LIBER AMORIS OR THE NEW PYGMALION BY WILLIAM HAZLITT WITH ADDITIONAL MATTER NOW PRINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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PRIVATELY PRINTED

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NOTE

THE Publishers avail themselves of an unexpected opportunity of printing from the original MSS., by permission, the *Liber Amoris*, eleven letters from Hazlitt to P. G. Patmore upon the subject, a letter from Sarah Walker to Hazlitt, the Diary of Mrs. Hazlitt in Scotland (1822), and five letters from that lady to her son and sister-in-law written between 1824 and 1831. In the text of the *Liber Amoris* many variations from the printed one of 1823 occur; the correspondence with Patmore, as here given, constitutes the earliest attempt to exhibit it as it left the hands of the writer; since in those works, where it has been previously published or quoted, it either assumes the form of extracts, or is so out of harmony with the autograph letters themselves as to be often barely identifiable. A few letters appear elsewhere, which are not at present, and are not known ever to have been, among the Hazlitt Papers. On the other hand, one is now furnished for the first time from that source. It is to be suspected that the former printed versions were tampered with; at any rate, they are far from representing the original documents with fidelity, and the alterations and omissions are by no means always intelligible or judicious.

The volume now offered to the literary student, rather than to the general reader, has to be regarded as a repository of the

genuine material, so far as it survives, for arriving at a solution of a most extraordinary, most involved, and most painful episode in the career of one of the leading men of letters of the age immediately preceding our own. Several parallel or cognate cases have been cited; perhaps that which is best familiar is the amour of the Duke of Grafton with Nancy Parsons, and there is the additional resemblance or affinity that she, like Sarah Walker, was a tailor's daughter.

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INTRODUCTION

If the reading of the *Liber Amoris* is not exactly a disappointment, at least it gives one a different kind of pleasure from that which we very probably expected. One looked, may be, for a beautiful garden of fancy, but soon found that the appeal was not so much to one's sense of beauty, as to one's curiosity, one's sense of humour, one's pity, sometimes even one's contempt. A few fine sentences are to be met with, but singularly few, and it is in fact not as literature, but as a document, "a document in madness," that the book has its value. Even had it not been written by Hazlitt it would have possessed this value, but in relation to him it becomes doubly interesting: for, at first sight, it seems that no aberration could have been less characteristic of his morose and unsympathetic nature. De Quincey tells us that the book greatly raised Hazlitt in his opinion, for this very reason—"by shewing him to be capable of stronger and more agitating passions than" he "believed to be within the range of his nature." All the same, though erotic passion may have seemed foreign to Hazlitt, he had passions vehement enough in other directions. The vehemence of his political passions was notorious, his letter to Gifford was as fine a burst of anger as can be imagined, and he had a gift for misunderstanding his friends, of taking petty slights, which was continually hurrying him into ungovernable rage.

He seems to have been incapable, in his daily life, of taking

broad views, and he was as irritably alive to every little "insult," or semblance of it, as the most ignorant young school-girl. When he imagined such, even in the case of friends of proved loyalty, he never stopped to think, never allowed any sense of affection or gratitude to suggest that he might be mistaken, but flew at once into absurd passion, and proceeded, if possible, to pillory the offender in his next essay. Mr. P. G. Patmore, in *My Friends and Acquaintance*, gives several examples of this curious failing. You had only to accidentally pass him in the street, without having seen him, and he would at once decide that you had cut him, and go about seeking your scalp.

The persistent attacks upon him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, low and personal to a degree hardly realisable in our day, when we have seldom the excitement of a really spirited set-to among men of letters, and "knuckledusters" are forbidden, doubtless, aggravated this irritable self-consciousness. He could never forget that he was "pimpled Hazlitt," and the epithet made him skulk through the streets like a criminal, and made him especially sensitive in the presence of women, who, he felt sure, were always saying it over to themselves. It is impossible without a long quotation from Mr. Patmore, to give the reader any idea of the painful extremes of feeling to which this morbid sensitiveness subjected him.

For instance,—during the first week or fortnight after the appearance of (let us suppose) one of *Blackwood's* articles about him, if he entered a coffee-house where he was known, to get his dinner, it was impossible (he thought) that the waiters could be doing anything else all the time he was there, but pointing him out to guests as "the gentleman who was so abused last month in *Blackwood's Magazine*." If he knocked at the door of a friend, the look and reply of the servant (whatever they might be), made it evident to him that he had been reading *Blackwood's Magazine* before the family were up in the morning! If he had occasion to call at any of the publishers for whom he might be writing at the time, the case was still worse,—inasmuch as there his bread was at stake, as well as that personal civility, which he valued no less. Mr.

Colburn would be "not within," as a matter of course; for his clerks to even ascertain his pleasure on that point beforehand would be wholly superfluous: had they not all chuckled over the article at their tea the evening before? Even the instinct of the shop-boys would catch the cue from the significant looks of those above them, and refuse to take his name to Mr. Ollier. They would "believe he was gone to dinner." He could not, they thought, want to have anything to say to a person who, as it were, went about with a sheet of *Blackwood's* pinned to his coat-tail like a dish-clout!

Then at home at his lodgings, if the servant who waited upon him did not answer his bell the first time—Ah! 'twas clear—She had read *Blackwood's*, or heard talk of it at the bar of the public-house when she went for the beer! Did the landlady send up his bill a day earlier than usual, or ask for payment of it less civilly than was her custom—how could he wonder at it? It was *Blackwood's* doing. But if she gave him notice to quit (on the score, perhaps, of his inordinately late hours) he was a lost man! for would anybody take him in after having read *Blackwood's?* Even the strangers that he met in the streets seemed to look at him askance, "with jealous leer malignant," as if they knew him by intuition for a man on whom was set the double seal of public and private infamy; the doomed and denounced of *Blackwood's Magazine.*

An inherent lack of humour was probably the spring of Hazlitt's defects. Mr. Patmore says too that "an ingrained selfishness more or less influenced or modified all the other points of his nature," and certainly the general complexion of Hazlitt's life seems at least to have been that of gloomy self-absorption. However, it will be fair here to recall Barry Cornwall's more complete and certainly more generous view of his character:—

Hazlitt himself had strong passions, and a few prejudices; and his free manifestations of these were adduced as an excuse for the slander and animosity with which he was perpetually assailed. He attacked others, indeed (a few only), and of these he expressed his dislike in terms sometimes too violent perhaps, and at no time to be mistaken. Yet, when an opportunity arose to require from him an unbiassed opinion, he was always just. He did not carry poisoned arrows into civil conflict. Subject to the faults arising out of this, his warm temperament, he

possessed qualities worthy of affection and respect. He was a simple, unselfish man, void of all deception and pretence; and he had a clear, acute intellect, when not traversed by some temporary passion or confused by a strong prejudice. . . . Like many others, he was sometimes swayed by his affections. He loved the first Napoleon beyond the bounds of reason. He loved the worker better than the idler. He hated pretensions supported merely by rank or wealth or repute, or by the clamour of factions. And he felt love and hatred in an intense degree. But he was never dishonest. He never struck down the weak, nor trod on the prostrate. He was never treacherous, never tyrannical, never cruel. . . .

My first meeting with Mr. Hazlitt took place at the house of Leigh Hunt, where I met him at supper. I expected to see a severe, defiant-looking being. I met a grave man, diffident, almost awkward in manner, whose appearance did not impress me with much respect. He had a quick, restless eye, however, which opened eagerly when any good or bright observation was made; and I found at the conclusion of the evening, that when any question arose, the most sensible reply always came from him. Although the process was not too obvious, he always seemed to have reasoned with himself before he uttered a sentence.

There is no doubt that his strong passions and determined likings often interfered with his better reason. His admiration of Napoleon would not allow of any qualification.

And then Barry Cornwall refers to the frenzy which was the *raison d'être* of the following pages, a reference which will be of interest to us later on.

The following sonnet by Sheridan Knowles, printed *à propos* of Bewick's chalk drawing of Hazlitt, a reproduction of which forms the frontispiece to the present volume, is of value as the testimony of a man who knew him intimately, and was indeed, with Patmore, the sharer of his confidences in regard to that divine impossible she, Sarah Walker:—

Thus Hazlitt looked! There's life in every line!
  Soul—language—fire that colour could not give,
See! on that brow how pale-robed thought divine,
  In an embodied radiance seems to live!

Ah! in the gaze of that entrancèd eye,
  Humid, yet burning, there beams passion's flame,
  Lighting the cheek, and quivering through the frame;
While round the lips, the odour of a sigh
  Yet hovers fondly, and its shadow sits
Beneath the channel of the glowing thought
  And fire-clothed eloquence, which comes in fits
Like Pythiac inspiration!—Bewick taught
  By thee, in vain doth slander's venom'd dart
  Do its foul work 'gainst *him*. This head *must* own a heart.

Hazlitt's face in this portrait wears certainly a sensibility of expression, almost amounting to voluptuousness, such as appears but little, if at all, in his portrait by his brother. Bewick thus helps us the better to understand the *Liber Amoris*.

We have seen that Hazlitt was in other directions a man of strong passions, and the man who is passionate in one thing may be passionate in any when the spark falls. But, actually, Hazlitt had always been susceptible to women. Patmore, giving an account of his curious daily habits, tells us how, rising at one or two, he would sit over his breakfast of black tea and toast (his slavery to black tea had, doubtless, much to do with his misanthropy) "silent, motionless, and self-absorbed," till the evening, oppressed by a *vis inertiæ*, which he was incapable of resisting, unless at the prospect of absolute destitution (for he never wrote till necessity actually forced it upon him) or "moved to do so by some inducement in which *female* attraction had a chief share." Patmore also makes a mysterious reference to a walk home one evening with Hazlitt, during which, in the "broad part of Parliament Street, opposite to the Admiralty and the Horse Guards," Hazlitt was addressed by "sundry petitioners," *filles de joie* in fact, apparently acquainted with him, and whose acquaintance he did not affect to disown.

Again, in writing of the evenings spent at the Southampton

Coffee-house, Patmore, dwelling on Barry Cornwall's share in them, says:—

And, above all other themes, to P[rocte]r, and to him alone (except myself) Hazlitt could venture to relate, in all their endless details, those "affairs of the heart" in one of which his *head* was always engaged, and which happily always (with one fatal exception) evaporated in that interminable talk about them of which he was so strangely fond.

Not that Hazlitt confined his confidences on this head to P[rocte]r and myself. On the contrary, he extended them to almost every individual with whom he had occasion to speak, if he could, by hook or crook, find or make the occasion of bringing in the topic. But, in general, he did this from a sort of physical incapacity to avoid the favourite yet dreaded theme of his thoughts; and he did it with a perfect knowledge that his confidential communications were a *bore* to nine-tenths of those who listened to them, and consequently that the pleasure of the communication was anything but mutual. . . . The truth is that Hazlitt *was* a child in this matter; yet at the same time he was a metaphysician, a philosopher, and a poet; and hence the (in my mind) curious and unique interest which attached to his mingled details and dissertations on this the most favourite of all his themes of converse, at least in a *tête-à-tête;* for he rarely, if ever, brought up the subject under any other circumstances.

But long before the days of "The Southampton," Hazlitt appears to have had an experience no less violent in its excess than that "one fatal exception," which is, of course, that celebrated in the present volume. He was then, however, more of an age for such experience, being, apparently, about twenty. The affair happened up at the lakes, during a visit to Wordsworth, whose friendship, as also Southey's, and perhaps Coleridge's too, it cost him. Patmore gives the most significant account of it, and I cannot do better than quote him once more:—

I allude, he says, to a story relating to Hazlitt's alleged treatment of some petty village jilt, who, when he was on a visit to Wordsworth, had led him (Hazlitt) to believe that she was not insensible to his attractions; and then, having induced him to "commit" himself to her in

some ridiculous manner, turned round upon him, and made him the laughing-stock of the village.) There is, I believe, too much truth in the statement of his enemies, that the mingled disappointment and rage of Hazlitt on this occasion led him, during the madness of the moment (for it must have been nothing less), to acts which nothing but the supposition of insanity could account for, much less excuse. And his conduct on this occasion is understood to have been the immediate cause of that breach between him and his friends above-named (at least Wordsworth and Southey), which was never afterwards healed.*

Here we catch a glimpse of that dæmonic frenzy which later on seems, and no wonder, to have agitated even the phlegmatic nerves of Sarah Walker. Lamb makes a waggish allusion to the incident in a letter to Wordsworth during 1814, from which we gather that Hazlitt narrowly missed a ducking in the horse-pond for his eccentricities. Wordsworth had evidently been writing Lamb on the subject.

The "'scapes" of the great god Pan, who appeared among your mountains some dozen years since, and his narrow chance of being submerged by the swains, afforded me much pleasure. I can conceive the water-nymphs pulling for him. He would have been another Hylas—W. Hylas. In a mad letter which Capel Lofft wrote to *M*[*onthly*] *M*[*agazine*], Philips (now Sir Richard), I remember his noticing a metaphysical article of Pan, signed H., and adding, "I take your correspondent to be the same with Hylas." Hylas had put forth a pastoral just before. How near the unfounded conjecture of the certainly inspired Lofft (unfounded as we thought it) was to being realised! I can conceive him being "good to all that wander in that perilous flood!"

De Quincey used to hint also that Hazlitt was attached to Miss Wordsworth, the poet's sister, Dorothy, but Mr. W. C. Hazlitt thinks that very little stress must be laid on the conjecture.

The next authentic name in the legend of Hazlitt's loves is that of Miss Railton, of Liverpool. Her father was a friend of Hazlitt's father, and when William went touring as a roving

* See Appendix III., p. 364.

portrait painter through the provinces, he gave him one or two commissions. It was not William, however, but his brother John, the miniature-painter, who has preserved for us the "very dark dangerous eyes" of Miss Railton. She was about twenty-five when Hazlitt first met her—about his own age—and he seems to have been very much in love. But a match with a struggling artist did not commend itself to the parents of the lady, and so the affair came to nothing.

Another name, presented to us merely by a bantering allusion of his wife, was "Sally Shepherd." Mr. W. C. Hazlitt says that Mrs. Hazlitt would "tax him from time to time with having had a sweetness once for Sally Shepherd," who appears to have been the daughter of Dr. Shepherd of Gateacre, a great friend of his father, and the author of the *Life of Poggio Bacciolini.* Hazlitt painted Dr. Shepherd's portrait in 1803.

Still another lady seems to have swayed the ardent soul of William Hazlitt: Miss Windham, only daughter of the Hon. Charles Windham, of Norman Court, near Salisbury. She is described as having been very handsome, though pitted with smallpox, and we are told that a lady once remarking to Hazlitt —what a terrible disfigurement smallpox was, he had replied that the most beautiful woman he ever knew was so marked, and, lowering his voice, he mentioned the name of Miss Windham. Miss Windham, however, married otherwhere, and, curiously enough, when Hazlitt came to live at Winterslow, in their near neighbourhood, her husband, Mr. Baring-Wall, offered him the free use of apartments in Norman Court. In one of his essays he has a pathetic apostrophe beginning: "Ye woods, that crown the clear low brow of Norman Court," in which he speaks of "that face, pale as the primrose, with hyacinthine locks, for ever shunning and for ever haunting me. . . ."

However, Hazlitt's fate, as the gipsies say, seemed to lie about Winterslow. Sarah Stoddart, sister of Dr. Stoddart, lived

with her invalid mother in a house belonging to the family in that village. Dr. Stoddart was a friend of John Hazlitt's, and he and Miss Stoddart were also friends of the Lambs. William would thus naturally become acquainted with Sarah, though we have no record of his first introduction to her. Mary Lamb and Sarah Stoddart seem indeed to have been quite intimate friends, and through Mary's letters to Sarah we catch glimpses of the latter's love affairs, particularly of her flirtations with one "William," who is not, however, to be confounded with William Hazlitt.

We gather from a letter of hers, dated 21st September 1803, that Sarah was then engaged to another, but that she was of two minds whether or not to jilt him for this said "William."

But space forbids that we follow Miss Stoddart through all the ups and downs of her variable affections. Her vacillations continued for another three years, a Mr. White and a Mr. Dowling being added to the game, or ever the tale was told. Toward the end of 1807 Mary writes: "Farewell! Determine as wisely as you can in regard to Hazlitt; and if your determination is to have him, heaven send you many happy years together, . . . if I were sure you would not be quite starved to death, nor beaten to a mummy, I should like to see Hazlitt and you come together, if (as Charles observes) it were only for the joke sake."

The joke came off on the 1st of May 1808, at St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. The Lambs were at the marriage, and, writing to Southey seven years after, Lamb thus alludes to it: "I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh."

The only surviving fruit of their union was their son William, born on the 26th September 1811.

It was necessary thus to sketch the story of Hazlitt's heart prior to his meeting the heroine of *Liber Amoris* because of

the light it throws upon his temperament, and also upon his relations with his wife.

We have seen that Miss Stoddart did not accept him before she had flirted considerably with others, and one is bound to feel in reading Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Memoirs*, that these flirtations were not the attractions of an ardent temperament, but merely the experiments of a worldly one. She seems to have been a woman of amiable enough disposition and even exceptionally cultured —though she does not seem to have sympathised with her husband's work—but utterly matter-of-fact and devoid of poetic sensibility. She hadn't a half-pennyworth of romantic love in her. An extra thousand a year, apparently, would have moved her heart beyond the most heroic devotion; and we can but conclude that she accepted Hazlitt as a forlorn hope. Yet she was a good wife, so far as wifely duty goes, and especially a good mother. The rift between them was in the absolute lack of temperamental sympathy. So far as one can make out she was a better wife than Hazlitt was a husband; for Hazlitt must have been very difficult to live with, and though of actual inconstancy we have no hint, it was against his nature to remain long constant to one affection.

In his edition of his father's literary remains, young William Hazlitt speaks of the failure of mutual happiness between his father and mother, "owing in great measure to an imagined and most unfounded idea, on my father's part, of a want of sympathy on that of my mother."

Whosesoever the fault mostly was, the fact remains that Hazlitt and his wife were an uncomfortable pair, and before the autumn of 1819 we find them living apart.

And here we at last arrive at the print-dress divinity celebrated in the following pages.

In Letter IV. one reads of "the time I first saw the sweet apparition, August 16, 1820." The "sweet apparition" was Sarah

Walker, daughter of a Mr. Walker, tailor and lodging-house-keeper at No. 9, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, where Hazlitt had come to take up his solitary abode. The superstitious reader may notice that the name Sarah seems to have been of sinister significance to Hazlitt's fate: Sarah Shepherd, Sarah Stoddart, and now Sarah Walker. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt says that Mr. Walker had two daughters, but surely he had three, for in "The Quarrel" (p. 72), arising out of Sarah's little sister Betsey playing eavesdropper to the embraces of the fond lovers, Sarah speaks of an eldest sister, and implies her marriage to "Mr. M——." De Quincey, too, says that "her sister had married very much above her rank." Obviously he could not have been referring to little Betsey, but to the wife of "Mr. M——." Mr. W. C. Hazlitt says that Betsey Walker afterwards married a gentleman named Roscoe, whom, however, he identifies with "Mr. M——." In 1822 Hazlitt writes to his friend (Letter XII. p. 127) asking him "to call on M—— in confidence." In the original MS. of this in *Memoirs* the blank reads "to call on Roscoe in confidence," and Mr. W. C. Hazlitt remarks in a foot-note: "the gentleman who had married the sister, and was said to be very happy in his choice"—the "sister" being apparently Betsey, who, according to the *Liber Amoris*, was still a little girl! Evidently there is some confusion here, which can only be explained by Sarah having two sisters, or on the supposition that Hazlitt invented the Flibbertigibbet little sister for dramatic purposes. But that seems very improbable, and quite out of keeping with the general treatment of his confession, which is all through marked with a quite sordid adherence to fact. Besides, the petty humiliation of the child's running out of hiding, and saying "He thought I did not see him!" is too lifelike for invention. It makes one blush with pity for the poor nympholepht, reduced by his passion to such degrading familiarities.

For descriptions of Sarah Walker, probably the most absurdly idealised of all literary goddesses—which is saying much—we are not entirely dependent on Hazlitt's raptures. Barry Cornwall describes her with some care, and I cannot do better than quote the whole passage, as it gives the completest and most circumstantial account of Hazlitt's frenzy left by his contemporaries:—

His intellect was completely subdued by an insane passion. He was, for a time, unable to think or talk of anything else. He abandoned criticism and books as idle matters, and fatigued every person whom he met by expressions of her love, of her deceit, and of his own vehement disappointment. This was when he lived in Southampton Buildings, Holborn. Upon one occasion I know that he told the story of his attachment to five different persons in the same day. And at each time entered into minute details of his love-story. "I am a cursed fool," said he to me. "I saw I—— going into Wills' Coffee-house yesterday morning; he spoke to me. I followed him into the house, and whilst he lunched I told him the whole story. Then I wandered into the Regent's Park, where I met one of M——'s sons. I walked with him some time, and on his using some civil expressions, by Jove, Sir, I told him the whole story!" [Here he mentioned another instance which I forget.] "Well, Sir" (he went on), "I then went and called on Hayden, but he was out. There was only his man, Salmon, there; but by Jove! I could not help myself. It all came out; the whole cursed story. Afterwards I went to look at some lodgings at Pimlico. The landlady at one place, after some explanations as to rent, &c., said to me very kindly, "I am afraid you are not well, Sir?" "No, Ma'am," said I, "I am not well;" and on enquiring further, the devil take me if I did not let out the whole story from beginning to end." I used to see this girl, Sarah Walker, at his lodgings, and could not account for the extravagant passion of her admirer. She was the daughter of the lodging-house-keeper. Her face was round and small, and her eyes were motionless, glassy, and without any speculation (apparently) in them. Her movements in walking were very remarkable, for I never observed her to make a step. She went onwards in a sort of wavy, sinuous manner, like the movements of a snake. She was silent, or uttered monosyllables only, and was very demure. Her steady, unmoving gaze upon the person whom she was addressing was exceedingly unpleasant. The Germans

would have extracted a romance from her, enduing her perhaps with some diabolic attribute. To this girl he gave all his valuable time, all his wealth of thought, and all the loving frenzy of his heart. For a time I think that on this point he was substantially insane—certainly beyond self-control. To him she was a being full of witching, full of grace, with all the capacity of tenderness. The retiring coquetry, which had also brought others to her, invested her in his sight with the attractions of a divinity.

Making allowance for the fact that in almost every passion,

> "some hidden hand
> Reveals to him that loveliness
> Which others cannot understand,"

it seems to me from this description, written, one must not forget, in cold blood, that Sarah Walker was physically by no means unattractive. She was evidently a sensuous creature, not unskilled in the arts of the body. That sinuous movement, that gliding walk, that general suggestion of Melusine, may well have appealed to a man so predisposed to erotomania as Hazlitt, and before we dismiss Hazlitt's conception of her charms as entirely hallucination, De Quincey does well to remind us that Hazlitt's "eye had been long familiar with the beauty (real and ideal) of the painters." De Quincey also adds another touch to her portrait. Hazlitt had confessed, he said, in conversation, that one characteristic of her complexion made somewhat against her charm, "that she had a look of being somewhat jaded, as if she were unwell, or the freshness of the animal sensibilities gone by." May not this have been the passion-pallor, so much in evidence in æsthetic poetry—another mark of a strongly sexual nature.

Whatever may have been the truth about her physical charms, Hazlitt certainly attributed to her spiritual, moral, and mental qualities which she was far from possessing. For us, who have no opportunity of appreciating the glamour of her

walk, and can only judge her by her talk, she seems the very type of a servant girl. Predisposed to immorality, yet she is full of petty conventionality, of sententious propriety, very nice of her "honour," studiously sensitive of "insult," "has no secrets from her mother," and cannot be more to him than a friend, allows no "liberties," and yet has no scruples about sitting by the hour on lodgers' knees. She is lumpish, unresponsive, full of ignorant pride, and is, of course, no little pious.

Towards the end Hazlitt began to see her more in this light. He calls her "little yes and no," and even so early as Letter II., in a fit of pique, he is impious enough to exclaim: "After all, what is there in her but a pretty figure, and that you can't get a word out of her?" A momentary gleam of sane criticism. On one occasion even a gleam of humour breaks from his owlish absorption.

"I have high ideas of the married state!" says the sententious little hussey.

"Higher than of the maiden state?" asks Hazlitt slyly, irony which nearly lost him his parting kiss.

If she was a tradesman's daughter, she had as nice a sense of honour, &c. "Talk of a tradesman's daughter," cries the enamoured essayist, with a confusion of pronouns often observable in emotion of the kind—"you would ennoble any family, thou glorious girl, by true nobility of mind."

Hazlitt had met Sarah Walker, August 16, 1820. Later in the same year, or early in 1821, the idea of a formal separation between him and his wife seems first to have been mentioned, but no steps seem to have been taken till early in 1822, when we find Hazlitt in Scotland. The original MS. of the *Liber Amoris*, in the possession of Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, is dated Stamford, January 29, 1822. "I was detained at Stamford," he says in his first letter, "and found myself dull, and could

hit upon no other way of employing my time so agreeably." Hazlitt remained in Scotland, with the exception of a freakish journey Londonwards (see Letter to J. S. K.) till about July 18. Meanwhile he had lived partly at Edinburgh, partly at Renton Inn (the "Bees Inn" of the *Liber Amoris*) in Berwickshire. At Renton Inn he wrote a whole volume of his *Table Talk* (see Letter X.). Mrs. Hazlitt landed at Leith on April 21, and with her coming the arrangements for divorce seem to have been accelerated. On May 6, Hazlitt lectured at Glasgow on Milton and Shakespeare, and on May 13 on Thomson and Burns. On June 17 Mrs. Hazlitt went for a short tour in the Highlands, returning to Edinburgh on June 28. The divorce seems to have been settled on July 17, as Hazlitt sailed for London on the 18th, and Mrs. Hazlitt on the 19th of that month.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell on the details of the divorce, or of the time spent in Edinburgh pending it, as Mrs. Hazlitt's diary of the time, here reprinted in its entirety for the first time, will enable the reader to fill in for himself the background to certain allusions to Hazlitt's Edinburgh exile in the *Liber Amoris*.

It is surely one of the most curious documents in the history of "love." The whole affair is seen to have been so purely a matter of business with them. It certainly throws a light on the incompatibility of their union. Mrs. Hazlitt had, doubtless, many good qualities, but this diary reveals a coldness of temperament which, when we remember Hazlitt's subterranean volcanoes, goes far to explain their want of sympathy. A little temper would have been a hopeful sign. But, no! they are each evidently too pleased at the prospect of release for that. So they talk pictures and take tea together like old friends, and, one must add, like sensible people. The only touch of feeling is in reference to their child. Whatever love they ever had for each other centres in it.

One quaint incident of the affair, not mentioned either in Mrs. Hazlitt's diary or the *Memoirs*, is to be found in Forster's *Life of Landor*. The anecdote was related in a letter from Seymour Kirkup to John Forster. Hazlitt, on his second wedding tour, paid a visit to Landor at the Palazzo Medici, in the spring of 1825.

"As Hazlitt's present continental journey," wrote Kirkup, "was in the nature of a holiday wedding-trip with his second wife, whose small independence had enabled him to give himself that unusual enjoyment, he appears to have had no scruple in dilating to his friends on those facilities of Scottish law which had opened to him such advantages."

"He related to Landor, Brown and myself one day the history of his own divorce. He told us that he and his wife, having always some quarrel going on, determined at last, from incompatibility of temper, to get separated. So, to save Mrs. H.'s honour, and have all their proceedings legal, they went to work in this way. They took the steamboat to Leith, provided themselves each with good law advice, and continued on the most friendly terms in Edinburgh till everything was ready; when Hazlitt described himself calling in from the streets a not very respectable female confederate, and for form's sake, putting her in his bed and lying down beside her. 'Well, Sir,' said Hazlitt, turning more particularly to Landor, who had by this time thrown out signs of the most lively interest, 'down I lay, and the folding-doors opened, and in walked Mrs. H., accompanied by two gentlemen. She turned to them and said, "Gentlemen, do you know who that person is in that bed along with that woman?" "Yes, Madam," they politely replied, "'tis Mr. William Hazlitt." On which, Sir, she made a courtesy, and they went out of the room, and left me and my companion *in statu quo*. She and her witnesses then accused me of adultery, Sir, and obtained a divorce against me, which, by gad, Sir, was a benefit to both.'"

We are told that Landor listened to this story with "eager anxiety," and hailed its conclusion with "irrepressible delight." "On other points, too," adds Kirkup, "Hazlitt and his host found themselves in unaccustomed yet perfect sympathy; and so heartily did each enjoy the other's wilfulness and

caprice, that a strong personal liking characterised their brief acquaintance."

Does this odd story mean that these business-like people had or had not a sense of humour? While these legalities were trailing their slow length along, Hazlitt's soul was pouring out his fiery love for Sarah Walker in the letters which chiefly compose the following pages. The majority of them were written to Mr. P. G. Patmore, who is the "C. P." of the series. Mr. Patmore published a selection from the original versions in *My Friends and Acquaintance*, and that I am fortunately able to reprint here, so that the reader may compare the two versions for himself. He will remark that two or three of the letters in the *Liber Amoris* are out of their proper order.

The two final letters to "J. S. K——" were written to James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, who regarded Hazlitt with something like hero-worship. In a letter to Mr. Patmore not included either in *My Friends and Acquaintance* or the *Liber Amoris* (see Letter V., p. 220), and probably written between June 3 and 9, Hazlitt says, "I am going to see K——, to get him to go with me to the Highlands, and talk about *her*." A cheerful prospect for poor Knowles! However, "K——" seems to have proved himself a friend in a thousand, and to have suffered his friend's maunderings with an unexampled fortitude. The reader will find references to their Highland walks and talks on pages 141–143, pages too in which one gains grateful glimpses of the more robust Hazlitt, who wrote so finely on walking tours. With the bracing influences of Highland scenery around him, Sarah Walker was not quite without a rival, and Hazlitt seems to have been not so trying a companion after all.

This letter to "J. S. K." gives so literal a version of the conclusion of Hazlitt's passion that there is no necessity

for me to recapitulate it here. Suffice it that on his return to London, he humiliated himself before her to a still more ludicrous degree, and on her still remaining a Galatea no prayers could warm to life, gave way to frenzies of passion that very naturally alarmed the whole Walker household. This seems to have been the final flare-up of his feelings, for on his suddenly discovering that his old fellow-lodger had, as he suspected, been her lover all the time, he gives up the game as suddenly as he took it up, and we leave him talking the calmest philosophy, with an eye that is already beginning to suspect a humorous side to the whole absurd drama. "Her image," he says, "seems fast 'going into the wastes of time' like a weed that the wave bears farther and farther from me."

How, after so much illumination, he came to publish the story, how it was that his friends did not combine to dissuade him, seems hard to understand. He had already, in an essay on "Great and Little Things," published in the *New Monthly Magazine* early in 1822 (and reprinted in *Table Talk*), committed himself by a rhapsodical reference to his *Infelice* dragged in head and shoulders. Mrs. Hazlitt refers to the indiscretion in her diary for July 17. I have quoted the passage in question in Appendix I., pp. 359–361.

John Hunt's regret at the indiscretion seems to have been short-lived, for it did not prevent his publishing the still greater indiscretion of the *Liber Amoris* within a few months afterwards. Though Hunt published it, Mr. C. H. Reynell was, for £100, the purchaser of the copyright. Was it that Hazlitt had one of his periodical fits of impecuniosity on him, and could not resist this opportunity of coining his heart in guineas? However it happened, a man could hardly have done a more deliberately stupid injury to his fame. He had thus freely given his *Blackwood's* enemies an oppor-

tunity for which they had thirsted for years, and for which they would have gladly paid any price. And you may be sure they did not miss the opportunity. He was no longer to be "pimpled Hazlitt," but "the new Pygmalion!"

In the number for June, 1823, appeared a long review in their most cut-throat style, garnished with long quotations of the most outspoken passages, which lost none of their piquancy by the aid of copious capitals and italics. As this seems a more than usually interesting "cobweb of criticism," I venture to make a somewhat lengthy extract.

After some preliminary banter, the reviewer thus settles down to his scalping in real earnest:—

"To be serious:—we have long wished that some of this precious brotherhood would embody in a plain English narrative, concerning plain English transactions, the ideas of their school concerning morality, and the plain household relations of society. We now have our wish; and it is certainly not the less desirably accomplished, because the work is not a novel, but a history; not a creation of mere Cockney imagination, but a *veritable* transcript of the feelings and doings of an individual living LIBERAL. We shall make a few extracts, and leave our readers to form their opinion of this H——."

"The following fragments are extracted from the correspondence of our romantic H——, who, it will be seen, is an active gentleman of the press, and writes lustily at the rate of five pounds odd a sheet (for the *Liberal*? or the *Examiner*?) in the midst of his calamities."

The reviewer then proceeds to extract some of those passages referring to what Sarah Walker described as "liberties"—not forgetting to draw eloquent attention to the reference to "Endymion"—also the conversation between Hazlitt and her father (see pp. 149–152) which, somewhat incomprehensibly, winds him up to a perfect moral fury:—

"'Would she have me, or would she not?' HE SAID HE COULD NOT TELL.

Reader, this scene passes between H—— and *the father of the young woman he wishes to make his wife!* What delicacy! what manliness! what a veil is here rent away! what abomination is disclosed! What, after this, is a COCKNEY and A LIBERAL?"

Then in his most impressive manner:—

"Good public, since we first took pen in hand, nothing so disgusting as this has ever fallen in our way. We have gone through with it, because we conceived that not to do so would be a most serious breach of public duty in a journal which may trace five-sixths of all the vulgar abuse that has been heaped upon its character and conduct to this one single fact, that IT HAS EXPOSED AND RUINED THE COCKNEY SCHOOL. So long as examples were to be drawn from Italianised poetasterisms, and unintelligible essays, it might be that some should hesitate about adopting *all* our conclusions. We now bid them farewell: we now leave them for once and for ever in the hands of every single individual, however humble in station, however limited in knowledge and acquirement, who has elevation enough to form the least notion of what 'virtue,' 'honour' and 'manliness,' and, we may add, 'love,' mean—and penetration enough to understand a plain English story told in plain English.

This book is printed for the same JOHN HUNT who is the publisher of the *Liberal* and the *Examiner*, and the brother of Leigh Hunt, the author of *Rimini*, and the *Letters from Abroad*. The elegant, polite, chivalrous, pure, high-spirited, five-guinea-per-sheet gentleman of the press, who writes this book, and tells this story, is a fair specimen of the tribe of authors to which he belongs (at this moment they are all busy in puffing him as a new Rousseau), and he speaks in the course of his work elegantly, kindly, and familiarly, of 'CRAIGCROOK, WHERE LIVES THE FIRST OF CRITICS, AND THE KING OF MEN.' So then it seems H—— is a friend of Mr. Jeffrey's!—well, we wish Mr. H—— much joy of the acquaintance—but no—we correct ourselves—Mr. Jeffrey could not *then* have known the story of 'Sally in our Alley!' and Mr. H—— will not speedily nestle again at Craigcrook!"

"We leave 'H——' in the hands not of the 'First of Critics and the King of Men,' but of the British public; and we call down upon his head, and upon the heads of those accomplished reformers in ethics, religion and politics, who are now enjoying his *chef d'œuvre*, the scorn and loathing of everything that bears the name of MAN. Woman!—But it would be insult to go farther."

It will no doubt interest the reader to know what "these accomplished reformers in ethics, &c.," actually had to say of the *Liber Amoris*. The *Blackwoodsman* evidently refers to a review which had appeared in the *Examiner* of May 11. It is a sly and witty piece of writing, and one still smiles at the way in which the critic, while assuming with much seriousness that the author was dead, as stated in the advertisement, keeps significantly referring to "the unhappy person deceased in the Netherlands," "the gentleman who died in the Netherlands"—as with an "ahem!" in the voice. The reader, too, will notice the clever application of the Berkeleyan theory:—

"The lover, the poet, and another sort of person, we are told by Shakespeare," begins the *Examiner* reviewer,

"'Are of imagination all compact;'

and if so, singly considered, what must be the state of the case when two or more of them are united in the same person? In the common acceptation of the term, we have no evidence to prove that the St. Preux of this little book is a poet, but in its higher and more enlarged sense he is clearly so; and admitting the two former characteristics to be self-existent, and the last 'proceeding,' we have an exemplification of the imaginative trio of Shakespeare in the single author of *Liber Amoris*. We are not aware indeed of the publication of anything so indicative of the Ideal theory of Bishop Berkeley, since the publication of the *Academical Questions* of Sir William Drummond—nothing so approaching to a demonstration that mind is the great creator, and matter a fable. . . . Its essence consists in the eloquence of soul and of passion which these trite and by no means exalted events indicate. Whatever Werter may be in the original garb of Goethe, we have always thought him a somewhat spiritless personage in his English dress; but whether this be so or no, the incident of that German production is by no means of the first order. The St. Preux of Rousseau is a very different creation, and with a somewhat stronger breathing of physical ardour—*l'amour physique*, as Gil Blas calls it—the gentleman who died in the Netherlands in some degree resembles him. . . .

We regret exceedingly the death of the impassioned author, because

we are of opinion, from the close of the book, that if he had lived for some time longer he would have survived his passion. . . .

At all events, *Liber Amoris* is a novelty in the English language, and we doubt not will be received as a *rara avis* in this land of phlegm and sea-coal."

The modern reader will hardly take the *Liber Amoris* as seriously as either of these critics. It will not on the one hand seem so dangerously immoral, or on the other so finely artistic a piece of work here at the end as it did there at the beginning of the century. Perhaps that highly proper *Blackwoodsman* was not really quite so shocked as he felt it necessary to appear. More recent examples have proved that the sins of one's political adversaries are as scarlet. Far from taking so grave a view of Hazlitt's amour, we are more likely to see in the very violence of the aberration a witness to the essential innocence of his nature at the time. It seems to say that, despite those confidences with Patmore and others at "The Southampton," Hazlitt's life had actually been freer from taint than the lives of most men. Few men of his years remain capable of taking any woman so seriously, not to speak of a little servant-girl. Possibly Sarah Walker's station—a serving-maid, "out of thy star"—will seem the least forgivable part of the affair to certain natures, to whom the charm of print-stuff, save in the authorised forms of blouse or boating costume, has not been revealed. Some will perhaps be able to forgive Hazlitt all the easier on that account. Cophetua's was a true story. For Hazlitt, the reader must make sure not to forget, meant honourably by his beggar-maid. It is a pity his assurances of those honourable intentions make such ludicrous reading. Indeed, the one sin which we find in his book to-day is the sin against humour. Though, as we have said, the illusion did credit to Hazlitt's heart, it is impossible not to feel that no man of forty should be able to mistake a

woman for a goddess or an angel, and he should certainly never quote Milton or any good poet to her. It is unnatural, uncanny, in the bearded man. Naïveté is charming up to twenty, but the naïveté of middle-age is unattractive, and the *Liber Amoris* is full of that unattractive quality,—much like the naïveté we sometimes find in the poetical effusions of criminals.

To think of Hazlitt gravely lavishing his choice Elizabethan quotations on the hussey, not sparing even to lay at her feet his sacred passion for Napoleon! Was ever in the history of amorous sentiment anything more ludicrous than the tiresome nonsense about "the little image!" There is indeed, as he himself says, something in it all "discordant to honest ears."

Viewed as literature, it is impossible to agree with the reviewer in the *Examiner* that "the gentleman who died in the Netherlands" is worthy to be mentioned in the same day as Rousseau. Remembering Hazlitt's devotion to the *New Héloïse*, it seems strange that he should not have succeeded better. The reader will remember how he used to carry it in his pocket during his walking-tours, and will recall especially that passage where he tells us: "It was on the 10th of April 1798 that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." It is not inappropriate that we have thus recalled that other robuster Hazlitt, who in his other writings, so full of bracing manliness, seems so little related to the maudlin sentimentalist of the book before us. Unlikely as it seems, should any reader encounter this book who has not previously made Hazlitt's acquaintance, I must beg him in justice to a fine writer to acquire his other books at once. To those who know the Hazlitt of the glorious essays *On Going a Journey*, *My first Acquaintance with Poets*, *On the Fear of Death*, the *Liber Amoris* may be entrusted without fear. They will know where to place it, in a very subsidiary relation indeed

to the Hazlitt beloved of Mr. Stevenson and all honest men who love virile English. It is but as a literary curiosity, a document of nympholepsy, a biographical appendix, that the *Liber Amoris* has any value—unless one sees in the literal tone of its opening conversations a naïve promise of modern realism, a prophecy of Mr. George Moore.

Properly speaking, it is necessary to the understanding of Hazlitt's curious disposition. Many critics nowadays advocate doctored biography. In view of a public which is far too inclined to magnify all the warts of its great men, there is, doubtless, something to be said for such a theory. Truth of presentation, under the most favourable circumstances, is so hopeless a quest, that we might as well, perhaps, frankly regard biography as a form of fiction, founded upon fact. But, so long as we keep up the pretence of truth-telling, I cannot see how we can logically hush up any side of our great men. It is only a very childish, incomplete view of human nature that would ask it. Surely a great man hangs together like any other organism, and to ignore any one element in him is to stultify the rest. To pretend to know Hazlitt and to ignore the *Liber Amoris* is, in a less degree, as though you should write a life of Coleridge and never even whisper "opium." But, whereas Coleridge's weakness was disastrous, Hazlitt's was only silly. It did no one any harm but himself.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

NOTE.—*I desire to acknowledge the valuable assistance given to me by my dear wife in the tedious work of collating the texts and correcting the proofs of this edition of the* "Liber Amoris" *in its first form, as also those of my edition of Hallam's* "Remains." *R. Le G.*

HAZLITT FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

WHEN Hazlitt became in the autumn of 1820 an unconscious *dramatis persona* in a transaction or adventure so remarkable, not in itself, but from the intellectual operation which it exercised upon him, and the idiosyncratic view of its character which he imbibed, and sought to communicate to all around him, the relations between him and his wife had long been strained and uncomfortable; there was no connubial tie or sympathy; they were in fact living apart. Under these unhappy conditions Hazlitt was thrown still more on casual resources and external objects of contact; and the intense susceptibility of his nature, which might have found a free and exclusive vent in a congenial home—a home which he never knew after boyhood—exposed him to any temptation which presented itself, especially where, as in the case of the girl Walker, a genuine affection for him, and an appreciative estimate of his literary work, were felt or affected. The amours of celebrated personages of all ages and countries have remained among the *arcana*, into which we do not choose to penetrate, unless the sentimental or heroic element assists in leavening the grossness of the pictures, or in imparting something which lifts them above commonplace. The sole interest in the *historiette*, which centres round the *Liber Amoris*, is not the piquancy of the immoral relationship, but the peculiar atmosphere with which the ardent and fertile imagination of a real poet enveloped an ordinary and vulgar incident, and the almost incredible hallucination which kept him spellbound and impotent in the face of constant evidence of the hypocrisy of his idol and the absurdity of the illusion. The *Liber Amoris* is, then, a metaphysical study, prepared for us by the unfortunate surroundings of the

writer, and the modification of his natural proneness to sensual emotions, by what he took to be the proffered hand of love—the love of one who valued him for his own sake—the first down to that instant who had ever done so—and who was interested in his Essays, nay, desired to possess them, and who cared for Bonaparte, because he did. Do not let us be too severe in condemning Miss Walker. Do not let us too implicitly believe that she felt or thought one tithe of what Hazlitt tells us that she felt or thought. So far as the little book before us is concerned, the heroine was, we fear, a mere lay figure; all that she is made to appear to the world of spiritual, cultivated, æsthetic, sublime, was an emanation from the brain of her admirer, an *ignis fatuus*, which pursued him, and which he pursued.

