*] E-F

116.12 daughter;] ~— D; ~, E-F

116.13 write;] ~, E-F

116.13 exasperated.—] ~.^ B-F

116.13 But] ~, F

116.16 dispised; *] despised; B-D; despised, E-F

116.17 Lucinda.] ~^ B

116.17 days] day's F

116.17 after,] ~^ F

116.18 westward] ~, E-F

116.18 by the] by D-F

116.19 contained (with] ~, ~ E-F

116.19 Brown)] ~, E-F

116.20 only of] of only E-F

117.2 distressed;] ~, E-F

117.3 respect.] ~.— B

117.3 herself;] ~, E-F

117.4 listen] ilsten E, E2

117.5 sister—] ~, E-F

117.5 energetic] energetick E-F

117.6 (for] —~ E-F

117.7 him)] ~— E-F

117.10 to] for E-F

117.10 child.] ~.--- B, ~.— C, E-F

117.11 inclose] enclose E-F

117.18 remarks] ~, E-F

117.18 faculties,] ~^ E-F

117.20 myself,] ~^ B-F

117.20 might] ~, E-F

117.21 propriety,] ~^ D-F

117.21 without a] without B, C

117.22 intrinsic] intrinsick E-F

117.23 agreeable] agreeably D-F

117.23 Giver.] ~.-- B; ~.— D

117.26 divine;] ~. D-F

117.26 they] They D-F

118.1 honor] honour E-F

118.2 useful.—] ~.^ B, D

118.2 honor] honour E-F

118.3 ornament,] ~^ B-F

118.4 virtue.] ~.— E-F

118.5 No] no E-F

118.8 reason;] ~, E-F

118.8 infamy—] ~--- B; ~, E-F

118.12 Who then] ~, ~, E-F

118.12 praiseworthy] praise-worthy C

118.12 honorable] honourable E-F

118.14 comprehension.] ~.— D

118.14 Such,] ~^ E-F

118.15 honor] honour E-F

118.16 organized] organised B, C

118.18 wisdom;] ~, E-F

118.19 you] ~, D-E2

118.20 you] ~, D-F

118.21 Lucinda;] ~?— D-F

118.22 honor] honour E-F

118.22 it,] ~^ C

118.22 shew] show D-F

118.23 honorable] honourable E-F

118.24 dishonorable] dishonourable E-F

118.24 cruel] ~, E-F

118.25 highest] brightest F

119.2 perhaps] ~, E-F

119.3 was] was an D-F

119.3 similar;] ~: B, C

119.4 ever I] I ever D-F

119.4 one;] ~. D-F

119.4 had] Had D-F

119.6 neglect. That] ~.¶ ~ D-F

119.7 me;] ~, E-F

119.7 you—] ~, E-F

119.7 proof.] ~.— D-F

119.7 What then] ~, ~, E-F

119.9 honor] honour E-F

119.10 disposal.—] ~.^ B-F

119.10 you,] ~^ E-F

119.11 hope;] ~: C

119.12 well—] ~- C

119.13 child?] ~!— D; ~?— E, E2

119.14 Come] ~, E-F

119.14 Lucinda—] ~, E-F

119.15 others—] ~---- B; ~; E-F

119.17 Sir] sir E-F

119.18 who,] ~^ D

119.22 Friend] friend F

120.4 honor] honour E-F

120.5 especially,] ~^ D-F

120.6 you:] ~. E-F

120.6 Sir] sir E-F

120.8 pathetic] pathetick E-F

120.9 successful.] ~.— D

120.10 sentiments] ~, B

120.11 ask,] ~^ D-F

120.11 Sir] sir B, D-F

120.12 fulfil;] ~, E-F

120.14 say,] ~^ E-F

120.14 persecutor,] ~— E-F

120.15 characters,] ~^ E-F

120.17 Sir] sir E-F

120.17 taking;] ~, E-F

120.20 you.] ~.— B

120.21 painfully] ~ and unjustly E-F

120.22 Sir] sir E-F

120.22 nature;] ~, E-F

120.24 me,] ~^ E-F

120.26 sufferer!—] ~!--- B; ~!-- C; ~!^ E-F

120.26 sacrifice.] ~? E-F

121.2 Oh] oh F

121.2 Sir] sir E-F

