

STORIES of New Jersey

himself at Eton and completed his education at Cambridge. While here he incurred the disfavor of his family, who were outraged by his disregard of their social code. When they refused to countenance his behavior, he fled to America.

The New York of 1831 in which Herbert arrived irritated him after the graceful life of England. One of his biographers, W. S. Hunt, has characterized it as

A city that was the lane between the old world and the new, with some of the worst attributes of both. It was half country village with rural crudities . . .

The twenty-four year old exile at first sought to sustain himself by teaching, but he finally turned to making his living by writing. He began with routine journalism, but his income remained small until 1839, when friends persuaded him to write some fictionalized accounts of hunting and fishing trips for the magazine *American Turf Register*. Although the response to this work made it profitable, Herbert continued to consider it beneath his talents and insisted on signing his sports writing "Frank Forester."

His marriage to Sarah Barker, daughter of the mayor of Bangor, Maine, in 1839 opened the way to his first real happiness in what he was now convinced was a hostile land. Her death from tuberculosis, however, revived his bitterness. Homesick for England, friendless in a country which he did not understand and which did not understand him, disappointed that his literary fame rested on such minor works as those of Frank Forester, he took refuge from his unhappiness by fleeing from New York. He induced his father to send him money to build a home and to provide for the education of his son. When the remittance arrived, it carried with it an apology for its small size. His father doubted the stability of the United States under the Democratic administration of James K. Polk and explained that had the Whig, Henry Clay, been elected President, he would have invested a larger sum.

Herbert settled in New Jersey, because in 1845 New Jersey was the only commonwealth which permitted aliens to hold and convey real estate. Like the exile Joseph Bonaparte before him, for whom the law had been passed, Herbert was too proud of his European birth to consider American citizenship. Again like Bonaparte, Herbert always hoped to be recalled to a noble position in Europe.

Instead he spent the last thirteen years of his life from 1845 to 1858 in the gloomy house called "The Cedars," on the banks of the Passaic River between Newark and Belleville. Previously he had hunted, fished and ridden in New Jersey, where the landscape seemed to provide an escape from the coarse city of New York. The sportsman in Herbert momentarily triumphed over the unhappy exile when he wrote of snipe leaving

the salt marshes about the mouths of the Raritan, the Hackensack, and the Passaic . . . gradually ascend the courses of the streams to the great tracts of morass and bog-meadow, which are spread out for leagues, the very Paradise of the Snipe-shooter . . .

The Cedars became a symbol of Herbert's yearning for England and his inability to adjust himself to the American scene. He built the house with the spac-