It was the not very surprising, and total, inability of the object of worship in this case to sustain the double character imposed on her of a Madonna and an Aspasia, which prevented Hazlitt from gaining converts to his gospel, and eventually led to his silent relinquishment of a false and untenable position. The severance of his connection with his first wife, which had at the outset seemed to him the stepping-stone to an honourable alliance with Miss Walker, and the dawn of a new life, must be regarded as having brought the whole business to a conclusion. Miss Walker did not become the successor to the vacancy; she had been a sort of foil.

The circumstances, which led up to the appearance of the *Liber Amoris* in 1823, have to be fully and dispassionately considered, if we desire to do ample justice to Hazlitt. There was the great distance of his parents from London, the want, at a critical period of life, of a regular home, the necessity for resorting to lodging-houses of not too expensive a character, and the deficiency in confidence and address, which rendered him shy in ordinary female society, and involved him in the

double mischief of taking as his wife an excellent woman for whom he did not really care, and of coquetting with others, who, like Sarah Walker, made a pretence of caring for him. For in the case of this particular person, who happened to become, as we see her, the rather queer heroine of a rather queer book, it was not so much, let us mark, that Hazlitt loved her, as that he imagined that she loved him. His regard was a corollary to hers, and when now and again he suspected a hoax, how he hated and abused himself and her alike!

Lamb in one of the earlier letters, shortly after the commencement of their acquaintance, refers to his friend's embarrassment in the presence of two young girls, whom he happened to meet there; and Hazlitt himself in an Essay expresses his preference for the worsted stocking and the fustian petticoat, for the kind of shepherdess whom he courted, as a youth, in the Wordsworth country, according to the Hylas story. Sarah Walker was an urban divinity of somewhat similar type. Her society was free from the constraint and etiquette of the *salon*. In its freedom lay its danger and detriment. The *entrée* proved easier than the egress.

Domestic jars, the embittering and depressing sense of a marred career, political persecution, or rather the blackguardism of political adversaries, and the loss of *physique* occasioned by irregular habits, are more than sufficient to account for the morbid and bitter tone of mind, which alone made the subject-matter of the *Liber Amoris* a possibility, even as a passing distemper. How marvellously he pulled himself up again, how nobly he—we may almost say—atoned for this undoubtedly senseless escapade, the *Spirit of the Age*, the *Notes of a Journey through France and Italy*, the *Plain Speaker*, the *Life of Napoleon*, and numerous delightful contributions to periodical literature and dramatic criticism, prove more eloquently than any words.

It is an experience of all time, that an intense appreciation of the beauty of Nature, highly developed intellectual acumen, and a warm and even sensuous temperament are almost invariably found in union. That great writers and great wits should display foibles and infirmities, and proceed to the extremity of taking the world into their confidence on matters of private concern, is, no doubt, very regrettable; but their eminence has to answer for the interest or curiosity felt in their affairs; and the public would hardly enter so keenly into the question, if the individual implicated were not by his antecedents and rank in life or letters able to impart a piquancy to the circumstances and perhaps even a foil to his personal pretensions. But we grow a little weary of listening to gentlemen of the press and others, who (compassionate souls!) speak of "poor Hazlitt" as an object of their sympathy and commiseration, when not a man among them all ever achieved anything distantly approaching what he achieved, both before and after an incident which, had it happened to them, would have begun and ended at most in a newspaper paragraph. On the contrary, those who may take the trouble to study with care and without bias all the facts, will probably arrive at the conclusion, that Hazlitt was and is to be pitied, not so much for the passing phrenzy portrayed in the *Liber Amoris*, as for the disastrous fruit of a faulty education and a misdirected career.

It is apt to strike one as ludicrous, if it were not indeed something infinitely sad and despicable, where one meets with gentlemen, some formerly, nay, even now, residing in glass houses of their own, if they only knew it, who almost lachrymosely expatiate on this passage in a life without bringing into the foreground the full evidence for as well as against the defendant, so to speak, and enabling the great majority, who derive their impressions, not from the facts themselves, but from the imperfect view of them afforded by the press, to judge

with accuracy the proportion borne by the *Liber Amoris* affair to the whole broad tenor and spirit of Hazlitt's career as an advanced political champion and a literary classic.

The presentation in a faithful shape and in an accessible compass of the matter here brought together makes it possible, on the one hand, to see more clearly and thoroughly how the case stood and stands, and on the other does not go in a substantial or general sense beyond the already existing state of knowledge on the subject acquired by the texts of the *Liber*, as printed in 1823, and of the Letters to Patmore and the extracts from the Diary of the first Mrs. Hazlitt, as they appeared in the *Memoirs* nearly thirty years ago.

We have to recollect, in forming a judgment of this episode, painful and humiliating as it may be, that it is an episode only, and such an one as has occurred in the lives of many others, lacking in the passionate and wilful nature, which invested it with publicity and importance, and in the distinguished literary rank, which tended to throw it into bolder relief. If Hazlitt had been an obscure man, the matter would have excited no attention, had it been far more flagrant. If he had been a person of ordinary prudence and tact, no one would have been the wiser. Others acted similarly, but did not hand their contemporaries and posterity a ready written indictment against themselves, erring on the side of personal incrimination, partly as a voucher for sincerity and partly for the sake of dramatic effect.

The *Liber Amoris*, it is true, has to be viewed and treated as an incident to a certain extent *per se*, though of a complexion not out of harmony with certain antecedent occurrences in the same career. Yet while we so regard it, we cannot pronounce a verdict on the person primarily concerned on the evidence of the particulars, without receiving into very careful consideration the tenor and record of his whole life. Had

Hazlitt been nothing but a common voluptuary or libertine, had his normal literary work been of a licentious cast or of indifferent quality, this poor little book, as we judge it to be in itself, would have attracted no notice, nor deserved any. It was because it stood out so distinctly, even defiantly, in contrast to the rest of his books and in opposition to anything hitherto produced in this country, that it awakened censure and hostility at the time, and that it recommends itself to us to-day as an intellectual phenomenon and memorial. The aberrations of great men are interesting only, because they were great, and continue to be so, in spite of them; and there is perhaps this also to be said, that to the humbler majority it is comforting to know that distinguished people almost invariably have a drawback. Look at this case. Hazlitt, the author of *Table Talk*, a painter, a poet, a metaphysician, a critic. Yet he made love to a lodging-house girl, and wrote a silly account of it! So much for genius! But as we have just hazarded a suggestion, it was because he was what he was that he did this with comparative impunity, and that we take the trouble, after seventy years, to remember that anything of the kind ever happened.

Hazlitt oddly refers in one of the letters to Patmore to the "nice reading" which the *Liber Amoris* promised to make. Nice indeed to him, or calculated for the meridian of Southampton Buildings—or the Moon! to his real friends at the time rather sorrowful, rather lowering. Why did not Patmore dissuade from publication? Perhaps he did; but he had not £100 to place in the author's hands to indemnify him for the loss. What he did was foolish and ineffectual enough; he copied out Hazlitt's MS., which he seems to have destroyed, and in preparing his transcript for the press marked passages and expressions for omission or modification, and made such a jumble of the work pure and simple and the letters addressed

to him, and scraps of which we do not trace the source, that the biographer and editor have ever since been puzzled or misled.

We can readily believe that Hazlitt saw no harm, no impropriety, in the contents. They were nothing more than the rhapsody, which he had poured into the ear of everybody whom he met for a year or more—nothing more than this reduced into form and a sort of sequence. He turned the subject-matter of numberless conversations into cash. He possibly apprehended that, if he did not do so, some one else might. Feeble, imperfect, and distorted as it is in the only original MS. with which we are acquainted, the narrative is with us to tell us a strange and not pleasant story, yet only such another as thousands might have told, had the persons concerned been indiscreet or candid enough to furnish them.

The little drama in Southampton Buildings was a needful equipoise and antithesis to the arrangements for the divorce; each explained and justified the other; Hazlitt aimed at substituting the compatible for the incompatible—one Sarah for another Sarah, or at any rate he flattered himself that that was his aim and his hope. The fee offered for the MS. of the *Liber Amoris*, again, was an irresistible bait; for Hazlitt disliked the drudgery of authorship, and here was a ready-made article for sale.

But, after all, one point is striking. Absorbed and immersed as he was by this affair from 1820 to 1822, and powerfully as his correspondence and talk were coloured by it during that time, the spell died away when he became a free agent, and when he had committed his melodramatic adventure to the press, like a spent shell, and we observe in his later writings no trace of its influence. He outlived it seven years—outlived it, we apprehend, in the happiest sense.

The rather vociferous and persistent clamour against Hazlitt

reminds us of the somewhat parallel case of Byron. But, although the conduct of the latter was immeasurably more reprehensible, and the circumstances by far graver, the feeling about him in his private relations has long subsided, and we like to think of him, not as many of his Liliputian contemporaries thought of him, but as the author of *Childe Harold*—as one of the greatest, most illustrious, and most enduring of our modern poets. Hazlitt was a much more venial offender, and his transgression and misdemeanour were much more short-lived; and yet there are those, not worthy to have tied his shoestrings, who keep up for all time the Yahooish cry against him, and insult his ashes. Let them read the ensuing pages, if they please, and see what they can make of them, always remembering that it is hardly generous toward a man, who carried to the point of indiscretion and defiant rashness the practice of wearing his feelings and doings written on his sleeve, to estimate him too literally or too harshly, and that many of his censors, if the whole truth might be equally published about them, neither were nor are entitled to play the part of stone-casters.

In conclusion, let us bear in mind that, if Hazlitt was the greatest sinner, he was also the greatest sufferer. How many in all ages have as grievously and more grievously sinned, and suffered less in mind and in fame, because they were differently constituted, and were not Hazlitts.

The want of access to the original MSS. when our former edition appeared, partly accounts for the numerous extracts, derived from secondary sources, which we gave as illustrations of the subject; but the presentation of the entire texts of all the known letters to Patmore in their chronological order, and of the Diary of Mrs. Hazlitt, seemed to obviate the necessity of

reproducing this matter, which, so far as the Patmore correspondence goes, we gave as we found it in *My Friends and Acquaintance*, but which, on a comparison with the autographs, certainly strikes us as being at all events very confused and misguiding.

The fuller evidence in our hands sheds a very curious light on the respective characters and dispositions of the two *dramatis personæ*. The unabridged text of the Letters to Patmore, and the Diary of Mrs. Hazlitt, point to a certain extent a similar moral; but the attitude and temper of the husband and the wife must be ascribed to somewhat different motives. Both were evidently well content to find themselves on the safe and free side of the line, and viewed the whole transaction from first to last as a piece of practical business. The primary solicitude of the lady, however, was to protect her pecuniary interests, and collaterally to see as much of the country as she could into the bargain, while Hazlitt, above all, did his utmost to hasten the climax which, as he flattered himself, would bring freedom and happiness in its train, and exhibited his complaisance by being unusually civil to his first consort, and *naïf* and communicative even to a fault, as we are apt to think, though Mrs. Hazlitt clearly took no umbrage. Never was such an un-sentimental journey!

A considerable share of the present volume is occupied, as may be seen, by the Diary kept by Sarah Hazlitt in Scotland in 1822. Extracts from it were printed for the first time in the *Memoirs of Hazlitt*, 1867; but it was thought best under the circumstances to lay the whole text before the student, although there is much that, in the absence of special reasons, would scarcely justify such a course. The *Diary* in fact contains a good deal of commonplace matter; but its *raison d'être* here is that with such matter is intermingled a large amount of detail relative to the divorce and the Walker

business, set down without reserve and with absolute *naïveté*. It is a production which might have, no doubt, better remained in the background, had not this topic attracted such a remarkable degree of attention within the last few years, and had it not seemed desirable that, as the facts were already before the world and the case *publici juris*, all the direct documentary evidence extant should be collected to enable those who wished to do so to judge for themselves.

The personal character of Sarah Hazlitt is strongly and serviceably illustrated by these pages and by the letters to her sister-in-law and her son, which follow—letters certainly undeserving of the space which they fill, did they not tend to convey a favourable idea of the writer as a woman and a mother, whatever she might lack in the direction of forming an ideal wife for Hazlitt. In perusing and estimating the pertinent passages in this record, we have to bear in mind that it was written seventy years ago by a lady, whose training had not been very refined, the daughter of a lieutenant in the navy, and who was not much in the habit of mincing her expressions.

The portrait which accompanies the book is a faithful reproduction, for the first time, of the original crayon drawing by Bewick, and seemed to be particularly appropriate, inasmuch as it was taken in Scotland in 1822, and represents Hazlitt, as he may be supposed to have appeared at this precise juncture.

LIBER AMORIS

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Or

THE NEW PYGMALION.

London, Printed for John Hunt, 22, Old Bond Street,
by C. H. Reynell 45 Broad St. Golden Sq.re
1823

LIBER AMORIS

PART I.

ADVERTISEMENT

The circumstances, an outline of which is given in these pages, happened a very short time ago to a native of North Britain, who left his own country early in life, in consequence of political animosities and an ill-advised connection in marriage. It was some years after that he formed the fatal attachment which is the subject of the following narrative. The whole was transcribed very carefully with his own hand, a little before he set out for the Continent in hopes of benefiting by a change of scene, but he died soon after in the Netherlands—it is supposed, of disappointment preying on a sickly frame and morbid state of mind. It was his wish that what had been his strongest feeling while living, should be preserved in this shape when he was no more. —It has been suggested to the friend, into whose hands the manuscript was entrusted, that many things (particularly in the Conversations *in the first Part) either childish or redundant, might have been omitted; but a promise was given that not a word should be altered, and the pledge was held sacred. The names and circumstances are so far disguised, it is presumed, as to prevent any consequences resulting from the publication, farther than the amusement or sympathy of the reader.*

THE PICTURE

H. OH! is it you? I had something to shew you—I have got a picture here. Do you know any one it's like?

S. No, Sir.

H. Don't you think it like yourself?

S. No: it's much handsomer than I can pretend to be.

H. That's because you don't see yourself with the same eyes that others do. *I* don't think it handsomer, and the expression is hardly so fine as your's sometimes is.

S. Now you flatter me. Besides, the complexion is fair, and mine is dark.

H. Thine is pale and beautiful, my love, not dark! But if your colour were a little heightened, and you wore the same dress, and your hair were let down over your shoulders, as it is here, it might be taken for a picture of you. Look here, only see how like it is. The forehead is like, with that little obstinate protrusion in the middle; the eyebrows are like, and the eyes are just like yours, when you look up and say—"No—never!"

S. What then, do I always say "No—never!" when I look up?

H. I don't know about that—I never heard you say so but once: but that was once too often for my peace. It was when you told me, "you could never be mine." Ah! if you are never to be mine, I shall not long be myself. I cannot go on as I am. My faculties leave me: I think of nothing, I have no feeling about any thing but thee: thy sweet image

has taken possession of me, haunts me, and will drive me to distraction. Yet I could almost wish to go mad for thy sake: for then I might fancy that I had thy love in return, which I cannot live without!

S. Do not, I beg, talk in that manner, but tell me what this is a picture of.

H. I hardly know; but it is a very small and delicate copy (painted in oil on a gold ground) of some fine old Italian picture, Guido's or Raphael's, but I think Raphael's. Some say it is a Madona; others call it a Magdalen, and say you may distinguish the tear upon the cheek, though no tear is there. But it seems to me more like Raphael's St. Cecilia, "with looks commercing with the skies," than anything else. —See, Sarah, how beautiful it is! Ah! dear girl, these are the ideas I have cherished in my heart, and in my brain; and I never found anything to realise them on earth till I met with thee, my love! While thou didst seem sensible of my kindness, I was but too happy: but now thou hast cruelly cast me off.

S. You have no reason to say so: you are the same to me as ever.

H. That is, nothing. You are to me everything, and I am nothing to you. Is it not too true?

S. No.

H. Then kiss me, my sweetest. Oh! could you see your face now—your mouth full of suppressed sensibility, your downcast eyes, the soft blush upon that cheek, you would not say the picture is not like because it is too handsome, or because you want complexion. Thou art heavenly-fair, my love—like her from whom the picture was taken—the idol of the painter's heart, as thou art of mine! Shall I make a drawing of it, altering the dress a little, to shew you how like it is?

S. As you please.—

THE INVITATION

D

H. BUT I am afraid I tire you with this prosing description of the French character and abuse of the English? You know there is but one subject on which I should ever wish to talk, if you would let me.

S. I must say, you don't seem to have a very high opinion of this country.

H. Yes, it is the place that gave you birth.

S. Do you like the French women better than the English?

H. No: though they have finer eyes, talk better, and are better made. But they none of them look like you. I like the Italian women I have seen, much better than the French: they have darker eyes, darker hair, and the accents of their native tongue are much richer and more melodious. But I will give you a better account of them when I come back from Italy, if you would like to hear it.

S. I should much. It is for that I have sometimes had a wish for travelling abroad, to understand something of the manners and characters of different people.

H. My sweet girl! I will give you the best account I can —unless you would rather go and judge for yourself.

S. I cannot.

H. Yes, you shall go with me, and you shall go *with honour* —you know what I mean.

S. You know it is not in your power to take me so.

H. But it soon may: and if you would consent to bear me company, I would swear never to think of an Italian woman

while I am abroad, nor of an English one after I return home. Thou art to me more than thy whole sex.

S. I require no such sacrifices.

H. Is that what you thought I meant by *sacrifices* last night? But sacrifices are no sacrifices when they are repaid a thousand fold.

S. I have no way of doing it.

H. You have not the will.—

S. I must go now.

H. Stay, and hear me a little. I shall soon be where I can no more hear thy voice, far distant from her I love, to see what change of climate and bright skies will do for a sad heart. I shall perhaps see thee no more, but I shall still think of thee the same as ever—I shall say to myself, "Where is she now? —what is she doing?" But I shall hardly wish you to think of me, unless you could do so more favourably than I am afraid you will. Ah! dearest creature, I shall be "far distant from you," as you once said of another, but you will not think of me as of him, "with the sincerest affection." The smallest share of thy tenderness would make me blest; but couldst thou ever love me as thou didst him, I should feel like a God! My face would change to a different expression: my whole form would undergo alteration. I was getting well, I was growing young in the sweet proofs of your friendship: you see how I droop and wither under your displeasure! Thou art divine, my love, and canst make me either more or less than mortal. Indeed I am thy creature, thy slave—I only wish to live for your sake—I would gladly die for you—

S. That would give me no pleasure. But indeed you greatly over-rate my power.

H. Your power over me is that of sovereign grace and beauty. When I am near thee, nothing can harm me. Thou art an angel of light, shadowing me with thy softness. But

when I let go thy hand, I stagger on a precipice: out of thy sight the world is dark to me and comfortless. There is no breathing out of this house: the air of Italy will stifle me. Go with me and lighten it. I can know no pleasure away from thee—

"But I will come again, my love,
"An it were ten thousand mile!"

THE MESSAGE

S. Mrs. E—— has called for the book, Sir.

H. Oh! it is there. Let her wait a minute or two. I see this is a busy day with you. How beautiful your arms look in those short sleeves!

S. I do not like to wear them.

H. Then that is because you are merciful, and would spare frail mortals who might die with gazing.

S. I have no power to kill.

H. You have, you have—Your charms are irresistible as your will is inexorable. I wish I could see you always thus. But I would have no one else see you so. I am jealous of all eyes but my own. I should almost like you to wear a veil, and to be muffled up from head to foot; but even if you were, and not a glimpse of you could be seen, it would be to no purpose—you would only have to move, and you would be admired as the most graceful creature in the world. You smile—Well, if you were to be won by fine speeches—

S. You could supply them!

H. It is however no laughing matter with me; thy beauty kills me daily, and I shall think of nothing but thy charms, till the last word trembles on my tongue, and that will be thy name, my love—the name of my Infelice! You will live by that name, you rogue, fifty years after you are dead. Don't you thank me for that?

S. I have no such ambition, Sir. But Mrs. E—— is waiting.

H. She is not in love, like me. You look so handsome to-day, I cannot let you go. You have got a colour.

S. But you say I look best when I am pale.

H. When you are pale, I think so; but when you have a colour, I then think you still more beautiful. It is you that I admire; and whatever you are, I like best. I like you as Miss L——, I should like you still more as Mrs. ——. I once thought you were half inclined to be a prude, and I admired you as a "pensive nun, devout and pure." I now think you are more than half a coquet, and I like you for your roguery. The truth is, I am in love with you, my angel; and whatever you are, is to me the perfection of thy sex. I care not what thou art, while thou art still thyself. Smile but so, and turn my heart to what shape you please!

S. I am afraid, Sir, Mrs. E—— will think you have forgotten her.

H. I had, my charmer. But go, and make her a sweet apology, all graceful as thou art. One kiss! Ah! ought I not to think myself the happiest of men?

THE FLAGEOLET

H. WHERE have you been, my love?

S. I have been down to see my aunt, Sir.

H. And I hope she has been giving you good advice.

S. I did not go to ask her opinion about anything.

H. And yet you seem anxious and agitated. You appear pale and dejected, as if your refusal of me had touched your own breast with pity. Cruel girl! you look at this moment heavenly-soft, saint-like, or resemble some graceful marble statue, in the moon's pale ray! Sadness only heightens the elegance of your features. How can I escape from you, when every new occasion, even your cruelty and scorn, brings out some new charm. Nay, your rejection of me, by the way in which you do it, is only a new link added to my chain. Raise those downcast eyes, bend as if an angel stooped, and kiss me. . . . Ah! enchanting little trembler! if such is thy sweetness where thou dost not love, what must thy love have been? I cannot think how any man, having the heart of one, could go and leave it.

S. No one did, that I know of.

H. Yes, you told me yourself he left you (though he liked you, and though he knew—Oh! gracious God!—that you loved him) he left you because "the pride of birth would not permit a union."—For myself, I would leave a throne to ascend to the heaven of thy charms. I live but for thee, here—I only wish to live again to pass all eternity with thee. But even

in another world, I suppose you would turn from me to seek him out, who scorned you here.

S. If the proud scorn us here, in that place we shall all be equal.

H. Do not look so—do not talk so—unless you would drive me mad. I could worship you at this moment. Can I witness such perfection, and bear to think I have lost you for ever? Oh! let me hope! You see you can mould me as you like. You can lead me by the hand, like a little child; and with you my way would be like a little child's:—you could strew flowers in my path, and pour new life and hope into me. I should then indeed hail the return of spring with joy, could I indulge the faintest hope—would you but let me try to please you!

S. Nothing can alter my resolution, Sir.

H. Will you go and leave me so?

S. It is late, and my father will be getting impatient at my stopping so long.

H. You know he has nothing to fear for you—it is poor I that am alone in danger. But I wanted to ask about buying you a flageolet. Could I see that which you have? If it is a pretty one, it would hardly be worth while; but if it isn't, I thought of bespeaking an ivory one for you. Can't you bring up your own to shew me?

S. Not to-night, Sir.

H. I wish you could.

S. I cannot—but I will in the morning.

H. Whatever you determine, I must submit to. Good-night, and bless thee!

[*The next morning, S. brought up the tea-kettle as usual; and looking towards the tea-tray, she said, "Oh! I see my sister has forgot the tea-pot." It was not*

there, sure enough; and tripping down stairs, she came up in a minute, with the tea-pot in one hand, and the flageolet in the other, balanced so sweetly and gracefully. It would have been awkward to have brought up the flageolet in the tea-tray, and she could not well have gone down again on purpose to fetch it. Something therefore was to be omitted as an excuse. Exquisite witch! But do I love her the less dearly for it? I cannot.]

THE CONFESSION

E

H. YOU say you cannot love. Is there not a prior attachment in the case? Was there any one else that you *did* like?

S. Yes, there was another.

H. Ah! I thought as much. Is it long ago then?

S. It is two years, Sir.

H. And has time made no alteration? Or do you still see him sometimes?

S. No, Sir! But he is one to whom I feel the sincerest affection, and ever shall, though he is far distant.

H. And did he return your regard?

S. I had every reason to think so.

H. What then broke off your intimacy?

S. It was the pride of birth, Sir, that would not permit him to think of an union.

H. Was he a young man of rank, then?

S. His connections were high.

H. And did he never attempt to persuade you to any other step?

S. No—he had too great a regard for me.

H. Tell me, my angel, how was it? Was he so very handsome? Or was it the fineness of his manners?

S. It was more his manner: but I can't tell how it was. It was chiefly my own fault. I was foolish to suppose he could ever think seriously of me. But he used to make me read with him—and I used to be with him a good deal, though

not much neither—and I found my affections entangled before I was aware of it.

H. And did your mother and family know of it?

S. No—I have never told any one but you; nor I should not have mentioned it now, but I thought it might give you some satisfaction.

H. Why did he go at last?

S. We thought it better to part.

H. And do you correspond?

S. No, Sir. But perhaps I may see him again some time or other, though it will be only in the way of friendship.

H. My God! what a heart is thine, to live for years upon that bare hope!

S. I did not wish to live always, Sir—I wished to die for a long time after, till I thought it not right; and since then I have endeavoured to be as resigned as I can.

H. And do you think the impression will never wear out?

S. Not if I can judge from my feelings hitherto. It is now some time since,—and I find no difference.

H. May God for ever bless you! How can I thank you for your condescension in letting me know your sweet sentiments? You have changed my esteem into adoration.—Never can I harbour a thought of ill in thee again.

S. Indeed, Sir, I wish for your good opinion and your friendship.

H. And can you return them?

S. Yes.

H. And nothing more?

S. No, Sir.

H. You are an angel, and I will spend my life, if you will let me, in paying you the homage that my heart feels towards you.

THE QUARREL

H. YOU are angry with me?

S. Have I not reason?

H. I hope you have; for I would give the world to believe my suspicions unjust. But, oh! my God! after what I have thought of you and felt towards you, as little less than an angel, to have but a doubt cross my mind for an instant that you were what I dare not name—a common lodging-house decoy, a kissing convenience, that your lips were as common as the stairs—

S. Let me go, Sir!

H. Nay—prove to me that you are not so, and I will fall down and worship you. You were the only creature that ever seemed to love me; and to have my hopes, and all my fondness for you, thus turned to a mockery—it is too much! Tell me why you have deceived me, and singled me out as your victim?

S. I never have, Sir. I always said I could not love.

H. There is a difference between love and making me a laughing-stock. Yet what else could be the meaning of your little sister's running out to you, and saying, "He thought I did not see him!" when I had followed you into the other room? Is it a joke upon me that I make free with you? Or is not the joke rather against *her* sister, unless you make my courtship of you a jest to the whole house? Indeed I do not well see how you can come and stay with me as you do, by the hour together, and day after day, as openly as you do,

unless you give it some such turn with your family. Or do you deceive them as well as me?

S. I deceive no one, Sir. But my sister Betsey was always watching and listening when Mr. M—— was courting my eldest sister, till he was obliged to complain of it.

H. That I can understand, but not the other. You may remember, when your servant Maria looked in and found you sitting in my lap one day, and I was afraid she might tell your mother, you said "You did not care, for you had no secrets from your mother." This seemed to me odd at the time, but I thought no more of it, till other things brought it to my mind. Am I to suppose, then, that you are acting a part, a vile part, all this time, and that you come up here, and stay as long as I like, that you sit on my knee and put your arms round my neck, and feed me with kisses, and let me take other liberties with you, and that for a year together; and that you do all this not out of love, or liking, or regard, but go through your regular task, like some young witch, without one natural feeling, to shew your cleverness, and get a few presents out of me, and go down into the kitchen to make a fine laugh of it? There is something monstrous in it, that I cannot believe of you.

S. Sir, you have no right to harass my feelings in the manner you do. I have never made a jest of you to any one, but always felt and expressed the greatest esteem for you. You have no ground for complaint in my conduct; and I cannot help what Betsey or others do. I have always been consistent from the first. I told you my regard could amount to no more than friendship.

H. Nay, Sarah, it was more than half a year before I knew that there was an insurmountable obstacle in the way. You say your regard is merely friendship, and that you are sorry I have ever felt any thing more for you. Yet the first

time I ever asked you, you let me kiss you: the first time I ever saw you, as you went out of the room, you turned full round at the door, with that inimitable grace with which you do every thing, and fixed your eyes full upon me, as much as to say, "Is he caught?"—that very week you sat upon my knee, twined your arms round me, caressed me with every mark of tenderness consistent with modesty; and I have not got much farther since. Now if you did all this with me, a perfect stranger to you, and without any particular liking to me, must I not conclude you do so as a matter of course with every one?—Or if you do not do so with others, it was because you took a liking to me for some reason or other.

S. It was gratitude, Sir, for different obligations.

H. If you mean by obligations the presents I made you, I had given you none the first day I came. You do not consider yourself *obliged* to every one who asks you for a kiss?

S. No, Sir.

H. I should not have thought any thing of it in any one but you. But you seemed so reserved and modest, so soft, so timid, you spoke so low, you looked so innocent—I thought it impossible you could deceive me. Whatever favours you granted must proceed from pure regard. No betrothed virgin ever gave the object of her choice kisses, caresses more modest or more bewitching than those you have given me a thousand and a thousand times. Could I have thought I should ever live to believe them an inhuman mockery of one who had the sincerest regard for you? Do you think they will not now turn to rank poison in my veins, and kill me, soul and body? You say it is friendship—but if this is friendship, I'll forswear love. Ah! Sarah! it must be something more or less than friendship. If your caresses are sincere, they shew fondness—if they are not, I must be more than indifferent to you. Indeed you once let some words drop, as if I were out of the

question in such matters, and you could trifle with me with impunity. Yet you complain at other times that no one ever took such liberties with you as I have done. I remember once in particular your saying, as you went out at the door in anger—"I had an attachment before, but that person never attempted any thing of the kind." Good God! How did I dwell on that word *before*, thinking it implied an attachment to me also; but you have since disclaimed any such meaning. You say you have never professed more than esteem. Yet once, when you were sitting in your old place, on my knee, embracing and fondly embraced, and I asked you if you could not love, you made answer, "I could easily say so, whether I did or not—YOU SHOULD JUDGE BY MY ACTIONS!" And another time, when you were in the same posture, and I reproached you with indifference, you replied in these words, "DO I SEEM INDIFFERENT?" Was I to blame after this to indulge my passion for the loveliest of her sex? Or what can I think?

S. I am no prude, Sir.

H. Yet you might be taken for one. So your mother said, "It was hard if you might not indulge in a little levity." She has strange notions of levity. But levity, my dear, is quite out of character in you. Your ordinary walk is as if you were performing some religious ceremony: you come up to my table of a morning, when you merely bring in the tea-things, as if you were advancing to the altar. You move in minuet-time: you measure every step, as if you were afraid of offending in the smallest things. I never heard your approach on the stairs, but by a sort of hushed silence. When you enter the room, the Graces wait on you, and Love waves round your person in gentle undulations, breathing balm into the soul! By Heaven, you are an angel! You look like one at this instant! Do I not adore you—and have I merited this return?

S. I have repeatedly answered that question. You sit and fancy things out of your own head, and then lay them to my charge. There is not a word of truth in your suspicions.

H. Did I not overhear the conversation down-stairs last night, to which you were a party? Shall I repeat it?

S. I had rather not hear it!

H. Or what am I to think of this story of the footman?

S. It is false, Sir, I never did any thing of the sort.

H. Nay, when I told your mother I wished she wouldn't * (as I heard she did) she said "Oh, there's nothing in that, for Sarah very often * * * * * * * * * * * *" and your doing so before company is only a trifling addition to the sport.

S. I'll call my mother, Sir, and she shall contradict you.

H. Then she'll contradict herself. But did not you boast you were "very persevering in your resistance to gay young men," and had been "several times obliged to ring the bell"? Did you always ring it? Or did you get into these dilemmas that made it necessary, merely by the demureness of your looks and ways? Or had nothing else passed? Or have you two characters, one that you palm off upon me, and another, your natural one, that you resume when you get out of the room, like an actress who throws aside her artificial part behind the scenes? Did you not, when I was courting you on the staircase the first night Mr. C—— came, beg me to desist, for if the new lodger heard us, he'd take you for a light character? Was that all? Were you only afraid of being *taken* for a light character? Oh! Sarah!

S. I'll stay and hear this no longer.

H. Yes, one word more. Did you not love another?

S. Yes, and ever shall most sincerely.

H. Then, *that* is my only hope. If you could feel this sentiment for him, you cannot be what you seem to me of

late. But there is another thing I had to say—be what you will, I love you to distraction! You are the only woman that ever made me think she loved me, and that feeling was so new to me, and so delicious, that it "will never from my heart." Thou wert to me a little tender flower, blooming in the wilderness of my life; and though thou shouldst turn out a weed, I'll not fling thee from me, while I can help it. Wert thou all that I dread to think—wert thou a wretched wanderer in the street, covered with rags, disease, and infamy, I'd clasp thee to my bosom, and live and die with thee, my love. Kiss me, thou little sorceress!

S. NEVER!

H. Then go: but remember I cannot live without you—nor I will not.

THE RECONCILIATION

H. I HAVE then lost your friendship?

S. Nothing tends more to alienate friendship than insult.

H. The words I uttered hurt me more than they did you.

S. It was not words merely, but actions as well.

H. Nothing I can say or do can ever alter my fondness for you—Ah, Sarah! I am unworthy of your love: I hardly dare ask for your pity; but oh! save me—save me from your scorn: I cannot bear it—it withers me like lightning.

S. I bear no malice, Sir; but my brother, who would scorn to tell a lie for his sister, can bear witness for me that there was no truth in what you were told.

H. I believe it; or there is no truth in woman. It is enough for me to know that you do not return my regard; it would be too much for me to think that you did not deserve it. But cannot you forgive the agony of the moment?

S. I can forgive; but it is not easy to forget some things!

H. Nay, my sweet Sarah (frown if you will, I can bear your resentment for my ill behaviour, it is only your scorn and indifference that harrow up my soul)—but I was going to ask, if you had been engaged to be married to any one, and the day was fixed, and he had heard what I did, whether he could have felt any true regard for the character of his bride, his wife, if he had not been hurt and alarmed as I was?

S. I believe, actual contracts of marriage have sometimes been broken off by unjust suspicions.

H. Or had it been your old friend, what do you think he would have said in my case?

S. He would never have listened to any thing of the sort.

H. He had greater reasons for confidence than I have. But it is your repeated cruel rejection of me that drives me almost to madness. Tell me, love, is there not, besides your attachment to him, a repugnance to me?

S. No, none whatever.

H. I fear there is an original dislike, which no efforts of mine can overcome.

S. It is not *you*—it is my feelings with respect to another, which are unalterable.

H. And yet you have no hope of ever being his? And yet you accuse me of being romantic in my sentiments.

S. I have indeed long ceased to hope; but yet I sometimes hope against hope.

H. My love! were it in my power, thy hopes should be fulfilled to-morrow. Next to my own, there is nothing that could give me so much satisfaction as to see thine realised! Do I not love thee, when I can feel such an interest in thy love for another? It was that which first wedded my very soul to you. I would give worlds for a share in a heart so rich in pure affection!

S. And yet I did not tell you of the circumstance to raise myself in your opinion.

H. You are a sublime little thing! And yet, as you have no prospects there, I cannot help thinking, the best thing would be to do as I have said.

S. I would never marry a man I did not love beyond all the world.

H. I should be satisfied with less than that—with the love, or regard, or whatever you call it, you have shown me before marriage, if that has only been sincere. You would hardly like me less afterwards.

S. Endearments would, I should think, increase regard, where there was love beforehand; but that is not exactly my case.

H. But I think you would be happier than you are at present. You take pleasure in my conversation, and you say you have an esteem for me; and it is upon this, after the honey-moon, that marriage chiefly turns.

S. Do you think there is no pleasure in a single life?

H. Do you mean on account of its liberty?

S. No, but I feel that forced duty is no duty. I have high ideas of the married state!

H. Higher than of the maiden state?

S. I understand you, Sir.

H. I meant nothing; but you have sometimes spoken of any serious attachment as a tie upon you. It is not that you prefer flirting with "gay young men" to becoming a mere dull domestic wife?

S. You have no right to throw out such insinuations: for though I am but a tradesman's daughter, I have as nice a sense of honour as any one can have.

H. Talk of a tradesman's daughter! you would ennoble any family, thou glorious girl, by true nobility of mind.

S. Oh! Sir, you flatter me. I know my own inferiority to most.

H. To none; there is no one above thee, man or woman either. You are above your situation, which is not fit for you.

S. I am contented with my lot, and do my duty as cheerfully as I can.

H. Have you not told me your spirits grow worse every year?

S. Not on that account: but some disappointments are hard to bear up against.

H. If you talk about that, you'll unman me. But tell me, my love,—I have thought of it as something that might account for some circumstances; that is, as a mere possibility. But tell

me, there was not a likeness between me and your old lover that struck you at first sight? Was there?

S. No, Sir, none.

H. Well, I didn't think it likely there should.

S. But there was a likeness.

H. To whom?

S. To that little image! (*looking intently on a small bronze figure of Buonaparte on the mantel-piece.*)

H. What, do you mean to Buonaparte?

S. Yes, all but the nose was just like.

H. And was his figure the same?

S. He was taller!

[*I got up and gave her the image, and told her it was her's by every right that was sacred. She refused at first to take so valuable a curiosity, and said she would keep it for me. But I pressed it eagerly, and she took it. She immediately came and sat down, and put her arm round my neck, and kissed me, and I said "Is it not plain we are the best friends in the world, since we are always so glad to make it up?" And then I added "How odd it was that the God of my idolatry should turn out to be like her Idol, and said it was no wonder that the same face which awed the world should conquer the sweetest creature in it!" How I loved her at that moment! Is it possible that the wretch who writes this could ever have been so blest! Heavenly delicious creature! Can I live without her?—Oh! no—never—never.*

"What is this world? What asken men to have,
"Now with his love, now in the cold grave,
"Alone withouten any compagnie!"

Let me but see her again! She cannot hate the man who loves her as I do.]

LETTERS TO THE SAME

LETTERS TO THE SAME

Feb. 1822.

—YOU will scold me for this, and ask me if this is keeping my promise to mind my work. One half of it was to think of Sarah; and besides, I do not neglect my work either, I assure you. I regularly do ten pages a day, which mounts up to thirty guineas' worth a week, so that you see I should grow rich at this rate, if I could keep on so; *and I could keep on so*, if I had you with me to encourage me with your sweet smiles, and share my lot. The Berwick smacks sail twice a week, and the wind sits fair. When I think of the thousand endearing caresses that have passed between us, I do not wonder at the strong attachment that draws me to you; but I am sorry for my own want of power to please. I hear the wind sigh through the lattice, and keep repeating over and over to myself two lines of Lord Byron's Tragedy—

> "So shalt thou find me ever at thy side
> Here and hereafter, if the last may be"—

applying them to thee, my love, and thinking whether I shall ever see thee again. Perhaps not—for some years at least—till both thou and I are old—and then, when all else have forsaken thee, I will creep to thee, and die in thine arms. You once made me believe I was not hated by her I loved; and for that sensation, so delicious was it, though but a mockery and a dream, I owe you more than I can ever pay. I thought to have dried up my tears for ever, the day I left you; but as I

write this, they stream again. If they did not, I think my heart would burst. I walk out here of an afternoon, and hear the notes of the thrush, that come up from a sheltered valley below, welcome in the spring; but they do not melt my heart as they used: it is grown cold and dead. As you say, it will one day be colder.—Forgive what I have written above; I did not intend it; but you were once my little all, and I cannot bear the thought of having lost you for ever, I fear through my own fault. Has any one called? Do not send any letters that come. I should like you and your mother (if agreeable) to go and see Mr. Kean in Othello, and Miss Stephens in Love in a Village. If you will, I will write to Mr. T——, to send you tickets. Has Mr. P—— called? I think I must send to him for the picture to kiss and talk to. Kiss me, my best-beloved. Ah! if you can never be mine, still let me be your proud and happy slave. H.

TO THE SAME

March, 1822.

—YOU will be glad to learn I have done my work—a volume in less than a month. This is one reason why I am better than when I came, and another is, I have had two letters from Sarah. I am pleased I have got through this job, as I was afraid I might lose reputation by it (which I can little afford to lose)—and besides, I am more anxious to do well now, as I wish you to hear me well spoken of. I walk out of an afternoon, and hear the birds sing as I told you, and think, if I had you hanging on my arm, *and that for life*, how happy I should be—happier than I ever hoped to be, or had any conception of till I knew you. "*But that can never be*"—I hear you answer in a soft, low murmur. Well, let me dream of it sometimes—I am not happy too often, except when that favourite note, the harbinger of spring, recalling the hopes of my youth, whispers thy name and peace together in my ear. I was reading something about Mr. Macready to-day, and this put me in mind of that delicious night, when I went with your mother and you to see Romeo and Juliet. Can I forget it for a moment—your sweet modest looks, your infinite propriety of behaviour, all your sweet winning ways—your hesitating about taking my arm as we came out till your mother did—your laughing about nearly losing your cloak—your stepping into the coach without my being able to make the slightest discovery—and oh! my sitting down beside you there, you whom I had loved so long, so well, and your assuring me I had not lessened your pleasure

at the play by being with you, and giving me your dear hand to press in mine! I thought I was in heaven—that slender exquisitely turned form contained my all of heaven upon earth; and as I folded you—yes, you, my own best Sarah, to my bosom, there was, as you say, *a tie between us*—you did seem to me, for those few short moments, to be mine in all truth and honour and sacredness—Oh! that we could be always so —Do not mock me, for I am a very child in love. I ought to beg pardon for behaving so ill afterwards, but I hope the *little image* made it up between us, &c.