121.3 Lucinda,—] ~^--- B; ~^— C; ~;^ D; ~,^ E-F

121.4 parents—] ~---- B; ~; D; ~, E-F

121.4 friends (for] ~,—~ E-F

121.4 such)] ~— E-F

121.5 Adieu—my] ~-- ~ B

121.6 fast,] ~^ E-F

121.7 you,] ~^ E-F

121.9 redress,] ~^ D-F

121.9 far as] far E, E2

121.11 M.] Manvill E-F

121.12 Lucinda] ~, C

121.14 Ah!] ~? C

121.14 Could] could D-F

121.14 but have] but E-F

121.16 that] the C

121.21 dishonored] dishonoured E-F

121.22 entreat;] ~, E-F

121.23 comfort] ~, B-F

122.4 absence,] ~^ C

122.7 letter.—] ~.^ B-D; ~, E-F

122.7 What] what E-F

122.7 have] ~, B, C, E-F

122.7 should] did E-F

122.8 truth] ~, E-F

122.10 sake,] ~^ E-F

122.12 them;] ~, E-F

122.14 fire,] ~^ E-F

122.14 woe] wo E-F

122.16 him; *] ~, E-F

122.16 evasive.] ~.--- B; ~.— C

122.22 road;] ~. E-F

122.22 the] The E-F

122.24 ceremonies] ceremony E-F

122.26-123.1 the purport of his visit, and likewise of] [*omitted*] E-F

123.2 Brown,] ~^ C

123.4 till] until D-F

123.5 arrogance.—] ~.^ B-F; ~.—— C

123.5 him;] ~, E-F

123.5 asked,] ~^ E-F

123.6 observed, he did] ~—"I do E-F

123.7 be.] ~." E-F

123.7 ventured] ventered B

123.7 remonstrate;] ~, E-F

123.8 step,] ~^ E-F

123.8 colours] colors D

123.8 on] upon D-F

123.8 them.] ~.— E-F

123.10 directed,] ~^ D

123.11 assured] ~, D-F

123.11 carelessly] ca lessly B; carlessly E, E2

123.11 aside,] ~^ E-F

123.12 house.—] ~.^ B-F

123.12 Whitney (who] ~, ~ E-F

123.12 itself)] ~, E-F

123.16 continued he] he continued E-F

123.17 engagements.] ~.— B, C

123.17 But] ~, E-F

123.18 Oh] oh E-F

123.19 continue—] ~: E-F

123.19 but she] she E-F

123.21 an] and F

123.20 situation;] ~, E-F

123.21 humanity.] ~.— E-F

123.23 hours,] ~^ D

123.24 letter] ~, E-F

123.25 denied (however] ~,~ E-F

123.26 treated)] ~, E-F

123.26 demon of] demon E-F

124.1 crime,] ~^ E-F

124.3 honorable] honourable E-F

124.4 unacquainted] ~, E-F

124.4 precept] precpt E, E2

124.5 that his] his E-F

124.5 had (by] ~,~ E-F

124.6 means)] ~, E-F

124.6 earth;] ~, E-F

124.7 wonderful] ~, E-F

124.8 principles;] ~, E-F

124.11 duplicity.] ~? E-F

124.11 forgot] forget F

124.11 myself.—] ~.^ E-F

124.11 Adieu] ~, E-F

124.11 sister;] ~, E-F

124.11 errors] errours E-F

124.12 feel] fell E, E2

124.17 her,] ~^ C

124.18 insultingly] insulting C

124.19 up.—] ~.^ B-F

124.19 himself,] ~^ E-F

124.19 he] the E, E2

124.19 travelled,] ~^ E-F

124.20 the] he E, E2

124.21 intimating] insinuating E-F

124.22 Whitney] ~, D-F

124.23 warmth] spirit E-F

124.24 man;] ~, E-F

125.3 saying,] ~^ D

125.5 publicly] publickly E-F

125.6 him.] ~.— E-F

125.7 was] was far E-F

125.8 her] ~, B-F

125.9 life,"] ~,^ D

125.10 parted—] ~--- C

125.11 however] ~, D, F

125.11 plain, (comparing] ~,—~ E-F

125.12 passed,] ~^ E-F

125.12 conduct)] ~,— E-F

125.12 public] publick E-F

