

STORIES of New Jersey

cock and the snipe, if they did not immediately succeed in changing the laws, at least brought to the public's attention the need for such change. As an illustration of what might be accomplished by individuals, Herbert imported quail from the South and restocked a hunting area in New York where native broods had been destroyed by severe cold.

In 1857, after almost two decades of journalistic writing on outdoor life, Herbert published his masterpiece, *The Horse and Horsemanship in North America*. This two-volume treatise on the history, breeding and training of horses lifted him to the rank of a great scholar of nature. A contemporary reviewer exclaimed: "It seemed the author must have made horses the one . . . study of his life." Even today *Horse and Horsemanship* occupies a high place in equine literature.

Upon this success followed quickly Herbert's second marriage. The long years of living as a recluse in a foreign land seemed about to yield to a happy domestic life. But the melancholy had rooted itself too deeply in Herbert's soul and personality. He quarreled with his wife, she left him, and finally demanded her freedom. The emotional shock of the wreck of his short-lived marriage twisted Herbert's sadness and disillusion into sheer madness.

With the deliberation of an insane man, he invited several friends to attend a banquet at the Stevens House in New York exactly three months after his wedding day. The letters were worded so fantastically that only a former student, Philip Anthon, appeared for the grim occasion. During the course of the evening, Herbert excused himself and went into the next room. A shot rang out. Anthon ran to Herbert, who lay dead by his own hand.

Shortly before his suicide Herbert poured out for the last time all the unhappiness he had known in America. With evident self-pity he complained that "no counsellor, no friend, no country have been mine for six and twenty years, every hope broken down." Eighteen years after his death, the Newark Herbert Association carried out his wish to be buried in nearby Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. Over his grave they placed the very small, very plain headstone which he had requested, with the inscription composed by Herbert himself--"Henry William Herbert, of England, aged 51 years; Infelicissimus."

At the unveiling ceremonies old acquaintances spoke feelingly of the man whom they had come to honor. The unsuccessful novelist, exile from his homeland, warrior against the crudity of America, "Henry William Herbert, of England" lay indeed beneath the pathetically worded headstone. But Frank Forester of America, creator of beauty in the American scene, lived.

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