[*To this letter I have received no answer, not a line. The rolling years of eternity will never fill up that blank. Where shall I be? What am I? Or where have I been?*]

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF ENDYMION

I WANT a hand to guide me, an eye to cheer me, a bosom to repose on; all which I shall never have, but shall stagger into my grave, old before my time, unloved and unlovely, unless S. L. keeps her faith with me.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

—But by her dove's eyes and serpent-shape, I think she does not hate me; by her smooth forehead and her crested hair, I own I love her; by her soft looks and queen-like grace (which men might fall down and worship) I swear to live and die for her!

A PROPOSAL OF LOVE

(*Given to her in our early acquaintance*)

"Oh! if I thought it could be in a woman
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauties outward with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays:
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be confronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love—
How were I then uplifted! But, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth."

Troilus and Cressida.

LIBER AMORIS

PART II.

LETTERS TO C. P——, ESQ.

BEES INN.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

Here I am in Scotland (and shall have been here three weeks, next Monday) as I may say, *on my probation*. This is a lone inn, but on a great scale, thirty miles from Edinburgh. It is situated on a rising ground (a mark for all the winds, which blow here incessantly)—there is a woody hill opposite, with a winding valley below, and the London Road stretches out on either side. You may guess which way I oftenest walk. I have written two letters to S. L. and got one cold, prudish answer, beginning *Sir*, and ending *From yours truly*, with *Best respects from herself and relations*. I was going to give in, but have returned an answer, which I think is a touchstone. I send it you on the other side to keep as a curiosity, in case she kills me by her exquisite rejoinder. I am convinced from the profound contemplations I have had on the subject here and coming along, that I am on a wrong scent. We had a famous parting scene, a complete quarrel and then a reconciliation, in which she did beguile me of my tears, but the deuce a one did she shed. What do you think? She cajoled me out of my little Buonaparte as cleverly as possible, in manner and form following. She was shy the Saturday and Sunday (the day of my departure) so I got in dudgeon and began to rip up grievances. I asked her how she came to admit me to such extreme familiarities, the first week I entered

the house. "If she had no particular regard for me, she must do so (or more) with every one: if she had a liking to me from the first, why refuse me with scorn and wilfulness?" If you had seen how she flounced, and looked, and went to the door, saying "She was obliged to me for letting her know the opinion I had always entertained of her"—then I said, "Sarah!" and she came back and took my hand, and fixed her eyes on the mantel-piece—(she must have been invoking her idol then—if I thought so, I could devour her, the darling—but I doubt her)—So I said "There is one thing that has occurred to me sometimes as possible, to account for your conduct to me at first—there wasn't a likeness, was there, to your old friend?" She answered "No, none—but there was a likeness"—I asked, to what? She said "To that little image!" I said, "Do you mean Buonaparte?"—She said, "Yes, all but the nose."—"And the figure?"—"He was taller."—I could not stand this. So I got up and took it, and gave it her, and after some reluctance, she consented to "keep it for me." What will you bet me that it wasn't all a trick? I'll tell you why I suspect it, besides being fairly out of my wits about her. I had told her mother half an hour before, that I should take this image and leave it at Mrs. B.'s, for that I didn't wish to leave any thing behind me that must bring me back again. Then up she comes and starts a likeness to her lover: she knew I should give it her on the spot—"No, she would keep it for me!" So, I must come back for it. Whether art or nature, it is sublime. I told her I should write and tell you so, and that I parted from her, confiding, adoring!—She is beyond me, that's certain. Do go and see her, and desire her not to give my present address to a single soul, and learn if the lodging is let, and to whom. My letter to her is as follows. If she shews the least remorse at it, I'll be hanged, though it

might move a stone, I modestly think. (*See before, Part I. page* 87).

N.B. I have begun a book of our conversations (I mean mine and the statue's) which I call LIBER AMORIS. I was detained at Stamford and found myself dull, and could hit upon no other way of employing my time so agreeably.

LETTER II.

DEAR P——,

Here without loss of time, in order that I may have your opinion upon it, is little YES and NO'S answer to my last.

"SIR,

"I should not have disregarded your injunction not to send you any more letters that might come to you, had I not promised the gentleman who left the enclosed to forward it the earliest opportunity, as he said it was *of consequence*. Mr. P—— called the day after you left town. My mother and myself are much obliged by your kind offer of tickets to the play, but must decline accepting it. My family send their best respects, in which they are joined by

Your's truly,
S. L."

The deuce a bit more is there of it. If you can make any thing out of it (or anybody else) I'll be hanged. You are to understand, this comes in a frank, the second I have received from her, with a name I can't make out, and she won't tell me, though I asked her, where she got franks, as also whether the lodgings were let, to neither of which a word of answer. * * * * is the name on the frank: see if you can decypher it by a Red-book. I suspect her grievously of being an arrant jilt, to say no more—yet I love her dearly. Do you know I'm going to write to the sweet rogue presently, having a whole

evening to myself in advance of my work? Now mark, before you set about your exposition of the new Apocalypse of the New Calypso, the only thing to be endured in the above letter is the date. It was written the very day after she received mine. By this she seems willing to lose no time in receiving these letters "of such sweet breath composed." If I thought so—but I wait for your reply. After all, what is there in her but a pretty figure, and that you can't get a word out of her? Her's is the Fabian method of making love and conquests. What do you suppose she said the night before I left her?

"*H.* Could you not come and live with me as a friend?

S. I don't know: and yet it would be of no use if I did, you would always be hankering after what could never be!"

I asked her if she would do so at once—the very next day? And what do you guess was her answer—"Do you think it would be prudent?" As I didn't proceed to extremities on the spot, she began to look grave, and declare off. "Would she live with me in her own house—to be with me all day as dear friends, if nothing more, to sit and read and talk with me?" —"She would make no promises, but I should find her the same."—"Would she go to the play with me sometimes, and let it be understood that I was paying my addresses to her?" —"She could not, as a habit—her father was rather strict, and would object."—Now what am I to think of all this? Am I mad or a fool? Answer me to that, Master Brook! You are a philosopher.

LETTER III.

DEAR FRIEND,

I ought to have written to you before; but since I received your letter, I have been in a sort of purgatory, and what is worse, I see no prospect of getting out of it. I would put an end to my torments at once; but I am as great a coward as I have been a dupe. Do you know I have not had a word of answer from her since! What can be the reason? Is she offended at my letting you know she wrote to me, or is it some new affair? I wrote to her in the tenderest, most respectful manner, poured my soul at her feet, and this is the return she makes me! Can you account for it, except on the admission of my worst doubts concerning her? Oh God! can I bear after all to think of her so, or that I am scorned and made a sport of by the creature to whom I had given my whole heart?—Thus has it been with me all my life; and so will it be to the end of it!—If you should learn anything, good or bad, tell me, I conjure you: I can bear anything but this cruel suspense. If I knew she was a mere abandoned creature, I should try to forget her; but till I do know this, nothing can tear me from her, I have drank in poison from her lips too long—alas! mine do not poison again. I sit and indulge my grief by the hour together; my weakness grows upon me; and I have no hope left, unless I could lose my senses quite. Do you know I think I should like this? To forget, ah! to forget—there would be something in that—to change to an ideot for some few years, and then to wake up a poor wretched old man, to recollect my

misery as past, and die! Yet, oh! with her, only a little while ago, I had different hopes, forfeited for nothing that I know of! * * * * * * * If you can give me any consolation on the subject of my tormentor, pray do. The pain I suffer wears me out daily. I write this on the supposition that Mrs. —— may still come here, and that I may be detained some weeks longer. Direct to me at the Post-office; and if I return to town directly as I fear, I will leave word for them to forward the letter to me in London—not at my old lodgings. I will not go back there: yet how can I breathe away from her? Her hatred of me must be great, since my love of her could not overcome it! I have finished the book of my conversations with her, which I told you of: if I am not mistaken, you will think it very nice reading.

Your's ever.

Have you read Sardanapalus? How like the little Greek slave, Myrrha, is to *her!*

LETTER IV.

(*Written in the Winter.*)

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I received your letter this morning, and I kiss the rod not only with submission, but gratitude. Your reproofs of me and your defences of her are the only things that save my soul from perdition. She is my heart's idol; and believe me those words of yours applied to the dear saint—"To lip a chaste one and suppose her wanton"—were balm and rapture to me. I have *lipped her*, God knows how often, and oh! is it even possible that she is chaste, and that she has bestowed her loved "endearments" on me (her own sweet word) out of true regard? That thought, out of the lowest depths of despair, would at any time make me strike my forehead against the stars. Could I but think the love "honest," I am proof against all hazards. She by her silence makes my *dark hour;* and you by your encouragements dissipate it for twenty-four hours. Another thing has brought me to life. Mrs. —— is actually on her way here about the divorce. Should this unpleasant business (which has been so long talked of) succeed, and I should become free, do you think S. L. will agree to change her name to ——? If she *will*, she *shall;* and to call her so to you or to hear her called so by others, would be music to my ears, such as they never drank in. Do you think if she knew how I love her, my depressions and my altitudes, my wanderings and my constancy, it would not move her? She

knows it all; and if she is not an *incorrigible*, she loves me, or regards me with a feeling next to love. I don't believe that any woman was ever courted more passionately than she has been by me. As Rousseau said of Madame d'Houptot (forgive the allusion) my heart has found a tongue in speaking to her, and I have talked to her the divine language of love. Yet she says, she is insensible to it. Am I to believe her or you? You—for I wish it and wish it to madness, now that I am like to be free, and to have it in my power to say to her without a possibility of suspicion, "Sarah, will you be mine?" When I sometimes think of the time I first saw the sweet apparition, August 16, 1820, and that possibly she may be my bride before that day two years, it makes me dizzy with incredible joy and love of her. Write soon.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I read your answer this morning with gratitude. I have felt somewhat easier since. It shewed your interest in my vexations, and also that you know nothing worse than I do. I cannot describe the weakness of mind to which she has reduced me. This state of suspense is like hanging in the air by a single thread that exhausts all your strength to keep hold of it; and yet if that fails you, you have nothing in the world else left to trust to. I am come back to Edinburgh about this cursed business, and Mrs. —— is coming from Montrose next week. How it will end, I can't say; and don't care, except as it regards the other affair. I should, I confess, like to have it in my power to make her the offer direct and unequivocal, to see how she'd receive it. It would be worth something at any rate to see her superfine airs upon the occasion; and if she should take it into her head to turn round her sweet neck, drop her eye-lids, and say—"Yes, I will be yours!"—why then, "treason domestic, foreign levy, nothing could touch me further." By Heaven! I doat on her. The truth is, I never had any pleasure, like love, with any one but her. Then how can I bear to part with her? Do you know I like to think of her best in her morning-gown and mob-cap—it is so she has oftenest come into my room and enchanted me! She was once ill, pale, and had lost all her freshness. I only adored her the more for it, and fell in love with the decay of her beauty. I could devour the little witch. If she had a plague-

spot on her, I could touch the infection: if she was in a burning fever, I could kiss her, and drink death as I have drank life from her lips. When I press her hand, I enjoy perfect happiness and contentment of soul. It is not what she says or what she does—it is herself that I love. To be with her is to be at peace. I have no other wish or desire. The air about her is serene, blissful; and he who breathes it is like one of the Gods! So that I can but have her with me always, I care for nothing more. I never could tire of her sweetness; I feel that I could grow to her, body and soul. My heart, my heart is her's.

LETTER VI.

(*Written in May.*)

DEAR P———,

What have I suffered since I parted with you! A raging fire is in my heart and in my brain, that never quits me. The steamboat (which I foolishly ventured on board) seems a prison-house, a sort of spectre-ship, moving on through an infernal lake, without wind or tide, by some necromantic power—the splashing of the waves, the noise of the engine gives me no rest, night or day—no tree, no natural object varies the scene—but the abyss is before me, and all my peace lies weltering in it! I feel the eternity of punishment in this life; for I see no end of my woes. The people about me are ill, uncomfortable, wretched enough, many of them—but to-morrow or next day, they reach the place of their destination, and all will be new and delightful. To me it will be the same. I can neither escape from her, nor from myself. All is endurable where there is a limit: but I have nothing but the blackness and the fiendishness of scorn around me — mocked by her (the false one) in whom I placed my hope, and who hardens herself against me! — I believe you thought me quite gay, vain, insolent, half mad, the night I left the house — no tongue can tell the heaviness of heart I felt at that moment. No footsteps ever fell more slow, more sad than mine; for every step bore me farther from her, with whom my soul and

every thought lingered. I had parted with her in anger, and each had spoken words of high disdain, not soon to be forgiven. Should I ever behold her again? Where go to live and die far from her? In her sight there was Elysium; her smile was heaven; her voice was enchantment; the air of love waved round her, breathing balm into my heart: for a little while I had sat with the gods at their golden tables, I had tasted of all earth's bliss, "both living and loving!" But now Paradise barred its doors against me; I was driven from her presence, where rosy blushes and delicious sighs and all soft wishes dwelt, the outcast of nature and the scoff of love! I thought of the time when I was a little happy careless child, of my father's house, of my early lessons, of my brother's picture of me when a boy, of all that had since happened to me, and of the waste of years to come—I stopped, faultered, and was going to turn back once more to make a longer truce with wretchedness and patch up a hollow league with love, when the recollection of her words—"I always told you I had no affection for you"—steeled my resolution, and I determined to proceed. You see by this she always hated me, and only played with my credulity till she could find some one to supply the place of her unalterable attachment to *the little image.* * * * * * * I am a little, a very little better to-day. Would it were quietly over; and that this misshapen form (made to be mocked) were hid out of the sight of cold, sullen eyes! The people about me even take notice of my dumb despair, and pity me. What is to be done? I cannot forget *her;* and I can find no other like what *she seemed.* I should wish you to call, if you can make an excuse, and see whether or no she is quite marble—whether I may go back again at my return, and whether she will see me and talk to me sometimes as an old friend. Suppose you were to call on M—— from me, and ask him what his impression

is that I ought to do. But do as you think best. Pardon, pardon.

P.S. I send this from Scarborough, where the vessel stops for a few minutes. I scarcely know what I should have done, but for this relief to my feelings.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The important step is taken, and I am virtually a free man. * * * What had I better do in these circumstances? I dare not write to her, I dare not write to her father, or else I would. She has shot me through with poisoned arrows, and I think another "winged wound" would finish me. It is a pleasant sort of balm (as you express it) she has left in my heart! One thing I agree with you in, it will remain there for ever; but yet not very long. It festers, and consumes me. If it were not for my little boy, whose face I see struck blank at the news, looking through the world for pity and meeting with contempt instead, I should soon, I fear, settle the question by my death. That recollection is the only thought that brings my wandering reason to an anchor; that stirs the smallest interest in me; or gives me fortitude to bear up against what I am doomed to feel for the *ungrateful*. Otherwise, I am dead to everything but the sense of what I have lost. She was my life—it is gone from me, and I am grown spectral! If I find myself in a place I am acquainted with, it reminds me of her, of the way in which I thought of her,

> —— "and carved on every tree
> The soft, the fair, the inexpressive she!".

If it is a place that is new to me, it is desolate, barren of all interest; for nothing touches me but what has a reference to her. If the clock strikes, the sound jars me; a million of

hours will not bring back peace to my breast. The light startles me; the darkness terrifies me. I seem falling into a pit, without a hand to help me. She has deceived me, and the earth fails from under my feet: no object in nature is substantial, real, but false and hollow, like her faith on which I built my trust. She came (I knew not how) and sat by my side and was folded in my arms, a vision of love and joy, as if she had dropped from the Heavens to bless me by some especial dispensation of a favouring Providence, and make me amends for all; and now without any fault of mine but too much fondness, she has vanished from me, and I am left to perish. My heart is torn out of me, with every feeling for which I wished to live. The whole is like a dream, an effect of enchantment; it torments me, and it drives me mad. I lie down with it; I rise up with it; and see no chance of repose. I grasp at a shadow, I try to undo the past, and weep with rage and pity over my own weakness and misery. I spared her again and again (fool that I was) thinking what she allowed from me was love, friendship, sweetness, not wantonness. How could I doubt it, looking in her face, and hearing her words, like sighs breathed from the gentlest of all bosoms? I had hopes, I had prospects to come, the flattery of something like fame, a pleasure in writing, health even would have come back with her smile—she has blighted all, turned all to poison and childish tears. Yet the barbed arrow is in my heart—I can neither endure it, nor draw it out; for with it flows my life's blood. I had conversed too long with abstracted truth to trust myself with the immortal thoughts of love. *That S. L. might have been mine, and now never can*—these are the two sole propositions that for ever stare me in the face, and look ghastly in at my poor brain. I am in some sense proud that I can feel this dreadful passion—it gives me a kind of rank in the kingdom of love—but I could have wished

it had been for an object that at least could have understood its value and pitied its excess.) You say her not coming to the door when you went is a proof—yes, that her complement is at present full! That is the reason she doesn't want me there, lest I should discover the new affair—wretch that I am! Another has possession of her, oh Hell! I'm satisfied of it from her manner, which had a wanton insolence in it. Well might I run wild when I received no letters from her. I foresaw, I felt my fate. The gates of Paradise were at once open to me too, and I blushed to enter but with the golden keys of love! I would die; but her lover—my love of her—ought not to die. When I am dead, who will love her as I have done? If she should be in misfortune, who will comfort her? When she is old, who will look in her face, and bless her? Would there be any harm in calling upon M——, to know confidentially if he thinks it worth my while to make her an offer the instant it is in my power? Let me have an answer, and save me, if possible, *for* her and *from* myself.

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter raised me for a moment from the depths of despair; but not hearing from you yesterday or to-day (as I hoped) I have had a relapse. You say I want to get rid of her. I hope you are more right in your conjectures about her than in this about me. Oh no! believe it, I love her as I do my own soul; my very heart is wedded to her (be she what she may) and I would not hesitate a moment between her and "an angel from heaven." I grant all you say about my self-tormenting folly: but has it been without cause? Has she not refused me again and again with a mixture of scorn and resentment, after going the utmost lengths with a man for whom she now disclaims all affection; and what security can I have for her reserve with others, who will not be restrained by feelings of delicacy towards her, and whom she has probably preferred to me for their want of it? "*She can make no more confidences*"—these words ring forever in my ears, and will be my death-watch. They can have but one meaning, be sure of it—she always expressed herself with the exactest propriety. That was one of the things for which I loved her—shall I live to hate her for it? My poor fond heart, that brooded over her and the remains of her affections as my only hope of comfort upon earth, cannot brook this new degradation. Who is there so low as me? Who is there besides (I ask) after the homage I have paid her and the caresses she has lavished on me, so vile, so abhorrent to love,

to whom such an indignity could have happened? When I think of this (and I think of nothing else) it stifles me. I am pent up in burning, fruitless desires, which can find no vent or object. Am I not hated, repulsed, derided by her whom alone I love or ever did love? I cannot stay in any place, and seek in vain for relief from the sense of her contempt and her ingratitude. I can settle to nothing: what is the use of all I have done? Is it not that very circumstance (my thinking beyond my strength, my feeling more than I need about so many things) that has withered me up, and made me a thing for Love to shrink from and wonder at? Who could ever feel that peace from the touch of her dear hand that I have done; and is it not torn from me for ever? My state is this, that I shall never lie down again at night nor rise up in the morning in peace, nor ever behold my little boy's face with pleasure while I live—unless I am restored to her favour. Instead of that delicious feeling I had when she was heavenly-kind to me, and my heart softened and melted in its own tenderness and her sweetness, I am now inclosed in a dungeon of despair. The sky is marble to my thoughts; nature is dead around me, as hope is within me; no object can give me one gleam of satisfaction now, nor the prospect of it in time to come. I wander by the sea-side; and the eternal ocean and lasting despair and her face are before me. Slighted by her, on whom my heart by its last fibre hung, where shall I turn? I wake with her by my side, not as my sweet bedfellow, but as the corpse of my love, without a heart in her bosom, cold, insensible, or struggling from me; and the worm gnaws me, and the sting of unrequited love, and the canker of a hopeless, endless sorrow. I have lost the taste of my food by feverish anxiety; and my favourite beverage, which used to refresh me when I got up, has no moisture in it. Oh! cold, solitary, sepulchral breakfasts, compared with those which I

promised myself with her; or which I made when she had been standing an hour by my side, my guardian angel, my wife, my sister, my sweet friend, my Eve, my all; and had blest me with her seraph-kisses! Ah! what I suffer at present only shews what I have enjoyed. But "the girl is a good girl, if there is goodness in human nature." I thank you for those words; and I will fall down and worship you, if you can prove them true: and I would not do much less for him that proves her a demon. She is one or the other, that's certain; but I fear the worst. Do let me know if any thing has passed: suspense is my greatest punishment. I am going into the country to see if I can work a little in the three weeks I have yet to stay here. Write on the receipt of this, and believe me ever your unspeakably obliged friend.

TO EDINBURGH

——"Stony-hearted" Edinburgh! What art thou to me? The dust of thy streets mingles with my tears and blinds me. City of palaces, or of tombs—a quarry, rather than the habitation of men! Art thou like London, that populous hive, with its sunburnt, well-baked, brick-built houses—its public edifices, its theatres, its bridges, its squares, its ladies, and its pomp, its throng of wealth, its outstretched magnitude, and its mighty heart that never lies still? Thy cold grey walls reflect back the leaden melancholy of the soul. The square, hard-edged, unyielding faces of thy inhabitants have no sympathy to impart. What is it to me that I look along the level line of thy tenantless streets, and meet perhaps a lawyer like a grasshopper chirping and skipping, or the daughter of a Highland laird, haughty, fair, and freckled? Or why should I look down your boasted Prince's-Street, with the beetle-browed Castle on one side, and the Calton-Hill with its proud monument at the further end, and the ridgy steep of Salisbury-Crag, cut off abruptly by Nature's boldest hand, and Arthur's-Seat overlooking all, like a lioness watching her cubs? Or shall I turn to the far-off Pentland Hills, with Craig-Crook nestling beneath them, where lives the prince of critics and the king of men? Or cast my eye unsated over the Frith of Forth, that from my window of an evening (as I read of AMY and her love) glitters like a broad golden mirror in the sun, and kisses the winding shores of kingly Fife? Oh no! But to thee, to thee I turn, North

Berwick-Law, with thy blue cone rising out of summer seas; for thou art the beacon of my banished thoughts, and dost point my way to her, who is my heart's true home. The air is too thin for me, that has not the breath of Love in it; that is not embalmed by her sighs!

A THOUGHT

I am not mad, but my heart is so; and raves within me, fierce and untameable, like a panther in its den, and tries to get loose to its lost mate, and fawn on her hand, and bend lowly at her feet.

ANOTHER.

Oh! thou dumb heart, lonely, sad, shut up in the prison-house of this rude form, that hast never found a fellow but for an instant, and in very mockery of thy misery, speak, fine bleeding words to express thy thoughts, break thy dungeon-gloom, or die pronouncing thy Infelice's name!

ANOTHER.

Within my heart is lurking suspicion, and base fear, and shame and hate; but above all, tyrannous love sits throned, crowned with her graces, silent and in tears.

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR P——

You have been very kind to me in this business; but I fear even your indulgence for my infirmities is beginning to fail. To what a state am I reduced, and for what? For fancying a little artful vixen to be an angel and a saint, because she affected to look like one, to hide her rank thoughts and deadly purposes. Has she not murdered me under the mask of the tenderest friendship? And why? Because I have loved her with unutterable love, and sought to make her my wife. You say it is my own "outrageous conduct" that has estranged her; nay, I have been *too gentle* with her. I ask you first in candour whether the ambiguity of her behaviour with respect to me, sitting and fondling a man (circumstanced as I was) sometimes for half a day together, and then declaring she had no love for him beyond common regard, and professing never to marry, was not enough to excite my suspicions, which the different exposures from the conversations below-stairs were not calculated to allay. I ask you what you yourself would have felt or done, if loving her as I did, you had heard what I did, time after time? Did not her mother own to one of the grossest charges (which I shall not repeat)—and is such indelicacy to be reconciled with her pretended character (that character with which I fell in love, and to which I *made love*) without supposing her to be the greatest hypocrite in the world? My unpardonable offence has been that I took her at her word, and was willing to believe her the precise little puritanical

person she set up for. After exciting her wayward desires by the fondest embraces and the purest kisses, as if she had been "made my wedded wife yestreen," or was to become so to-morrow (for that was always my feeling with respect to her) —I did not proceed to gratify them, or to follow up my advantage by any action which should declare, "I think you a common adventurer, and will see whether you are so or not!" Yet any one but a credulous fool like me would have made the experiment, with whatever violence to himself, as a matter of life and death; for I had every reason to distrust appearances. Her conduct has been of a piece from the beginning. In the midst of her closest and falsest endearments, she has always (with one or two exceptions) disclaimed the natural inference to be drawn from them, and made a verbal reservation, by which she might lead me on in a Fool's Paradise, and make me the tool of her levity, her avarice, and her love of intrigue as long as she liked, and dismiss me whenever it suited her. This, you see, she has done, because my intentions grew serious, and if complied with, would deprive her of *the pleasures of a single life!* Offer marriage to this "tradesman's daughter, who has as nice a sense of honour as any one can have;" and like Lady Bellaston in *Tom Jones* she *cuts* you immediately in a fit of abhorrence and alarm. Yet she seemed to be of a different mind formerly, when struggling from me in the height of our first intimacy, she exclaimed—"However I might agree to my own ruin, I never will consent to bring disgrace upon my family!" That I should have spared the traitress after expressions like this, astonishes me when I look back upon it. Yet if it were all to do over again, I know I should act just the same part. Such is her power over me! I cannot run the least risk of offending her—I love her so. When I look in her face, I cannot doubt her truth! Wretched being that I am! I have thrown

away my heart and soul upon an unfeeling girl! and my life (that might have been so happy, had she been what I thought her) will soon follow either voluntarily, or by the force of grief, remorse, and disappointment. I cannot get rid of the reflection for an instant, nor even seek relief from its galling pressure. Ah! what a heart she has lost! All the love and affection of my whole life were centred in her, who alone, I thought, of all women had found out my true character, and knew how to value my tenderness. Alas! alas! that this, the only hope, joy, or comfort I ever had, should turn to a mockery, and hang like an ugly film over the remainder of my days!—I was at Roslin Castle yesterday. It lies low in a rude, but sheltered valley, hid from the vulgar gaze, and powerfully reminds one of the old song. The straggling fragments of the russet ruins, suspended smiling and graceful in the air as if they would linger out another century to please the curious beholder, the green larch-trees trembling between with the blue sky and white silver clouds, the wild mountain plants starting out here and there, the date of the year on an old low door-way, but still more, the beds of flowers in orderly decay, that seem to have no hand to tend them, but keep up a sort of traditional remembrance of civilization in former ages, present altogether a delightful and amiable subject for contemplation. The exquisite beauty of the scene, with the thought of what I should feel, should I ever be restored to her, and have to lead her through such places as my adored, my angel-wife, almost drove me beside myself. For this picture, this ecstatic vision, what have I of late instead as the image of the reality? Demoniacal possessions. I see the young witch seated in another's lap, twining her serpent arms round him, her eye glancing and her cheeks on fire—why does not the hideous thought choke me? Or why do I not go and find out the truth at once? The moonlight streams

over the silver waters: the bark is in the bay that might waft me to her, almost with a wish. The mountain-breeze sighs out her name: old ocean with a world of tears murmurs back my woes! Does not my heart yearn to be with her; and shall I not follow its bidding? No, I must wait till I am free; and then I will take my Freedom (a glad prize) and lay it at her feet and tell her my proud love of her that would not brook a rival in her dishonour, and that would have her all or none, and gain her or lose myself for ever!—

You see by this letter the way I am in, and I hope you will excuse it as the picture of a half-disordered mind. The least respite from my uneasiness (such as I had yesterday) only brings the contrary reflection back upon me, like a flood; and by letting me see the happiness I have lost, makes me feel, by contrast, more acutely what I am doomed to bear.

LETTER X.

DEAR FRIEND,

Here I am at St. Bees once more, amid the scenes which I greeted in their barrenness in winter; but which have now put on their full green attire that shows luxuriant to the eye, but speaks a tale of sadness to this heart widowed of its last, its dearest, its only hope! Oh! lovely Bees-Inn! here I composed a volume of law-cases, here I wrote my enamoured follies to her, thinking her human, and that "all below was not the fiend's"—here I got two cold, sullen answers from the little witch, and here I was ——— and I was damned. I thought the revisiting the old haunts would have soothed me for a time, but it only brings back the sense of what I have suffered for her and of her unkindness the more strongly, till I cannot endure the recollection. I eye the Heavens in dumb despair, or vent my sorrows in the desart air. "To the winds, to the waves, to the rocks I complain"—you may suppose with what effect! I fear I shall be obliged to return. I am tossed about (backwards and forwards) by my passion, so as to become ridiculous. I can now understand how it is that mad people never remain in the same place—they are moving on for ever, *from themselves!*

Do you know, you would have been delighted with the effect of the Northern twilight on this romantic country as I rode along last night? The hills and groves and herds of cattle were seen reposing in the grey dawn of midnight, as in a moonlight without shadow. The whole wide canopy of

Heaven shed its reflex light upon them, like a pure crystal mirror. No sharp points, no pretty details, no hard contrasts —every object was seen softened yet distinct, in its simple outline and natural tones, transparent with an inward light, breathing its own mild lustre. The landscape altogether was like an airy piece of mosaic-work, or like one of Poussin's broad massy landscapes or Titian's lovely pastoral scenes. Is it not so, that poets see nature, veiled to the sight, but revealed to the soul in visionary grace and grandeur! I confess the sight touched me; and might have removed all sadness except mine. So (I thought) the light of her celestial face once shone into my soul, and wrapt me in a heavenly trance. The sense I have of beauty raises me for a moment above myself, but depresses me the more afterwards, when I recollect how it is thrown away in vain admiration, and that it only makes me more susceptible of pain from the mortifications I meet with. Would I had never seen her! I might then not indeed have been happy, but at least I might have passed my life in peace, and have sunk into forgetfulness without a pang.—The noble scenery in this country mixes with my passion, and refines, but does not relieve it. I was at Stirling Castle not long ago. It gave me no pleasure. The declivity seemed to me abrupt, not sublime; for in truth I did not shrink back from it with terror. The weather-beaten towers were stiff and formal: the air was damp and chill: the river winded its dull, slimy way like a snake along the marshy grounds: and the dim misty tops of Ben Leddi, and the lovely Highlands (woven fantastically of thin air) mocked my embraces and tempted my longing eyes like her, the sole queen and mistress of my thoughts! I never found my contemplations on this subject so subtilised and at the same time so desponding as on that occasion. I wept myself almost blind, and I gazed at the broad golden sun-set through my tears that fell in showers. As I trod the

green mountain turf, oh! how I wished to be laid beneath it—in one grave with her—that I might sleep with her in that cold bed, my hand in hers, and my heart for ever still—while worms should taste her sweet body, that I had never tasted! There was a time when I could bear solitude; but it is too much for me at present. Now I am no sooner left to myself than I am lost in infinite space, and look round me in vain for support or comfort. She was my stay, my hope: without her hand to cling to, I stagger like an infant on the edge of a precipice. The universe without her is one wide, hollow abyss, in which my harassed thoughts can find no resting-place. I must break off here; for the *hysterica passio* comes upon me, and threatens to unhinge my reason.

LETTER XI.

MY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND,

I am afraid I trouble you with my querulous epistles, but this is probably the last. To-morrow or the next day decides my fate with respect to the divorce, when I expect to be a free man. In vain! Was it not for her and to lay my freedom at her feet, that I consented to this step which has cost me infinite perplexity, and now to be discarded for the first pretender that came in her way! If so, I hardly think I can survive it. You who have been a favourite with women, do not know what it is to be deprived of one's only hope, and to have it turned to shame and disappointment. There is nothing in the world left that can afford me one drop of comfort—*this* I feel more and more. Everything is to me a mockery of pleasure, like her love. The breeze does not cool me: the blue sky does not cheer me. I gaze only on her face averted from me—alas! the only face that ever was turned fondly to me! And why am I thus treated? Because I wanted her to be mine for ever in love or friendship, and did not push my gross familiarities as far as I might. "Why can you not go on as we have done, and say nothing about the word, *forever?*" Was it not plain from this that she even then meditated an escape from me to some less sentimental lover? "Do you allow any one else to do so?" I said to her once, as I was toying with her. "No, not now!" was her answer; that is, because there was nobody else in the house to take freedoms with her. I was very well as a stopgap, but I was to be nothing more. While the coast

was clear, I had it all my own way: but the instant C—— came, she flung herself at his head in the most bare-faced way, ran breathless upstairs before him, blushed when his foot was heard, watched for him in the passage, and was sure to be in close conference with him when he went down again. It was then my mad proceedings commenced. No wonder. Had I not reason to be jealous of every appearance of familiarity with others, knowing how easy she had been with me at first, and that she only grew shy when I did not take farther liberties? What has her character to rest upon but her attachment to me, which she now denies, not modestly, but impudently? Will you yourself say that if she had all along no particular regard for me, she will not do as much or more with other more likely men? "She has had," she says, "enough of my conversation," so it could not be that! Ah! my friend, it was not to be supposed I should ever meet even with the outward demonstrations of regard from any woman but a common trader in the endearments of love! I have tasted the sweets of the well-practised illusion, and now feel the bitterness of knowing what a bliss I am deprived of, and must ever be deprived of. Intolerable conviction! Yet I might, I believe, have won her by other methods; but some demon held my hand. How indeed could I offer her the least insult when I worshipped her very footsteps; and even now pay her divine honours from my inmost heart, whenever I think of her, abased and brutalised as I have been by that Circean cup of kisses, of enchantments, of which I have drunk! I am choked, withered, dried up with chagrin, remorse, despair, from which I have not a moment's respite, day or night. I have always some horrid dream about her, and wake wondering what is the matter that "she is no longer the same to me as ever?" I thought at least we should always remain dear friends, if nothing more—did she not talk of coming to live with me only the day before I left her in the

winter? But "she's gone, I am abused, and my revenge must be to *love* her!"—Yet she knows that one line, one word would save me, the cruel, heartless destroyer! I see nothing for it but madness, unless Friday brings a change, or unless she is willing to let me go back. You must know I wrote to her to that purpose, but it was a very quiet, sober letter, begging pardon, and professing reform for the future, and all that. What effect it will have, I know not. I was forced to get out of the way of her answer, till Friday came.

Ever your's.

TO S. L.

MY DEAR MISS L——,

Evil to them that evil think, is an old saying; and I have found it a true one. I have ruined myself by my unjust suspicions of you. Your sweet friendship was the balm of my life; and I have lost it, I fear for ever, by one fault and folly after another. What would I give to be restored to the place in your esteem, which, you assured me, I held only a few months ago! Yet I was not contented, but did all I could to torment myself and harass you by endless doubts and jealousy. Can you not forget and forgive the past, and judge of me by my conduct in future? Can you not take all my follies in the lump, and say like a good, generous girl, "Well, I'll think no more of them"? In a word, may I come back, and try to behave better? A line to say so would be an additional favour to so many already received by

Your obliged friend,

And sincere well-wisher.

LETTER XII.

TO C. P——.

I HAVE no answer from her. I'm mad. I wish you to call on M—— in confidence, to say I intend to make her an offer of my hand, and that I will write to her father to that effect the instant I am free, and ask him whether he thinks it will be to any purpose, and what he would advise me to do.

UNALTERED LOVE

"Love is not love that alteration finds :
Oh no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

SHALL I not love her for herself alone, in spite of fickleness and folly? To love her for her regard to me, is not to love her, but myself. She has robbed me of herself: shall she also rob me of my love of her? Did I not live on her smile? Is it less sweet because it is withdrawn from me? Did I not adore her every grace? Does she bend less enchantingly, because she has turned from me to another? Is my love then in the power of fortune, or of her caprice? No, I will have it lasting as it is pure; and I will make a Goddess of her, and build a temple to her in my heart, and worship her on indestructible altars, and raise statues to her: and my homage shall be unblemished as her unrivalled symmetry of form; and when that fails, the memory of it shall survive; and my bosom shall be proof to scorn, as her's has been to pity; and I will pursue her with an unrelenting love, and sue to be her slave, and tend her steps without notice and without reward; and serve her living, and mourn for her when dead. And thus my love will have shewn itself superior to her hate; and I shall triumph and then die. This is my idea of the only true and heroic love! Such is mine for her.

PERFECT LOVE

PERFECT love has this advantage in it, that it leaves the possessor of it nothing farther to desire. There is one object (at least) in which the soul finds absolute content, for which it seeks to live, or dares to die. The heart has as it were filled up the moulds of the imagination. The truth of passion keeps pace with and outvies the extravagance of mere language. There are no words so fine, no flattery so soft, that there is not a sentiment beyond them, that it is impossible to express, at the bottom of the heart where true love is. What idle sounds the common phrases, *adorable creature*, *angel*, *divinity*, are! What a proud reflection it is to have a feeling answering to all these, rooted in the breast, unalterable, unutterable, to which all other feelings are light and vain! Perfect love reposes on the object of its choice, like the halcyon on the wave; and the air of heaven is around it.

FROM C. P., ESQ.

LONDON, *July 4th*, 1822.

I HAVE seen M——! Now, my dear H——, let me entreat and adjure you to take what I have to tell you, *for what it is worth*—neither for less, nor more. In the first place, I have learned nothing decisive from him. This, as you will at once see, is, as far as it goes, good. I am either to hear from him, or see him again in a day or two; but I thought you would like to know what passed inconclusive as it was—so I write without delay, and in great haste to save a post. I found him frank, and even friendly in his manner to me, and in his views respecting you. I think that he is sincerely sorry for your situation; and he feels that the person who has placed you in that situation is not much less awkwardly situated herself; and he professes that he would willingly do what he can for the good of both. But he sees great difficulties attending the affair—which he frankly professes to consider as an altogether unfortunate one. With respect to the marriage, he seems to see the most formidable objections to it, on both sides; but yet he by no means decidedly says that it cannot, or that it ought not to take place. These, mind you, are his own feelings on the subject: but the most important point I learn from him is this, that he is not prepared to use his influence either way—that the rest of the family are of the same way of feeling; and that, in fact, the thing must and does entirely rest with herself. To learn this was, as you see, gaining a great point.—When I then endeavoured to ascertain whether

he knew anything decisive as to what are her views on the subject, I found that he did not. He has an opinion on the subject, and he didn't scruple to tell me what it was; but he has no positive knowledge. In short, he believes, from what he learns from herself (and he had purposely seen her on the subject, in consequence of my application to him) that she is at present indisposed to the marriage; but he is not prepared to say positively that she will not consent to it. Now all this, coming from him in the most frank and unaffected manner, and without any appearance of cant, caution, or reserve, I take to be most important as it respects your views, whatever they may be; and certainly much more favourable to them (I confess it) than I was prepared to expect, supposing them to remain as they were. In fact, as I said before, the affair rests entirely with herself. They are none of them disposed either to further the marriage, or throw any insurmountable obstacles in the way of it; and what is more important than all, they are evidently by no means *certain* that SHE may not, at some future period, consent to it; or they would, for her sake as well as their own, let you know as much flatly, and put an end to the affair at once.

Seeing in how frank and straitforward a manner he received what I had to say to him, and replied to it, I proceeded to ask him what were *his* views, and what were likely to be *her's* (in case she did not consent) as to whether you should return to live in the house;—but I added, without waiting for his answer, that if she intended to persist in treating you as she had done for some time past, it would be worse than madness for you to think of returning. I added that, in case you did return, all you would expect from her would be that she would treat you with civility and kindness—that she would continue to evince that friendly feeling towards you, that she had done for a great length of time, &c. To this, he said, he could

really give no decisive reply, but that he should be most happy if, by any intervention of his, he could conduce to your comfort; but he seemed to think that for you to return on any express understanding that she should behave to you in any particular manner, would be to place her in a most awkward situation. He went somewhat at length into this point, and talked very reasonably about it; the result however was that he would not throw any obstacles in the way of your return, or of her treating you as a friend, &c. nor did it appear that he believed she would refuse to do so. And, finally, we parted on the understanding that he would see them on the subject, and ascertain what could be done for the comfort of all parties: though he was of opinion that if you could make up your mind to break off the acquaintance altogether, it would be the best plan of all. I am to hear from him again in a day or two.—Well, what do you say to all this? Can you turn it to anything but good—comparative good? If you would know what *I* say to it, it is this:—She is still to be won by wise and prudent conduct on your part;—she was always to have been won by such;—and if she is lost, it has been (not, as you sometimes suppose, because you have not carried that unwise, may I not say *unworthy?* conduct still farther, but) because you gave way to it at all. Of course I use the terms "wise" and "prudent" with reference to your object. Whether the pursuit of that object is wise, only yourself can judge. I say she has all along been to be won, and she still is to be won; and all that stands in the way of your views at this moment is your past conduct. They are all of them, every soul, frightened at you; they have *seen* enough of you to make them so; and they have doubtless heard ten times more than they have seen, or than any one else has seen. They are all of them, including M—— (and particularly she herself) frightened out of their wits, as to what

might be your treatment of her if she were your's; and they dare not trust you—they will not trust you, at present. I do not say that they will trust you or rather that *she* will, for it all depends on her, when you have gone through a probation, but I am sure that she will not trust you till you have. You will, I hope, not be angry with me when I say that she would be a fool if she did. If she were to accept you at present, and without knowing more of you, even *I* should begin to suspect that she had an unworthy motive for doing it. Let me not forget to mention what is perhaps as important a point as any, as it regards the marriage. I of course stated to M—— that when you are free, you are prepared to make her a formal offer of your hand; but I begged him, if he was certain that such an offer would be refused, to tell me so plainly at once, that I might endeavour, in that case, to dissuade you from subjecting yourself to the pain of such a refusal. *He would not tell me that he was certain.* He said his opinion was that she would not accept your offer, but still he seemed to think that there would be no harm in making it!—One word more, and a very important one. He once, and without my referring in the slightest manner to that part of the subject, spoke of her as a *good girl*, and *likely to make any man an excellent wife!* Do you think if she were a bad girl (and if she were, he must know her to be so) he would have dared to do this, under these circumstances?—And once, in speaking of *his* not being a fit person to set his face against "marrying for love," he added "I did so myself, and out of that house; and I have had reason to rejoice at it ever since." And mind (for I anticipate your cursed suspicions) I'm certain, at least, if manner can entitle one to be certain of any thing, that he said all this spontaneously, and without any understood motive; and I'm certain, too, that he knows you to be a person it would not do to play any tricks of this kind with.

I believe—(and all this would never have entered my thoughts, but that I know it will enter your's) I believe that even if they thought (as you have sometimes supposed they do) that she needs whitewashing, or making an honest woman of, *you* would be the last person they would think of using for such a purpose, for they know (as well as I do) that you couldn't fail to find out the trick in a month, and would turn her into the street the next moment, though she were twenty times your wife—and that, as to the consequences of doing so, you would laugh at them, even if you couldn't escape from them. I shall lose the post if I say more.