125.13 Whitneys] Whitney's D-F

125.14 honor] honour E-F

125.16 prospects;] ~, E-F

125.17 enquired] inquired B-F

125.18 Brown.] ~.—— C; ~.— E-F

125.18 that Mr.] that E-F

125.20 sensible,] ~^ E-F

125.21 it;] ~, E-F

125.22 otherwise,] ~. E-F

125.23 honor,] honour^ E-F

125.23 him;] ~— B-D; ~, E-F

125.24 the] that ~ D-F

125.24 honor] honour E-F

125.24 it.] ~.— C

125.25 her,] ~; E-F

125.26 justice.] ~, E-F

125.26 Let] let E-F

126.1 gentleman,] gentlemen, D; ~^ E-F

126.1 Brown (after] ~, (~ D; ~,—~ E-F

126.2 his new] his E-F

126.2 attachment)] ~,) D; ~,— E-F

126.3 therefore Mr. Whitney] ~, ~ B-D; Mr. Whitney, therefore, E-F

126.3 he] Mr. Brown E-F

126.4 engagements—] ~, B-F

126.5 honor] honour E-F

126.5 knowledge,] ~^ E-F

126.5 prefered] preferred B-F

126.6 another.—] ~.^¶ B-F

126.6 now,] ~^ F

126.6 have fully] have E-F

126.7 dishonorable] dishonourable E-F

126.7 narrative,] ~^ E-F

126.9 Indeed] ~, E-F

126.10 hope,] ~^ E-F

126.10 idea,] ~^ E-F

126.11 some little] some D-F

126.11 fortitude,] ~^ B-D

126.12 of] ~, E-F

126.12 assassin.] ~.— C

126.13 bank,] ~^ E-F

126.13 commanded,] ~, E-F

126.13 distance, ~^ E-F

126.16 smile,] ~^ E-F

126.16 interesting.] ~.— C

126.19 the time] time F

126.19 perfixed] prefixed B-F

126.19 arrived—] ~,— B

126.19 passed.—] ~!^ E-F

126.19 "Alas!"] "~!" B; "~' " C

127.6 moment.] ~.— D

127.7 recommended;] ~: C

127.7 therefrom,] ~^ E-F

127.7 ideas,] ~^ E-F

127.11 those,] ~^ E-F

127.12 comfort;] ~: F

127.13 endeavors] endeavours E-F

127.15 child;] ~, E-F

127.15 stead,] ~^ E-F

127.17 mark,] ~^ B-D

127.18 it.—] ~.^ C, E-F

127.18 them.] ~.— D

127.19 public] publick E-F

127.19 therefore,] ~^ B-F

127.20 suspense.—] ~.^ B, D-F; ~^—— C

127.20 Know then] ~, ~, E-F

127.22 rest.] ~.— B

127.23 Magistrates] magistrates,— E-F

127.23 *om.*] Messrs. Child and Prior,— E-F

127.23 cottage.] ~.— B

127.24 at] ~ the D, F

127.24 them;] ~, E-F

127.24 informed,] ~^ D-F

127.24 lodged.] ~.— B

127.25 Messrs. Child and Prior.] [*omitted*] E-F

128.5 unconscious] unconcious E, E2

128.6 in,] ~^ E-F

128.6 business, *] ~^ E

128.7 stroke.] ~.— D

128.7 out,] ~^ D-F

128.9 woe.] wo.— E-F

128.9 Lucinda!—] ~?^ C; ~!^ D-F

128.9 child!—] ~! ^ C-F

128.9 you!"—] ~!"^ C-F

128.11 endeavored] endeavoured E-F

128.12 calm] ~, E-F

128.13 tenderness.] ~.— E-F

128.15 Raising] ~ up D-F

128.16 mamma!— *] ~(C; ~!^ D-F

128.19 out.] ~.— B

128.20 on] upon D-F

128.21 Magistrates] magistrates E-F

128.23 hers] her's E-F

128.24 her.] ~.— E-F

128.25 returned,] ~^ C-F

128.25 scene.] ~.— D

128.26 public] publick E-F

129.5 myself.—] ~.^ C-F

129.7 thing,] ~^ B-F

129.8 her taken] taken her D-F

129.9 therefore,] ~^ C

129.10 humanity.] ~^ B

129.11 them,] ~^ F

129.14 do;] ~, E-F

129.16 required;] ~, E-F