Believe me, Ever truly your friend,

C. P.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR P——,

You have saved my life. If I do not keep friends with her now, I deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. She is an angel from Heaven, and you cannot pretend I ever said a word to the contrary! The little rogue must have liked me from the first, or she never could have stood all these hurricanes without slipping her cable. What could she find in me? "I have mistook my person all this while," &c. Do you know I saw a picture, the very pattern of her, the other day, at Dalkeith Palace (Hope finding Fortune in the Sea) just before this blessed news came, and the resemblance drove me almost out of my senses. Such delicacy, such fulness, such perfect softness, such buoyancy, such grace! If it is not the very image of her, I am no judge.—You have the face to doubt my making the best husband in the world: you might as well doubt it if I was married to one of the Houris of Paradise. She is a saint, an angel, a love. If she deceives me again, she kills me. But I will have such a kiss when I get back, as shall last me twenty years. May God bless her, for not utterly disowning and destroying me! What an exquisite little creature it is, and how she holds out to the last in her system of consistent contradictions! Since I wrote to you about making a formal proposal, I have had her face constantly before me, looking so like some faultless marble statue, as cold, as fixed and graceful as ever statue did; the expression (nothing was ever like *that!*) seemed to say—"I wish I could love you better than I do, but

still I will be your's." No, I'll never believe again that she will not be mine; for I think she was made on purpose for me. If there's any one else that understands that turn of her head as I do, I'll give her up without scruple. I have made up my mind to this, never to dream of another woman, while she even thinks it worth her while to *refuse to have me.* You see I am not hard to please, after all. Did M—— know of the intimacy that had subsisted between us? Or did you hint at it? I think it would be a *clencher*, if he did. How ought I to behave when I go back? Advise a fool, who had nearly lost a Goddess by his folly. The thing was, I could not think it possible she should ever like *me.* Her taste is singular, but not the worse for that. I'd rather have her love, or liking (call it what you will) than empires. I deserve to call her mine; for nothing else *can* atone for what I've gone through for her. I hope your next letter will not reverse all, and then I shall be happy till I see her—one of the blest when I do see her, if she looks like my own beautiful love. I may perhaps write a line when I come to my right wits.—Farewel at present, and thank you a thousand times for what you have done for your poor friend.

P.S. I like what M—— said about her sister, much. There are good people in the world: I begin to see it, and believe it.

LETTER THE LAST

DEAR P——,

To-morrow is the decisive day that makes me or mars me. I will let you know the result by a line added to this. Yet what signifies it, since either way I have little hope there, "whence alone my hope cometh!" You must know I am strangely in the dumps at this present writing. My reception with her is doubtful, and my fate is then certain. The hearing of your happiness has, I own, made me thoughtful. It is just what I proposed to her to do—to have crossed the Alps with me, to sail on sunny seas, to bask in Italian skies, to have visited Vevai and the rocks of Meillerie, and to have repeated to her on the spot the story of Julia and St. Preux, and to have shewn her all that my heart had stored up for her—but on my forehead alone is written—REJECTED! Yet I too could have adored as fervently, and loved as tenderly as others, had I been permitted. You are going abroad, you say, happy in making happy. Where shall I be? In the grave, I hope, or else in her arms. To me, alas! there is no sweetness out of her sight, and that sweetness has turned to bitterness, I fear; that gentleness to sullen scorn! Still I hope for the best. If she will but *have* me, I'll make her *love* me: and I think her not giving a positive answer looks like it, and also shews that there is no one else. Her holding out to the last also, I think, proves that she was never to have been gained but with honour. She's a strange, almost an inscrutable girl: but if I once win her consent, I shall kill her with kindness.—Will you

let me have a sight of *somebody* before you go? I should be most proud. I was in hopes to have got away by the Steam-boat to-morrow, but owing to the business not coming on till then, I cannot; and may not be in town for another week, unless I come by the Mail, which I am strongly tempted to do. In the latter case I shall be *there*, and visible on Saturday evening. Will you look in and see, about eight o'clock? I wish much to see you and her and J. H. and my little boy once more; and then, if she is not what she once was to me, I care not if I die that instant. I will conclude here till to-morrow, as I am getting into my old melancholy.—

It is all over, and I am my own man, and your's ever—

LIBER AMORIS

PART III.

ADDRESSED TO J. S. K——.

MY DEAR K——,

It is all over, and I know my fate. I told you I would send you word, if any thing decisive happened; but an impenetrable mystery hung over the affair till lately. It is at last (by the merest accident in the world) dissipated; and I keep my promise, both for your satisfaction, and for the ease of my own mind.

You remember the morning when I said "I will go and repose my sorrows at the foot of Ben Lomond"—and when from Dumbarton-bridge its giant-shadow, clad in air and sunshine, appeared in view. We had a pleasant day's walk. We passed Smollet's monument on the road (somehow these poets touch one in reflection more than most military heroes)—talked of old times; you repeated Logan's beautiful verses to the cuckoo,[1] which I wanted to compare with Wordsworth's, but my courage failed me; you then told me some passages of an early attachment which was suddenly broken off; we considered

[1] "Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year."

So they begin. It was the month of May; the cuckoo sang shrouded in some woody copse; the showers fell between whiles; my friend repeated the lines with native enthusiasm in a clear manly voice, still resonant of youth and hope. Mr. Wordsworth will excuse me, if in these circumstances I declined entering the field with his profounder metaphysical strain, and kept my preference to myself.

together which was the most to be pitied, a disappointment in love where the attachment was mutual or one where there has been no return, and we both agreed, I think, that the former was best to be endured, and that to have the consciousness of it a companion for life was the least evil of the two, as there was a secret sweetness that took off the bitterness and the sting of regret, and "the memory of what once had been" atoned, in some measure, and at intervals, for what "never more could be." In the other case, there was nothing to look back to with tender satisfaction, no redeeming trait, not even a possibility of turning it to good. It left behind it not cherished sighs, but stifled pangs. The galling sense of it did not bring moisture into the eyes, but dried up the heart ever after. One had been my fate, the other had been yours!—

You startled me every now and then from my reverie by the robust voice, in which you asked the country people (by no means prodigal of their answers)—"If there was any trout-fishing in those streams?"—and our dinner at Luss set us up for the rest of our day's march. The sky now became overcast; but this, I think, added to the effect of the scene. The road to Tarbet is superb. It is on the very verge of the lake—hard level, rocky, with low stone bridges constantly flung across it, and fringed with birch trees, just then budding into spring, behind which, as through a slight veil, you saw the huge shadowy form of Ben Lomond. It lifts its enormous but graceful bulk direct from the edge of the water without any projecting lowlands, and has in this respect much the advantage of Skiddaw. Loch Lomond comes upon you by degrees as you advance, unfolding and then withdrawing its conscious beauties like an accomplished coquet. You are struck with the point of a rock, the arch of a bridge, the Highland huts (like the first rude habitations of men) dug out of the soil, built of turf, and covered with brown heather, a sheep-cote,

some straggling cattle feeding half-way down a precipice; but as you advance farther on, the view expands into the perfection of lake scenery. It is nothing (or your eye is caught by nothing) but water, earth, and sky. Ben Lomond waves to the right, in its simple majesty, cloud-capt or bare, and descending to a point at the head of the lake, shows the Trossacs beyond, tumbling about their blue ridges like woods waving; to the left is the Cobler, whose top is like a castle shattered in pieces and nodding to its ruin; and at your side rise the shapes of round pastoral hills, green, fleeced with herds, and retiring into mountainous bays and upland valleys, where solitude and peace might make their lasting home, if peace were to be found in solitude! That it was not always so, I was a sufficient proof; for there was one image that alone haunted me in the midst of all this sublimity and beauty, and turned it to a mockery and a dream!

The snow on the mountain would not let us ascend; and being weary of waiting and of being visited by the guide every two hours to let us know that the weather would not do, we returned, you homewards, and I to London—

"Italiam, Italiam!"

You know the anxious expectations with which I set out:—now hear the result.—

As the vessel sailed up the Thames, the air thickened with the consciousness of being near her, and I "heaved her name pantingly forth." As I approached the house, I could not help thinking of the lines—

"How near am I to happiness,
That earth exceeds not! Not another like it.
The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.

What a delicious breath true love sends forth !
The violet-beds not sweeter. Now for a welcome
Able to draw men's envies upon man :
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip,
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long !"

I saw her, but I saw at the first glance that there was something amiss. It was with much difficulty and after several pressing intreaties that she was prevailed on to come up into the room; and when she did, she stood at the door, cold, distant, averse; and when at length she was persuaded by my repeated remonstrances to come and take my hand, and I offered to touch her lips, she turned her head and shrunk from my embraces, as if quite alienated or mortally offended. I asked what it could mean? What had I done in her absence to have incurred her displeasure? Why had she not written to me? I could get only short, sullen, disconnected answers, as if there was something labouring in her mind which she either could not or would not impart. I hardly knew how to bear this first reception after so long an absence, and so different from the one my sentiments towards her merited; but I thought it possible it might be prudery (as I had returned without having actually accomplished what I went about) or that she had taken offence at something in my letters. She saw how much I was hurt. I asked her, "If she was altered since I went away?"—"No." "If there was any one else who had been so fortunate as to gain her favourable opinion?" —"No, there was no one else." "What was it then? Was it anything in my letters? Or had I displeased her by letting Mr. P—— know she wrote to me?"—"No, not at all; but she did not apprehend my last letter required any answer, or she would have replied to it." All this appeared to me very unsatisfactory and evasive; but I could get no more from her,

and was obliged to let her go with a heavy, foreboding heart. I however found that C—— was gone, and no one else had been there, of whom I had cause to be jealous.—"Should I see her on the morrow?"—"She believed so, but she could not promise." The next morning she did not appear with the breakfast as usual. At this I grew somewhat uneasy. The little Buonaparte, however, was placed in its old position on the mantel-piece, which I considered as a sort of recognition of old times. I saw her once or twice casually; nothing particular happened till the next day, which was Sunday. I took occasion to go into the parlour for the newspaper, which she gave me with a gracious smile, and seemed tolerably frank and cordial. This of course acted as a spell upon me. I walked out with my little boy, intending to go and dine out at one or two places, but I found that I still contrived to bend my steps towards her, and I went back to take tea at home. While we were out, I talked to William about Sarah, saying that she too was unhappy, and asking him to make it up with her. He said, if she was unhappy, he would not bear her malice any more. When she came up with the tea-things, I said to her, "William has something to say to you—I believe he wants to be friends." On which he said in his abrupt, hearty manner, "Sarah, I'm sorry if I've ever said anything to vex you"—so they shook hands, and she said, smiling affably—"*Then* I'll think no more of it!" I added—"I see you've brought me back my little Buonaparte"—She answered with tremulous softness—"I told you I'd keep it safe for you!"—as if her pride and pleasure in doing so had been equal, and she had, as it were, thought of nothing during my absence but how to greet me with this proof of her fidelity on my return. I cannot describe her manner. Her words are few and simple; but you can have no idea of the exquisite, unstudied, irresistible graces with which she accompanies them,

unless you can suppose a Greek statue to smile, move, and speak. Those lines in Tibullus seem to have been written on purpose for her—

> Quicquid agit, quoquo vestigià vertit,
> Componuit furtim, subsequiturque decor.

Or what do you think of those in a modern play, which might actually have been composed with an eye to this little trifler—

> —— "See with what a waving air she goes
> Along the corridor. How like a fawn!
> Yet statelier. No sound (however soft)
> Nor gentlest echo telleth when she treads,
> But every motion of her shape doth seem
> Hallowed by silence. So did Hebe grow
> Among the Gods a paragon! Away, I'm grown
> The very fool of Love!"

The truth is, I never saw anything like her, nor I never shall again. How then do I console myself for the loss of her? Shall I tell you, but you will not mention it again? I am foolish enough to believe that she and I, in spite of everything, shall be sitting together over a sea-coal fire, a comfortable good old couple, twenty years hence! But to my narrative.—

I was delighted with the alteration in her manner, and said, referring to the bust—"You know it is not mine, but your's; I gave it you; nay, I have given you all—my heart, and whatever I possess, is your's!" She seemed good-humouredly to decline this *carte blanche* offer, and waved, like a thing of enchantment, out of the room. False calm!—Deceitful smiles! —Short interval of peace, followed by lasting woe! I sought an interview with her that same evening. I could not get her to come any further than the door. "She was busy—she could hear what I had to say there." "Why do you

seem to avoid me as you do? Not one five minutes' conversation, for the sake of old acquaintance? Well, then, for the sake of *the little image!*" The appeal seemed to have lost its efficacy; the charm was broken; she remained immoveable. "Well, then, I must come to you, if you will not run away." I went and sat down in a chair near the door, and took her hand, and talked to her for three quarters of an hour; and she listened patiently, thoughtfully, and seemed a good deal affected by what I said. I told her how much I had felt, how much I had suffered for her in my absence, and how much I had been hurt by her sudden silence, for which I knew not how to account. I could have done nothing to offend her while I was away; and my letters were, I hoped, tender and respectful. I had had but one thought ever present with me; her image never quitted my side, alone or in company, to delight or distract me. Without her I could have no peace, nor ever should again, unless she would behave to me as she had done formerly. There was no abatement of my regard to her; why was she so changed? I said to her, "Ah! Sarah, when I think that it is only a year ago that you were everything to me I could wish, and that now you seem lost to me for ever, the month of May (the name of which ought to be a signal for joy and hope) strikes chill to my heart.—How different is this meeting from that delicious parting, when you seemed never weary of repeating the proofs of your regard and tenderness, and it was with difficulty we tore ourselves asunder at last! I am ten thousand times fonder of you than I was then, and ten thousand times more unhappy." "You have no reason to be so; my feelings towards you are the same as they ever were." I told her "She was my all of hope or comfort: my passion for her grew stronger every time I saw her." She answered, "She was sorry for it; for *that* she never could return." I

said something about looking ill: she said in her pretty, mincing, emphatic way, "I despise looks!" So, thought I, it is not that; and she says there's no one else: it must be some strange air she gives herself, in consequence of the approaching change in my circumstances. She has been probably advised not to give up till all is fairly over, and then she will be my own sweet girl again. All this time she was standing just outside the door, my hand in hers (would that they could have grown together!) she was dressed in a loose morning-gown, her hair curled beautifully; she stood with her profile to me, and looked down the whole time. No expression was ever more soft or perfect. Her whole attitude, her whole form, was dignity and bewitching grace. I said to her, "You look like a queen, my love, adorned with your own graces!" I grew idolatrous, and would have kneeled to her. She made a movement, as if she was displeased. I tried to draw her towards me. She wouldn't. I then got up, and offered to kiss her at parting. I found she obstinately refused. This stung me to the quick. It was the first time in her life she had ever done so. There must be some new bar between us to produce these continued denials; and she had not even esteem enough left to tell me so. I followed her half-way down-stairs, but to no purpose, and returned into my room, confirmed in my most dreadful surmises. I could bear it no longer. I gave way to all the fury of disappointed hope and jealous passion. I was made the dupe of trick and cunning, killed with cold, sullen scorn; and, after all the agony I had suffered, could obtain no explanation why I was subjected to it. I was still to be tantalized, tortured, made the cruel sport of one, for whom I would have sacrificed all. I tore the locket which contained her hair (and which I used to wear continually in my bosom, as the precious token of her dear regard) from my neck, and trampled

it in pieces. I then dashed the little Buonaparte on the ground, and stamped upon it, as one of her instruments of mockery. I could not stay in the room; I could not leave it; my rage, my despair were uncontroulable. I shrieked curses on her name, and on her false love; and the scream I uttered (so pitiful and so piercing was it, that the sound of it terrified me) instantly brought the whole house, father, mother, lodgers and all, into the room. They thought I was destroying her and myself. I had gone into the bed-room, merely to hide away from myself, and as I came out of it, raging-mad with the new sense of present shame and lasting misery, Mrs. F—— said, "She's in there! He has got her in there!" thinking the cries had proceeded from her, and that I had been offering her violence. "Oh! no," I said, "she's in no danger from me; I am not the person;" and tried to burst from this scene of degradation. The mother endeavoured to stop me, and said, "For God's sake, don't go out, Mr.——! for God's sake, don't!" Her father, who was not, I believe, in the secret, and was therefore justly scandalised at such outrageous conduct, said angrily, "Let him go! Why should he stay?" I however sprang down stairs, and as they called out to me, "What is it?—What has she done to you?" I answered, "She has murdered me!—She has destroyed me for ever!—She has doomed my soul to perdition!" I rushed out of the house, thinking to quit it forever; but I was no sooner in the street, than the desolation and the darkness became greater, more intolerable; and the eddying violence of my passion drove me back to the source, from whence it sprung. This unexpected explosion, with the conjectures to which it would give rise, could not be very agreeable to the *precieuse* or her family: and when I went back, the father was waiting at the door, as if anticipating this sudden turn of my feelings, with no friendly aspect. I said, "I have to beg pardon, Sir; but

my mad fit is over, and I wish to say a few words to you in private." He seemed to hesitate, but some uneasy forebodings on his own account, probably, prevailed over his resentment; or, perhaps (as philosophers have a desire to know the cause of thunder) it was a natural curiosity to know what circumstances of provocation had given rise to such an extraordinary scene of confusion. When we reached my room, I requested him to be seated. I said, "It is true, Sir, I have lost my peace of mind forever, but at present I am quite calm and collected, and I wish to explain to you why I have behaved in so extravagant a way, and to ask for your advice and intercession." He appeared satisfied, and I went on. I had no chance either of exculpating myself, or of probing the question to the bottom, but by stating the naked truth, and therefore I said at once, "Sarah told me, Sir (and I never shall forget the way in which she told me, fixing her dove's eyes upon me, and looking a thousand tender reproaches for the loss of that good opinion, which she held dearer than all the world) she told me, Sir, that as you one day passed the door, which stood a-jar, you saw her in an attitude which a good deal startled you; I mean sitting in my lap, with her arms round my neck, and mine twined round her in the fondest manner. What I wished to ask was, whether this was actually the case, or whether it was a mere invention of her own, to enhance the sense of my obligations to her; for I begin to doubt everything?"—"Indeed, it was so; and very much surprised and hurt I was to see it." "Well, then, Sir, I can only say, that as you saw her sitting then, so she had been sitting for the last year and a half, almost every day of her life, by the hour together; and you may judge yourself, knowing what a nice modest-looking girl she is, whether, after having been admitted to such intimacy with so sweet a creature, and for so long a time, it is not enough to make anyone frantic to be received by her as I

have been since my return, without any provocation given or cause assigned for it." The old man answered very seriously, and, as I think, sincerely, "What you now tell me, Sir, mortifies and shocks me, as much as it can do yourself. I had no idea such a thing was possible. I was much pained at what I saw; but I thought it an accident, and that it would never happen again."—"It was a constant habit; it has happened a hundred times since, and a thousand before. I lived on her caresses as my daily food, nor can I live without them." So I told him the whole story, "what conjurations, and what mighty magic I won his daughter with," to be anything but *mine for life*. Nothing could well exceed his astonishment and apparent mortification. "What I had said," he owned, "had left a weight upon his mind that he should not easily get rid of." I told him, "For myself, I never could recover the blow I had received. I thought, however, for her own sake, she ought to alter her present behaviour. Her marked neglect and dislike, so far from justifying, left her former intimacies without excuse; for nothing could reconcile them to propriety, or even a pretence to common decency, but either love, or friendship so strong and pure that it could put on the guise of love. She was certainly a singular girl. Did she think it right and becoming to be free with strangers, and strange to old friends?" I frankly declared, "I did not see how it was in human nature for any one who was not rendered callous to such familiarities by bestowing them indiscriminately on every one, to grant the extreme and continued indulgences she had done to me, without either liking the man at first, or coming to like him in the end, in spite of herself. When my addresses had nothing, and could have nothing honourable in them, she gave them every encouragement; when I wished to make them honourable, she treated them with the utmost contempt. The terms we had been all

along on were such as if she had been to be my bride next day. It was only when I wished her actually to become so, to ensure her own character and my happiness, that she shrunk back with precipitation and panic-fear. There seemed to me something wrong in all this; a want both of common propriety, and I might say, of natural feeling; yet, with all her faults, I loved her, and ever should, beyond any other human being. I had drank in the poison of her sweetness too long ever to be cured of it; and though I might find it to be poison in the end, it was still in my veins. My only ambition was to be permitted to live with her, and to die in her arms. Be she what she would, treat me how she would, I felt that my soul was wedded to hers; and were she a mere lost creature, I would try to snatch her from perdition, and marry her to-morrow if she would have me. That was the question—Would she have me, or would she not?" He said he could not tell; but should not attempt to put any constraint upon her inclinations, one way or other. I acquiesced, and added, that "I had brought all this upon myself, by acting contrary to the suggestions of my friend, Mr. ——, who had desired me to take no notice whether she came near me or kept away, whether she smiled or frowned, was kind or contemptuous—all you have to do, is to wait patiently for a month till you are your own man, as you will be in all probability; then make her an offer of your hand, and if she refuses, there's an end of the matter." Mr. L. said, "Well, Sir, and I don't think you can follow a better advice!" I took this as a sort of negative encouragement, and so we parted.

TO THE SAME

(*In continuation.*)

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The next day I felt almost as sailors must do after a violent storm overnight, that has subsided towards daybreak. The morning was a dull and stupid calm, and I found she was unwell in consequence of what had happened. In the evening I grew more uneasy, and determined on going into the country for a week or two. I gathered up the fragments of the locket of her hair, and the little bronze statue, which were strewed about the floor, kissed them, folded them up in a sheet of paper, and sent them to her, with these lines written in pencil on the outside—"*Pieces of a broken heart, to be kept in remembrance of the unhappy. Farewell.*" No notice was taken; nor did I expect any. The following morning I requested Betsey to pack up my box for me, as I should go out of town the next day, and at the same time wrote a note to her sister to say, I should take it as a favour if she would please to accept of the enclosed copies of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Man of Feeling*, and *Nature and Art*, in lieu of three volumes of my own writings, which I had given her on different occasions, in the course of our acquaintance. I was piqued, in fact, that she should have these to shew as proofs of my weakness, and as if I thought the way to win her was by plaguing her with my own performances. She sent me word back that the books I had sent were of no use to her, and that I should have those I wished for in the afternoon; but that she could

not before, as she had lent them to her sister, Mrs. M——. I said, "Very well;" but observed (laughing) to Betsey, "It's a bad rule to give and take; so, if Sarah won't have these books, you must; they are very pretty ones, I assure you." She curtsied and took them, according to the family custom. In the afternoon, when I came back to tea, I found the little girl on her knees, busy in packing up my things, and a large paper-parcel on the table, which I could not at first tell what to make of. On opening it, however, I soon found what it was. It contained a number of volumes which I had given her at different times (among others, a little Prayer-Book, bound in crimson velvet, with green silk linings; she kissed it twenty times when she received it, and said it was the prettiest present in the world, and that she would shew it to her aunt, who would be proud of it)—and all these she had returned together. Her name in the title-page was cut out of them all. I doubted at the instant whether she had done this before or after I had sent for them back, and I have doubted of it since; but there is no occasion to suppose her *ugly all over with hypocrisy*. Poor little thing! She has enough to answer for, as it is. I asked Betsey if she could carry a message for me, and she said "*Yes.*" "Will you tell your sister, then, that I did not want all these books; and give my love to her, and say that I shall be obliged if she will still keep these that I have sent back, and tell her that it is only those of my own writing that I think unworthy of her." What do you think the little imp made answer? She raised herself on the other side of the table where she stood, as if inspired by the genius of the place, and said—"AND THOSE ARE THE ONES THAT SHE PRIZES THE MOST!" If there were ever words spoken that could revive the dead, those were the words. Let me kiss them, and forget that my ears have heard aught else! I said, "Are you sure of that?" and she said, "Yes, quite sure." I

told her, "If I could be, I should be very different from what I was." And I became so that instant, for these casual words carried assurance to my heart of her esteem—that once implied, I had proofs enough of her fondness. Oh! how I felt at that moment! Restored to love, hope, and joy, by a breath which I had caught by the merest accident, and which I might have pined in absence and mute despair for want of hearing! I did not know how to contain myself; I was childish, wanton, drunk with pleasure. I gave Betsey a twenty-shilling note which I happened to have in my hand, and on her asking "What's this for, Sir?" I said, "It's for you. Don't you think it worth that to be made happy? You once made me very wretched by some words I heard you drop, and now you have made me as happy; and all I wish you is, when you grow up, that you may find some one to love you as well as I do your sister, and that you may love better than she does me!" I continued in this state of delirium or dotage all that day and the next, talked incessantly, laughed at everything, and was so extravagant, nobody could tell what was the matter with me. I murmured her name; I blest her; I folded her to my heart in delicious fondness; I called her by my own name; I worshipped her; I was mad for her. I told P—— I should laugh in her face, if ever she pretended not to like me again. Her mother came in and said, she hoped I should excuse Sarah's coming up. "Oh! Ma'am," I said, "I have no wish to see her; I feel her at my heart; she does not hate me after all, and I wish for nothing. Let her come when she will, she is to me welcomer than light, than life; but let it be in her own sweet time, and at her own dear pleasure." Betsey also told me she was "so glad to get the books back." I, however, sobered and wavered (by degrees) from seeing nothing of her, day after day; and in less than a week I was devoted to the Infernal Gods. I could hold out no longer than the Monday evening

following. I sent a message to her; she sent an ambiguous answer; but she came up. Pity me, my friend, for the shame of this recital. Pity me for the pain of having ever had to make it! If the spirits of mortal creatures, purified by faith and hope, can (according to the highest assurances) ever, during thousands of years of smooth-rolling eternity and balmy, sainted repose, forget the pain, the toil, the anguish, the helplessness, and the despair they have suffered here, in this frail being, then may I forget that withering hour, and her, that fair, pale form that entered, my inhuman betrayer, and my only earthly love! She said, "Did you wish to speak to me, Sir?" I said, "Yes, may I not speak to you? I wanted to see you and be friends." I rose up, offered her an arm-chair which stood facing, bowed on it, and knelt to her adoring. She said (going) "If that's all, I have nothing to say." I replied, "Why do you treat me thus? What have I done to become thus hateful to you?" *Answer*, "I always told you I had no affection for you." You may suppose this was a blow, after the imaginary honeymoon in which I had passed the preceding week. I was stunned by it; my heart sank within me. I contrived to say, "Nay, my dear girl, not always neither; for did you not once (if I might presume to look back to those happy, happy times) when you were sitting on my knee as usual, embracing and embraced, and I asked if you could not love me at last, did you not make answer, in the softest tones that ever man heard, '*I could easily say so, whether I did or not: you should judge by my actions!*' Was I to blame in taking you at your word, when every hope I had depended on your sincerity? And did you not say since I came back, '*Your feelings to me were the same as ever?*' Why then is your behaviour so different?" *S.* "Is it nothing your exposing me to the whole house in the way you did the other evening?" *H.* "Nay, that was the consequence of your cruel reception of me, not the cause of it. I had better have

gone away last year, as I proposed to do, unless you would give some pledge of your fidelity; but it was your own offer that I should remain. 'Why should I go?' you said. 'Why could we not go on the same as we had done, and say nothing about the word *forever?*'" *S.* "And how did you behave when you returned?" *H.* "That was all forgiven when we last parted, and your last words were, 'I should find you the same as ever' when I came back? Did you not that very day enchant and madden me over again by the purest kisses and embraces, and did I not go from you (as I said) adoring, confiding, with every assurance of mutual esteem and friendship?" *S.* "Yes, and in your absence I found that you had told my aunt what had passed between us." *H.* "It was to induce her to extort your real sentiments from you, that you might no longer make a secret of your true regard for me, which your actions (but not your words) confessed." *S.* "I own I have been guilty of improprieties, which you have gone and repeated, not only in the house, but out of it; so that it has come to my ears from various quarters, as if I was a light character. And I am determined in future to be guided by the advice of my relations, and particularly of my aunt, whom I consider as my best friend, and keep every lodger at a proper distance." You will find hereafter that her favourite lodger, whom she visits daily, had left the house; so that she might easily make and keep this vow of extraordinary self-denial. Precious little dissembler! Yet her aunt, her best friend, says, "No, Sir, no; Sarah's no hypocrite!" which I was fool enough to believe; and yet my great and unpardonable offence is to have entertained passing doubts on this delicate point. I said, Whatever errors I had committed, arose from my anxiety to have everything explained to her honour; my conduct shewed that I had that at heart, and that I built on the purity of her character as on a rock. My esteem for her amounted to adoration. "She

did not want adoration." It was only when anything happened to imply that I had been mistaken, that I committed any extravagance, because I could not bear to think her short of perfection. "She was far from perfection," she replied, with an air and manner (oh, my God!) as near it as possible. "How could she accuse me of a want of regard to her? It was but the other day, Sarah," I said to her, "when that little circumstance of the books happened, and I fancied the expressions your sister dropped proved the sincerity of all your kindness to me—you don't know how my heart melted within me at the thought, that after all, I might be dear to you. New hopes sprung up in my heart, and I felt as Adam must have done when his Eve was created for him!" "She had heard enough of that sort of conversation," (moving towards the door). This, I own, was the unkindest cut of all. I had, in that case, no hopes whatever. I felt that I had expended words in vain, and that the conversation below stairs (which I told you of when I saw you) had spoiled her taste for mine. If the allusion had been classical I should have been to blame; but it was scriptural, it was a sort of religious courtship, and Miss L. is religious!

> At once he took his Muse and dipt her
> Right in the middle of the Scripture.

It would not do—the lady could make neither head nor tail of it. This is a poor attempt at levity. Alas! I am sad enough. "Would she go and leave me so? If it was only my own behaviour, I still did not doubt of success. I knew the sincerity of my love, and she would be convinced of it in time. If that was all, I did not care: but tell me true, is there not a new attachment that is the real cause of your estrangement? Tell me, my sweet friend, and before you tell me, give me your hand (nay, both hands) that I may have something to support

me under the dreadful conviction." She let me take her hands in mine, saying, "She supposed there could be no objection to that,"—as if she acted on the suggestions of others, instead of following her own will—but still avoided giving me any answer. I conjured her to tell me the worst, and kill me on the spot. Anything was better than my present state. I said, "Is it Mr. C——?" She smiled, and said with gay indifference, "Mr. C—— was here a very short time." "Well, then, was it Mr. ——?" She hesitated, and then replied faintly, "No." This was a mere trick to mislead; one of the profoundnesses of Satan, in which she is an adept. "But," she added hastily, "she could make no more confidences." "Then," said I, "you have something to communicate." "No; but she had once mentioned a thing of the sort, which I had hinted to her mother, though it signified little." All this while I was in tortures. Every word, every half-denial, stabbed me. "Had she any tie?" "No, I have no tie." "You are not going to be married soon?" "I don't intend ever to marry at all!" "Can't you be friends with me as of old?" "She could give no promises." "Would she make her own terms?" "She would make none."—"I was sadly afraid the *little image* was dethroned from her heart, as I had dashed it to the ground the other night."—"She was neither desperate nor violent." I did not answer—"But deliberate and deadly,"—though I might; and so she vanished in this running fight of question and answer, in spite of my vain efforts to detain her. The cockatrice, I said, mocks me: so she has always done. The thought was a dagger to me. My head reeled, my heart recoiled within me. I was stung with scorpions; my flesh crawled; I was choked with rage; her scorn scorched me like flames; her air (her heavenly air) withdrawn from me, stifled me, and left me gasping for breath and being. It was a fable. She started up in her own likeness, a serpent in place of a woman. She had

fascinated, she had stung me, and had returned to her proper shape, gliding from me after inflicting the mortal wound, and instilling deadly poison into every pore; but her form lost none of its original brightness by the change of character, but was all glittering, beauteous, voluptuous grace. Seed of the serpent or of the woman, she was divine! I felt that she was a witch, and had bewitched me. Fate had enclosed me round about. *I* was transformed too, no longer human (any more than she, to whom I had knit myself) my feelings were marble; my blood was of molten lead; my thoughts on fire. I was taken out of myself, wrapt into another sphere, far from the light of day, of hope, of love. I had no natural affection left; she had slain me, but no other thing had power over me. Her arms embraced another; but her mock embrace, the phantom of her love, still bound me, and I had not a wish to escape. So I felt then, and so perhaps shall feel till I grow old and die, nor have any desire that my years should last longer than they are linked in the chain of those amorous folds, or than her enchantments steep my soul in oblivion of all other things! I started to find myself alone—for ever alone, without a creature to love me. I looked round the room for help; I saw the tables, the chairs, the places where she stood or sat, empty, deserted, dead. I could not stay where I was; I had no one to go to but to the parent-mischief, the preternatural hag, that had "drugged this posset" of her daughter's charms and falsehood for me, and I went down and (such was my weakness and helplessness) sat with her for an hour, and talked with her of her daughter, and the sweet days we had passed together, and said I thought her a good girl, and believed that if there was no rival, she still had a regard for me at the bottom of her heart; and how I liked her all the better for her coy, maiden airs: and I received the assurance over and over that there was no one else; and that Sarah (they all knew) never stayed

five minutes with any other lodger, while with me she would stay by the hour together, in spite of all her father could say to her (what were her motives, was best known to herself!) and while we were talking of her, she came bounding into the room, smiling with smothered delight at the consummation of my folly and her own art; and I asked her mother whether she thought she looked as if she hated me, and I took her wrinkled, withered, cadaverous, clammy hand at parting, and kissed it. Faugh!—

I will make an end of this story; there is something in it discordant to honest ears. I left the house the next day, and returned to Scotland in a state so near to phrenzy, that I take it the shades sometimes ran into one another. R—— met me the day after I arrived, and will tell you the way I was in. I was like a person in a high fever; only mine was in the mind instead of the body. It had the same irritating uncomfortable effect on the bystanders. I was incapable of any application, and don't know what I should have done, had it not been for the kindness of ——. I came to see you, to "bestow some of my tediousness upon you," but you were gone from home. Everything went on well as to the law-business; and as it approached to a conclusion, I wrote to my good friend P—— to go to M——, who had married her sister, and ask him if it would be worth my while to make her a formal offer, as soon as I was free, as, with the least encouragement, I was ready to throw myself at her feet; and to know, in case of refusal, whether I might go back there and be treated as an old friend. Not a word of answer could be got from her on either point, notwithstanding every importunity and intreaty; but it was the opinion of M—— that I might go and try my fortune. I did so with joy, with something like confidence. I thought her giving no positive answer implied a chance, at least, of the reversion of her favour, in case I behaved well. All was false,

hollow, insidious. The first night after I got home, I slept on down. In Scotland, the flint had been my pillow. But now I slept under the same roof with her. What softness, what balmy repose in the very thought! I saw her that same day and shook hands with her, and told her how glad I was to see her; and she was kind and comfortable, though still cold and distant. Her manner was altered from what it was the last time. She still absented herself from the room, but was mild and affable when she did come. She was pale, dejected, evidently uneasy about something, and had been ill. I thought it was perhaps her reluctance to yield to my wishes, her pity for what I suffered; and that in the struggle between both, she did not know what to do. How I worshipped her at these moments! We had a long interview the third day, and I thought all was doing well. I found her sitting at work in the window-seat of the front parlour; and on my asking if I might come in, she made no objection. I sat down by her; she let me take her hand; I talked to her of indifferent things, and of old times. I asked her if she would put some new frills on my shirts?—"With the greatest pleasure." If she could get *the little image* mended? "It was broken in three pieces, and the sword was gone, but she would try." I then asked her to make up a plaid silk which I had given her in the winter, and which she said would make a pretty summer gown. I so longed to see her in it!—"She had little time to spare, but perhaps might!" Think what I felt, talking peaceably, kindly, tenderly with my love,—not passionately, not violently. I tried to take pattern by her patient meekness, as I thought it, and to subdue my desires to her will. I then sued to her, but respectfully, to be admitted to her friendship—she must know I was as true a friend as ever woman had—or if there was a bar to our intimacy from a dearer attachment, to let me know it frankly, as I shewed her all my heart. She drew out her

handkerchief and wiped her eyes "of tears which sacred pity had engendered there." Was it so or not? I cannot tell. But so she stood (while I pleaded my cause to her with all the earnestness and fondness in the world) with the tears trickling from her eye-lashes, her head stooping, her attitude fixed, with the finest expression that ever was seen of mixed regret, pity, and stubborn resolution; but without speaking a word, without altering a feature. It was like a petrifaction of a human face in the softest moment of passion. "Ah!" I said, "how you look! I have prayed again and again while I was away from you, in the agony of my spirit, that I might but live to see you look so again, and then breathe my last!" I entreated her to give me some explanation. In vain! At length she said she must go, and disappeared like a spirit. That week she did all the little trifling favours I had asked of her. The frills were put on, and she sent up to know if I wanted any more done. She got the Buonaparte mended. This was like healing old wounds indeed! How? As follows, for thereby hangs the conclusion of my tale. Listen.

I had sent a message one evening to speak to her about some special affairs of the house, and received no answer. I waited an hour expecting her, and then went out in great vexation at my disappointment. I complained to her mother a day or two after, saying I thought it so unlike Sarah's usual propriety of behaviour, that she must mean it as a mark of disrespect. Mrs. L—— said, "La! Sir, you're always fancying things. Why, she was dressing to go out, and she was only going to get the little image you're both so fond of mended; and it's to be done this evening. She has been to two or three places to see about it, before she could get any one to undertake it." My heart, my poor fond heart, almost melted within me at this news. I answered, "Ah! Madam, that's always the way with the dear creature. I am finding

fault with her and thinking the hardest things of her; and at that very time she's doing something to shew the most delicate attention, and that she has no greater satisfaction than in gratifying my wishes!" On this we had some farther talk, and I took nearly the whole of the lodgings at a hundred guineas a year, that (as I said) she might have a little leisure to sit at her needle of an evening, or to read if she chose, or to walk out when it was fine. She was not in good health, and it would do her good to be less confined. I would be the drudge and she should no longer be the slave. I asked nothing in return. To see her happy, to make her so, was to be so myself.—This was agreed to. I went over to Blackheath that evening, delighted as I could be after all I had suffered, and lay the whole of the next morning on the heath under the open sky, dreaming of my earthly Goddess. This was Sunday. That evening I returned, for I could hardly bear to be for a moment out of the house where she was, and the next morning she tapped at the door—it was opened—it was she—she hesitated and then came forward: she had got the little image in her hand, I took it, and blest her from my heart. She said "They had been obliged to put some new pieces to it." I said "I didn't care how it was done, so that I had it restored to me safe, and by her." I thanked her and begged to shake hands with her. She did so, and as I held the only hand in the world that I never wished to let go, I looked up in her face, and said "Have pity on me, have pity on me, and save me if you can!" Not a word of answer, but she looked full in my eyes, as much as to say, "Well, I'll think of it; and if I can, I will save you!" We talked about the expense of repairing the figure. "Was the man waiting?"—"No, she had fetched it on Saturday evening." I said I'd give her the money in the course of the day, and then shook hands with her again in token of reconciliation; and she went waving out of the

room, but at the door turned round and looked full at me, as she did the first time she beguiled me of my heart. This was the last.—

All that day I longed to go down-stairs to ask her and her mother to set out with me for Scotland on Wednesday, and on Saturday I would make her my wife. Something withheld me. In the evening, however, I could not rest without seeing her, and I said to her younger sister, "Betsey, if Sarah will come up now, I'll pay her what she laid out for me the other day."—"My sister's gone out, Sir," was the answer. What, again! thought I, that's somewhat sudden. I told P—— her sitting in the window-seat of the front parlour boded me no good. It was not in her old character. She did not use to know there were doors or windows in the house—and now she goes out three times in a week. It is to meet some one, I'll lay my life on't. "Where is she gone?"—"To my grandmother's, Sir." "Where does your grandmother live now?"—"At Somers' Town." I immediately set out to Somers' Town. I passed one or two streets, and at last turned up King-street, thinking it most likely she would return that way home. I passed a house in King-street where I had once lived, and had not proceeded many paces, ruminating on chance and change and old times, when I saw her coming towards me. I felt a strange pang at the sight, but I thought her alone. Some people before me moved on, and I saw another person with her. *The murder was out.* It was a tall, rather well-looking young man, but I did not at first recollect him. We passed at the crossing of the street without speaking. Will you believe it, after all that had passed between us for two years, after what had passed in the last half-year, after what had passed that very morning, she went by me without even changing countenance, without expressing the slightest emotion, without betraying either

shame or pity or remorse or any other feeling that any other human being but herself must have shewn in the same situation. She had no time to prepare for acting a part, to suppress her feelings—the truth is, she has not one natural feeling in her bosom to suppress. I turned and looked—they also turned and looked—and as if by mutual consent, we both retrod our steps and passed again, in the same way. I went home. I was stifled. I could not stay in the house, walked into the street, and met them coming towards home. As soon as he had left her at the door (I fancy she had prevailed with him to accompany her, dreading some violence) I returned, went upstairs, and requested an interview. Tell her, I said, I'm in excellent temper and good spirits, but I must see her! She came smiling, and I said, "Come in, my dear girl, and sit down, and tell me all about it, how it is and who it is." —"What," she said, "do you mean Mr. C——?" "Oh," said I, "then it is he! Ah! you rogue, I always suspected there was something between you, but you know you denied it lustily: why did you not tell me all about it at the time, instead of letting me suffer as I have done? But however, no reproaches. I only wish it may all end happily and honourably for you, and I am satisfied. But," I said, "you know you used to tell me, you despised looks."—"She didn't think Mr. C—— was so particularly handsome." "No, but he's very well to pass, and a well-grown youth into the bargain." Pshaw! let me put an end to the fulsome detail. I found he had lived over the way, that he had been lured thence, no doubt, almost a year before, that they had first spoken in the street, and that he had never once hinted at marriage, and had gone away, because (as he said) they were too much together, and that it was better for her to meet him occasionally out of doors. "There could be no harm in their walking together." "No, but you may go somewhere after-

wards."—"One must trust to one's principle for that." Consummate hypocrite! * I told her Mr. M——, who had married her sister, did not wish to leave the house. I, who would have married her, did not wish to leave it. I told her I hoped I should not live to see her come to shame, after all my love of her; but put her on her guard as well as I could, and said, after the lengths she had permitted herself with me, I could not help being alarmed at the influence of one over her, whom she could hardly herself suppose to have a tenth part of my esteem for her!! She made no answer to this, but thanked me coldly for my good advice, and rose to go. I begged her to sit a few minutes, that I might try to recollect if there was any thing else I wished to say to her, perhaps for the last time; and then, not finding anything, I bade her good night, and asked for a farewell kiss. Do you know she refused; so little does she understand what is due to friendship, or love, or honour! We parted friends, however, and I felt deep grief, but no enmity against her. I thought C—— had pressed his suit after I went, and had prevailed. There was no harm in that—a little fickleness or so, a little over pretension to unalterable attachment—but that was all. She liked him better than me—it was my hard hap, but I must bear it. I went out to roam the desart streets, when, turning a corner, whom should I meet but her very lover? I went up to him and asked for a few minutes' conversation on a subject that was highly interesting to me and I believed not indifferent to him: and in the course of four hours' talk, it came out that for three months previous to my quitting London for Scotland, she had been playing the same game with him as with me—that he breakfasted first, and enjoyed an hour of her society, and then I took my turn, so that we never jostled; and this explained why, when he came back sometimes and passed my door, as

she was sitting in my lap, she coloured violently, thinking, if her lover looked in, what a *denouement* there would be. He could not help again and again expressing his astonishment at finding that our intimacy had continued unimpaired up to so late a period after he came, and when they were on the most intimate footing. She used to deny positively to him that there was anything between us, just as she used to assure me with impenetrable effrontery that "Mr. C—— was nothing to her, but merely a lodger." All this while she kept up the farce of her romantic attachment to her old lover, vowed that she never could alter in that respect, let me go to Scotland on the solemn and repeated assurance that there was no new flame, that there was no bar between us but this shadowy love—I leave her on this understanding, she becomes more fond or more intimate with her new lover; he quitting the house (whether tired out or not, I can't say)—in revenge she ceases to write to me, keeps me in wretched suspense, treats me like something loathsome to her when I return to enquire the cause, denies it with scorn and impudence, destroys me and shews no pity, no desire to soothe or shorten the pangs she has occasioned by her wantonness and hypocrisy, and wishes to linger the affair on to the last moment, going out to keep an appointment with another while she pretends to be obliging me in the tenderest point (which C—— himself said was too much)....., What do you think of all this? Shall I tell you my opinion? But I must try to do it in another letter.

TO THE SAME

(*In conclusion.*)

I DID not sleep a wink all that night; nor did I know till the next day the full meaning of what had happened to me. With the morning's light, conviction glared in upon me that I had not only lost her for ever—but every feeling I had ever had towards her—respect, tenderness, pity—all but my fatal passion, was gone. The whole was a mockery, a frightful illusion. I had embraced the false Florimel instead of the true; or was like the man in the Arabian Nights who had married a *goul*. How different was the idea I once had of her! Was this she,

—"Who had been beguiled—she who was made
Within a gentle bosom to be laid—
To bless and to be blessed—to be heart-bare
To one who found his bettered likeness there—
To think for ever with him, like a bride—
To haunt his eye, like taste personified—
To double his delight, to share his sorrow,
And like a morning beam, wake to him every morrow?"

I saw her pale, cold form glide silent by me, dead to shame as to pity. Still I seemed to clasp this piece of witchcraft to my bosom: this lifeless image, which was all that was left of my love, was the only thing to which my sad heart clung. Were she dead, should I not wish to gaze once more upon her pallid features? She is dead to me; but what she once was to me, can never die! The agony, the conflict of hope

and fear, of adoration and jealousy is over; or it would, ere long, have ended with my life. I am no more lifted now to Heaven, and then plunged in the abyss; but I seem to have been thrown from the top of a precipice, and to lie groveling, stunned, and stupefied. I am melancholy, lonesome, and weaker than a child. The worst is, I have no prospect of any alteration for the better: she has cut off all possibility of a reconcilement at any future period. Were she even to return to her former pretended fondness and endearments, I could have no pleasure, no confidence in them. I can scarce make out the contradiction to myself. I strive to think she always was what I now know she is; but I have great difficulty in it, and can hardly believe but she still *is* what she so long *seemed*. Poor thing! I am afraid she is little better off herself; nor do I see what is to become of her, unless she throws off the mask at once, and *runs a-muck* at infamy. She is exposed and laid bare to all those whose opinion she set a value upon. Yet she held her head very high, and must feel (if she feels anything) proportionably mortified.—A more complete experiment on character was never made. If I had not met her lover immediately after I parted with her, it would have been nothing. I might have supposed she had changed her mind in my absence, and had given him the preference as soon as she felt it, and even shown her delicacy in declining any farther intimacy with me. But it comes out that she had gone on in the most forward and familiar way with both at once—(she could not change her mind in passing from one room to another)—told both the same barefaced and unblushing falsehoods, like the commonest creature; received presents from me to the very last, and wished to keep up the game still longer, either to gratify her humour, her avarice, or her vanity in playing with my passion, or to have me as a *dernier resort*, in case of accidents. Again, it would have been

nothing, if she had not come up with her demure, well-composed, wheedling looks that morning, and then met me in the evening in a situation, which (she believed) might kill me on the spot, with no more feeling than a common courtesan shows, who *bilks* a customer, and passes him, leering up at her bully, the moment after. If there had been the frailty of passion, it would have been excusable; but it is evident she is a practised, callous jilt, a regular lodging-house decoy, played off by her mother upon the lodgers, one after another, applying them to her different purposes, laughing at them in turns, and herself the probable dupe and victim of some favourite gallant in the end. I know all this; but what do I gain by it, unless I could find some one with her shape and air, to supply the place of the lovely apparition? That a professed wanton should come and sit on a man's knee, and put her arms round his neck, and caress him, and seem fond of him, means nothing, proves nothing, no one concludes anything from it; but that a pretty, reserved, modest, delicate-looking girl should do this, from the first hour to the last of your being in the house, without intending anything by it, is new, and, I think, worth explaining. It was, I confess, out of my calculation, and may be out of that of others. Her unmoved indifference and self-possession all the while, shew that it is her constant practice. Her look even, if closely examined, bears this interpretation. It is that of studied hypocrisy or startled guilt, rather than of refined sensibility or conscious innocence. "She defied any one to read her thoughts!" she once told me. "Do they then require concealing?" I imprudently asked her. The command over herself is surprising. She never once betrays herself by any momentary forgetfulness, by any appearance of triumph or superiority to the person who is her dupe, by any levity of manner in the plenitude of her success; it is one faultless, undeviating, consistent, consummate piece of acting.

Were she a saint on earth, she could not seem more like one. Her hypocritical high-flown pretensions, indeed, make her the worse: but still the ascendancy of her will, her determined perseverance in what she undertakes to do, has something admirable in it, approaching to the heroic. She is certainly an extraordinary girl! Her retired manner, and invariable propriety of behaviour made me think it next to impossible she could grant the same favours indiscriminately to every one that she did to me. Yet this now appears to be the fact. She must have done the very same with C——, invited him into the house to carry on a closer intrigue with her, and then commenced the double game with both together. She always "despised looks." This was a favourite phrase with her, and one of the hooks which she baited for me. Nothing could win her but a man's behaviour and sentiments. Besides, she could never like another—she was a martyr to disappointed affection—and friendship was all she could even extend to any other man. All the time, she was making signals, playing off her pretty person, and having occasional interviews in the street with this very man, whom she could only have taken so sudden and violent a liking to from his looks, his personal appearance, and what she probably conjectured of his circumstances. Her sister had married a counsellor—the Miss F——'s, who kept the house before, had done so too—and so would she. "There was precedent for it." Yet if she was so desperately enamoured of this new acquaintance, if he had displaced *the little image* from her breast, if he was become her *second* "unalterable attachment" (which I would have given my life to have been) why continue the same unwarrantable familiarities with me to the last, and promise that they should be renewed on my return (if I had not unfortunately stumbled upon the truth to her aunt)—and yet keep up the same refined cant about her old attachment all the time, as if it was that

which stood in the way of my pretensions, and not her faithlessness to it? "If one swerves from one, one shall swerve from another"—was her excuse for not returning my regard. Yet that which I thought a prophecy, was I suspect a history. She had swerved twice from her vowed engagements, first to me, and then from me to another. If she made a fool of me, what did she make of her lover? I fancy he has put that question to himself. I said nothing to him about the amount of the presents; which is another damning circumstance, that might have opened my eyes long before; but they were shut by my fond affection, which "turned all to favour and to prettiness." She cannot be supposed to have kept up an appearance of old regard to me, from a fear of hurting my feelings by her desertion; for she not only shewed herself indifferent to, but evidently triumphed in my sufferings, and heaped every kind of insult and indignity upon them. I must have incurred her contempt and resentment by my mistaken delicacy at different times; and her manner, when I have hinted at becoming a reformed man in this respect, convinces me of it. "She hated it!" She always hated whatever she liked most. She "hated Mr. C——'s red slippers," when he first came! One more count finishes the indictment. She not only discovered the most hardened indifference to the feelings of others; she has not shewn the least regard to her own character, or shame when she was detected. When found out, she seemed to say, "Well, what if I am? I have played the game as long as I could; and if I could keep it up no longer, it was not for want of good will!" Her colouring once or twice is the only sign of grace she has exhibited. Such is the creature on whom I had thrown away my heart and soul—one who was incapable of feeling the commonest emotions of human nature, as they regarded herself or any one else. "She had no feelings with respect to herself," she often said. She in fact knows what

she is, and recoils from the good opinion or sympathy of others, which she feels to be founded on a deception; so that my overweening opinion of her must have appeared like irony, or direct insult. My seeing her in the street has gone a good way to satisfy me. Her manner there explains her manner in-doors to be conscious and overdone; and besides, she looks but indifferently. She is diminutive in stature, and her measured step and timid air do not suit these public airings. I am afraid she will soon grow common to my imagination, as well as worthless in herself. Her image seems fast "going into the wastes of time," like a weed that the wave bears farther and farther from me. Alas! thou poor hapless weed, when I entirely lose sight of thee, and forever, no flower will ever bloom on earth to glad my heart again!

LIBER AMORIS

NOW FIRST LITERALLY TRANSCRIBED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

[*The MS. from which the present text is derived, is a small octavo volume of sixty leaves, a blank at the end inclusive. The production was originally written on one side only in a hand, not Hazlitt's; but the latter has subsequently introduced several additional paragraphs on the space left at the back. It is believed that the handwriting is Patmore's; but no other MS. is known; and he or some one else probably transcribed the autograph, and failed to preserve it.*]

I.—THE PICTURE

H. OH! is it you? I had something to shew you. I have got a picture here. Do you know any one it's like?

S. No, Sir.

H. Don't you think it like yourself?

S. No: it's much handsomer than I can pretend to be.

H. That's because you don't see yourself with the same eyes that others do. *I* don't think it handsomer, & the expression is hardly so fine as yours sometimes is.

S. Now you flatter me. Besides, the complexion is fair, & mine is dark.

H. Thine is pale & beautiful, my love, not dark! But if your colour were a little heightened, & you wore the same dress, & your hair were let down over your shoulders, as it is here, it might be taken for a picture of you. Look here, only see how like it is. The forehead is like, with that little obstinate protrusion in the middle—the eye-brows are like, & the eyes are just like your's, when you look up & say—"No—never!"

S. What, then, do I always say "No—never!" when I look up?

H. I don't know about that—I never heard you say so but once: but that was once too often for my peace. It was when you told me, "you could never be mine." Ah! if you are never to be mine, I shall not long be myself.[1] I cannot go on

[1] The original words were *my own*, which are altered by the same hand to *myself*.

as I am. My faculties leave me: I think of nothing, I have no feeling about anything but thee: thy sweet image has taken possession of me,[1] haunts me, & will drive me to distraction. Yet I could almost wish to go mad for thy sake: for then I might fancy that I had thy love in return, which I cannot live without!

S. Do not, I beg, talk in that manner, but tell me what this is a picture of.

H. I hardly know: but it is a very small & delicate copy (painted in oil on a gold ground) of some fine old Italian picture,[2] Guido's or Raphael's, but I think Raphael's. Some say it is a Madona; others call it a Magdalen, & say you may distinguish the tear upon the cheek, though no tear is there. But it seems to me more like Raphael's St. Cecilia, "with looks commercing with the skies," than anything else.—See, Sarah, how beautiful it is! Ah! dear girl, these are the ideas I have cherished in my heart & in my brain; & I never found[3] anything to realise them on earth till I met with thee, my love! While thou did'st seem sensible of my kindness, I was but too happy: but now thou hast cruelly cast me off.

S. You have no reason to say so: you are the same to me as ever.

H. That is, nothing. You are to me everything, & I am nothing to you. Is it not too true?

S. No.

H. Then kiss me, my sweetest! Oh! could you see your face now—your mouth full of suppressed sensibility, your downcast eyes, the soft blush upon that cheek, you would not

[1] *Tortures me*, has been struck out.

[2] The original copy, used by Reynolds of Bayswater for the engraving on the title-page of the *Liber Amoris*, 1823, is, or was, in the possession of Miss Reynell, daughter of the printer of the book on its first appearance.

[3] Original words *met with*.

say the picture is not like because it is too handsome, or because you want complexion. Thou art heavenly fair, my love—like her from whom the picture was taken—the idol of the painter's heart, as thou art of mine! Shall I make a drawing of it, altering the dress a little, to shew you how like it is?

S. As you please.—

II.—THE INVITATION

H. BUT I am afraid I tire you with this prosing description of the French character & abuse of the English? You know there is but one subject on which I should ever like to talk, if you would let me.

S. I must say you don't seem to have a very high opinion of this country.

H. Yes, it is the place that gave you birth—

S. Do you like the French women better than the English?

H. No: though they have finer eyes, talk better, & are better made. But they none of them look like you. I like the Italian women I have seen, much better than the French. They have darker eyes, darker hair, & the accents of their native tongue are so much richer & more melodious. But I will give you a better account of them when I come back from Italy, if you would like to hear it.

S. I should much. It is for that I have sometimes had a wish[1] for travelling abroad, to understand something of the manners & characters of different people.[2]

H. My sweet girl! I will give you the best account I can —unless you would rather go & judge for yourself.

S. I cannot.

H. Yes, you shall go with me without expence,[3] & you shall go *with honor*—you know what I mean.

S. You know it is not in your power to take me so.

[1] Original phrase was *wished.* [2] Original word was *nations.*
[3] The words *without expence* are erased in pencil in the original MS.

H. But it soon will be:[1] & if you would consent to bear me company, I would swear never to think of an Italian woman while I am abroad, nor of an English one after I return home. Thou art to me more than thy whole sex.

S. I require no such sacrifices.

H. Is that what you thought I meant by *sacrifices* last night? But sacrifices are no sacrifices when they are repaid a thousand fold.

S. I have no way of doing it.

H. You have not the will.—

S. I must go now.

H. Stay, and hear me [talk][2] a little. I shall soon be where I can no more hear thy voice, far distant from her I love, to see what change of climate & bright skies will do for a sad heart. I shall perhaps see thee no more, but I shall still think of thee the same as ever—I shall say to myself, "Where is she now?—what is she doing?" But I shall hardly wish you to think of me, unless you could do so more favorably than I am afraid you will. Ah! dearest creature, I shall be "far distant from thee," as you once said of another, but you will not think of me as of him, "with the sincerest affection." The smallest share of thy tenderness would make me blest: but could'st thou ever love me as thou hast him, I should feel like a God! My face would change to a different expression: my whole form would undergo alteration. I was getting well, I was growing young in the sweet proofs of thy friendship: you see how I droop & wither under your displeasure! Thou art divine, my love, & can'st make me either less or more than mortal. Indeed I am thy creature, thy slave, you mould me as you please; I only wish to live for you—I would gladly die for you—

[1] The word *be* erased in pencil in original MS.

[2] A word, which looks like *talk*, has been scored out.

S. That would give me no pleasure. But indeed you greatly overrate my power.

H. Your power over me is that of sovereign grace & beauty. When I am near thee, nothing can harm me. Thou art an angel of light, shadowing me with thy softness. But when I let go thy hand, I stagger on a precipice: out of thy sight the world is dark to me & comfortless. There is no breathing out of this house: the air of Italy will stifle me. Go with me & lighten it. I can know no pleasure away from thee—

> "But I will come again, my love,
> "An it were ten thousand mile!"

III.—THE MESSAGE

S. MRS. P—— has called for the book, Sir.

H. Oh! it is there. Let her wait a minute or two. I see this is washing-day[1] with you. How beautiful your arms look in those short sleeves![2]

S. I do not like to wear them.

H. Then that is because you are merciful, & would spare frail mortals who might die with gazing.

S. I have no power to kill.

H. You have, you have—Your charms are as[3] irresistible as your will is inexorable. I wish I could see thee always thus. But I would have no one else see thee so. I am jealous of all eyes but my own. I should almost like thee to wear a veil, & to be muffled up from head to foot; but even if thou wert, and not an inch[4] of you could be seen, it would be to no purpose—you would only have to move, and you would be admired as the most graceful creature in the world. You smile.—Well, if you were to be won by fine speeches—

S. You could supply them!

H. It is however no laughing matter with me. Thy beauty kills me daily, & I shall think of nothing but thy charms till the last word trembles on my tongue,[5] & that will be thy name, my love—the name of my Infelice!

[1] *Washing* altered in pencil to *busy* in original MS.
[2] ! altered to . in original MS. [3] *As* erased in pencil in original MS.
[4] *An inch* altered to *a glimpse*, in pencil, in original MS.
[5] Original word used was *lips*.

You will live by that name, you rogue, fifty years after you are dead. Don't you thank me for that?—

S. I have no such ambition, Sir. But Mrs. P—— is waiting.

H. She is not in love, like me. You look so handsome to-day I cannot let you go. You have got a color.

S. But you say I look best when I am pale.

H. When you are pale I think so. But when you have a color,[1] I then think you still more beautiful. It is you that I admire, & whatever you are I like best. I like you as Miss W——, I should[2] like you still more as Mrs. ——. I once thought you were half-inclined to be a prude, & I admired you as a "pensive nun, devout & pure." I now think you are more than half a coquet, & I like you for your roguery. The truth is, I am in love with you, my angel, & whatever you are, is to me the perfection of thy sex. I care not what thou art, while thou art still thyself. Smile but so, & turn my heart to what shape you please!

S. I am afraid, Sir, Mrs. P—— will think you have forgotten her.

H. I had, my charmer. But go, & make her a sweet apology, all graceful as thou art. One kiss! Ah! ought I not to think myself the happiest of men?

[1] Altered in pencil to *colour* in original MS. [2] Originally written *shall*.

IV.—THE FLAGEOLET

H. WHERE have you been, my love?

S. I have been down to see my aunt, Sir.

H. And I hope she has been giving you good advice.

S. I did not go to ask her opinion about any thing.

H. And yet you seem anxious & agitated. You look pale & dejected, as if your refusal of me had touched your own breast with pity. Cruel[1] girl! you look at this moment heavenly soft, saint-like, or resemble[2] some graceful marble statue, in the moon's pale ray! Sadness only heightens the elegance of your features. How can I escape from you, when every new occasion, even your cruelty & scorn, brings out some new charm. Nay, your rejection of me, by the way in which you do it, is only a new link added to my chain. Raise those downcast eyes, bend as if an angel stooped, & kiss me. . . . Ah! enchanting little trembler! if such is thy sweetness where thou dost not love, what must thy love have been? I cannot think how any man, having the heart of one, could go & leave it.

S. No one did, that I know of.

H. Yes, you told me yourself he left you (though he liked you, & though he knew—oh! gracious god![3]—that you loved him)—he left you because "the pride of birth would not permit

[1] Originally written *cruelest.* [2] Originally written *like.*

[3] Capital G's substituted in pencil for the small g's in *gracious* and *god* in original MS.

a union."—For myself, I would leave a throne to ascend to the heaven of thy charms. I live but for thee, here—I only wish to live again to pass all eternity with thee. But even in another world, I suppose, you would turn from me to seek him out, who scorned you here.

S. If the proud scorn us here, in that place we shall all be equal.

H. Do not look so—do not talk so—unless you would drive me mad. I could worship thee at this moment. Can I witness such perfection, & bear to think I have lost thee for ever? Oh! let me hope! You see you can mould me as you like. You can lead me by the hand, like a little child, & with you my way[1] would be like a little child's—you could strew flowers in my path, & pour new life & hope into me. I should then indeed hail the spring of the year[2] with joy, could I indulge the faintest hope—would you but let me try to please you!

S. Nothing can alter my resolution, Sir.

H. Will you go & leave me so?

S. It is late, & my father will be getting impatient at my stopping so long.

H. You know he has nothing to fear for you—it is poor I that am alone in danger. But I wanted to ask about buying you a flageolet. Could I see that you have? If it is a pretty one, it wou'dn't be worth while; but if it isn't, I thought of bespeaking an ivory one for you. Can't you bring up your own to shew me?

S. Not to-night, Sir.

H. I wish you could.

S. I cannot—but I will in the morning.

[1] Originally written *ways*.

[2] For the words *spring of the year* in the original MS., *return of spring* is substituted in pencil.

H. Whatever you determine I must submit to. Good night & bless thee!

[*The next morning, S. brought up the tea-kettle as usual, & looking towards the tea-tray, she said, "Oh! I see my sister has forgot the tea pot." It was not there sure enough; & tripping down stairs, she came up in a minute, with the teapot in one hand & the flageolet in the other, balanced so sweetly & gracefully. It would have been awkward to have brought up the flageolet in the tea-tray, & she could not have gone down again on purpose to fetch it. Something ther(e)-fore was to be omitted as an excuse. Exquisite witch! But do I love her the less dearly for it? I cannot.*]

V.—THE CONFESSION [1]

H. YOU say you cannot love. Is there not a prior attachment in the case? Was there any one else that you *did* like?

S. Yes, there was another.

H. Ah! I thought as much. Is it long ago then?

S. It is two years, Sir.

H. And has time made no alteration? Or do you still see him sometimes?

S. No, Sir! But he is one to whom I feel the sincerest affection, and ever shall, though he is far distant.

H. And did he return your regard?

S. I had every reason to think so.

H. What then broke off your intimacy?

S. It was the pride of birth, Sir, that would not permit him to think of an union.

H. Was he a young man of rank, then?

S. His connections were high.

H. And did he never attempt to persuade you to any thing else.

S. No—he had too great a regard for me.

H. Tell me, my angel, how was it? Was he so very handsome? Or was it the fineness of his manners?

S. It was more his manner: but I can't tell how it was. It was chiefly my own fault. I was foolish to suppose he could ever think seriously of me. But he used to make me read with him—

[1] This appears to be misplaced, as in a prior section we have already had a reference to this matter.

& I used to be with him a good deal, though not much neither —and I found my affections engaged before I was aware of it.

H. And did your mother & family know of it?

S. No—I have never told any one but you; nor I should not have mentioned it now, but I thought it might give you some satisfaction.

H. Why did he go at last?

S. We thought it better to part.

H. And do you correspond?

S. No, Sir. But perhaps I may see him again some time or other, though it will be only in the way of friendship.

H. My god![1] what a heart is thine, to live for years upon that bare hope!

S. I did not wish to live always, Sir—I wished to die for a long time after, till I thought it not right & since I have endeavored to be as resigned as I can.

H. And do you think the impression will never wear out?

S. Not if I can judge from my feelings hitherto. It is now some time since—& I find no difference.

H. May God for ever bless you! How can I thank you for your condescension in letting me know your sweet sentiments? You have changed my esteem into adoration.—Never can I harbour a thought of ill in thee again.

S. Indeed, Sir, I wish for your good opinion and friendship.[2]

H. And can you return it?[3]

S. Yes.

H. And nothing more?

S. No, Sir.

H. You are an angel, & I will spend my life, if you will let me, in paying you the homage that my heart feels towards you.

[1] Capital G substituted in pencil in original MS.

[2] In the original MS., the word *your* is interpolated in pencil before *friendship*.

[3] Altered to *them* in pencil in original MS.

VI.—THE QUARREL

H. YOU are angry with me?

S. Have I not reason?

H. I hope you have; for I would give the world to believe my suspicions unjust. But, oh! my God! after what I have thought of you & felt towards you, as little less than an angel, to have but a doubt cross my mind for an instant that you were what I dare not name—a common lodging-house decoy, a kissing convenience,—that your lips were as common as the stairs—

S. Let me go, Sir!

H. Nay—prove to me that you are not so, & I will fall down & worship you. You were the only creature that ever seemed to love me, & to have my hopes, & all my fondness for you, thus turned to a mockery—it is too much! Tell me why you have deceived me, & singled me out as your victim?

S. I never have, Sir. I always said I could not love.

H. There is a difference between love & making me a laughing stock. Yet what else could be the meaning of your little sister's running out to you, & saying, "He thought I did not see him" when I had been kissing you in the other room? Is it a joke upon me that I kiss you? Or is not the joke rather against her sister, unless you make my courtship of you a jest to the whole house? Indeed I do not well see how you can come & stay with me as you do, by the hour together, & day after day, as openly as you do, unless you give it some such turn with your family. Or do you deceive them as well as me?

S. I deceive no one, Sir. But my sister Betsey was always watching & listening when Mr. R—— was courting my eldest sister, till he was obliged to complain of it.

H. That I can understand, but not the other. You may remember, when[1] Maria looked in & found you sitting in my lap one day, & I was afraid she might tell your mother, you said "you did not care, for you had no secrets from your mother." This seemed to me odd at the time, but I thought no more of it, till other things brought it to my mind. Am I to suppose, then, that you are acting a part, a vile part, all this time, & that you come up here, & stay as long as I like, that you sit on my knee & put your arms round my neck, & feed me with kisses, & let me take other liberties with you, and this for a year together, & that you do all this not out of love or liking or regard, but go through your regular task, like some young witch, without one natural feeling, to shew your cleverness, & get a few presents out of me, & go down into the kitchen to make a fine laugh of it? There is something monstrous in it—that I cannot believe of you.

S. Sir, you have no right to harass my feelings in the manner you do. I have never made a jest of you to any one, but always felt & expressed the greatest esteem for you. You have no ground for complaint in my conduct; & I cannot help what Betsey or others do. I have always been consistent from the first. I told you my regard [for you][2] could amount to no more than friendship.

H. Nay, Sarah, it was more than half a year before I knew that there was an insurmountable obstacle in the way. You say your regard is merely friendship, & that you are sorry I have ever felt any thing more for you: yet the first time I

[1] In the original MS., the words *your servant* are interpolated in pencil before *Maria.*

[2] The words *for you* struck out in the original MS.

ever asked you, you let me kiss you: the first time I ever saw you, as you went out of the room, you turned full round at the door, with that inimitable grace with which you do everything, & fixed your eyes full upon me, as much as to say, "Is he caught?"—that very week you sat on my knee, twined your arms round me, caressed me with every mark of tenderness consistent with modesty; & I have got no farther since. Now if you did all this with me, a perfect stranger to you, & without any particular liking to me, must I not conclude you do so as a matter of course with every one?—Or if you do not do so with others, it was because you took a liking to me for some reason or other.

S. It was gratitude, Sir, for different obligations.

H. If you mean by obligations the presents I made you,[1] I had given you none the first day I came. You do not consider yourself *obliged* to every[2] one who asks you for a kiss?

S. No, Sir.

H. I should not have thought any thing of it in any one but you. But you seemed so reserved & modest, so soft, so timid, you spoke so low, you looked so innocent—"a maiden never bold—so still & quiet that your motion blushed at itself," I thought it impossible you could deceive me. Whatever favors you granted must proceed from pure[3] regard. No betrothed virgin ever gave the object of her choice kisses, caresses more modest or more bewitching than those you have given me a thousand & a thousand times. Could I have thought I should ever live to believe them an inhuman mockery of one who had

[1] Upwards of £30 worth—a trifle. Among others, is my hair in a golden heart, which I see set down in the Jeweller's bill, *A gold chased heart.* A *chased* heart indeed, but not given for a *chaste* heart!—*Autograph note of Hazlitt in orig. MS.*, but struck through as an indication that it was not to be printed.

[2] In the original MS. *any* was first written and afterwards struck out and superseded by *every.*

[3] *Pure* substituted for the word *some* in the original MS. by Hazlitt himself.

the sincerest regard for you? Do you think they will not now turn to rank poison in my veins, & kill me, soul & body? You say it is friendship—but if this is friendship, I'll forswear love. Ah! Sarah! it must be something more or less than friendship. If your caresses are sincere they show fondness—if they are not I must be more than indifferent to you. Indeed you owned that, if I had been "a gay young man" you should not have let me proceed so far with you—as if I was out of the question, & you could trifle with me with impunity. Yet you complain at other times that no one ever took such liberties with you as I have done. I remember once in particular your saying, as you went out at the door in anger—"I had an attachment [once][1] before—but that person never attempted any thing of the kind." Good God! How did I dwell on that word *before*, thinking it implied an attachment to me also; but you have since disclaimed any such meaning. You say you have never professed [any][2] more than esteem. Yet once when you were sitting in your old place on my knee, embracing & fondly embraced, and I asked you if you could not love me, you made answer, "I could easily say so, whether I did or not—YOU SHOULD JUDGE BY MY ACTIONS!"—And another time, when you were in the same posture, & I reproached you with indifference, you replied in these words, "DO I SEEM INDIFFERENT?" Was I to blame after this to indulge my passion for the loveliest of her sex? Or what can I think?[3]

[1] The word *once* is erased in the original MS.

[2] The word *any* is erased in the original MS.

[3] Once, as I was kissing her & she was struggling from me, she exclaimed—"However I might agree to my own ruin, I never will consent to bring disgrace upon my family!" So that the disgrace to her family was the motive that held her back. This was pretty well for one who now tells me she never had any regard for me. No wonder it went off, after I did not take this hint! How could I take advantage of her when I worshipped her, & in spite of evidence, believed her to be all I could fancy or wish a woman to be?—*Autograph note by Hazlitt in original MS.*, but struck through as an indication that it was not to be printed.

S. I am no prude, Sir.

H. Yet you might be taken for one. So your mother said, "it was hard if you might not indulge in a little levity." She has strange notions of levity. But levity, my dear, is quite out of character[1] in you. Your ordinary walk is as if you were performing some religious ceremony: you come up to my table of a morning, when you merely bring in the tea-things, as if you were going up to the altar. You move in minuet-time: you measure every step, as if you were afraid of offending in the smallest things. I never hear your approach on the stairs, but by a sort of hushed silence. When you enter the room, the Graces wait on you, & Love waves round your person in gentle undulations, breathing balm into the soul! By Heaven, you are an angel—you look like one at this instant. Do I not adore you—& have I merited this contempt?

S. I have repeatedly answered that question. You sit & fancy things out of your own head, and then lay them to my charge. There is not a word of truth in your suspicions.

H. Did I not overhear the conversation in the kitchen last night, to which you were a party? Shall I repeat it?[2]

S. I had rather not hear it!

[1] The word *character* was substituted for the words *the question*, which are struck through in the original MS.

[2] After the words *shall I repeat it?* is a star (*) referring to a note on the opposite page, struck through in pencil as an indication that it was not to be printed, but running thus:—

* *Betsey.* Oh! if those trowsers were to fall down, what a display there would be! (*A general laugh.*)

Mother. He's a proper one: Mr. Follett is nothing to him.

Son (aged 17). * * * * * * * * * * * *. [*Laugh.*]

Mother. Oh! he's quite a monster. He nearly tumbled over Mr. H. one night.

Sarah (*My* Sarah that was) said something inaudible, but in connection.

Son (laughing). Sarah says . . .

Sarah. I say, Mr. Follett wears straps.

[It is not surprising I have been mad ever since I heard this conversation.]

H. Or what am I to think of this story of the footman?

S. It is false, Sir. I never did any thing of the sort.

H. Nay—when I told your mother I wished she wouldn't [pull up your peticoats] (as I heard she did) she said "Oh, there's nothing in that, [for Sarah very often pulls up mine],"[1] & your doing so before company is only a trifling addition to the sport.

S. I'll call my mother, Sir, & she shall contradict you.

H. Then she'll contradict herself. But did not you boast you were "very persevering" in your struggles with men,[2] & had been "several times obliged to ring the bell"? Did you always ring it? Or did you get into these scrapes that made it necessary, merely by the demureness of your looks & ways? Or had nothing else passed? Or have you two characters, one that you palm off upon me, & another, your natural one, that you resume when you get out of the room, like an actress who throws aside her artificial part behind the scenes? Did you not, when I was kissing you on the staircase the first night Mr. F—— came, beg me to desist, for if the new lodger heard me, he'd take you for a light character? Was that all? Were you only afraid of being *taken* for a light character? Oh! Sarah!

S. I'll stay & hear this no longer.

H. Yes, one word more. Did you not love another?

S. Yes, & ever shall most sincerely.

H. Then, that is my only hope. If you felt this sentiment for him, you can't be what you seem to me of late. But there is another thing I had to say—be what you will, I love you to distraction. You are the only woman that ever

[1] The words in this passage between [ ] are erased, and afterwards reinstated in the original MS.

[2] For *struggles with men* in the original MS., *resistance to lodgers* is substituted in pencil.

made me think she loved me, & that feeling was so new to me, & so delicious, that it 'will never from my heart.' Thou wert to me a little tender flower, blooming in the wilderness of my life—& though thou should'st turn out a weed, I'll not fling thee from me while I can help it.

Wert thou all that I dread to think—wert thou a wretched wanderer in the street covered with rags, disease, & infamy, I'd clasp thee to my bosom, & live & die with you my love.—Kiss me, thou little sorceress!

S. NEVER!

H. Then go: but remember I cannot live without you—nor I will not.

VII.—THE RECONCILIATION

H. I HAVE then lost your friendship?

S. Nothing tends more to alienate friendship than insult.

H. The words I uttered hurt me more than they did you.

S. It was not words merely, but actions as well.

H. Nothing I can say or do can ever alter my love for you —Ah! Sarah! I am unworthy of your love: I hardly dare ask for your pity; but oh! save me—save me from your scorn. I cannot bear it—it withers me like lightning.

S. I bear no malice, Sir; but my brother, who would scorn to tell a lie for his sister, can bear witness for me that there was no truth in what you said.

H. I believe it—or there is no truth in woman. It is enough for me to know that you do not return my regard, but it would be too much for me to think that you didn't deserve it. But cannot you forgive the agony of the moment?

S. I can forgive; but it is not easy to forget some things!

H. Nay, my sweet Sarah—(frown if you will—I can bear your resentment of my ill behaviour—it is only your scorn & indifference that harrow up my soul)—but I was going to say, that if you had been engaged to be married to any one, & the day was fixed, & he had heard what I did, whether he could have felt any true regard for the character of his bride, his wife, if he had not been hurt & alarmed as I was?

S. I believe actual contracts of marriage have been sometimes broken off by unjust suspicions.

H. Or had it been your old friend, what do you think he would have said in my case?

S. He would never have listened to any thing of the sort.

H. He had greater reasons for confidence than I have. But it is your repeated cruel rejection of me that drives me almost to madness. Tell me, love, is there not, besides your attachment to him, a repugnance to me?

S. No—none whatever.

H. I fear there is an original dislike, which no efforts of mine can overcome.

S. It is not *you*—it is my feelings with respect to another, which are unalterable.

H. And yet you have no hope of ever being his? And yet you accuse me of being romantic in my sentiments!

S. I have indeed long ceased to hope—but yet I sometimes hope against hope.

H. My love! were it in my power, thy hopes should be fulfilled to-morrow. Next to my own, there is nothing that could give me so much satisfaction as to see thine realised! Do I not love thee, when I can feel such an interest in thy love for another? It was that which first wedded my very soul to you.[1] I would give worlds for a share in a heart so rich in pure affection!

S. And yet I did not tell you of the circumstance to raise myself in your opinion.

H. Thou art a sublime little thing! And yet, as you have no prospects there, I cannot help thinking, the next best thing would be to do as I have said.

S. I would never marry a man I did not love beyond all the world.

H. I should be satisfied with less than that—with the love, or regard, or whatever you call it, you have shown me before

[1] Originally *thee.*

marriage, if that has only been sincere. You would hardly like me less afterwards?

S. Endearments would, I should think, increase regard, where there was love beforehand; but that is not my case.

H. But I think you would be happier than you are at present. You take pleasure in my conversation, & you say you have an esteem for me; and it is upon this, after the honeymoon, that marriage chiefly turns.

S. Do you think there is no pleasure in a single life?[1]

H. Do you mean on account of its liberty?

S. No—but I feel that forced duty is no duty. I have high ideas of the married state!

H. Higher[2] than of the maiden state?

S. I understand you.

H. I meant nothing—but you have sometimes spoken of any serious attachment as a tie upon you. It is not that you prefer[3] flirting with gay young men to becoming a mere dull domestic wife?

S. You have no right to throw out such insinuations: for though I am but a tradesman's daughter, I have as nice a sense of honor as any one can have.

H. Talk of a tradesman's daughter! you would ennoble any family, thou glorious girl, by true nobility of mind.

S. Oh! Sir, you flatter me. I know my own inferiority to most.

H. To none. There is no one above thee, man or woman either. You are above your situation, which is not fit for you.

S. I am contented with my lot, & do my duty as chearfully as I can.

[1] Quere, sporting life.—*Autograph note by Hazlitt.*
[2] The original word written was *more.*
[3] Instead of *prefer*, Hazlitt originally wrote *are fond of.*

H. Have you not told me your spirits get worse every year?

S. Not on that account—but some disappointments are hard to bear up against.

H. If you talk about that, you'll unman me. But tell me, my love,—I have thought of it as something that might account for some circumstances, that is, as a mere possibility—But tell me, there was not a likeness between us[1] that struck you at first? Was there?—

S. No, Sir, none.

H. Well—I didn't think it likely there should.

S. But there was a likeness—

H. To whom?

S. To that little image! (*looking intently on a small bronze figure of Buonaparte on the mantelpiece.*)

H. What! do you mean to Buonaparte?

S. Yes, all but the nose was just like.

H. And was his figure the same?

S. He was taller!

[*I got up & gave her the image, & told her it was her's by every right that was sacred. She refused at first to take so valuable a curiosity, & said she would keep it for me. But I pressed it eagerly, & she took it. She immediately came & sat down, & put her arm round my neck, & kissed me, & I said "Is it not plain we are the best friends in the world, since we are always so glad to make it up?" And then I added "How odd it was that the God of my idolatry should turn out to be like her idol, & said it was no wonder that the same face that awed the world should conquer the sweetest creature in it!" How I loved her at that moment! Is it possible that the wretch who writes this could ever have been so blest!*

[1] Between Hazlitt and her first lover.

Heavenly, delicious creature! Can I live without her? —Oh! no—never, never.

"What is this world? What asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in the cold grave
Alone—withouten any compagnie?"

Let me but see her again! She can't hate the man who loves her as I do.]

—"YOU will scold me for this, & ask me if this is keeping my promise to mind my work. One half of it was to think of Sarah: & besides, I do not neglect my work either, I assure you. I regularly do ten pages a day, which mounts up to thirty guineas worth a week, so that you see I should grow rich at this rate, if I could keep on so. *And I could keep on so*, if I had you with me to encourage me with your sweet smiles, & share my lot. The Berwick smacks sail twice a week, & the wind sits fair. When I think of the thousand endearing caresses that have passed between us, I do not wonder at the strong attachment that draws me to you; but I am sorry for my own want of power to please. I hear the wind sigh thro' the lattice, & keep repeating over and over again to myself two lines of Lord Byron's tragedy—

> "So shalt thou find me ever at thy side
> Here and hereafter, if the last may be."—

applying them to thee, my love, & thinking whether I shall ever see thee again. Perhaps not—for some years at least—till both thou & I are old—& then, when all else have forsaken thee, I will creep to thee, & die in thine arms. You once made me believe I was not hated by her I loved; & for that sensation, so delicious was it, though but a mockery & a dream, I owe you more than I can ever pay. I thought to have dried up my tears for ever, the day I left you; but as I write this, they stream again. If they did not, I think my heart would

burst. I walk out here of an afternoon, and hear the notes of the thrush that come up from a sheltered valley below, welcoming[1] the spring; but they do not melt my heart as they used—it is grown cold & dead. As you say, it will one day be colder.—Forgive what I have written above. I did not intend it: but you were once my little all, & I cannot bear the thought of having lost you[2] for ever, I fear through my own fault. Has any one called? Do not send any letters that come. I should like you & your mother (if agreable) to go & see Mr. Kean in Othello, Miss Stephens in Love in a Village, & the Indian Jugglers & the Glass Curtain at the Coburg. If you will, I will write Mr. T——, to send you tickets. Has Mr. [P——][3] called? I think I must send to him for the picture to kiss and talk to. Kiss me, my best-beloved. Ah! if you can never be mine, still let me be your proud & happy slave.

W. H.

ANSWER.

"SIR,

I should not have disregarded your injunction not to send any letters that came, had I not promised the gentleman who left the enclosed to forward it the earliest opportunity, as he said it was of *consequence*. Mr. P—— called the day after you left town. My mother & myself are much obliged by your kind offer,[4] but must decline accepting it. All my family send their best respects, in which they are joined by yours truly, S. W.

A Book has been left entitled Somers' Security for Englishmen's Lives. Likewise your MSS. of the —— from Mr. C——.[5]"

[1] Altered to *welcome in* in the original MS. [2] Originally *thee*.
[3] *Mr.* —— in the MS. [4] Of tickets to the play. [5] Colburn.

TO THE SAME

(*Encore un coup.*)

—"YOU will be glad to learn I have done my work,—a volume in less than a month. This is one reason why I am better than when I came, and another is, I have had two letters from Sarah. I am pleased I have got through this job, as I was afraid I might lose reputation by it (which I can little afford to lose)—and besides, I am more anxious to do well now, as I wish you to hear me well spoken of. I walk out of an afternoon, and hear the birds sing as I told you, and think if I had you hanging on my arm, *and that for life*, how happy I should be—happier than I ever hoped to be, or had any conception of till I knew you. "But that can never be—" I hear you answer, in a soft low murmur. Well—let me dream of it sometimes—I am not happy too often, except when that favourite note, the harbinger of spring, recalling the hopes of my youth, whispers thy name and peace together in my ear. I was writing something about Mr. Macready to-day, and this put me in mind of that delicious night when I went with your mother and you to see Romeo and Juliet. Can I forget it for a moment—your sweet modest looks,—your infinite propriety of behaviour, all your sweet winning ways—your hesitating about taking my arm as we came out, till your mother did—your laughing about nearly losing your cloak—your stepping into the coach without my being able to make an inch of discovery—and oh! my sitting down beside you there, you whom I had loved so long, so well,

and your assuring me I had not lessened your pleasure at the play by being with you, and giving me your dear hand to press in mine.—I thought I was in heaven—that slender, exquisitely turned form contained my all of heaven upon earth; and as I folded you—yes, you, my own best Sarah, to my bosom, there was as you say *a tie between us*,—you did seem to me for those few short moments, to be mine, in all truth and honour and sacredness—Oh! that we could but be always so—Do not mock me, for I am a very child in love. I ought to beg pardon for behaving so ill afterwards, but I hope the *little image* made it up between us,—&c.