129.17 rigor] rigour E-F

129.19 to us] us to D-F

129.20 support.—] ~.^ B-F

129.20 unexpected] ~, E-F

129.21 blossom;] ~, E-F

129.24 odoriferous] odorifferous E, E2

129.24 —so] ---~ B; —~ far E-F

130.1 man.] ~.— D

130.2 then] ~, E-F

130.2 our dear] our E-F

130.8 though] tho' C

130.9 endeavors] endeavours E-F

130.9 herself;] ~, E-F

130.12 ever—] ~--- B

130.14 she,] ~^ C

130.15 favorite] favourite E-F

130.16 longer.] ~^ E, E2

130.19 Now,] ~^ B-D

130.21 me:—] ~:--- B

130.22 mamma— *] ~ -- B, C

130.23 it.] ~.--- B

131.2 (should] —~ E-F

131.2 it)] ~— E-F

131.3 mamma;] ~, E, F

131.3 alas] Alas E, E2

131.5 sinned;] ~, E-F

131.6 soul.—] ~.--- B; ~.^ C-F

131.7 have,] ~^ B-F

131.8 give,] ~^ D

131.9 satisfaction."] ~.^ E-F

131.10 further] farther D-F

131.11 am now] am C

131.12 you—] ~--- B

131.14 your own] your E-F

131.14 and be] be E-F

131.14 that] ~, B, C

131.15 much more] much E-F

131.18 presumed] presu ed B

131.22 power] ~, C

131.26 temporial] temporal B-F

131.26 concerns. When] ~.¶ ~ D-F

131.26 me] ~ that E-F

132.1 burthen] burden E-F

132.1 her.—] ~.^ B-F

132.2 grave -cloths] ~-clothes B, C; ~^clothes E-F

132.3 particularized] particularised E, E2

132.4 her—] ~--- B

132.4 that love] the ~ E-F

132.6 which I] ~, ^ E, E2

132.6 her,] ~^ E-F

132.8 Manvill] Manville C

132.11 approached] ~, E-F

132.11 (who] —~ E-F

132.12 us)] ~— E-F

132.12 agoing] going E-F

132.13 off—proceeded] ~, proceeding E-F

132.15 Mountain] mountain E-F

132.17 tree] ~, B, D-F

132.18 great;] ~, E-F

132.19 gloomy;] ~--- B; ~— C, D

132.20 surprise] surprize B-D

132.20 when] ~, E-F

132.21 a little descent,] the ~~, D; the ~~^ E-F

132.22 my] My F

132.23 matter.] ~? B-F

132.23 answered,] ~^ B-F

132.23 smile; *] ~^ E-F

133.1 nothwithstanding] ~, E-F

133.1 of] ~ the E-F

133.2 other;] ~, B-F

133.9 night,] ~^ B-F

133.10 indispensibly] indispensably E-F

133.12 Mountain] mountain E-F

133.12 us—] ~, E-F

133.12 it;] ~, E-F

133.13 her—] ~; E-F

133.15 replied,] ~^ D-F

133.16 ready,] ~^ C

133.17 so] ~ much so E-F

133.17 her;] ~, E-F

133.18 "No"—] ~--- B

133.21 me; when] ~. When E-F

133.22 Julia;] ~, E-F

133.26 her;] ~; and D; ~, and E-F

133.26 us—] ~, E-F

134.3 regret (as] ~, ~ E-F

134.3 before)] ~, E-F

134.4 child,"] ~,^ E-F

134.5 gift] gifts B, F

134.8 world. Adieu] ~.¶~ D-F

134.12 now] ~, E-F

134.13 described.] ~? E-F

134.14 a] for ~ D-F

134.16 longer—] ~, E-F

134.16 her—] ~, E-F

134.17 dispatch] despatch E-F

134.21 situation—] ~--- D

134.22 himself] ~, B, C

134.22 so,] ~^ B-F

134.23 neighbors] neighbours B-F

134.24 horrors] horrours E-F

135.1 idea,] ~^ E-F

135.2 hours;]~: B, C

135.4 pervaded] prevaded C; had ~ D-F

135.5 morning,] ~; B-F

135.10 change.] ~^ C

135.10 intellects] intellect C-F