W. H."

[To this letter I have received no answer, not a line. The rolling years of eternity will never fill up that blank. Where shall I be? What am I? Or where have I been?]

THE END.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOW FIRST LITERALLY TRANSCRIBED FROM
THE ORIGINAL MSS.

W. Hazlitt Esq

I.

LETTER FROM SARAH WALKER TO HAZLITT

LONDON, *Jany. 17th* [1822].

SIR,

Doctor Read sent the "London Magazine," with compliments and thanks; no Letters or Parcels, except the one which I have sent with the "Magazine," according to your directions. Mr. Lamb sent for the things which you left in our care, likewise a cravat which was not[1] with them. I send my thanks for your kind offer,[2] but must decline accepting it. Baby is quite well. The first floor is occupied at present; it is very uncertain when it will be disengaged.

My Family send their best
Respects to You.
I hope, Sir, your little Son is quite well.
From yours Respectfully,
S. WALKER.

[Endorsed in a different hand:]
W. HAZLITT, Esq.

[1] Printed "sent" in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's version in the "Memoirs."
[2] Probably of tickets for the theatre.

II.

LETTERS TO P. G. PATMORE[1]

(1.)

[*Superscription cut out.*]

I ought to have written to you before; but since I received your letter, I have been in a sort of Hell, & what is worse, I see no prospect of getting out of it. I would put an end to my torments at once; but I am as great a coward as I am a fool. Do you know I have not had a word of answer from her since! What can be the reason? Is she offended at my letting you know she wrote to me, or is it some new amour? I wrote to her in the tenderest, most respectful manner, poured my soul at her feet, & this is the way she serves me! Can you account for it, except on the admission of my worst suspicion that she has . . .[2] Oh my God! can I bear after all to think of her so, or that I am scorned & made a sport of by the creature to whom I had given my very heart? I feel like one of the damned. To be hated, loathed as I have been all my life, & to feel the utter impossibility of its ever being otherwise, while I live—If you should learn any thing, good or bad, tell me, I intreat you: I can bear any thing but this horrid s[uspense. If I knew][3] she was a mere abandoned

[1] See Appendix II. for extracts from letters to Patmore, printed by Patmore, but not among the Hazlitt Papers.

[2] *Sic* in MS. [3] MS. mutilated to the extent of two or three words.

creature, I should try to forget her; but till I do know this, nothing can tear me from her, I have sucked in poison from her lips too long—alas! mine do not poison again. I sit & cry my eyes out; my weakness grows upon me; & I have no hope left, unless I could lose my senses quite. I think I should like this! To forget, ah! to forget—there would be something in that—to be an ideot for some few years, & then to wake up a poor wretched old man, to recollect my misery as past, & die! Yet, oh! with her, only a little while ago, I had different hopes, forfeited for nothing that I know of![1] It is well I had finished Colburn's work,[2] before all this came upon me. It is one comfort I have done that.

If you can give me any consolation on the subject of my tormentor, pray do. The gnawing pain I suffer wears me out by inches. I write this on the supposition that Mrs. H. may still come here, and that I may be kept in suspense a week or two longer. But for God's sake don't go near the place *on my account*. Direct to me at the Post-Office; & if I return to town directly as I fear, I will leave word for them to forward the letter to me in London—not in S. B. Can I breathe away from her? I will not go back there: yet how can I breathe away from her? Her hatred of me must be great, since my love of her could not overcome it! I have finished the book of my conversations with her, which I call *Liber Amoris*: it is very nice reading. Yours truly, W. H.

EDINBURGH, *March* 30 [1822].

I have seen the great little man,[3] & he is very gracious to me—*Et sa femme aussi!* I tell him I am dull & out of spirits, & he says he cannot perceive it. He is a person of

[1] Some matter immediately following has been obliterated.
[2] The second volume of "Table Talk."
[3] Jeffrey.

an infinite vivacity. My Sardanapalus[1] is to be in. In my judgment Myrrha is most like S. W., only I am not like Sardanapalus.

[Endorsed]
P. G. PATMORE, Esq.,
12 Greek Street, Soho, London.

(2.)

[POSTMARKED: *April* 7, 1822.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your letter this morning with gratitude. I have felt somewhat easier since. It showed your interest in my vexations, & also that you knew nothing worse than I did. I cannot describe the weakness of mind to which she has reduced me. I am come back to Edinburgh about this cursed business, and Mrs. H. is coming down next week. How it will end I can't say and don't care, except with reference to the other affair. I should like to have it in my power to make her the offer direct & unequivocal to see how she'd take it. It would be worth something at any rate to see her superfine airs upon it, & if she should take it into her head to turn round her sweet neck, drop her eyelids, & say, "Yes, I will be yours"—treason domestic, nothing could touch me further. By Heaven, I doat on her. The truth is, I never had any pleasure, like love, with any one but her. Then how can I bear to part with her? Do you know I like to think of her best in her morning gown, in her dirt & her mob-cap. It is as she has sat on my knee with her arms round my neck. Damn her, I could devour her. It is *herself* that I love.

[1] The paper on Byron's play in the *Edinburgh Review*.

[*Some words illegible*] & though it's what I hate, I adored her the more for it. When I but touch her hand, I enjoy perfect happiness & contentment of soul. Yet I think I am in the wrong box. What security can I have that she does not flirt or worse with everyone that comes in her way, when I recollect how she took my first advances? How can I think she has any regard for me when she knows the tortures she puts me to by her silence? And what can I think of a girl who grants a man she has no particle of regard for the freedoms she has done to me? My idea is that in refusing to marry she has made up her mind to a sporting life (keeping safe as well as she can), between disappointment & wantonness & a love of intrigue. I think she would sooner come & live with me than marry me. So that I have her in my arms & for life, I care not how. I never could tire of her sweetness, I feel as if I could grow to her body & soul. A thought has struck me. Her father has a bill of mine for ten pounds unhonoured, about which I tipped her a *cavalier epistle* ten days ago, saying I should be in town this week, and "would call & take it up," but nothing reproachful. Now if you could get Colburn, who has a deposit of 220 pp. of the new vol., to come down with £10, you might call & take up the aforesaid bill, saying that I am prevented from coming to town, as I expected, by the business I came about, & if you saw fit, that a line from her, mentioning the receipt of the sonnet, and stating that no great harm had been done by the delay, would be a favor conferred upon me here at Edinburgh—*greater than an angel's visit!* You might add (supposing her to seem gracious) that you believe I have been hurt, thinking I had offended her, but I doubt about all this, only I am afraid of being kept some time longer in the dark—yet that is better than the Hell of detecting her in an impudent intrigue with some other fellow. I don't see how I

should stand it. I must say Farewell, for the thought drives me mad. W. H.

P.S.—Could you fill up two blanks for me in an Essay on Burleigh-House in Colburn's hands—one, Lamb's Description of the sports in the Forest: see *John Woodvil*,

To see the sun to bed, & to arise, &c.;

the other, Northcote's account of Claude Lorraine in his Vision of a Painter at the end of his Life of Sir Joshua?

[*A word or two illegible.*] I feared as much all along, & yet he used to Lecture me as a hen-pecked lover. I hope to God he'll get the better of it, yet he is just in my situation—glued to a bitch, a little damned incubus, sucking in her soul & her breath about twice as [word indistinct]. It's dreadful work, I must say.—Give me all the advice you can. I shall be thankful for it. I will get the MS.

[*Written across third page of autograph.*] It won't do at all. The way would be (if you got the stuff) to call & ask for Mr. W. & as a mere matter of business, & if they ask how I am, say, "not very well." And if she comes poking out, to say I desired my love or my best respects to her, or something of that grave easy sort. But ask her for nothing, for whatever you do, she'll refuse—except kissed! But use your own discretion about it.

I wish Colburn could send me word what he is about. Tell him what I am about, if you think it wise to do so.

FINAL. Don't go at all. I believe her to be a common lodging-house drab, & that an attempt to move only hardens her. [*Some words illegible.*] & still resist and keep up the game. To think that I should feel as I have done for such a monster.

(3.)

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I got your letter this morning, & I kiss the rod not only with submission, but gratitude. Your rebukes of me & your defences of her are the only things that save my soul from Hell. She is my soul's idol; & believe me those words of yours applied to the dear creature—"To lip a chaste one & suppose her wanton"—were balm & rapture to me. I have *lipped her*, God knows, thought I, & oh! is it even possible that she is a chaste one, & that she has bestowed her loved "endearments" on me (her own sweet word) out of true regard? That thought, out of the lowest depths of despair, would at any time make me strike my head against the stars. Be it known to you that while I write this I am drinking ale[1] at the Black Bull celebrated in Blackwood. It is owing to your letter. Could I think the love "honest," I am proof against Edinburgh ale. She by her silence makes my "dark hour;" & you dissipate it for four & twenty hours. Another thing has brought me to life. Mrs. H. is actually on her way here. I was going to set off home, & throw myself at her feet once more, when coming up Leith Walk I met an old friend come down here to settle, who said, "I saw your wife at the wharf, she had just paid her fare by the *Superb*." Here's a change. This Bell whom I met is the very man to negotiate the business between us. Should this business succeed, & I should be free, do you think S. W. will be Mrs. H—? If she *will*, she *shall;* & to call her so to you or to hear her called so by others, will be music to my ears, such as they never heard. Do you think if she knew how I love her, my depressions & my altitudes, my wanderings

[1] "He had not for years previously touched anything but water, except his beloved tea, nor did he afterwards, up to the period of his last illness" (Patmore's Note.)

& my pertinacity, it would not melt her? She knows it all; & if she is not a bitch, she loves me, or regards me with a feeling next to love. I don't believe that any human being was ever courted more passionately than she has been by me. As Rousseau said of Madame d'Houptot (forgive the allusion) my heart has found a language in speaking to her, & I have talked to her the divine language of love. Yet she says, she is insensible to it. Am I to believe her or you? You—for I wish it & wish it to madness, now that I am like to be free, & to have it in my power to say to her without a possibility of suspicion, "Sarah, will you be mine?" When I sometimes think of the time I first saw the sweet apparition, August 16, 1820, and that possibly she may be my wife before that day two years, it makes me dizzy with incredible joy & love of her. I hear Anne Sh. is going to marry one of the nastiest scrubs in the city of London. If I knew Procter's address I'd tip him an epistle. I am glad you go on so swimmingly with the N. M. M.[1] I shall be back in a week or a month. I won't write to *her*. [No signature.]

[Endorsed]
P. G. PATMORE, Esq.,
12 Greek Street, Soho, London.

[Postmarked]
April 21, 1822.

(4.[2])

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wrote yesterday by Scarborough to say that the iron had entered my soul—for ever. I have since thought more profoundly about it than ever before, & am convinced beyond a doubt that she is a regular lodging-house decoy, who

[1] "New Monthly Magazine." [2] Now first printed.

leads a sporting life with every one who comes in succession, & goes different lengths according as she is urged or inclined. This is why she will not marry, because she hankers after this sort of thing. She has an itch for being slobbered & felt, & this she is determined to gratify upon system & has a pride in making fools of the different men she indulges herself with, & at the same time can stop short from the habit of running the gauntlet with so many. The impudent whore to taunt me that "she had always told me she had no affection for me" as a salve for her new lewdness—& how did she tell me this, sitting in my lap, twining herself round me [*a few words illegible*] looking as if she would faint with tenderness & modesty, admitting all sorts of indecent liberties & declaring "however she might agree to her own ruin, she would never consent to bring disgrace upon her family," as if that last circumstance only prevented her, & all this without any affection—is it not to write whore, hardened, impudent, heartless whore after her name?

Her look is exactly this. It is that of suppressed lewdness & conscious & refined hypocrisy instead of innocence or timidity or real feeling. She never looks at you, nor has a single involuntary emotion. For any one to suffer what she has done without feeling it, is unnatural & monstrous.

A common whore would take a liking to a man, who had shown the same love of her, & to whom she had granted the same intimate favours. But her heart is seared, as her eyes gloat, with habitual hypocrisy & *lech* for the mere act of physical contact with the other sex. "Do you let any one do so," I said to her when I was kissing her. "No, not now," was her answer—that is, because there was nobody in the house to do it with her. While the coast was clear, I had it all my own way, but the instant Tomkins came, she made a dead set at him, ran breathless upstairs before him, blushed when his

foot was heard, watched for him in the passage, & he going away, either tired of her or without taking the hint, she has taken up in my absence with this quack doctor, a tall stiff-backed able-bodied half-blackguard, that she can make use of, & get rid of when she pleases. The bitch wants a *stallion*, & hates a lover, that is, any one who talks of affection, & is prevented by goodness or regard for her from going or attempting to go all lengths. I at present think she liked me to a certain extent as a friend, but still I was not good enough for her. She wanted to be courted not as a bride, but as a common wench. "Why could we not go on as we were, & never mind about the word *forever?*" She would not agree to "a tie," because she would leave herself open to any new pretender that answered her purpose better, & *bitch* me without ceremony or mercy, & then say "she had always told me she had no regard for me"—as a rea[son for] transferring her obscenities (for such they were without [doubt) from] me to her next favourite. Her addicting herself to Tomkins was endurable, because he was a gentlemanly sort of man, but her putting up with this brick of a fellow, merely for bone & measurement & gross manners, sets me low indeed. The monster of lust & duplicity! I that have spared her so often, because I hoped better things of her & to make her my future wife, & to be refused in order that she may be the trull of an itinerant apothecary, a fellow that she made a jest of & despised till she had nobody else in the way to pamper her body, & supply her morning's meal of studied wantonness. "That way madness lies." I do not feel as if I can ever get the better of it. I have sucked in the poison of her beaming modesty & tenderness too long. I thought she was dreaming of her only love, & worshipped her equivocal face, when she wanted only a codpiece, & I ought to have pulled up her petticoats & felt her. But I could not insult the adored of my heart, to find out her

real character; & you see what has become of me. I was wrong at first in fancy[ing] a wench at a lodging-house to be a Vestal merely for her demure looks. The only chance I had was the first day; after that, my hands were tied, & I became the fool of Love. Do you know the only thing that soothes or melt[s] me is the idea of taking my little boy, whom I can no longer support, & wandering through the country as beggars, not through the wide world, for I cannot leave the country, where she is. Oh God! oh God! The slimy, varnished marble fiend to bring me to this, when three kind words would have saved me.[1] Yet, if I only knew she was a whore (*flagrante delicto*) it would wean me from her, & burst my chain. Could you ascertain this fact for me, by any means or through any person (E. for example) who might try her as a lodger? I should not like her to be seduced by elaborate means, but if she gave up as a matter of course, I should then be no longer the wretch I am, or the God I might have been, but what I was before, poor plain W. H.

[Endorsed]
P. G. PATMORE, Esq.,
12 Greek Street, Soho, London.

[Postmarked] *May* 31, '22.

(5.)

[Between June 3 and June 9, 1822, but undated.]

MY ONLY FRIEND,

I should like you to fetch the MSS. & try to ascertain for me whether I had better return there or not, as soon as this affair is over. I cannot give her up without an absolute

[1] Possibly this figure suggested the sub-title to the printed volume of 1823.

certainty. Only, however, sound the matter by saying, for instance, that you are desired to get me a lodging, & that you believe I should prefer being there to being any where else. You may say that the affair of the divorce is over, and that I am gone a tour in the Highlands. Ascertain if that wretched rival is there still. I am almost satisfied she is a wretched creature herself, but my only hope of happiness rests on the alternative. Ours was the sweetest friendship. Oh! might the delusion be renewed, that I might die in it! If there is any insolence—TRY HER through some one (E. for example), who will satisfy my soul I have lost only a lovely frail one that I was not like to gain by true love. Oh! that I was once back to London. I am going to see Knowles, to get him to go with me to the Highlands, & talk about *her*. I shall be back Thursday week, to appear in court *pro formâ* the next day, & then for Heaven or for Hell.

Send me a line about my little boy.

W. H.

10 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

(6.)

RENTON-INN, BERWICKSHIRE,
[*June* 9, 1822].

MY DEAR PATMORE,

Your letter raised me for a moment from the depths of despair, but not hearing from you yesterday or to-day, as I hoped, I am gone back again. You say I want to get rid of her. I hope you are more right in your conjectures about her than in this about me.—Oh no! believe it, I love her as I do my own soul, my heart is wedded to her, be she what she may, & I would not hesitate a moment between her and an angel from Heaven. I grant all you say about my self-tormenting

madness, but has it been without cause? Has she not refused me again & again with scorn & abhorrence, after going all lengths with a man, for whom she disclaims all affection, & what security can I have for her continence with others, who will not be restrained by feelings of delicacy towards her, & whom she must have preferred to me for their very grossness? "She can make no more confidences."—These words ring for ever in my ears, & will be my death-watch. My poor fond heart that brooded over her, & the remains of her affections as my only hope of comfort upon earth, cannot brook or survive this vulgar degradation. Who is there so low as me? Who is there besides, after the homage I have paid her & the caresses she has lavished on me, so vile, so filthy, so abhorrent to love, to whom such an indignity could have happened? When I think of this, & I think of it forever (except when I read your letters), the air I breathe stifles me. I am pent up in burning, impotent desires, which can find no vent or object. I am hated, repulsed, bemocked by all I love. I cannot stay in any place, & find no rest or intermission from the thought of her contempt & her ingratitude. I can do nothing. What is the use of all I have done? Is it not that this thinking beyond my strength, my feeling more than I ought about so many things, that has withered me up, & made me a thing for love to shrink from and wonder at? Who could ever feel that peace from the touch of her dear hand that I have done, & is it not torn forever from me. My state is that I feel I shall never lie down again at night nor rise up of a morning in peace, nor ever behold my little boy's face with pleasure, while I live,—unless I am restored to her favour. Instead of that delicious feeling I had when she was heavenly kind to me, & my heart softened & melted in its own tenderness & her sweetness, I am now inclosed in a dungeon of despair. The sky is marble like my thoughts, nature is dead without me, as hope is within

me, no object can give me one gleam of satisfaction now, or the prospect of it in time to come. I wander or rather crawl by the sea-side, & the eternal ocean, & lasting despair, & her face are before me. Hated, slighted, mocked by her on whom my heart by its last fibre hung, I wake with her by my side, not as my sweet bedfellow, but as the corpse of my love, without a heart in her, cold, insensible, or struggling from me; & the worm gnaws me, & the sting of unrequited love, & the canker of a hopeless, endless sorrow. I have lost the taste of my food by feverish anxiety, & my tea, which used to refresh me when I got up, has no moisture in it. Oh! cold, solitary, sepulchral breakfasts, compared to those which I made, when she had been standing an hour by my side, my love,[1] my guardian angel, my wife, my sister, my sweet friend, my all, & had blest a wretch with her cherub sayneths [?], her seraph kisses. Ah! what I suffer only shews what I have felt before.—But "the girl is a good girl, if there is goodness in human nature." I thank you for those words, & I will fall down & worship you, if you can prove them true: & I would not do much[2] to him that proves her a demon. Do let me know if any thing has passed: suspense is my greatest torture. Jeffrey (to whom I did a little unfold) came down with a £100 to give me time to recover, & I am going to Renton-Inn to see if I can work a little in the three weeks before it will be over, if all goes well. Tell Colburn to send the "Table Talk" to him, 92 George Street, Edinburgh, unless he is mad, & wants to ruin me & the book. Write on the receipt of this, and believe me your unspeakably obliged W. H.

[Endorsed]

P. G. PATMORE, Esq.,
12 Greek Street, Soho, London.

[1] Patmore reads "Eve." [2] Patmore reads "much less."

I would give a thousand worlds to believe her any thing but what I suppose. I love her, Heaven knows. W. H.

You say I am to try her after she agrees to have me. No; but I hate her for this, that she refuses me. The oath is to be taken (God willing), to-morrow. Oh! let me be free that I may *not* make her an offer. The hideous little hypocritical anomaly! When she would go to church [*a word or two illegible*] aye, & with a grave air.—I'm mad! So much for sentiment.

(7.)

[RENTON-INN, BERWICKSHIRE,
June 18, 1822.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Here I am at Renton, amid the hills and groves which I greeted in their barrenness in winter, but which have now put on their full green attire, that shews lovely in this northern twilight, but speaks a tale of sadness to this heart, widowed of its last & its dearest, its only hope. For a man who writes such nonsense I write a good hand. Musing over my only subject (Othello's occupation, alas! is gone), seeking for rest, & finding none, I have at last hit upon a truth that, if true, explains all, & satisfies me, I hope forever. This is it. You will by this time probably know something, from having called & seen how the land lies, that will make you a judge how far I am stepped into madness in my conjectures. If you think me right, all engines set at work at once that punish ungrateful woman! Oh, lovely Renton-Inn! here I wrote a volume of Essays; here I wrote my enamoured follies to her, thinking her human, and that below was not all the fiend's. Here I got two answers from the little witch, & here I was cuckolded & I was damned. I am only a fool, would I were mad! By

this time you probably know enough, & know whether this following solution is *in rerum naturâ* at No. 9, S. B.

Mark. The conversation that passed in the kitchen that evening that ruined me was this:—

Betsey. Oh! if those trousers were to come down, what a sight there would be! (*A general loud laugh.*)

Mother. Yes, he's a proper one. Mr. Follett is nothing to him.

Cajah (aged 17). Then I suppose he must be some inches.

Mother W. He's quite a monster. He nearly tumbled over Mr. Hazlitt one night.

Sarah (at that name, that still & ever dear name, why do I grow pale, why do I weep & forgive?) said something inaudible, but in connection.

Cajah. Sarah says——(*laughing*).

Sarah. I say Mr. Follett wears straps——[1]

I ask you candidly whether on hearing this I ought not to have walked out of the house, & never have thought of it again. She also said to me the other evening, when I told her (I don't know what), that she heard enough of that sort of conversation. No wonder, when she had heard for years this kind of kitchen-stuff.

Who do you think this hero, this Hercules, this plenisteran [?] was? Why, I recollect the person who once tumbled over me half-drunk was this very Griffiths who keeps possession of his ten-shilling Garrett, in spite of an offer of marriage from me & a hundred guineas a year for his apartment. Can there be a doubt, when the mother dilates in this way on codpieces, & the son replies in measured terms, that the girl runs mad for size [*a word or two illegible*]. Miss is small, & exaggerates dimension by contrast. Misjudging fair! Yet it is she

[1] This matter is repeated on a spare leaf of the original MS. of the *Liber Amoris*.

whom I spared a hundred times from witnessing this consummation devoutly wished by the whole kitchen in chorus, after she has been rubbing against me hard at it for an hour together; [and I] thinking to myself, "The girl is a good girl," &c., & means no harm—it is only [her fond]ness for me, not her lech after a man [*a line or two mutilated*] which were not to be repeated in future, they having been transferred to one whom her mother had singled out for her daughter's endearments. "A strapping youth, he takes the mother's eye!" If you know nothing to contradict this theory, ask somebody to verify. If I don't hear something good from you to-morrow, I shall send this letter post-paid. [*Lines mutilated and illegible.*] I think she would make the most delicious whore alive, but, by God! I do not stomach her as a wife in my present humour—you will say, circumstances. Oh no! the very thought that she may have in spite of all appearances a true & tender regard for me, namely, that she would love me, & therefore does not *hate* me, makes my heart glow with its old tenderness, & melt in heavenly sweetness toward the little cherub. Don't go to Roscoe, or let me have any more formal reports, till I am quite free at any rate. But I think you might go & take away the MSS., & if you see her, say you think it is a pity we should part otherwise than as friends, for that you know I had the truest regard for her, & that I should never think of any other lodging, but that I feared she had a dislike to seeing me there in consequence of my past misconduct. I have hit it. *Say that I shall want it*[1] *very little the next year, as I shall be abroad for some months, but that I wish to keep it on, to have a place to come to* when I am in London; *& not to seem to have parted in anger, when I feel nothing but friendship & esteem.* If you get a civil answer to this, take it for me, & send me word. Otherwise get E. or any body to see what

[1] The lodging.

flesh she is made of, and send her to hell if possible. She may then, you know, take compassion on me, as Killigrew's cousin said. I have half a mind to come up in the steam-boat to watch the operation. Learn first if the great man of Penmaen-Mawr is still there. You may do this by asking after my hamper of books which was in the back parlour. . . . Tell her that I am free and that I have had a severe illness. Alas! alas! for me. Keep these letters. W. H.

Above all, use your own discretion. Treat me as a child. Q. a Child Harold![1]

P. G. PATMORE, Esq.,
12 Greek Street, Soho, London.

(8.)

10 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH,
June 20–1, 1822.]

Will you call at Mr. Dawson's school, Hunter Street, & tell the little boy I'll write to him or see him on Saturday morning? Poor little fellow!

See Colburn for me about the book. The letter, I take it, was from him.

Oh! answer me, & save me, if possible, *for* her & *from* myself. W. H.

The deed is done, and I am virtually a free man. Mrs. H. took the oath on Friday (they say manfully) & nothing remains but to wait a week or two longer for the sentence of divorce.

What had I better do in these circumstances? I daren't write to her—I dare not write to her father, or else I

[1] In the "Memoirs" version of this letter, for this postscript is substituted another which reads, "I would give a thousand worlds to believe her anything but what I suppose . . ."

would. She has shot me through with poisoned arrows, & I think another "winged wound" would finish me. It is a pleasant sort of balm she has left in my heart. One thing I agree with you in—it will remain there forever—but yet not very long. It festers & consumes me. If it were not for my little boy, whose face I see struck blank at the news, & looking through the world for pity, & meeting with contempt, I should soon settle the question by my death. That is the only thought that brings my wandering reason to an anchor—that excites the least interest, or gives me fortitude to bear up against what I am doomed to feel for *the un*grate*ful*. Otherwise I am dead to all but the agony of what I have lost. She was my life—it is gone from me, & I am grown spectral. If it is a place I know, it reminds me of her, of the way in which my fond heart brooded over her. If it is a strange place, it is desolate, hateful, barren of all interest—for nothing touches me but what has a reference to her. There is only she in the world—"the false, the fair, the inexpressive she." If the clock strikes, the sound jars me, for a million of hours will never bring peace to my breast. The light startles me, the darkness terrifies me—I seem falling into a pit, without a hand to help me. She came (I knew not how) & sat by my side, and was folded in my arms, a vision of love & joy—as if she had dropped from the heavens, to bless me by some special dispensation of a favouring Providence—to make me amends for all, & now, without any fault of mine but too much love, she has vanished from me, & I am left to wither. My heart is torn out of me, and every feeling for which I wished to live. It is like a dream, an enchantment—it torments me, & it makes me mad. I lie down with it, I rise up with it, & I see no chance of repose. I grasp at a shadow, I try to undo the past, or to make that mockery real, & weep with rage & pity over my own weakness & misery. I spared her again & again

(idiot, fop, pedant that I was), thinking what she suffered was love, friendship, sweetness, not wantonness. How could I, looking at her face, & hearing her soft words, like sighs breathed from the gentlest of all bosoms? The she-goat! Damn her.

I had hopes, I had prospects to come, the flattery of something like fame, a pleasure in writing, health even would have come back with her smile.—She has blighted all, turned all to poison & drivelling tears. Yet the barbed arrow is in my heart—I can neither endure it nor draw it out, for with it flows my life's blood. I had dwelt too long upon truth to trust myself with the immortal thoughts of love. *That S. W. might have been mine, & now never can*—these are the two sole propositions that forever stare me in the face, and look ghastly in at my poor brain. I am in some sense proud that I can feel this dreadful passion—it makes me a kind of peer in the kingdom of love—but I could have wished it had been for an object that, at least, could have understood its value & pitied its excess. Do you know, I think G. (the fellow in the back parlour) is the very man her mother was recommending to her daughter's lecherous thoughts (if she has any) . . . [*a few words obliterated*] for I recollect he tumbled over me one night half-drunk, which was one of the circumstances related as a proof of his huge prowess. Do you think this might sink into the man's mind in my absence? [*several lines obliterated*]. The gates of Paradise were once open to me, & I blushed to enter but with the golden keys of love! I would die, but her lover, my love of her, ought not to die. When I am dead, who will love her as I have done? If she should be in misfortune, who will comfort her? When she is old, who will look in her face and bless her? Would there be any harm in speaking to Roscoe confidentially to know if he thinks it would be worth while to make her an offer the instant I am free—or suppose you try the £100 a year whenever the apartment [is vacant].

9.

[*June* 25, 1822.]

MY DEAR AND GOOD FRIEND,

I am afraid I trouble you with my querulous epistles, but this is probably the last. To-morrow decides my fate with respect to her, & the next day I expect to be a free man. In vain! Was it not for her & to lay my freedom at her feet, that I took this step that has cost me infinite wretchedness, & now to be discarded with contumely & abhorrence. And for the first blackguard that falls in her way. If so, I do not think I can survive it. You who have been a favourite with women, do not know what it is to be deprived of one's only hope, & to have it turned to a mockery & a scorn. There is nothing in the world left that can give me one drop of comfort—*that* I feel more & more. Every thing is to me a mockery of pleasure, like her love. The breeze does not cool me: the blue sky does not allure my eye. I gaze only on her face (like a marble image) averted from me—alas! the only face that ever was turned fondly to me! And why? Because I wanted her to be mine forever in love or friendship, and did not push my gross familiarities with her as far as I should with a common wench. "Why can you not go on as we have done, & say nothing about the word *forever?*" Did not this shew that she even then meditated an escape from me to some less sentimental lover? I was very well as a stopgap, but I was to be nothing more. The instant Tomkins came, she flung herself at his head in the most bare-faced way, & used to run blushing & breathless to meet him. God knows, she was always cool enough with me, even in our closest intimacies & endearments. I thought her warmth was reserved for the

little image, till I saw her always running upstairs with this fellow, & then watching for him, when he went down again, & in close confab. in the passage. It was then my mad proceedings commenced. Had I not reason to be jealous of every appearance of familiarity with others, knowing how familiar she had been with me at first, & that she only grew shy when I did not take farther liberties? What has her character to rest upon but her attachment to me, which she now denies, not modestly, but impudently? Will you yourself say that if she had all along no regard for me, she will not do as much or more with other more likely men? "She has had," she says, "enough of my conversation," so it was not that! Ah! my friend, it was not likely I should ever meet even with the outward demonstration of love from any woman but a common lodging-house decoy.—I have tasted the sweets, & now feel the bitterness of knowing what a bliss I am deprived of, and must ever be deprived of. Intolerable conviction! Yet I might, I believe, have had her in the *sporting line*; but some demon held my hand. How could I when I worshipped her, and even now pay her divine honours in my inmost heart, abased & brutalised as I have been by that Circean cup of kisses, of enchantments, of which I have drunk! I am choked, withered, dried up with chagrin, remorse, despair, from which I have not a moment's respite, day or night. I have always some horrid dream about her, and wake wondering what is the matter that "she is no longer the same to me as ever!" I thought at least we should always be dear friends, if nothing more. Did she not talk of coming to live with me only the day before I left London? But she's gone, & my revenge must be—to *love* her! Damn her, the little sorceress, the cruel, heartless destroyer! I see nothing for it but madness, unless Friday brings a change, or unless she lets me go back. You must know I wrote to her to that purpose lately, but it was a very

quiet, rational epistle, begging pardon, & professing reform for the future, & all that. What effect it will have, I shall know to-morrow, & you probably know already. I was forced to get out of the way of her answer, till Friday came. W. H.

If Roscoe's answer is positive & final, it is plain she hates me, because I neglected certain opportunities, & has got some one to supply my inattention. In that case I intreat you to set some one to work to ascertain for me without loss of time, whether she is a common sporter or not. Nothing else but the knowledge of her being common can reconcile me to myself after what has passed. It has occurred to me that as Roscoe was thought by the family to be like the bust of Buonaparte, it might be a brother of his, & that in these circumstances the affair has been renewed. If that were the case, I should be happy even to lose her for her heart's love: but to any one else (except by way of learning what she is) I will not part with her; to that I have made up my mind. You do not know what I suffer, or you would not be so severe upon me. My death will, I hope, satisfy every one before long.

P.S.—I have no answer from her. I wish you to call on Roscoe[1] in confidence to say that I intend to make her an offer of marriage, & that I will write to her father to that purpose the instant I am free (next Friday week), & to ask him whether he thinks it would be to any purpose, & what he would advise me to do.

P.S.—I shall, I hope, be in town next Friday at furthest. Not till Friday week. Write for God's sake to let me know the worst. There has been another delay (*pro formâ*) of ten days.

[1] The gentleman who had married the sister, and was said to be very happy in his choice.

(10.)

Wednesday, July 3.

MY DEAR PATMORE,

You have been very kind to me in this business; but I fear even your indulgence for my infirmities is failing. To what a state am I reduced, & for what? For fancying a little lodging-house decoy to be an angel and a saint, because she affected to look like one, to hide her rank thoughts & deadly purposes. Has she not murdered me under the mask of the tenderest friendship? And why? Because I have loved her with unutterable love, & sought to make her my wife. You say it is my own "outrageous conduct." I ask you first in candour whether the ambiguity of her situation with respect to me, kissing, fondling a married man as if he were her husband, & then declaring she had no love for him & professing never to marry, was not enough to excite my suspicions, which the different exposés from the conversations in the kitchen must blow into a flame with any one? I ask you what you yourself would have felt or done, if, loving her as I did, you had heard what I did, time after time? Did not her mother own to one of the grossest charges [*a few words obliterated*] and is this action to be reconciled with her pretended character (that character with which I fell in love, and to which I *made* love) without supposing her to be the greatest hypocrite in the world? My conduct, instead of being outrageous, has been too gentle [*a few words obliterated*]. That has been my unpardonable offence. "This was looked for at my hands, & this was baulked." After exciting her loose desires by the fondest embraces & the purest kisses, as if she had been "made my wedded wife yestreen," or was to become so to-

morrow—I did not follow up my advantage by any action which should say, "I think you a whore, or will lay aside the feeling of love & adoration I cherish for you to see whether you are not a Miss Wills." Yet any one but a fond fool like me would have made the experiment, with whatever violence to himself, as a matter of life & death; for I had every reason to distrust appearances. Her conduct has been of a piece from the beginning; for in the midst of her closest and falsest endearments, she has always (with one or two exceptions) disclaimed the natural inference to be drawn from them, and made a verbal reservation, by which she might lead me on in a Fool's Paradise, & make me the tool of her lust, her avarice, & her love of intrigue as long as she liked, & dismiss me whenever it suited her. This, you see, she has done, because my intentions grew serious, and if complied with, would put an end to her "*sporting life.*" Offer marriage to this "tradesman's daughter, who has as nice a sense of honour as any one can have;"—and like Lady Bellaston in Tom Jones she *cuts* you immediately in a fit of abhorrence & alarm. She was not by any means so horrified when in our first intimacy I asked to go to bed to her, & she only answered in her pretty, mincing way, "It would be of no use if you did, for Betsey sleeps with me." That I should have spared the traitress, when I had her melting in my arms, after expressions like this, & when I must know that if I did not she would get somebody else that would, astonishes me, when I look back to it. Wretched being that I am, lost, undone forever! I have thrown away my heart & soul upon an unfeeling jilt, & my life (that might have been so happy, had she been but what I thought her), will soon follow voluntarily, or by the force of grief, remorse, & madness at my cruel disappointment. I cannot get rid of reflection, I have only that one subject of contemplation in time to come, & the thought stifles me. I cannot even seek relief from its pressure.

The bond grows tighter instead of being lightened. Ah! what a heart she has lost! All the love & affection of my whole life was centred in her, who alone, I thought, of all women had found out my true character, & knew how to value my tenderness. Alas! alas! that this, the only hope, joy, or comfort I ever had, should turn to a mockery, and blast the remainder of my days. [*Two words indistinct.*] I was at Roslin Castle yesterday, & the exquisite beauty of the scene, with the thought of what I should feel, should I ever be restored to her, & have to lead her through such places as my adored, my angel-wife, almost drove me beside myself. For this picture, this ecstatic vision, what have I instead as the image of the reality? Demoniacal possessions. I see the young witch seated in another's lap, twining her serpent arms round him, her eyes glancing, & her cheeks on fire. Damn the unnatural hag. Oh! oh! why does not the hideous thought choke me? It is so, & she can make no more confidences. The gentleman who lodges in the old room is a red-faced, pot-bellied, powdered gentleman of sixty—a pleasant successor! For what am I reserved? The bitch likes the nasty, the wilful, the antipathetic. That was why she pitched upon me, because I was out of the ordinary calculation of love. I'll say no more about that, however. You will say, if I have only lost a Miss Wills, a girl that will be a lure to elderly gentlemen, & that her own person, enjoying the incongruity of the combination, what have I lost? If I had known it from the first, nothing—but as it is I have lost her, myself, Heaven, & am doomed to Hell. Where is E.? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot? Where, how shall I be released from these horrors? Do go & ask Roscoe what it all means, & send me one fact in her favour. I wish you could come down in the steamboat next Wednesday & return with me the Wednesday after, when all will be over.

Get[1] some one to try her, or I am destroyed forever. To go & see E., then after he [*a word or two obliterated*] her for the asking, would lift my soul from Hell. It would be sweet & full revenge. *You* may try her, if you like—a pot-belly & a slender waist match by contrast. Do they not? I shall soon be in town, & see. Pity me, pity [*a word indistinct*].

W. H.

To be sure, the mother let me the lodgings entire, which did not look like keeping them for another person; but then Miss sent me away with a flea in my ear, for she knew very well what would be the effect of her oration that I was to be treated like a common lodger. Again, the gentleman's not coming for five weeks, & only staying three, does not look like very hot love, & she does not like the lukewarm. Oh! if this newcomer should turn out to be her first lover, how would I lift up my hands in thankfulness to be so discarded, how would I fall down & worship him & her! I hope you will think this last sentiment worthy of me, & so I conclude. Do come next Wednesday, if you can, for the fun of the thing, & to see Auld Reekie. I am to be made a free man next Monday week, please the lawyers. W. H.

Looking in the glass to see why I am so hated, I think I see FREEDOM written on my brow. Then for lines——

The mother also said that while I was away, Sarah thought it best not to encourage a passion that perhaps might never be fulfilled. But she did not give over encouraging till the end of the five weeks. Q. E. D. If it is the same old fellow that was there before, I shall go mad. Besides, she kept repeating that she "despised looks," & objected to Tomkins as a new lodger,

[1] This portion, written on the top of the first leaf of orig. MS., apparently purports having been added on July 5. Yet the postmark is July 4.

so that she takes time to insinuate the feeling of obscenity into her veins. Life is hideous to me, & death horrible. What shall I do? Oh! that I knew she was a strumpet, & that she knew I did.

(11.)

[*July* 8, 1822.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,

I can only say that you have saved my life. If I make enemies with her now, I deserve to be hanged, drawn, & quartered. She is an angel from heaven, & you cannot pretend I ever said to the contrary! The little devil must have liked me from the first, or she never could have stood all these hurricanes without slipping her cable. What could she find in me? "I have mistook my person all this while," &c. Do you know I mean to be the very *ideal* of a lodger when I get back, & if ever I am married, & if I don't make her the best bedfellow in the world, call me *cut*. I saw a picture of her naked figure[1] the other day at Dalkeith Palace, before these blessed news came, and it drove me mad. Roscoe is just the man I wish for a brother-in-law. Tell him I feel my obligations to him, & send the enclosed letter, if you think it a proper one. You have the face to doubt my making a good husband: you might as well doubt it if I was married to one of the Houris of Paradise. She is a saint, an angel, a love. I now worship her, & fall down on my knees in thankfulness to God & Nature for this reprieve at least. If she deceives me again, she kills me. But I will have such a kiss when I get back, as shall last me twenty years. Bless her! May God bless her for not utterly disowning & destroying me! What a

[1] Hope finding Fortune in the sea.

My only friend,

I should like you to fetch the MSS. ~~things~~ & try to ascertain for me whether I had better return, or not, as soon as the affair is over, I cannot give her up without an absolute certainty. Only however sound the matter ~~whether~~ I by saying for instance that you are desired to get me a lodging, & that you believe I should prefer being there to anywhere else, you may say that the affair of the divorce is over & that I am gone a tour in the Highlands. Ascertain if that bretched rival is there still. I am almost satisfied she is a wretched creature herself, but my c

hope of happiness rests on the alternative. Our
was the sweetest friendship — oh! might the
delusion be renewed that I might die in it,
if there is any insolence — Try her throu
some one (e.g. for example) who will satisfy my soul I ha
(any one) not only a lovely frail one that I was not
be to gain by true love. Oh! that I was o
eek to London. I am going to see Knowle
get him to go with me to the Highlands, t
lk about her. I shall be back Thursda
ek, to appear in court pro formâ the hep
g, & the — for Heaven or for Hell. Se
e a line about my little boy. W. H.

3 George Street,
Edinburgh.

sublime little thing it is, & how she holds out to the last in her system of consistent contradictions! I have been thinking of her little face these two last days, looking like a marble statue, as cold, as fixed and graceful as ever statue did, & I could not believe the lies I told of her. No, I think I'll never believe again that she will not be mine, for I think she was made on purpose for me. I had half begun a new amour, but it's all off, God bless you! I'll never think of another woman, while she even thinks it worth her while to refuse to have *me*. You see I am not hard to please, after all. Did Roscoe know of the intimacies that had passed between us? Or did you hint at it? I think it would be a *clencher*, if he did. How ought I to behave when I go back? I think not romantic, but mild, somewhat melancholy. Eh? Advise a fool, who had nearly lost a Goddess by his folly. The thing is, I could not think it possible she could ever like *me*. Her taste is singular, but not the worse for that. I'd rather have her love, or liking (call it what you will) than empires. Don't you think she's a maid? She'll have enough of my conversation & of something else before she has done with me, I suspect. I deserve to call her mine; for nothing but that *can* atone for what I've suffered. I hope your next letter won't be a crucifier, & then I shall be happy till I see her—one of the blest when I do see her, if she looks like my own beautiful love. I may perhaps write a line when I come to my right wits.—Farewel at present, and thank you a thousand times for what you have done for W. H.

P.S.—I have written formally to bespeak the lodging. I like what R. said about his wife, much. There are good people in the world: I begin to see it, & believe it.

[Endorsed as before.]

MRS. HAZLITT'S DIARY

[*The MS. from which the following text is taken, and for the first time given entire, is a 4to volume—an ordinary memorandum-book—of forty-nine leaves, not reckoning several blanks at end. From the almost complete absence of corrections or erasures it is to be suspected that it is a fair copy made by Mrs. Hazlitt, in whose beautiful hand it is written throughout, from her original Notes. But no other MS. is known to exist.*]

JOURNAL OF MY TRIP TO SCOTLAND

Sunday, 14*th April* 1822.—Went on board the Leith smack *Superb* at 3 o'clock P.M. (one of the horses fell near Tower Hill, but no ill consequences from it). Little wind.

Monday, 15*th*.—At 1 P.M. ran aground off Gravesend, and remained there all night.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Foul wind; made but little way; came to an anchor at night.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—Wind contrary.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Off Yarmouth, wet and calm.

Friday, 19*th*.—Beating off the coast of Norfolk. Dry and contrary wind. At 2 P.M. wind more favorable.

Saturday, 20*th*.—At 9 A.M. passed Whitby Abbey, wind still rather fair. At 11 P.M. stiff breeze in our favor, which sunk again soon after 12.

Sunday, 21*st*.—At 5 A.M. calm. At 1 P.M. landed safe at Leith. A caddie brought my luggage with me to the Black Bull, Catherine Street, Edinburgh. Dined at three on mutton chops. Met Mr. Bell at the door as I was going to take a walk after dinner; he had been on board the vessel to inquire for me. After he went, I walked up to Edinburgh Castle, and on the Calton Hill, both commanding extensive views, and the latter with fine gravel walks. Here is the Observatory and Nelson's Monument. Returned to tea, and had ham for supper. Went to bed at half-past twelve.

Monday, 22*nd*.—Rose at seven, breakfasted at half-past eight. Mr. Bell called about twelve, and I went with him to

Mr. Cranstoun the barrister to consult him on the practicability and safety of procuring a divorce, and informed him that my friends in England had rather alarmed me, by asserting that if I took the Oath of Calumny, and swore that there was no collusion between Mr. Hazlitt and myself to procure the divorce, I should be liable to a prosecution and transportation for perjury, Mr. Hazlitt having certainly told me that he should never live with me again, and as my situation must have long been uncomfortable, he thought for both our sakes it would be better to obtain a divorce and put an end to it. To which he answered that there had been some cases brought before their Court, in which the parties merely living uncomfortably together, the one had said to the other, "Go you to Scotland and commit adultery and I will follow and procure a divorce," when there had not been any previous crime of the kind committed. But that this was planned, merely as the means to obtain the separation they wished. And it was in order to prevent such proceedings, that the Oath de Calumnia had within these few years been enacted. But that in my case the business was very easily done: where repeated adulteries had been committed for years before I had applied for a divorce there could be no hesitation in taking the Oath. That what I had said Mr. Hazlitt mentioned to me, did not apply and would not affect the Oath of Calumny; as it appeared I had every just claim to the redress I sought. But in the first stage of the business I must apply to a solicitor-at-law, who would advise with me, and then lay the case before him. I requested him to recommend me one, and he mentioned Mr. John Gray, 10 Hanover Street. Returned to dinner at the inn, and in the evening went to a lodging at fourteen shillings a week, and two shillings firing, at Mr. Bracewell's, 6 South Union Place.

Tuesday, 23rd April.—Consulted Mr. Gray, who said that

the first step was to ascertain the name and place of abode of the woman Mr. Hazlitt visits, whether she was the mistress of the house, or a lodger. Then he should consult with Mr. Cranstoun on the best mode of laying the case; after which, it must be submitted to the Procurators to decide whether I may be admitted to the Oath of Calumny. If they agreed to it, the Oath to be administered, then Mr. Hazlitt to be cited to answer to the charge; and if not defended (I told him I was sure Mr. Hazlitt had no such intention, as he was quite as desirous of obtaining the divorce as me), he said then, if no demur or difficulty arose about proofs, the cause would probably occupy two months, and cost £50, but that I should have to send to England for the testimony of two witnesses who were present at the marriage, and also to certify that we acknowledged each other as husband and wife, and were so esteemed by our friends, neighbours, acquaintance, &c. He said it was fortunate that Mr. and Mrs. Bell were here to bear testimony to this latter part. And that I must also procure a certificate of my marriage from St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. I took the questions which Mr. Gray wrote about the woman to Mr. Bell, who added a note, and I put it in the penny post. Sent also the paper signed by Mr. Hazlitt, securing the reversion of my money to the child, which Mr. Bell had given me, by the mail to Coulson, requesting him to get it properly stamped and return it to me, together with the certificate of my marriage. Wrote also to Peggy and Mrs. Armstead. Subscribed to Sutherland's Library for one month, 4s. 6d.

Wednesday, 24th.—Mr. Bell brought me the answer to the questions, which I sent to Mr. Gray by the penny post. Called at Tait the law stationer's, and got a copy of the Oath of Calumny from Boyd's "Judicial Proceedings," but it was different from the one Mr. Gray read to me.

Copy of Boyd's Oath of Calumny.

"Compeared A., who being solemnly sworn and examined *de calumnia*, depones, that she has just reasons to pursue this process, not out of levity, collusion, or particular design to be freed of the said B. her husband; but in sincerity and truth, upon the causes mentioned in the libel: and depones, that the facts contained in the libel, which she just now heard read over, are true, and that there is no collusion betwixt her and the said B. as to carry on this process."

Copy of Mr. Gray's Form of Oath of Calumny.

"Compeared A. B., Pursuer, who being solemnly sworn, kneeling with her right hand on the Holy Evangel, and examined *de calumnia*, depones, that she has just cause to insist in the present action of divorce against the Defender, C. D., her husband, because she believes he has been guilty of adultery, and that the facts stated in her libel, which have been read over to her, are true. Depones that there has been no concert or collusion between her and the said Defender in order to obtain a divorce against him, nor does she know, believe, or suspect that there has been any concert or agreement between any other person on her behalf and the said Defender or any other person on his behalf, with a view or for the purpose of obtaining such divorce. All this is truth, as the Deponent shall answer to God."

Thursday, 25th April 1822.—Mr. Bell called to ask if he could be of any assistance to me. I had just sent a note to Mr. Hazlitt, to say that I demurred to the Oath, so there was no occasion to trouble Mr. Bell. In the afternoon Mr. Ritchie,

of the *Scotsman* newspaper, called to beg me as a friend to both (I had never seen or heard of him before), to proceed in the divorce, and relieve all parties from an unpleasant situation. Said that with my appearance, it was highly probable that I might marry again, and meet with a person more congenial to me, than Mr. Hazlitt had unfortunately proved. That Mr. Hazlitt was in such a state of nervous irritability that he could not work or apply to anything, and that he thought he would not live very long if he was not easier in his mind. I told him, I did not myself think that he would survive me; but the life he had led would fully account for it: and that I certainly had scruples about taking the Oath, though I was of opinion that both reason and justice were on my side, yet I was not quite so sure about the law. He said as I was so far satisfied, he hoped upon consideration every scruple would be removed, and took his leave. In the evening Mr. Bell called to know if I had proceeded any further, and said that the business was begun upon, for that a person had traced Mr. Hazlitt to the house of the woman, and had been to his lodgings that morning to identify him; and that he had acknowledged he was the person. Said that Mrs. Knight, to whom the house belonged, had been with him to request that he would not betray her, for that the Provost, Bailies, and the Lord knows who, would take the matter up, and she should be ruined. He said she might go about her business, for he had already acknowledged the truth. I mentioned my scruples about the oath to him, of which he made light, and recurred to Mr. Cranstoun's opinion. I then told him of Mr. Ritchie's visit, at which he seemed surprised, and said if Mr. Hazlitt had sent him, as I supposed, he acted with great want of judgment and prudence, but he would enquire into it nevertheless: advised me by all means to go on with it.

Friday, 26th.—Mr. Gray called with a copy of the paper he

had drawn up relative to the divorce, and told me that he had sent for Mrs. Knight, who seemed much frightened, and unwilling to give any evidence for fear of getting into trouble, and exposing the family. She said her father was an officer of rank in India (she is a woman of colour), that she had two brothers, both of respectable characters, and in affluent circumstances, but that from her own imprudence she was reduced to *the public line*, that she did not know who visited her lodgers, but that Mary Walker had lodged with her about three weeks, and that a little dark gentleman was in the habit of visiting her. She did not know his name, but he was something like Mr. Jeffrey, and that he told her he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, that he was a married man, but parted from his wife, and had a little boy about ten years old. That the gentleman had also brought other women there, and been shut up with them, but that she did not know their names. Her servant, Jessie Ross, was in the habit of lighting them in, and knew more of the matter than she did, but that she had discharged her, and knew not where she was. Mr. Gray desired her to bring Mary Walker to his rooms, that he might examine her; but she said she would not ask her, for she was sure she would not come; and she would not have come herself if she had known what Mr. Gray wanted with her. Mr. Gray said, if she would not, he would call on her that evening at eight o'clock, and desired she would be ready to answer any questions he might put to her. Said he wished Mr. Bell would call at his chambers about ten o'clock the first morning he was at leisure. At my request left the paper for my perusal, which I copied and returned by the penny post, in the evening.

COPY OF THE PAPER MR. GRAY LEFT.

Copy Com. Summons of Divorce, Mrs. Sarah Stoddart or Hazlitt

versus

Mr. William Hazlitt, April 1822.—JOHN GRAY.

James Gordon, Thomas Tod, James Ferguson, and George Ross, Esquires, Advocates, Commissaries of Edinburgh, &c.

Shewn to us by Mrs. Sarah Stoddart or Hazlitt, daughter of the deceased Lieutenant John Stoddart, R.N., and wife of Mr. William Hazlitt, No. 10 George Street, Edinburgh, with concourse of Patrick Wishart, Esq., W.S., Procurator-Fiscal of Court for the public interest. That upon or about the 1st day of May 1808, the Private Complainer was regularly married to the said William Hazlitt, after which time the Private Complainer and the said William Hazlitt had cohabited together as husband and wife, and acknowledged each other as such and were holden and reputed married persons by all their relatives, friends, neighbours, and acquaintances, and of which marriage there is one son alive, named William Hazlitt. That although by the laws of God as well as by the mutual vows plighted to each other upon their entering into the aforesaid marriage, the Private Complainer and the said William Hazlitt were reciprocally bound to a strict adherence to each other, and to that constancy and chastity which ought to be inseparable from the marriage state; yet, casting off all fear of God and disregarding his matrimonial vows and engagements, the said William Hazlitt, Defender, has for some time past alienated his affections from the Complainer, and the Complainer has lately come to the certain knowledge that the said William Hazlitt, Defender, has for

upwards of twelve months bypast held criminal connection and correspondence with women one or more known not to be the Complainer, and has had carnal and adulterous intercourse and dealings with these women. That these carnal and adulterous intercourses were held and committed, according to the information given to the Complainer, in the city of London and suburbs thereof, and in the city of Edinburgh and suburbs thereof, besides other cities, towns, and places yet to the Complainer unknown; and more particularly during one or all of the days or nights of one or all of the months of the year 1821, the said William Hazlitt, Defender, did cohabit and keep fellowship and company, and had carnal and adulterous intercourse and dealings with women one or more in the city of London or neighbourhood thereof whose names the Private Complainer has not yet learned, but who were known not to be the Private Complainer. And that during one or all of the days or nights of one or all of the months of January, February, March and the bypast days of the month of April current 1822, the said William Hazlitt, Defender, did cohabit and keep fellowship and company, and had carnal and adulterous intercourse and dealings with a woman of the name of Mary Walker, in a house in James Street, Edinburgh, and also with other women one or more whose names the Private Complainer has not yet learned; and that in the foresaid house in James's Street, and in other houses and places in the City of Edinburgh and suburbs thereof, and in other cities, towns, villages, and places yet to the Complainer unknown. In one or all of which, or neighbourhood of the same, the said William Hazlitt visited and cohabited with women one or more known not to be the Complainer, and was seen or known to be in bed with such women one or more, and to be shut up with them privately in a room or rooms or other apartments, and to

have carnal and adulterous intercourse and dealings with them. From all which, and from what will be more particularly proved in the course of the action to follow hereon, it will be evident that the said William Hazlitt, Defender, has been guilty of the crime of Adultery.

Therefore the said Mrs. Sarah Stoddart or Hazlitt, Complainer, ought to have Our Sentence and Decreet, Finding and Declaring that the said William Hazlitt has been guilty of Adultery, and on that account Divorcing and Separating him from the Complainer, her Society, Fellowship, and Company in all time coming. And Finding, Decerning and Declaring that the Complainer is a free woman and entitled to live singly, or to marry any free man, as if the said Defender was naturally dead, or as if the Complainer had never been married to him. And also Finding, Decerning and Declaring the said William Hazlitt, Defender, to have forfeited and lost all the rights and privileges of a husband, legal as well as conventional, competent to him in virtue of his marriage with the Complainer, or in virtue of any Contract or other deed entered into or executed in consequence of his marriage: and that the Complainer is entitled to reclaim and to hold her own property and to use and dispose thereof at her pleasure free from the controul of the said William Hazlitt, Defender, and free from any deed or debt contracted by him, and that she is entitled to demand and receive from the Defender all provisions competent to her in virtue of the said marriage. And further Decerning and Ordaining the said William Hazlitt to make payment to the Complainer of the sum of £100 sterling as the expences hereof, and of the Process and Decreet to follow hereon, or such other sum less or more as shall be modified by us conform to the laws and daily practice used and observed in the like cases in all points as is alleged.

Herefore, &c. Given at Edinburgh this day of April 1822.

Saturday, 27th April 1822.—Called on Mr. Bell, left Mr. Gray's message with Mrs. Bell, as he was not at home. Saw him afterwards at his new house, which he took yesterday, at No. 3 Pilrig Street, Leith Walk. Gave him the stamp for the £50 bill and the following paper of memorandums for Mr. Hazlitt to sign.

1. William Hazlitt to pay the whole expense of board, clothing, and education for his son William Hazlitt, by his wife Sarah Hazlitt (late Stoddart) and she to be allowed free access to him at all times, and occasional visits from him.

2. William Hazlitt to pay board, lodging, law and all other expences incurred by his said wife during her stay in Scotland on their Divorce business, together with travelling expences.

3. William Hazlitt to give a note of hand for £50 at six months, payable to William Nettlefold or Order Value Received.

Mr. Bell said he would go that day to Mr. Gray at half-past two, and say that he was ready to answer any questions then, or to be punctual at any other appointed time. Then, go on to Mr. Hazlitt's, and call on me afterwards, but I saw no more of him.

I then walked to Holyrood House, was conducted first to the ruins of the chapel; only a small part of the original church remains, and that in a very mutilated state. The monument and recumbent statue of Robert Viscount Belhaven, who died in 1639, is the only part in tolerable preservation; it is in the north-west tower, and of Parian marble, much admired. And the broken pillars, arches, and large window have a fine appearance. Here was a shilling to pay.

I was then shewn some rooms, containing a very poor collection of pictures. Among them were three very inferior Vandykes; a head of a Satyr by Rubens (not good); some

of King Charles's beauties; portraits of Jane Shore and Nell Gwynn; and some fine Gobelin and Arras tapestry, brought from France by Queen Mary. And this portion was another shilling. Then came the apartments of Queen Mary, at present appropriated to the Duke of Hamilton, who is heritable keeper. Here is her state bed of crimson cut velvet with a quilt to match, and the old grate she used, with the arms of Scotland on the back. Adjoining this is a closet about twelve feet square, which leads to her usual sleeping-room, in which her own bed still remains. This is of crimson damask bordered with green silk fringes and tassels, with the quilt, blankets, &c., as she used them; but both beds are railed round to prevent their being touched, as they are almost in tatters. The cornice of the bed is of open figured work. Here is her child-bed linen basket; much of the size and form of an old-fashioned round dish. It is made of whole straw in a kind of open work. Her work-box lies on the table, lined with rose-coloured silk, and just like those of the present day, with a pincushion and compartments for balls of silk or thread on one side, and an inner lid lifting up with a looking-glass in it, beneath which is the box for the work. The outside is the story of Jacob's dream; embroidered in silk by herself. Close to the floor in this room, is a small opening in the wainscot, on hinges, about a yard square, which leads to a passage, and a trap-stair, communicating with the apartments below. Through this passage Darnley and his accomplices rushed in to murder the unhappy Rizzio on the 9th March 1566. The Queen, when this outrage took place, was at supper in the adjoining closet with the Countess of Argyle, Rizzio, and a few domestics. Rizzio, on perceiving the conspirators enter, headed by Lord Ruthven in complete armour, instantly supposed he was the victim, and took refuge behind the Queen. But in spite of her tears and entreaties, he was torn from her presence, and, before he could be dragged

through the next apartment, the rage of his enemies put an end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds. He lies buried in the south entrance to the ruined chapel. The marks of the blood are still visible on the floor of the room, as the Queen would never suffer it to be washed out. At this time, she was far advanced in her pregnancy, being delivered June 19th 1566, in a small room on the ground floor of Edinburgh Castle, of her only son, James VI., afterwards James I. of England.

In the closet are still a pair of Lord Darnley's boots, with square toes and high heels, and the tops have large loose flaps turned over. In the Duke of Hamilton's apartments below stairs, is a half-length picture of Queen Mary which she brought from France, painted when she was sixteen, but it looks like a woman of thirty. In another, a small three-quartered one of her in the dress she wore when she was beheaded. In the same room is a good portrait of John Knox the Reformer. Here was a third shilling to pay. And I found there was still a gallery of portraits of the kings of Scotland, but *that* I declined seeing. I am told that the Palace was appropriated to the residence of four noblemen, and one person appointed to each, who got their living by shewing that part.

The precincts of the Abbey of Holyrood House, including an extensive park, of three miles in circumference (at least it still bears the name, though there is not a tree remaining), is a sanctuary for insolvent debtors, and to my great amazement I hear that Shute Barrington, Bishop of Durham, is at present availing himself of its protection, notwithstanding his bishopric of £18,000 a year. The blame is laid on his wife, how truly I know not; but from what I hear, the Archbishop of Canterbury may as well join him; for he cannot pay for his wife's caps and gowns. They say her milliners' and mantua-makers' bills amount to £10,000. Truly our mitred heads seem in a hopeful way, if this be true. That part of the park through

which the road passes, called the Duke's Walk, from its having been the favourite promenade of the Duke of York, was once covered with tall oaks. From this walk rises Arthur's Seat to the height of 822 feet above the level of the sea. From the top of this eminence (to which I walked on leaving Holyrood House) the view is grand, and remarkably extensive. The metropolis, the German Ocean, the course of the Forth, the Grampian mountains, and a large portion of the most populous and best cultivated part of the kingdom, form a landscape at once beautiful and sublime. That part of the hill on the west which overlooks the city, and is denominated Salisbury Crags, presents a semicircular range of precipitous rocks, and at the bottom is a lake belonging to the Earl of Abercorn, called Duddingston Loch. Beyond it are seen his lordship's villa, Craigmillar Castle, the village of Inveresk, Musselburgh Bay, the southern banks of the Forth; and, at a great distance, North Berwick Law, like a vast cone seeming to rise from the waves. At the northern extremity of the eastern division of this hill, stand the ruins of the chapel and hermitage of St. Anthony, with his well. Returned to dinner, and afterwards walked to Newhaven, about two miles from Edinburgh. It commands an extensive view of the Frith of Forth; but the village consists of one street of miserable fishermen's huts, though a few houses of a little better description are now building. Passed the chain pier, and returned by the Cannon Mills; both roads are pretty, partly between hedges, and partly stone fences, like those in Cornwall; they are here called dikes, with fine distant views.

Sunday, 28th April 1822.—Wrote to Mr. Hazlitt to inform him I had only between five and six pounds of my quarter's money left, and therefore if he did not send me some immediately, and fulfil his agreement for the rest, I should be obliged to return on Tuesday, while I had enough to take me back.

Sent the letter by a caddie. Called on Mr. Bell, who said that Mr. Gray was not at home when he called, but that he had seen his son, and appointed to be with him at ten o'clock on Monday morning. Told me that Mr. Hazlitt said he would give the draft for £50 at three months instead of six, when the proceedings had commenced (meaning, I suppose, when the oath was taken, for they had already commenced), but would do nothing before. Told me that he was gone to Lanark, but would be back on Monday morning.

Monday, 29th April 1822.—The first summer day since my arrival. Walked to the Links, and from thence round Salisbury Crags, came out by St. Anthony's Well, along the King's Park, passed Jock's Lodge, the barracks, the ruins of the church of Restalrig, to the sands and pier of Leith, and home by Leith Walk to dinner. Called afterwards at the library, and found my lottery ticket drawn a blank. Mr. Bell called in my absence, and said he had done all I wished, and should call in the morning.

Tuesday, 30th April.—Walked by the side of the Glasgow canal, crossed over the bridge to Craigie House, then to Blackford House. Came round the Dumfries road to the Links, in at the West Port, through the Grassmarket, up the West Bow to the Castle, down Princes Street home to dinner. A cold and hazy day, and neither that part of the country or the old town very attractive. Went to Mr. Bell after dinner, who did not know whether Mr. Hazlitt was returned or not; I mentioned the letter I had written him on Sunday, and that I could not stay without an immediate sum of money. He said Mr. Gray told him that he ought not to see either Mr. Hazlitt or myself, and that he would be called on as a witness. But that he would go to Mr. H. to-morrow, and call on me afterwards. In the evening, after some hesitation, went to Mr. Hazlitt myself for an answer. He told me he expected

£30 from Colbourn on Thursday, and then he would let me have £5 for present expences, that he had but £1 in his pocket, but if I wanted it, I should have that. That he was going to give two lectures at Glasgow next week, for which he was to have £100, and he had £80 besides to receive for the "Table Talk" in a fortnight, out of which sums he pledged himself to fulfil his engagements relative to my expences, and also to make me a handsome present when all was over (£20), as I seemed to love money; or it would enable me to travel back by land, as I said I should prefer seeing something of the country to going back in the steam-boat, which he proposed. Said he would give the note of hand for £50 to Mr. Ritchie for me, payable to whoever I pleased; if he could conveniently at the time, it should be for three months instead of six; but he was not certain of that. Said that Mr. Ritchie was a most respectable man, a lawyer, and one of the editors of the *Scotsman*. Enquired if I had taken the oath. I told him I only waited a summons from Mr. Gray if I could depend upon the money, but I could not live in a strange place without; and I had no friends, or means of earning money here, as he had; though, as I had still £4, I could wait a few days. I asked him how the child's expences or my draught were to be paid, if he went abroad. And he answered that, if he succeeded in the divorce, he should be easy in his mind, and able to work, and then he should probably be back in three months; but otherwise, he might leave England for ever. He said that as soon as I had got him to sign a paper giving away £150 a year from himself, I talked of going back and leaving everything, as if I meant to bamboozle him. I told him to recollect that it was no advantage for myself that I sought; nor should I get a halfpenny by it; it was only to secure something to *his* child, as well as mine. He said he could do very well for the child himself, and that he was allowed to be a very indulgent

kind father; some people thought too much so. I said I did not dispute his fondness for him; but I must observe that, though he got a great deal of money, he never saved, or had any by him, or was likely to make much provision for the child. Neither could I think it was proper, or for his welfare, that he should take him to the fives court and such places, and carry him out with him when he went picking up the girls on the town; it was likely to corrupt and initiate him, and bring him up to like such ruinous practices. He said perhaps the last was wrong, but that he did not know that it was any good to bring up children in ignorance of the world. I observed that he was a very affectionate, kind-hearted, and good child, both to him and me; and he replied that he had taught him all that, but that I was frequently telling him that his father did not behave well to his mother. I told him the child made his own observations, and was pretty competent to judge of that matter; but that I had always told him he was a very kind father to him, though he did not behave well to me. He said I had always despised him and his abilities. I asked if the women with whom he associated were any better judges of them, and told him, that in spite of his assertion, that he did not wish them to know or understand that he had abilities, nobody was more sore on that point; but I added that all recrimination was now useless, as probably all intercourse between us had for ever ended. He said he should be very good friends with me, and acknowledge himself obliged, if I carried through the business; if not, he would never see me again. I told him I should certainly not want to see him in that event. He said that a paper had been brought to him from Mr. Gray that day; but that he was only just come in from Lanark, after walking thirty miles, and was getting his tea. Said I had better not come there again; and I told him I did not intend it, without a necessity, and observed

to him that I had come in the dusk of the evening, and in a veil.

Wednesday, 1st May 1822.—A bright hot day: I walked to Porto-Bello (about two miles and an half from Edinburgh). The town consists of one long street of middling kind of houses, at the back of which the sea comes up on a fine sandy beach. There are many gentlemen's houses and grounds, and some barracks between that and Edinburgh, with some pretty views.

Thursday, 2nd May.—Looked at lodgings. Took one on the third flat of the same stair (Mr. Pillans's) at ten shillings a week. Mr. Bell called to say Mr. Hazlitt would sign the papers to-morrow, and leave in his hand, and that he should bring me the first £5. When he was gone, I wrote to Mr. Hazlitt, requesting him to leave the papers in Mr. Ritchie's hands, as he had before proposed. Had a violent bowel complaint the whole day.

Friday, 3rd May.—Received the certificate of my marriage, and the stamped paper transferring my money to the child after my death, from Coulson, the carriage of which cost seven shillings. Called on Mr. Gray, who said, on my asking when my presence would be necessary in the business, that he should not call on me till this day three weeks, the 24th of May, at one o'clock, as the citation sent Mr. Hazlitt allowed him fifteen clear days, reckoning from the Friday after it had been served; and then his answer was to be laid before the Procurators to consult on, before he should have any occasion for me. I said, in that case, I should make an excursion into the country, and mentioned having received the certificate of my marriage. He said I had better let him have it before I went, that he might send it with the other papers to the Procurators. Told me I must not shew the copy of the oath, or any papers in the course of the cause to Mr. Bell, because,

as he would be called on as a witness, their law required that he should have no previous knowledge of the proceedings. I said that Mr. Bell had told me that he had advised him not to see either me or Mr. Hazlitt while the affair was pending; but he said he had in that case quite misunderstood him: he had told him he should not see any papers. He told me that he was never more astonished than on going to No. 21 James Street, for that the people he found there was a set of the lowest, abandoned blackguards he had ever met with, who told him they would not say a word till he had treated them with mulled port; but that when they were half intoxicated, he got out of them sufficient for his purpose. That the appearance of the house, people, and everything about it was more infamous than anything that he had before any idea existed in Edinburgh at the present day. I said I was not at all surprised at it, as those were the kind of people he associated with in London; he had a taste that way; to which he replied, it was a very depraved one. I said that many people had been surprised that he preferred such society to mine; but so it was; and would render my procuring other proofs of adultery in London somewhat difficult. He said he did not think it would be needed. A very cold raw day, and my stomach still very poorly. Went to my new lodgings about five o'clock in the afternoon.

Saturday, 4th May 1822.—Received a letter from Peggy. Mr. Ritchie called, and gave me £4; said Mr. Hazlitt could not spare any more then, as he was just setting off for Glasgow. Shewed me the memorandums and note of hand, which Mr. Hazlitt had signed and deposited with him till the business was finished. Very weak from the continued complaint in my bowels; and the weather still exceedingly cold and raw.

Sunday, 5th May 1822.—Too unwell to go out.

Monday 6th.—Still confined, and the weather continuing

cold and miserable. Enclosed the certificate of my marriage to Mr. Gray, and wrote to Peggy.

Tuesday, 7th.—Unable to go out. Wrote to my little son.

Wednesday, 8th May 1822.—A fine warm day, and I walked through Libberton Kirk and Lasswade, to Roslyn Castle. The walk from Lasswade to it is very beautiful, partly on the banks of the North Esk, and through to a romantic wild craggy park, as it is here called, over very steep ridges, with deep glens on each side, and commanding picturesque views of the villages. The access to the castle is by a narrow bridge, over a deep natural ravine, the sides of which are solid rock; the ruins are very sequestered, and surrounded by glens and hills, there are many huge fragments, and a range of six low arches, which I take to have been the wine cellars. A stunted fir-tree grows out of one of the fallen pieces of rock or ruin. The North Esk brawls and dashes over huge stones at the foot of the rock, on the other side of which are some neat white houses, and a manufacturer's bleaching ground, to which you pass over a rude bridge. The ruins themselves are by no means equal to many others I have seen. At some distance, on the top of the hill, is the chapel, built in 1306. It was forty years about. It is still in very fine preservation as a ruin, and the inside is decorated with a vast number of sculptured figures, chiefly representing pieces of Scripture history, such as clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, Samson pulling down the pillars, the ram caught in the thicket by his horns for a sacrifice, and a great profusion of others. There are three fine rows of pillars up the aisles; one of them, next the organ loft, different from all the rest, answers to Walter Scott's description of those at Melrose—

> "Like bundles of lances which garlands had bound."

The tradition respecting it is, that the builder had gone to

Rome to instruct himself in this order of architecture, and in the meantime his apprentice had found out the style, and built this one by the time he returned; which excited his envy and rage so much, that he swore he would not do another stroke to it, and, catching up one of the tools, he knocked out the apprentice's brains. The heads of the master, the apprentice, and his mother are all most grimly carved in the chapel, near the great window, over the principal entrance; and this one is still called the Apprentice's Pillar. This I learnt from mine host of the village inn, who shows the church. When you stand in the enclosed ground, with the doors open, the perspective through the four arches is rich and fine. Came home very tired, having walked seventeen miles, a great part of it very hilly. Received a letter from Mrs. Armstead.

Thursday, 9*th*.—A fast-day; went to the West Kirk, and heard Mr. Gibson preach a sacrament sermon. A tremendously cold and stormy day, and very rough night.

Friday, 10*th*.—Cold and stormy, like January; could not go out at all.

Saturday, 11*th*.—Wind, rain, hail, snow, sleet, and intolerably cold. No going out, but my complaint better.

Sunday, 12*th*.—A fine day, though rather cold. Walked to Holyrood, from thence round Salisbury Crags to Duddingstone Loch, a very beautiful walk, commanding many pleasing views; crossed several fields into the Musselburgh road, and home by the foot of the Calton Hill. After dinner walked to Stockbridge and through a very pretty glen, with a murmuring brook over pebbles, and layers of slate, not unlike steps, over which the water falls on one side, and a narrow stream of water, which works a mill, on the other, with only a footpath between, enclosed by steep banks, on one side grassy, with occasional masses of rock, and the other cultivated as hanging gardens. In this glen is St. Bernard's Well. Returned on the top of

the grassy side, and came into Edinburgh by St. George's Church; walked all round the Calton Hill, and into the old town to see St. Giles's, the Iron Church, and Parliament Close, and also looked in at the College. Wrote to Mrs. Armstead.

Monday, 13*th*.—Sailed from Newhaven at a quarter past twelve, by the *Morning Star* steamboat up the Frith of Forth; the shores very winding and beautiful; arrived at Stirling at about half-past six. Walked up to the Castle; the garrison is not so large as that of Edinburgh. It commands an extensive view of the country, and windings of the river, but nothing in my opinion at all to equal the view of itself with the surrounding hills and shores, and the town, from the water, as you approach Stirling. There is a very delightful terrace with seats, round the back of the Castle, which reaches to the lower part of the town; the side is steep and woody, and the bottom chiefly occupied with gardeners' gardens, kept, as they usually are in Scotland, still neater than those in the neighbourhood of London, and intersected in all parts by roads to various places. On one bench is inscribed, "This seat is erected for the accommodation of the aged and infirm who frequent this place, sheltered from every wind. 1817." Another is inscribed to the founder of the walk. The town is old and steep, and mostly paved with flints, but there are a few flagstone pavements. There is a pretty bowling-green near an old hospital at the upper end of the town, and an ancient-looking building with an arched gateway and turrets, built by a person of the name of Moner, in imitation of a Gothic building, some years ago, and left unfinished. It is called Moner's work; the inside is now occupied by gardens.

Tuesday, 14*th May* 1822.—Left Stirling at seven o'clock, arrived at Downe at ten, eight miles' distance. After ascending and descending the hill of Stirling, I found the road more level than I expected, laying mostly over wild and wide heaths, with

the mountains Ben-leddi, Ben-lomond, and a chain of others in view the whole way. Downe Castle is the remains of the ancient seat of the Earls of Moray; it was built in the eleventh century; Queen Mary was confined here some time. The greater part is now in finer preservation than any other I ever saw, and gives you the most perfect idea of what the Baronial Castles of that time were. The Baron's hall of state, with two large chimneys side by side, at the upper end is the largest and loftiest apartment by far. There is a spiral stair from it to a kind of drawing-room; at every new turn of the stair there is a niche for a centinel. Here also are two or three small sleeping-rooms, but the windows are large and arched, and command beautiful and extensive views. On one side Stirling Castle is plainly seen, the range of mountains on another, the town and church of Downe on a third, and other distant hills on the fourth. The kitchen, which you are next led to, is still entire. The fireplace has an immense arch, like that of a bridge, which you go under to approach the fire; it is so deep that it may really be called a cave. From the kitchen is another turretted staircase which leads to Queen Mary's apartments, consisting of a sitting-room, on one side of which are two small low doors, leading to two little closets, which served as sleeping-rooms for her and her servant; in hers is a small hole in the wall, much like the mouth of an oven, and about half the length of her body, for her to sleep in. I suppose the remainder of the bed must have been supplied by a bench. The window is large and cheerful, but the servant's room is nearly dark, and without this hole in the wall. The courtyard, cellars, stables, and dungeons are still entire, as well as the outer gate and the barred iron one within it. There is an old servant of the family in a cottage close by, who shows the ruins. She and her house are pictures of neatness and exactness, with somewhat of the austere primness of the old times.

I rested there, and she supplied me with excellent butter and milk, which in addition to the rolls, beef, and brandy I took with me, proved a very seasonable refreshment. Returned through the glen to the porter's lodge, and took the south road to Callander, past the cotton mills, and over heaths somewhat like Dartmoor in Devonshire, only that they were bounded by the mountains Ben-lomond, Ben-venue, Ben-leddi, Stuck-chroan and Benvorlich. Took some refreshment, after engaging a bed at Callander, and then went round the Roman Camp, a retired and sheltered situation, having the mountains at the back, a wide and shallow brook in the front, enclosed by less lofty hills. From thence to the Bracklinn Bridge, *i.e.*, the speckled or white foaming pool, situated about a mile and an half up the hill, to the north-east of the village. Here a narrow Alpine bridge, without either a ledge or handrail, crosses a profound ravine, through which, at a great depth below, a foaming torrent dashes over disjointed masses of rock. "This," says Walter Scott, "is a beautiful cascade made at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, by a mountain stream called the Keltie, about a mile from the village of Callander of Menteith. Above a chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of at least fifty feet, there is thrown, for the convenience of the neighbourhood, a rustic foot-bridge of about three feet in breadth, and without ledges, which is scarcely to be crossed by a stranger without awe and apprehension." Nevertheless, I crossed, and explored every part, and was so delighted with its secluded and romantic beauties, that I should have deemed it worth coming a journey to see that alone. I could never have found it without a guide, for after ascending the hill from the village, by a rough road over a wild down, you suddenly lose all traces of a path, and go zig-zagging in and out in order to pick your way through a bog. It put me in mind of poor Dyer's jumps. After pro-

ceeding in this way some time, you turn round the corner of a hill, and after descending it for some way, come suddenly in sight of this wild and romantic waterfall, the very sound of which does not reach you till you are close on it. It was a very cold wind and hot sun that day. I was in a violent perspiration, and the check it received from the scorching winds gave me a cold and sore throat. Supped on hot baked loin of veal and a bottle of porter.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—Set out at half-past six to visit the Pass of Leney, two miles from Callander along the northern banks of the rapid river which issues from Loch-lubnaig. This, like the other passes in the Highlands, is a narrow ravine, by which the only practicable communication between the lower and the higher districts of the country is to be had; but here is no bridge at all. In reaching this, I left Leney house on the right, and the little village of Kilmahog. The Pass of Leney is richly skirted with woods, and hemmed in by lofty mountains and rugged rocks; here is a series of falls of no less than two hundred feet. The northern side of Ben-leddi, which overhangs Loch-lubnaig, about two miles still farther on to the northward, exhibits a fine style of grandeur; but the loch is rather tame, and disappointed me. From thence I returned back as far as the village of Kilmahog, where the road branches off over a bridge to Loch Auchray. The first part is over a dreary heath, but at the distance of about three miles you reach Loch Vennechar, and from thence to Loch Auchray it is fine, though rough and hilly, as the road winds by the side of the loch, with mountains shutting it in on each side. After refreshing myself for an hour, and engaging a bed at Mr. Stewart's (the only house for some miles), at the entrance of Loch Auchray, I proceeded to explore the beauties of the place. It is most impressively picturesque and grand, and the road winds so perpetually that you have a new view every five

minutes' walk. Immediately upon leaving Loch Auchray, you enter the magnificent amphitheatre which forms the first opening of the Trossacks. On the right is the lofty mountain Benleddi, richly clothed with woods to a great height; Ben-venue on the left, and Benan upon the right again. At the entrance of the dark and narrow defile which opens at its further extremity upon Loch Katrine, there is an echo, produced by the concave rock on the left, extremely distinct and loud. There can scarcely be anything more sublime than those masses in which Ben-venue appears to tumble in upon the view at the entrance of Loch Katrine. The first look of the lake itself appears to promise little of the wide and varied expanse to which it stretches out as we proceed. Advancing along the side, the road is cut out with immense labour in a solid rock, which overhangs a deep and black abyss; before this road was cut out the natives clambered along the face of the precipice by the help of the roots and branches of trees, as their only security against a watery grave. The view of the lake is lost for a few minutes, only to enjoy it again opening with increasing grandeur, and presenting new and picturesque views upon the left of Ben-venue. After this you reach the pebbly, or Ellen's, beach, and then the square rock which projects its bluff head over the broadest part of the lake, about a mile below the farmhouses of Brenchoil. There the view to the south is truly magnificent. More than six miles of water in length by two in breadth are under the eye, the remaining four miles to which the lake extends being lost in a turn amongst the mountains to the right. The lofty mountains of Arroquhar terminate the prospect to the west. Benan may be estimated at about 1800 feet in height, and Ben-venue is about 2800, and overhangs the Goblin's Cave. The evening was closing in as I returned to my Inn, very much pleased indeed with the magnificence of the scenery.

Thursday, 16*th May* 1822.—Took a boat to go on Loch Katrine, the entrance to which is called the Trossacks, a Gaelic word, which signifies wild and wilderness. The mountains on the right are Coir-nan, Nriskin, *i.e.*, a round hollow bay; the *Dhu*, i.e., *Black* of Glengyle, Glenfassach, Bennachven, Benvorlich, Benan, *i.e.*, Butter hill (which then had snow on it), Ben-Rosche, *i.e.*, Cross mountain, Ben Cohoin, *i.e.*, Hill of Dogs, where the last wolf in Scotland was killed; this is towards the left, as well as Bennachan, *i.e.*, The Coblers. The red post steps, which was the line of conveying intelligence in their warfares by means of steps or ladders, composed of the roots of trees in the clefts, twisted with the heath, so as to make a perilous sort of footing up the crags of the mountain. Mochline Duline, *i.e.*, the Sump. The innumerable bends and windings of Loch Katrine afford every five minutes new and impressive views of the most wild and stupendous grandeur, and the day on which I visited them was well calculated to display the varieties of their magnificence in its utmost extent. It was sultry, with heavy thunderclouds involving the tops of many of the mountains in mist, and a deep purple haze; others partly touched by the sun, and some on which its beams shone with full splendour. Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is so identified with the scenery of this grand loch, that it would be well to read it before you visit the scenes so historically pourtrayed. I landed on Ellen's Beach, and brought away a specimen of the pebbles. They are white as milk, and I fancy it must be from them that the delicate Scotch pebble necklaces, &c., are made. It is called Ellen's Beach from being the occasional resort of Ellen Douglas, when she and her father were concealed in the Goblin's Cave, at the time of his outlawry. This cave lies on the other side of the loch. I scrambled up the slippery crags, by the help of the boatman, and got into it; and such a refuge, it is marvellous how any one could discover, or exist in. You

might *now* pass it continually without perceiving any opening, for the crags of the rock lie so over each other, and conceal the entrance, that it is with difficulty a person can let themselves down backwards into the aperture. The man went in first and assisted me, and even then, I could not succeed at first. It is too low to allow of even me, who am not very tall, standing upright in it. If you are not cautious, the sharp projecting crags will give you some severe bruises; they are clammy with damp, and smell quite fusty. There are three apartments in the inside, as my guide informed me, but it was so totally dark, there was no discerning anything. He said they went in a considerable way. Formerly the whole rock was so thickly covered with trees, that it was dark on the brightest day; but it has all been felled within these four years. The Duke of Montrose, to whom it belonged, had the avarice and barbarity to sell it for £100. When the intended destruction of this ornament of the mountain became known in Edinburgh, one party of gentlemen offered the Duke £500, and Mr. Jeffrey alone bid £500 for it, in order that it might be preserved; but they were too late, as the purchasers had begun stripping the bark, in order to secure their bargain; and it was carried down to Alloa and converted into barrel staves. They were allowed three years to cut and carry it away, yet still there are some barkless scattered remains, which they could not remove in the specified time. Having gone round all the different and beautiful windings of the loch, I re-landed at the same spot from which I embarked, and walked along its banks to Ben Lomond, casting many a lingering look behind as I quitted scenes of such sublime magnificence. The road proceeded by the side of some inferior lochs and terraced woods, very stony and rough, till you arrive at the mountain, 3262 feet in height; and in crossing the most dreary, swampy, and pathless part of it, a heavy storm came on. There was not the least shelter,

and the heat in climbing such an ascent, together with the fear of losing myself in such a lonely place, almost overcame me; but I guided myself by the direction of the loch as well as I could, and at last, to my great joy, regained a track; but the road now was stony and difficult, over a wide and dreary moor, full of bogs, till you arrive at Inversnaid Garrison, as it is still called, but it is in fact merely some ruins of what once was such, in the midst of the moor, the habitable part of which is occupied by a few poor people; and it was by the mere chance of going to beg a drink of water, that I found this bore the name of the Garrison, upon enquiring how far it was to it. They directed me to the ferry over Loch Lomond, after crossing which, I had a most delightful walk on its banks. It is like a carriage road through a gentleman's park, with a hanging wood on your right, the loch at your feet on the left, backed by Ben Lomond and other mountains. The scenery of this is a perfect contrast to that of Loch Katrine; *here*, everything is mild, soothing, and delicious to the feelings. You are lulled into a dream of happy sensations, and feel "disencumbered of this mortal coil;" at least such it was to me. About three or four miles on the road is Tarbut, a beautiful little village with a good inn, all neatly white-washed, and looking the picture of cleanliness and comfort. From thence the road still continues on by the side of the loch to Lass, a small town at about eight miles' distance; every now and then you pass a few scattered houses and cottages on the banks. At Lass, then, I arrived at about ten o'clock at night, quite enraptured with my walk, and the great variety of uncommonly beautiful scenery I had passed through in the course of the day.