135.11 deranged.] ~.— C

135.12 neighbors] neighbours D-F

135.13 preceding] ~, C

135.13 night,] ~^ C

135.14 nourishment] nourishments B-F

135.16 happy."—] ~."^ B, D; ~."— — C

135.17 fervor—] ~--- D; fervour— E-F

135.17 desires—] ~--- D

135.18 me—] ~--- D

135.18 world."] ~."--- B

135.19 a] for ~ D-F

135.19 said—] ~--- B

135.19 pray] ray C

135.21 pain.—] ~.--- B; ~.^ E-F

136.3 Letter] letter C

136.7 sufferings;] ~, E-F

136.8 you,] ~^ E-F

136.10 wretched.] ~.--- B

136.10 as I] ~ had C

136.12 Sir] sir E-F

136.12 been.] ~^ B

136.14 as on] as C

136.14 sacrifice] sacrafice E, E2

136.15 honor] honour E-F

136.16 saught] sought C-F

136.16 will] ~, E-F

136.17 perhaps] ~, E-F

136.17 for a] a E, E2; awhile F

136.18 conduct,] ~^ E-F

136.18 honor,] honour ^ E-F

136.18 humanity?] ~?— D

136.19 promises] promise C, E-F

136.19 Did] did C

136.19 Supreme] supreme C

136.20 Heaven] heaven E-F

136.23 wife;] ~, E-F

137.3 public] publick E-F

137.4 labored] laboured E-F

137.4 deception—] ~, E-F

137.4 latter,] ~; B, C

137.5 sentiment] sentiments B-F

137.5 so,] ~^ B, C

137.7 my] ~ own E-F

137.8 you "ever] "~^~ D-F

137.9 wife;] ~, E-F

137.10 one,] ~^ E-F

137.11 you,] ~^ E-F

137.18 Yet,] ~^ E-F

137.19 Heaven] heaven E-F

137.19 might] migh E2

137.20 ways,] ~^ C

138.1 Adieu!] ~, E-F

138.1 farewell] farewel, B; ~, C-E2; ~. F

138.9 reflection.—] ~.^ B-F

138.10 recall] recal B-D

138.11 infant.—] ~.^ B-F

138.14 whom (agreeable] ~ (agreeably D; ~, agreeably E-F

138.14 request)] ~, E-F

138.15 inclosed] enclosed E-F

138.18 moments] moment C

138.19-20 poor babe] babe E-F

138.23 in] of C

138.24 connections] connexions E-F

138.24 heaven] Heaven D-F

139.1 divine] Divine B-D

139.2 way, which] ~^ ~, F

139.5 neighbors] neighbours D-F

139.6 flocked in] flocked D-F

139.7 necessary.] ~.— B; ~.-— C

139.8 day,] ~^ D-F

139.9 her,] ~^ E-F

139.10 summons—] ~, E-F

139.10 waited] awaited D-F

139.12 mark,] ~^ D

139.12 sister,] Sister^ D

139.12 all.—] ~.^ B-F

139.13 mamma] Mamma C

139.14 cheerfully—] ~---- B

139.15 heart,] ~^ D-F

139.15 effect.] ~.--- B; ~.-— C

139.22 power,] ~^ E-F

139.23 us to] to E-F

139.23 public] publick E-F

139.24-25 Doctors . . . are due.] [*omitted*] E-F

139.24 Barney and Hix] BARNEY and HIX D

139.25 friends—] ~, B-D

140.2 alarm,] ~^ E-F

140.3 the design] our ~ E-F

140.4 gentlemen] gentleman B, C

140.4 letter,] ~^ C

140.4 deposition.] ~.— B

140.6 connections] connextions D; connexions E-F

140.7 for ever] forever C

140.8 step.—] ~.^ B, D-F

140.9 for notwithstanding] ^ ~ C

140.9 her,] ~^ E-F

140.10 it;] ~, E-F

140.10 probable,] ~^ D-F

140.11 (as] —~ E-F

140.11 fund)] ~— E-F

140.13 existence.] ~? E-F

140.13 influential;] ~, E-F

140.15 soon] as ~ E-F

140.16 Mamma,] ~^ C, D

140.16 fleeing] fleeting E-F

140.16 me!"] ~!^ D

140.17 which] wich C

140.17 sooth] soothe B, C

140.24 in the] in E-F

140.25 XVII.] ~^ C

141.2 more] ~, E-F

141.6 place] ~, F

141.7 dishonored] dishonoured E-F

141.8 inseparable] inseperable E2

141.8 union.] ~.— B

141.9 innocence,] ~^ E-F

141.12 Manvill] Manville C

141.14 surprised] surprized D

141.14 Mr.] Mr B

141.16 herself,] ~^ E-F

141.17 but for] ~ ^ C

141.20 reason.] ~.— E-F

141.22 —evidently] --~ C

142.1 emolated] immolated C-F

142.3 young] ~, E-F

142.3 it,] ~^ E-F

142.4 centinel] sentinel C-F

142.4 bosoms—] ~--- B, C; ~, E-F

142.5 a most] the most C

142.5 most pure] pure E-F

142.6 attachment.] ~.— D-F

142.6 called;] ~, E-F

142.7 further.] ~^ B

142.9 asked] ask F

142.9 babe—] ~--- B, C

142.9 Observing,] ~^ C

142.12 should live] lived E-F

142.13 some thing] something C, E-F

142.13 it.—] ~.^ B-F

142.14 in] ~^ E-F

142.14 her.] ~; F

142.14 He] he E-F

142.15 directions.] ~.--- C

142.15 babe] ~, F

142.16 favor] favour E-F

142.17 bequests] bequest C

142.18 her—] ~--- B, C; ~, E-F

142.18 said—] ~--- B, C; ~: E-F

142.19 me—] ~--- B; ~, E-F

142.20 child—] ~--- B; ~; E-F

142.20 wrong—] ~--- B

142.21 here,] ~^ E-F

142.22 grieved—] ~--- B, C; ~; E-F

142.22 affection] ~, E-F

142.24 child—] ~--- B, C

142.26 done;] ~^ E-F

143.3 favor] favour E-F

143.10 mercy] ~, E-F

143.11 were so] were E-F

143.12 said—] ~, E-F

143.12 reason,] ~^ E-F

143.13 intervals;] ~, E-F

143.14 (which] —~ E-F

143.15 useful)] ~— E-F

143.16 mamma] Mamma C

143.16 affection.] ~, F

143.17 heart,] ~^ D

143.18 lost;] ~? F

143.19 and children can] [*omitted*] E-F

143.19 affection] effection E, E2

143.20 such. ¶Day] ~. ^~ D-F

143.21 us.] ~.— C

143.22 agreeable] agreeably D-F

143.22 properties,] ~^ F

143.23 Mr. Nichols.] MR. NICHOLS D; [*omitted*] E-F

143.24 See Letter XX.] Letter XX. D

144.1 effect;] ~? F

144.3 Physicians] physicians E-F

144.4 attentions,] ~^ E-F

144.4 moments.] ~.— C

144.5 adament] adamant B-F

144.7 her; and] ~, E-F

144.7 recollections,] ~^ E-F

144.8 mamma] Mamma C

144.8 Oh!] ~!— D

144.9 both my] both E-F

144.10 Do,] ~^ B-D

144.10 mamma,] Mamma, C; ~^ E-F

144.10 help;] ~, E, E2; ~^ F

144.12 hour,] ~^ D-F

144.13 a] at a D-F

144.13 her] the E-F

144.13 eldest,] ~^ F

144.14 (as] —~ E-F

144.14 us)—] ~^— E-F

144.15 pathetic] pathetick E-F

144.15 manner,] ~^ E-F

144.18 evening; when] ~. When E-F

144.20 music.—] ~.^ C, D; musick.^ E-F

144.23 Being,] ~^ E-F

144.24 "Dear] ^~ E-F

145.1 "How] ^~ E-F

145.1 thine] thy E-F

145.2 "For] ^~ E-F

145.3 "Redeeming] ^~ E-F

145.3 heavenly] heavn'ly E, E2; heav'nly F

145.3 love."] ~.^ E-F

145.4 fervor] fervour E-F

145.6 endeavor] endeavour E-F

145.7 inarticulate;] ~;— D; ~, E-F

145.9 full] a ~ E-F

145.9 assurances] assurance B-F

145.9 eternity.] ~.— D

145.10 vain,] ~^ E-F

145.14 bosom.] ~.— E-F

145.14 12] twelve D-F

145.15 called.—] ~.^ E-F

145.16 time,] ~^ E-F

145.17 and mind] ~ in ~ C

145.17 down,] ~^ C

145.18 requesting] [*omitted*] E-F

145.19 arose,] ~^ E-F

145.20 words—] ~--- C; ~: E-F

145.20 mamma!—] ~!--- B, C; ~!^ E-F

145.21 her—] ~--- B

145.22 might,] ~^ C

145.22 endeavored] endeavoured E-F

145.22 speak;] ~, E-F

145.23 tongue!—] ~!--- B, C; ~!^ E-F

145.23 She] she C

145.23 faculties—] ~--- B, C

145.26 her] my D-F

145.26 and seeming] seeming E-F

146.2 endeavors] endeavours E-F

146.3 them,] ~^ C

146.5 endeavored] endeavoured E-F

146.5 myself,] ~^ E-F

146.5 this—] ~-- B, C

146.8 endeavor] endeavour E-F

146.8 believe,] ~^ C, E-F

146.9 brothers, sisters and I] ~, and ~ D; ~^and sisters and myself E-F

146.11 father,] ~^ B-D

146.11 him.] ~.— D

146.12 moved.] ~, C; ~.— D

146.13 in;] ~. D; ~.— E-F

146.13 she] She B-F

146.13 tenderness] ~, E-F

146.14 thing;] ~. E-F

146.14 her] Her E-F

146.16 11] eleven E-F

146.16 12, A.M.] twelve, in the morning, E-F

146.17 disincumbered] disencumbered D-F

146.17 soul,] ~^ E-F

146.17 God!] ~. D

146.21 through] thro' B, C

146.21 distresses] ~, E-F

146.23 mantle.] ~.— B

146.24 beauteous] beautiful E-F

146.24 hours,] ~^ E-F

146.25 was] had E-F

147.1 Mountain] mountain E-F

147.3 advisable,] ~^ E-F

147.3 public] publick E-F

147.4 Burying-Hill—] ~^~— B-D; burying^hill, E-F

147.5 preached—] ~, E-F

147.5 pathetic] pathetick E-F

147.6 Epistle] epistle E-F

147.6 Chap. III] chapter iii. E-F

147.9 neighbors] neighbours E-F

147.10 day's] days's C

147.10 Mountain] mountain E-F

147.12 distresses] distress E-F

147.13 was] ~ become E-F

147.21 solicitude,] ~^ B-F

147.22 scenes,] ~^ E-F

147.23 friends,] ~^ E-F

147.25 infant.] ~.— E-F

147.25 present,] ~^ E-F

147.25 Never—] ~--- B

148.3 ill-health] ~^~ B, E-F

148.5 suffer,] ~^ C, E-F

148.6 for] fo E

148.7 attention] ~ and care E-F

148.9 tenderness.] ~.— C

148.9 Here] ~, E-F

148.12 labor. Farewell] ~.¶~ D; labour.¶ ~ E-F

148.17 complication] contemplation F

148.19 tale.—] ~.^ C-F

148.19 babe (who] ~, ~ E-F

148.20 life)] ~, E-F

148.23 and] aud D

148.23 promise,] ~^ E-F

148.25 combine] combined E-F

148.25 Lucinda.—] ~.^ C-F

149.1 which I] ~^ B

149.2 carried,] ~^ E-F

149.3 abscence] absence D; abcense to the store E-F

149.4 which] ~, E-F

149.4 request] ~, E-F

149.8 contents] ~, E-F

149.9 honor] honour E-F

149.9 dictated] dictanthe E

149.10 Nancy!—] ~!^ B, C; ~,^ D-F

149.10 believe] belive E, E2

149.11 probatory] probationary F

149.12 measurably] measurable F

149.14 P.S.] ~— D-F

149.16 sweet injur'd] ~, ~, E-F

149.17 dews;] ~, E, E2

149.18 enthusiastic] enthusiastio C; enthusiastick E-F

149.23 See. . . XXI.] ~^ C; [*omitted*] E-F

150.1 man,] ~^ F

150.2 snares,] ~^ F

150.3 ardor,] ardour, E, E2; ardour^ F

150.4 feet,] ~^ F

150.5 rancl'd] rankl'd B-F

150.5 vengeance,] ~^ F

150.8 event,] ~^ F

150.9 guest,] guests^ B-F

150.10 death,] ~^ F

150.10 near!] ~. E-F

150.11 Ye] Yea E, E2; You, F

150.13 tears,] ~^ F

150.14 shrouded—] ~, E-F

150.14 SWEETLY RESTS] *sweetly rests* C; sweetly rest. E, E2; sweetly rests. F

150.16 volume] ~, C

150.19 gentleman] gentlemen F

150.20 account:—] ~:^ D; ~.^ E-F

150.20 Marcellus] Mracellus E, E2

150.21 questioned] ~, F

151.1 circumstances?—] ~?^ B-F

151.4 public] publick E-F

151.11 flushed] flashed E-F

151.12 But] ~, F

151.12 unpleasant!—] ~.^ C

151.14 shore] ~, E-F

151.15 horror] horrour E-F

151.15 dismay,] ~^ E-F

151.18 then,] ~^ B, D

151.18 complyed] complied B-F

151.19 here,] ~^ C

151.22 family—] ~--- B

151.22 honor,] ~^ B-D; honour, E-F

151.23 happiness,] ~^ D-F

151.23 may so] may E-F

152.3 continuation---] ~— C; ~, E-F

152.4 Long---] ~— C-F

152.4 writing---] ~— C-F

152.5 one,] ~^ E-F

152.6 consequently,] ~^ D-F

152.7 me,] ~^ E-F

152.8 anxiety,] ~^ E-F

152.9 enquiry.—] ~.^ C, D; inquiry.^ E-F

152.10 had] have had E-F

152.10 you.] ~? E-F

152.12 subject---] ~— C, E-F

152.12 grand-child,] grandchild^ E-F

152.20 apparently,] ~^ E-F

152.23 censured] sensured E, E2

152.25 (whose] —~ E-F

152.26 love)] ~— E-F

153.3 our] the C

153.4 be the] be E-F

153.4 hapless] helpless E-F

153.11 judgments] judgements D-F

153.14 ill-fated] illfated D

153.16 words:---] ~:— C-F

153.17 sometime] some time C

153.18 literally] literary F

153.19 fiddler---] ~— C-F

153.20 all his] his E-F

153.20 observes:---] ~:— C, D

153.21-24 Pope very. . . . fools"] [*omitted*] E-F

153.22 judgment] judgement D

153.22 and] & C

153.22 mind,] ~^ D

153.24 pride] ~, D

153.24 never-failing] ~^~ D

153.25 Nancy,] ~^ E, E2

154.1 trapping] trappings E-F

154.5 externals---] ~— C-F

154.6 love,] ~^ C

154.7 crimes---] ~— C-F

154.8 wing]wings D-F

154.8 in his] to ~ E-F

154.8 bosom,] ~^ E-F

154.10 But,] ~^ D-F

154.10 stubborn] stubburn E, E2

154.10 palliation] paliation E, E2

154.11 engagements,] ~^ E-F

154.12 public] publick E-F

154.13 support;] ~, E-F

154.13 some,] ~^ D

154.13 inexplicable] ~, E-F

154.13 has] ~ he D-F

154.14 short sighted] ~-~ E-F

154.14 heaven] Heaven D

154.15 tribunal,] ~^ C

154.15 justice,] ~^ E-F

154.19 December] Dec. E-F

Ambiguous Word Divisions

The following are the editorially established forms of possible compounds which were hyphenated at the ends of lines in the copy-text.

82.7 over-seers

83.12 with-in

100.7 with-held

114.1 over-spread

118.8 en-circled

122.6 some-thing

135.19 some-thing

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