Friday, 17th of May 1822.—Set out at half-past six to Dumbarton, a distance of fifteen miles, with gentlemen's mansions, and occasional views of Loch Lomond all the way, till within four miles of Dumbarton. A fine road, and in general

well wooded. Got some bread and cheese there, and then went to view the Castle, about three-quarters of a mile out of the town. It is a fine fortress, seated on a craggy rock, nearly perpendicular; there are 272 stone steps to mount, besides some steep ascent before you reach the flagstaff: from thence there is a very extensive, though not particularly fine view; the town, the shipping, and the windings of the river are pretty, but the prospect in the distance is flat and bare. The garrison is like a little town, and the governor and officers' houses very pretty, with small gardens before them. Walked about three miles further to Dunglass, but feeling fatigued, and the weather exceedingly sultry, I waited two hours at the ferry-house for the steamboat, and proceeded the remaining twelve miles to Glasgow in the *Marquis of Bute;* indeed, I had now such a violent cold in my head, that I could hardly breathe or look up, and my limbs ached dreadfully, particularly about my right knee, which I had wrenched in getting out of the boat at Inversnaid ferry. It was a delicious evening, and the sail very pleasant; the banks on each side grassy slopes, with fine trees, and adorned with gentlemen's seats; not unlike the banks of the Thames. The city looks fine as you come up the river. On landing, you find the quay very long and crowded; near the end of it is a handsome bridge which takes you into Carlton Place, apparently the finest part of the town for large houses. At the end of these buildings is a parallel bridge leading into the heart of the town; here I wandered about a considerable time before I could find a respectable inn; at last, when I was going back to the quay in despair, having observed many secondary inns there, I came, by good chance, to the Black Bull that I had been in search of, and had a most comfortable bed and accommodation.

Saturday, 18*th May* 1822.—Went after breakfast to see the town. The principal trading street is much upon a par, as

to houses, and about as crowded as Holborn, but each floor seems to have a separate trade. The vintners seem half inns and half wine vaults. The hotels and coffee-rooms are upstairs, without any visible access to them, the lower parts being different shops. Pies and porter are exhibited together in another corner, with the appropriate sign of a pie and knife and fork, a bottle and two glasses. The vintners are much the same, only that they exchange the pie and knife and fork, for a punch-bowl and more bottles and glasses. The linen-drapers have their goods fluttering both above stairs and below, as their apartments may happen to be, intermingled with large show cocked, copper-bound hats, tea-kettles, spring-pots, and a most amusing variety of wares, ornamented with the names and callings of the several inhabitants of the flats or floors in fine large gold or painted letters, and the signs, generally appropriated to inns, are here liberally bestowed on all trades, so that I frequently fancied I was approaching a public-house, when it was the "Marquis of Granby," the "Duke of Wellington," the "George and the Dragon," or some other hero, that an honest grocer or barber had taken a fancy to exhibit as his share of the motley ornaments of the street. The town is extensive, and the college a fine old building, but irregular; the first quadrangle is a very narrow one, with black buildings; on one side is a fine antique staircase which leads to their Faculty Hall or Senate House; the second, to which you approach by a vaulted passage under a steeple, is much larger, with five turretted staircases, two on each hand, and the other even with the passage. From this another arched way leads into an open square behind, which is not built round, but contains, in separate edifices, the University Library and the Hunterian Museum, which was left in the collector's will to this seminary, at which he had received the early part of his education. It terminates the vista of the gateways, and is a

beautiful and classical building; the front consists of a very magnificent portico, supported by six Doric pillars, and rising behind into a very graceful dome of stonework. The college gardens stretch away in the rear of this building, to apparently a very considerable extent, forming a rich background of lawns and trees, and partitioned off from the museum in the form of a crescent by iron railings. The professors are lodged all together in an oblong court, like the close of some of our cathedrals, immediately beside the quadrangles used for public purposes. About one o'clock set out for Hamilton, a distance of twelve miles. The dust and heat were intolerable, and unfortunately the Ducal Palace was under repair, and could not be shown; so that I was disappointed of seeing the magnificent collection of pictures it is said to contain: though I walked up the old black oak staircase of the house and wandered about the park. The situation is rich and delightful, long green lawns, interspersed with fine elms on one side, and on the other, a yet bolder and richer prospect of groves ascending upon groves into the midst of the higher grounds, where the deer park is situated. The mansion is of about three hundred years' standing. The view of the whole valley of the Clyde is exceedingly rich. It is the Herefordshire of Scotland, and the whole of the banks of the river are covered with the most luxuriant orchards, now in full bloom. Besides, there is a succession of very beautiful gentlemen's seats all the way along, so that the country has the appearance of one continued garden, extending to Lanark, which I reached that night between nine and ten o'clock, by the help of riding about eight miles in a gig. It is about fourteen miles from Hamilton; the town is seated on the top of a very long and high hill, and is very ancient; the first Parliament in Scotland was held here. I succeeded, after two fruitless attempts, in getting a pretty good bed.

Sunday, 19th May 1822.—Set out at six o'clock to visit the banks and falls of the Clyde: beside their own native beauty, this spot is interesting as the more peculiar haunt of Wallace, the hero of Scotland. The falls, of which there are four, lie in different directions, and I spent some hours in exploring their various beauties; they all lie through high banks of copsewood; and the finest, I think, is that called Curass, which devolves, together with the estate (about £4000 a year), to Mr. Cranstoun the barrister, my lawyer (who has already a good estate in the neighbourhood), at the demise of an old lady, the present proprietor. She is so much a religious devotee of the old school, that she esteems it a profanation that the magnificent and beautiful works of the Creator should be admired and contemplated on the Sabbath, and accordingly closes her gates against all visitors of the falls on her domains on that day, to prevent, as far as in her lies, of this pleasure; but by going four miles round, you may view them from the other side of the water; and this extra walk I, of course, took. In some points of view they are very fine, and come rushing down the crags with great velocity, and foaming into deep pools. About two miles beyond this, still continuing your way through the old lady's copse, are the Bonniton falls, eighty-four feet in height, but they are not so picturesque. Returning from hence, you pass Mr. Owen's neat little settlement of New Lanark, with his extensive cotton mills, looking like streets. It lies in a rich and sheltered valley, with the old town overlooking it from on high, and is much more picturesque, clean, and comfortable than one ever attaches to the idea of a manufactory. He seems much liked here, and, dull as they say trade is, pays £1500 for the tolls of his cotton carts between this and Glasgow. The other two falls lie near the Glasgow road, and these were the favourite resort of Wallace, and in their neighbourhood is his cave, and the

bridge over the Cartland crags, a light and airy structure, of two very lofty arches, passing over the deep ravine of the Clyde, and connecting the opposite crags. The falls here are precipitous and deep, and of considerable extent; near one of them, by the side of the copse, is a mill. After leaving all these beautiful scenes, I had one of the most desolate and forlorn walks that can be imagined. Immediately on quitting Lanark, I entered on a wide, black, boggy moor, which lasted seventeen miles, with a broiling sun, and not a tree, or the least shade, all the way. I sat down several times on the ground from mere inability to proceed, but was afraid to rest many minutes at a time, as I was so stiff I could scarcely move afterwards. On reaching West Calder, I was glad to get a clean bed, though coarse and hard, and with a sanded floor, it being also a sitting-room; and the beds, presses inserted in the wall of an hedge alehouse, kept by the widow Robertson, to whom I had been recommended, as a decent body, in case I could not get any further; and when I arrived here I could have lain down in a barn rather than proceed. I was utterly exhausted with heat and fatigue, and my feet were so swollen and painful that it was many hours after I got to bed before I could sleep.

Monday, 20th May 1822.—Rose, and was on the road again by six o'clock in the morning, having sixteen miles and an half to walk to Edinburgh; but here the road varied again, being highly cultivated, and adorned by parks the whole way, and either the trees or walls frequently afforded shade to mitigate the heat; but it was with some pain and difficulty that I finished my jaunt, though I had been much, very much gratified by the variety of beautiful scenery I had met, and I was very glad to get into my own lodgings, and literally wash the dust from my feet. Indeed, I made a thorough ablution, and the comfort of that, and clean clothes, after being choked with dust, is

more refreshing than can be imagined by those who have not undergone the previous ordeal. It invigorated me so much that I seemed to have nearly overcome my fatigue, and it being but one o'clock when I arrived, I sat down to writing in the afternoon.

Number of miles each day.

Monday,	May 13	4
Tuesday,	„ 14	20
Wednesday,	„ 15	32
Thursday,	„ 16	27
Friday,	„ 17	21
Saturday,	„ 18	21
Sunday,	„ 19	28
Monday,	„ 20	17
		170

In one week, having set out on Monday at twelve o'clock and returned at one the next Monday.

Tuesday, 21st May 1822.—Sat at home writing the whole day. Wrote to Mr. Hazlitt for money; the note was returned, with a message that he was gone to London and would not be back for a fortnight.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Called on Mr. Ritchie to enquire what I was to do for money, as Mr. Hazlitt was gone off without sending me any; he seemed surprised to hear he was in London, but conjectured he was gone about the publication of his book: took his address, and said he would write to him in the evening. Met Mr. Bell in the street, who went with me to Mr. Ritchie. Received a letter from Peggy. Called on Mrs. Banks.

Thursday, 23rd.—Not hearing from Mr. Gray, called on him at five o'clock to know where I was to attend the next day, to take the oath of Calumny? To my great vexation and disappointment, he told me that it would *now* be three weeks

more before I should be called on, as Mr. H. had employed a Solicitor-at-Law (Mr. Prentice) recommended to him by Mr. Jeffrey on his part, who would have fifteen clear days to prepare his defence; that he did not know what that might be, but that if he did not wish to oppose the business, he would give a general denial of the libel: upon which *he* should prove the facts that had occurred here, and on the view of the Interlocutor, the Procurator would decide (at least, I believe these were the words he used, but I do not understand their law terms) whether I might be admitted to take the oath or not; and this part of the business would occupy another week. So here I am, lonely, in a strange place, my quarter's money and the four pounds all gone, and obliged to borrow; instead of having the £37, 10s. repaid me to lay by, and money in my pocket for present expences, as Mr. Hazlitt repeatedly promised: and can neither see or hear from my boy, who is my dearest comfort! Mr. Gray said he had got the certificate of my marriage; and *that*, with the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Bell, would be proof sufficient, without sending to London any more for the testimony of witnesses to the ceremony. I went down to tell Mr. Bell of this delay, as he had promised to accompany me to the Court. He told me that Mr. Hazlitt and Sarah Walker were at variance at present, as she had told him she preferred another man; but that some mutual friend had also written to desire him not to give any credit to that: for that her heart was devoted only to him. Mr. Bell said he had seen some passages of her letters, and they were such low vulgar milliner's or servant wench's sentimentality, that he wondered Mr. Hazlitt could endure such stuff. Advised me to get the child down here for education, and to be away from the contamination of London, and myself to settle in Edinburgh, and take about eight young ladies at a high price to instruct, which would be both profitable and respectable. I told him, as to the child, his education was

not under my guidance, and I had neither abilities or inclination for the other thing. He said a system of management was all that was necessary on my part, for that instruction was all ready to my hand by means of books, and I had only to hear them repeat their lessons. I said I would rather live quiet on a small income, than worry myself with anything of the sort. Drank tea there and looked over their house, which is a very convenient one. Found there began to be a great scarcity of water in Edinburgh, so had a bottle of ale to my supper. They say it will be a twelvemonth yet before the works in hand for bringing water into the town will be completed, and that they are frequently very much distressed for it in the summer.

Friday, 24th May 1822.—Very nervous and poorly to-day. Received a letter from Coulson to know whether I got my stamped paper and marriage certificate safe or not. Answered it. Staid at home.

Saturday, 25th.—Received a letter from my little boy, and answered it. Wrote to Peggy.

Sunday, 26th.—Not very well. Staid at home. The weather quite cold; forced to have a fire in my room.

Monday, 27th.—Very high wind and cold, with hailstorms and rain. Walked up George Street, and forced to return, the weather was so bad.

Tuesday, 28th.—Wrote to Mrs. Armstead, and walked up and down the old closes of the Cannongate and High Street, curious old dirty places, still bearing the marks of their former grandeur, when they were the residences of the nobility, though now of the lowest rabble. Went to the flagstaff of the Castle; a fine clear day. Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Bell called, each with the half of a ten-pound note. Walked to Stockbridge in the evening.

Wednesday, 29th.—Went to Sir William Forbes's Bank in the Parliament Close and changed the ten-pound note. Then

walked to see the buildings of the Old Town; first to the Royal Infirmary for the sick; then to the High School close by; then across to Argyle Square, where stands the Trades Maiden Hospital for the maintenance and education of decayed tradesmen's daughters—here are about fifty girls; then through Brown's Square to Bristo Port, near which stands the charity workhouse, with a detached school for the children. Just beyond this are the meadows, laid out in gravel walks with trees and sometimes hedges on each side. In one division is Burntsfield links, gay with women and children bleaching immense quantities of clothes on the grass, some dipping the water in spring-pots from the brooks, others shaking the linen, or pegging it down and sprinkling, chattering and laughing all the while; mostly bare-headed and bare-footed—it is quite a lively picture. In another walk stands Watson's Hospital, for the maintenance and education of the children and grandchildren of decayed members of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh. They are taught English, Latin, Greek, and French, Arithmetic and Book-keeping, Mathematics, Geography, and the use of the Globes. They are taken in from eight to eleven years old, and remain till sixteen. The boys when they leave the hospital receive £100 as an apprentice fee, paid by instalments of £20 a year, and on attaining the age of twenty-five years, if unmarried, and producing certificates of their good behaviour, they receive a further bounty of £50—such as prefer an academical education, £20 a year for five years. Nearly opposite to this is the opening to George's Square, the largest in the Old Town. A little further on is Heriot's Hospital, one of the richest in Edinburgh. Here the boys are instructed in English, Latin, and French, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Mathematics, and Geography; and for any other branch of education that may be required, such as Drawing, &c., the boys attend masters who are paid out of

the funds of the Hospital. They are admitted at the age of seven, and at any age between that and ten, which must not be complete. They generally leave the hospital at the age of fourteen, but if necessary, for the preparing them for the University, they are retained for a longer period. Those wishing to follow any of the learned professions are sent to the college for four years after leaving the hospital, with an allowance of £30 a year, paid quarterly in advance. The Hospital also allows from the fund, bursaries (or exhibitions) to ten boys unconnected with the Institution, who are paid £20 a year for four years. Boys going out as apprentices are allowed £10 annually for five years, and £5 at the expiry of their apprenticeship. All the boys when they leave the hospital are provided with a suit of clothes of their own choosing, and a handsome Bible. Each boy gets a suit of clothes every eight months, and four day and two night shirts, four pairs shoes, four pairs stockings, one leather cap, and two pocket handkerchiefs yearly. The diet of the hospital is, for breakfast and supper, porridge and milk, for dinner, beef and broth or soup for six days, with five ounces of bread; and on Saturday bread and milk; and each boy is besides allowed five ounces of bread every day at four o'clock. In 1819 there were 180 boys. It is for fatherless boys, freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh. Here, too, is the Merchant Maiden Hospital for the education and maintenance of daughters of merchant burgesses of Edinburgh. They are taken in from seven to eleven, and go out at seventeen years of age. They are taught English, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, French, and Needlework. If any other branches are required, such as Drawing, &c., the girls' friends pay for it. The clothing is respectable, and the diet excellent. On leaving the hospital the girls receive £9, 6s. 8d. Near the end of the links, on a rising ground, is Gillespie's Hospital, built in 1801, for old men

and women, and a detached free school for the instruction of 100 poor boys in reading, writing, and arithmetic. These hospitals are all very handsome buildings. From them, came round to Nicholson Square, where is the finest Methodist meeting-house I ever saw; with the minister's house, and schools attached. The Antiburgher meeting-house in Nicholson Street is very pretty, in the Gothic style, though apparently of recent construction. Went up the street as far as St. Patrick's Square, a very poor one, and returned by the foot of Salisbury Crags to St. John's Street in the Cannongate. Found out the house in which John Knox the Reformer resided. It stands on the north side of the foot of the High Street, projecting very far out. On the front to the west is a figure in *alto relievo* pointing up with its finger to a radiated stone, on which is sculptured the name of the Divinity in three languages—

ΘΕΟΣ.
DEUS.
GOD.

The edifice itself is one of the oldest stone houses in Edinburgh, but the figure is a poor wooden thing of much later date; and on the two sides of the pulpit in which it is placed are inscribed, "John Knox, born 2nd May 1505." On the other, "Died 24th November 1572, aged 67 years." When he resided in it he paid fifteen marks, or seventeen shillings and fourpence yearly rent for the whole house, which was then a handsome one; the lower part is now a small barber's shop. In the front wall of a house nearly opposite that of the Reformer, are two stone or marble heads in *alto relievo*, supposed by antiquaries to be likenesses of the Roman emperor Severus and his consort Julia, from their resemblance to the heads on the coins of that prince; the sculpture of these

figures is uncommonly fine. Between the heads on a square tablet is an inscription. Called at Mr. Bell's in the evening; they were not at home.

Thursday, 30*th May* 1822.—Passed James Street; saw Mrs. Knight at the window; a woman of colour, with a white turban cap on. In Blyth's Close, Castle Hill, saw the remains of the private oratory and house of Mary of Lorraine, Queen Dowager of Scotland. Over the door, in Saxon characters, is inscribed, "Laus et honor Deo," and the cypher of "Maria Regina." It is in a steep dirty alley, and I went up the winding gloomy tower stair; the rooms are now inhabited by very poor people, and in some parts the projections of opposite houses nearly touch. The sight of so many palaces of former times gives one a most gloomy and wretched picture of the pomp and grandeur of those days when they were surrounded and shut in by high walls, and iron bars, and had neither light nor air. The structure of our prisons are gay and chearful in comparison. The houses which in 1763 were possessed by the first families, were twenty years after inhabited by tradesmen or by people in humble life. The Lord-Justice Clerk's house was possessed by a French teacher, Lord-President Craigie's house by a rouping wife (saleswoman of old furniture), and Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodation. I went into several other habitations of the same kind on the Castle Hill and the West Bow, for here are many of them, and all of the same description. I am glad I did not live in the "olden time." Walked through the Meadows to Merchiston Tower, a modern antique dwelling-house in some pretty grounds near the Glasgow Canal, and then to Craiglockhart Hill, a gentleman's house about a mile further, pleasantly situated among trees. Then crossed one of the bridges of the canal, and returned home by its banks.

Friday, 31st May 1822.—At a quarter before eight got on board the steamboat at Newhaven for Perth. No sooner sailed than found it was the wrong boat, and only took over passengers to Brunt Island to go by the Perth coach. The weather so cold, I was forced to wear my blue kersymere cloak lined and wadded, and the sea so rough, it made me sick. From Brunt Island, I walked to Kinross, fourteen miles; the road very fine, and well wooded in some parts; in others bare and dreary; proceeding on, I came in sight of Loch Leven, and the castle on it where Queen Mary was confined; the view of the loch accompanies you for some miles. After passing the Toll-gate at Dam Head, the road becomes exceedingly stony and hilly for about four miles, and afterwards very good, between an avenue of trees, till you come to the beautiful village of Brig in Ayrne, twelve miles from Kinross; here I found a very comfortable inn, with civil and obliging people; but there was only mattrasses instead of a feather bed, and though I had six blankets on me I could not sleep for the cold.

Saturday, 1st June 1822.—At six o'clock, visited Pitcairthly Wells, about a mile from Brig in Ayrne, a sweet retired situation in the midst of meadows and green lanes. The water is of a medicinal quality, and very much frequented in the summer both for drinking and bathing. At the inn are also hot, cold, and shower baths. The village abounds in green, shady lanes, and one of the most lovely leads to Moncrieff Hill, and the grounds of Sir David Moncrieff. The hill itself is steep and wooded to the top, which commands a very extensive prospect, but it was dreadfully slippery to mount, and when on the top the wind was so powerful that I could not stand on it. About two miles from hence is Perth; the view of the town and river are very pretty, but the wind was so very high that you were enveloped in clouds of dust, like travelling in the desert, and

could scarcely see or stand. I ascended the Hill of Kinnoul, which is also well wooded, and commands a fine view of the town, the windings of the river, and surrounding country; but the ascent and descent are very rough and difficult. About a mile from Perth the road enters on the Carse of Gowry, the most fertile, well wooded, and rich part of Perthshire. After about eight miles it begins to get bare, and then you enter by degrees on the Highlands; at first merely naked hills and downs, they rise slowly into importance, and after a time assume a very picturesque and variegated form, though never the grandeur of Loch Katrine, or the touching beauty of Loch Lomond; but the road winds for miles through woods of lofty trees, with detached parcels of cultivated grounds, interspersed with gentlemen's houses and cottages beneath you, and immense overhanging rocks above your head, which, as the evening began to close in, had an awful and somewhat terrific effect. Unluckily I had sprained my ancle over a loose stone, and walked with pain and difficulty. From Perth to Dunkeld is called fifteen miles and an half, but I do not think it so little as twenty English miles; the Scotch are much longer than ours. An old Highlander whom I met near the town, seeing me fatigued, carried my basket for me, and went out of his way through the town, to show me the inn I had been recommended to. Indeed I found them much more civil and attentive than people in the same station in England, though they are much worse fed, and the cottages or huts in which they live are wretched in the extreme, mostly composed of loose stones without any cement or mortar, and a hole in the roof instead of a chimney to let the smoke out. There is in general but one room for all the family, and the beds are presses or cribs made in the wall, so that there is no appearance of any. There is scarcely any furniture, but two or three old broken stools and chairs, with a pot to boil the victuals, a meal tub, and a

few wooden spoons and tubs for eating. The women and children have neither caps, shoes, or stockings; yet they seem strong, hearty, and comfortable. I seldom stopped at any to get a drink of water (which I was often in need of in my walks), that they did not ask me to "come ben an tak the rest," and put the best chair or stool for me; and if they had any, brought out whey or butter-milk, thinking it better; and when I told them I preferred water, they wanted to put meal into it, saying it would do me more good. They seemed to have a great deal of curiosity, the Highlanders in particular; and their questions were generally prefaced with, "It's vara waarm the day." "Oh, very warm." "If you please, how far are ye come the day?" "From Crieff," &c. &c. "Ou aye, ye'll be vera tired. An whaur are ye gaun?" "To Stirling." "Ou, it's a sair way; ye'll ne'er get there the night." "Oh yes, I'm a very good walker. I walked 170 miles three weeks ago." "Gude sauf us! Ye're no a Crieff woman?" "No, I am English." "Aye, an what part o' England?" "London." "Ou aye, I thocht ye war no a Scotswoman. That's a lang way aff." "Yes, 400 miles from Edinburgh; I came to Leith by water." "Ou aye, I suppose sae; *that* walk wad hae been oe'er lang for ye. An what for did ye come to this countra?" "I came on law business." "Aye! an how cam ye to come doon here for that? 'Tis muckle expensive work; ye'll have a deal to pay. An wha do ye employ?" "Mr. Cranstoun and Mr. Gray." "Ou aye, they're clever men." "Yes, I believe they are reckoned at the head of the law." "An do ye expect to get your cause?" "Law is uncertain, you know." "Ou aye, but ye maun be able to guess whether you are likely to get it." "Why, yes, I believe I shall." "An what is it about?" "I cannot well explain it to you." "An will ye get much by it?" "No, not a great deal." "An is yer gude mon wi' ye?" "No." "What! ye are no ganging ye lane?"

"Yes." "An whaur is he?" "In London." "An hoo cau'd ye gang doon aboot law business without him?" "I believe he will be in Edinburgh in a week or two." "And what for hae ye been travelling aboot the countra at this gate?" "Just to see it." "An how do ye like this? Ours is but a poor countra." "Why, just here it is so, but in some parts it is very fine." "Aye, aye; but I'm thinking ye hae been dealing in something; ye wad nae hae travelled in this way without making some bawbees." As it was near the time when the Scotch change their servants, as they usually hire for six months, some conjectured I was a ladies' maid going to my place. In one cottage of a little better kind I rested myself for some time, and the old woman said she could hardly understand my English tongue. "It is my ignorance, ye ken," said she, "I hae ne'er been muckle frae hame; some people travel far, but I hae only gane to Crieff, to Perth, and to Stirling in a' my life. I asked how they spun the flax from the distaff (seeing the wheel stand in the corner) without breaking it, as it looked so ragged, and the daughter immediately said she would sit down and show me, if I had never seen any done; which she did with the utmost good-nature; she said it was wearying, tedious work to sit long to, but that they spun all their own sarks and short-jackets or bedgowns, which is their usual dress, and she brought one she was folding to show me. It was a narrow stripe like the jean pantaloons, and seemed as thick and strong. When spun, each poor person carries her flax to the weaver to be made up; and they have no large manufactories in that part of the country. Although the generality of the people of the Highlands speak only Gaelic among themselves; yet almost all of them understood me, and spoke the Lowland Scotch when they found I did not comprehend them. You may walk all through the country without molestation or insult. I found them univer-

sally civil and obliging, and, as far as they had the means, hospitable.

June 2nd, 1822.—Rose at nine, much refreshed; rubbed my ancle and knee with whiskey, which did it a great deal of good. When I had breakfasted, walked to Craigie Burn. The scenery here is rich and beautiful indeed; lofty mountains, some clothed with wood to the summit, others with masses of rock, appearing among the trees; and some green and grassy, with the bright sun shining on them, while those where the firs predominated were in dark shadow. I took the mountain road through the wood. The burn and the road to Dowley wind along the bottom between the mountains, with scattered houses, in a very picturesque manner. Returned and visited Loch of the Lawes; a beautiful shaded walk most of the way, deliciously fragrant with the hawthorn blossom, which was everywhere in great abundance. The note of the cuckoo, which I heard every day, seemed quite in unison with the retired solemnity of many of the places, yet was it varied and enlivened by the songs of innumerable other birds, particularly the nightingale; indeed the sight, the smell, and the hearing, were all abundantly gratified. This loch and the scenery round were pretty, but nothing very remarkable. Rested a little at the inn, and then went to see Lady Charlotte's Cave, in one of the woods belonging to the Duke of Athole, accompanied by a little boy who lives at one of his lodges, as a guide. He discoursed all the way along, to my very great amusement; among other things, speaking of the game in the woods, he said, "They're awfu' brutes, those hares, they not only *eat* the things, but they hookit burrocks in the ground. The roes are mischievous brutes, but no sae bad as the hares, for they only eat the taps o' the greens. We planted some sat willows, sic as they mak baskets o', an the mischievous brutes eat a' the sma' spruts as they budded, an killed them a'; they sud hae fenced

'em aff." Arriving at the place, which is an artificial cave, with a bench, a window, and a fireplace, nearly on the top of one of the rocks, he said, "This is Lady Charlotte's Cave; she did nae sleep here the nichts ye ken, but she wad hae her breakfast here, an spin a' the day. Here is the hole whar her wheel stood," pointing to the place; "here is her bench to sit on; here is her fireplace, an ye see she had a chimley; here is the window," and a fine arched and grated one it is; "an here she staid till the night fa'. She belonged to the Duke of Athole, lang syne, but I dinna ken wha she was." At the entrance of the cave a spring of water issues through the fissures of the immense masses of rock, and is caught in a bason. Leaving this, he desired me to follow him to a point of the rock, to get a better view, and on my seeming afraid to venture, he said, "Nae fear o' ye, ye winna fa'." He then conducted me to the very top of the rock, where the Duke has had a garden planted, and a great variety of flowers in it. The Columbine the little boy told me they called the Duchess's Cuff, and the Rhododendron he called the Rorykindrum. He gathered me a nosegay to put in my bosom, and sat down with me on the bench. I took out my watch to see what it was o'clock, on which he said, "*I* hae a watch too at hame, for my brother wha li'es in Embro sent his faether one, an something to the bairns; an the gudemon gie me the watch; an I'm gaun to gie it to Daavid; Daavid is my brother, an he is gaun into his nineteen, an I am gaun into ten; an my brother in Embro is in his twenty-third. He is a taylor, an whan he was at our hoose, he sent me into Dunkeld to get some buttons to saw on my jacket, an he looked at his watch when I went awa, an whan I cam back, an I had been gane just ten minutes. It is a mile there an a mile back, an that was quick wark; but I went full trot all the way. I got a dizen for a ha'penny; they were moulds, ye ken. An I went t' other day for a gentleman

to a place I had never been at before, an I fand it a' by the directions he gied me; an whan I got to Mustress Mackintosh's in the wood, she was to direct me on further; an she sent me a far awa round about way, instead o' the shortest road; an ye ken people whan they ask, always want the nearest; an was gane fram breakfast-time till amaist night; an it was an awfu' thing for her to sen' me that gate. There was a laddie cam awhile back, to our hoose wi' Graham; *he* was the Duke's son, an I was unwell, an they would hae me out o' my bed, to carry my ship to the loch wi' them, to see hoo it wad sail against the wind, for it had sails; but the next day I was so ill, that the doctor thocht I wad nae live the day over. An that young gentle was just a blackguard, for he tald the steward haw I had made a downright bargain to let him hae my ship for aughteen pence, whan I wad nae hae parted wi't, an then he cam to my mither an threw three shillings in her lap; but she tald him she could mak nae bargain about it, an gie't him agen, an at last he sent me aughteen pence by the steward; an was nae that real shabby an mean? But as he had carried awa the ship, an was a frien' o' the Duke's, it behoov'd me to let him hae't, an he had gi'en naething for't. But I hae anither ship noo. We hae a museum at our house, ye had better come in an see't; my brother, wha li'es in Embro, did it a'; he was only four months catching the brutes an stuffing o' 'em, an was nae that pretty thrang wark? hoo mony think ye hae we o' 'em? why thirty. I fand a hare one day, an I grippit her, an carried her amaist hame, an she struggled, an I thocht she wad hae bit me, an she got awa; an there was a great big dog, as big as a little horse, it was a Newfoundlander, an he grippit her an killed her; an sae the gentleman wha belonged to the dog gied her to me, an my brother stuffed her; an we hae a rabbit stuffed, an a rattan, which is the best of a', for he is smelling to some-

thing; a' the gentry wha come to the Duke's look at it, an they say they never saw ony beasts better stuffed. The Duke wull be doon in little mair than twa months; but he is gaun to the Isle of Man in his way frae London, for he has a hoose there, an a hoose in London, an a hoose in Blair, an anither in Dunkeld, an he gaes to them a' in turn. He has mony gamekeepers, an they hae a deal o' game, but he does nae gae shooting himsel'; he gaes buck-hunting, an chasing them a' through the water. He is half a hunder year auld an a bittie (67), an he has mony children, but they are maist o' them married. I hae a paitrich's nest, an a gowdspink's nest, an a mavis' nest, but I dinna tak ony o' the birds except the cage-birds; an I hae a gowdspink at hame, an that is a real pretty cage-bird; an a little boy wha lived near me wanted to see one o' the nests that I had fand, an I shewed it him, an tald him nae to disturb them; an I was ca'd awa' the neist day, an whan I cam back the nest was forsaken; an was nae that an awfu' thing, that he should harrie a neebor's nest? I hae heard say there is a judgment on sic things." When we were returning he said, "If ye will come to me neist Sunday, or ony ither day after breakfast, I will shew you mony pretty walks, for I ken them weel." So I parted with my little chatterer, and returned to my dinner, after which I walked out in the town, now little better than a village, though formerly one of the largest cities in Caledonia. The remains of the cathedral are standing, and one part of it, in which service is performed, was repaired by the Duke of Athole about three years ago, but the greatest part was burnt at the Reformation, and the ruins are all that remain; they are very fine, but they stand in the Duke's private grounds, and that part of his park was once the city, and had houses on it, and his mansion was the bishop's palace; but all this was eight hundred years ago, and many strange revolutions have

happened within that period. Visited the Hall of Ossian on Brann, which quite disappointed me, as from its name I expected to see some fine natural excavation or cave, and I found only a round modern summer-house, lined with mirrors to reflect a fine waterfall in the front of it. The grounds here are laid out exceedingly neat. They belong, as well as most of the places here do, to the Duke of Athole; in fact his property extends eighty miles on this side the water, and as many on the other. The whole scenery around Dunkeld is beautiful indeed, and well worth visiting; and this was a lovely summer day with a fine air. The little village of Irvin, in the road to Ossian's Hall, or the Hermitage, as it is sometimes called, is picturesque and rich beyond description. With some little difficulty I got into the Duke's private park, as the guides appointed to shew it did not think it worth their while to go round with one person. The river Tay runs through the lower part; the grounds are kept in excellent order, and borders of flowers all round; there are immense quantities of Rhododendron, which comes to great perfection here; the clusters of blossoms are profuse and rich beyond any I ever saw. One part is called the American garden, being filled with the shrubs and trees of that country. The trees and lawns in general are fine and extensive. Took an evening walk in the woods in another direction, but by the windings of the path came unexpectedly to Lady Charlotte's Cave; the effect of the dark excavations in the rock, the sound of the dropping water, and the solemn gloom of the whole, were awfully increased by the shades of night gathering round. Returned to the inn, having walked I suppose about fifteen miles that day.

Monday, 3rd June 1822.—Left Dunkeld about six in the morning; about four miles from hence is the Rambling Bridge on Brann. The scenery here too is rich and picturesque; the

bridge is over a waterfall, which extends far back, though not a very great height. The spot is very romantic and secluded, and amidst the quiet hills, the only sounds to be distinguished were the songs of the birds, and the dashing and foaming of the water. So here I sate me down and ate my breakfast, to enjoy it at my leisure; after which I again entered on the mountainous part of the country, and kept ascending among the hills till I was completely in the heart of the Highlands; passed the pretty village of Hamil Rea, about half way up, and still kept mounting on, till I seemed nearly on a level with the whole range of mountains. A most appalling and dreary eminence, and accorded much more with my previous idea of the Highlands than anything I had before met with, being an interminable labyrinth of bare and desolate hills of an immense height, of various shades of green, but with neither tree or shrub; in many parts neither furze or broom, but large fragments of fallen rocks, and the stony strata of the hills standing as the emblem of desolation. After descending a considerable way in this wild place, just at the entrance of Glen Amon, I met a cavalcade of carts, with several men on foot, and two women on horseback, which had a singular effect in this remote situation. Glen Amon is bare and lonely, except that great flocks of sheep were grazing there. It is shut in by these same high hills, and not a tree to be seen, but the Annan water winds quietly through the bottom; it is quite the beau-ideal of loneliness and seclusion. After leaving it, I had still other mountains to climb in succession; a most laborious road, and I should have been utterly exhausted with fatigue and heat had I not found some mountain springs in my way, and lay down and bathed my face, and drank to allay the parching thirst. I was but clumsy at it at first, but I soon managed so as to drink very well, and was refreshed, and was thankful that God had provided water in the stony rock. These walks

always make me more religious and more happy, more sensibly alive to the benevolence and love of the Creator than any books or church. His care and kindness seems shown in all His works. Nothing here seems contradictory. You begin to descend again a little from your eminence before you come to Menizz; and there is a very long and steep hill to go down into this village, where the road suddenly becomes cultivated and wooded. The manse and kirk are at the foot of the hill, and all round it, and the remaining three miles to the town of Crieff is a succession of pleasure-grounds and plantations belonging to the various gentlemen's seats, and the road is partly an avenue of fine trees. The sudden transition of scenery in Scotland is marvellous. Crieff is a small poor town, with only one tolerable inn, and there I could not get a bed: so I was forced to wander over those crippling stones, after a very hot fatiguing day's journey, and, after some unsuccessful attempts, got a very comfortable good bed, and bread and butter, eggs and ale for my supper. But here, as elsewhere, they would fain have persuaded me to rest and take some refreshment, and walk on to the next village in the cool of the evening. But I had already had walking enough in the heat of the day; for it was then half-past four, and I had walked twenty-one miles of that tremendous road. I went early to bed, and slept sound, and on

Tuesday, 4th June 1822, morning, at half-past six, set off again for Stirling. The road for the first three miles, till you reach the small town of Miffal, is luxuriant and beautiful, with ornamented grounds in abundance, and the road shaded by a fine avenue of trees; but on ascending a long steep hill from this place, you get into quite a bare open country, very hilly and stony till you reach Dunblane, a distance of thirteen miles. At this small town is a ruinous church, which looks fine from the bridge, but the town is very little better than a village.

Here again the country gets rich and luxuriant, and the high hills near Stirling, particularly that on which the Castle stands, completes the effect. I arrived at Mr. Dow's inn, my old quarters, by four o'clock, having walked twenty-two miles, with as much variation of weather as of prospect; sometimes being overcome with heat, and not a breath of air; then, on gaining an eminence, or turning at some winding of the road, cut through with a strong and bleak wind, and forced to put on my warm cloak, and turn it the hind part before to guard against the rheumatism.

Walked	1st day	28	miles,	31st	May,	Friday.
„	2nd „	25	„	1st	June,	Saturday.
„	3rd „	15	„	2nd	„	Sunday.
„	4th „	21	„	3rd	„	Monday.
„	5th „	23	„	4th	„	Tuesday.

That is 112 miles in five days, and in seven days, beginning the 13th May 1822, 170 miles. At Stirling had salmon, a quarter of lamb, and tarts for my dinner, and after walking a little in the town, went to bed at eight o'clock, and lay till half-past ten; as the steamboat was not to sail for Edinburgh till three in the afternoon.

Wednesday, 5th June 1822.—The day being sultry, and I having seen the town and castle before, kept quietly in my inn, after breakfast: but just sauntered up the Castle Walk before I went on board the *Lady of the Lake* steamboat. On the banks of the Frith of Forth are Cambuskenneth Abbey tower, an old ruin; Castle Place, a pretty white house belonging to Col. Wm. Murray; Tullibody, a village; the town of Alloa, with a pretty steeple to the church, and high hills opposite; Clackmannan tower and church; Kennet Burns; Erth; Tulliherne Castle, the seat of Lord Keith; Kincairn; Borrostounness; Blair House, and the village of Dundas of Blair; Sir Robert Preston's; Tory Burn; Kennet House; Lime Kilns; part of a

rock standing in the form of a castle, the rest being cut away; Lord Hopetoun's; Lord Roseberry's; Queen's ferry; King's ferry; Inverkeithing; Earl of Moray's; Inch-comb, a small island, where was some time ago a Nunnery; Inchkeith, a small island on which is a lighthouse—it contains only two families. Landed at Newhaven at nine o'clock and walked home (two miles). The afternoon and evening hazy, with some rain. Did not feel the least fatigued or footsore; but much pleased with my excursion.

Thursday, 6th June 1822.—Walked to see the new buildings to the north of the town; they proceed so rapidly, and are of such extent, consisting of streets, squares, circuses, crescents, &c., that it is quite another town, added to what is called the new, so this must be the newest new town. I should think it a hazardous speculation, for it must be long before they can all be inhabited. Wrote to Miss Lamb, and Coulson. Called on Mrs. Bancks.

Friday, 7th.—Received a letter from Peggy. Wrote to Mrs. Armstead and paid the postage; put it in the post, and walked on the Calton Hill.

Saturday, 8th.—Walked to St. Bernard's Well in the evening. The walk along the Water of Leith to it is peculiarly beautiful. The waters are medicinal, and of the sulphureous kind. Lord Gardenstone purchased the property of the well, and erected a temple over it, consisting of a circle of columns, surmounted by a neat dome. In the middle is a statue of Hygeia the Goddess of Health. The figure is well proportioned, but it is too large for a near view. Nearly opposite to this temple, on the other side of the water, stands a tower erected by the late Mr. Walter Ross, which is almost entirely composed of stones with ancient sculptured ornaments, collected from ruinous buildings.

Sunday, 9th.—Took a walk up Princes Street, but so bad in

my bowels, and the weather so close and sultry, that I returned through George Street home, and sent a letter to Mr. Hazlitt, to remit the money he had promised.

Monday, 10*th June* 1822.—An east wind and cutting cold; my bowels still poorly. Mr. Bell called, but I could not see him, having no room to shew him into, as Mrs. Pillans' daughter was ill in my sitting-room: so he left word he wished to see me, and I went to his house about two hours afterwards, and dined with Mrs. Bell. He came in after dinner quite intoxicated, and insulted me shamefully, telling me that he believed I meant to get all the money I could from Mr. Hazlitt, and cheat him at last; that I was a pitiful, squeezing, paltry creature, who wanted to oppress and grind a man into the earth, who had not money to give me, and that he had been advising him to take the steamboat, and leave the law bills and everything unpaid, and take Sally Walker, if he liked her, and go to another country, and neither pay me, nor for the child, but let me maintain him myself; that I did not deserve such a man as Hazlitt; that it was false that he owed me the money I claimed; that my hundred and fifty pounds a year was amply enough to keep me, and lay by one hundred of them; that if *his* wife was starving, and had but one farthing in the world to buy bread, she would give it to him if he wanted it, even away from her children; that she had behaved affectionately and kindly to him, who had treated her much worse than I had been used; and that it was my own fault that Mr. Hazlitt could not be happy with me; that he wondered what could ever have attracted him in me; that he thought my face very ugly, with a particularly bad expression. Insisted on it that I should go to Mr. Gray's that night with him, that he might see me engage to take the oath, which I refus'd, and he said then I might stay there and be damned. Would accompany me home, insulting me all the way. His son came with us to take care of him,

and he wanted to drive him back, but as his mother had sent him to get him home as well as he could, the boy and I both persisted in his going on, and I took him on my side, as his father seemed inclined to beat him. He wanted to come upstairs with me, but I absolutely refused to let him. Received a note from Mr. Ritchie to say he would come the next day and explain about money matters to me. Had also a letter from the child. Mr. Bell's behaviour agitated and made me very ill. About one o'clock in the morning I was forced to alarm the family, and have a medical man called up, who ordered immediate hot fomentations of chamomile to be applied to the stomach, and he waited and saw it done. Had two large doses of laudanum in the course of an hour. The complaint seemed of a very alarming nature, but these remedies afforded some relief. When he went away he sent an injection in case I was not easier; he visited me again at eight and at twelve o'clock, and administered three doses of castor oil, before my bowels could be at all opened.

Tuesday 11*th*.—Mr. Bell came and saw me in my bed, to make all the apologies he could for his behaviour, which he endeavoured to excuse under the plea of drunkenness, and said when he was in liquor he was mad. I told him that the truth of people's opinions frequently came out then, and that his behaviour had given me such a shock as to occasion this illness. He vowed he would not go away till I gave him a kiss and said I forgave him. I held out my hand, and told him that would do as well, but a kiss he would and did have before I could get rid of him. He then said he would go to Mr. Gray's to know, as he thought the oath was to be administered on Friday; that whenever it was, his wife and he would accompany me, as it would look more respectable; that he would then go home to dinner, and return and sit by my bedside all the afternoon. I told him that I insisted upon it that he did not attempt to do

any such thing, and he then said he would call the next morning, and tell me what Mr. Gray said. Soon after, Mr. Ritchie came, and sat by the bedside very kindly, and desired, if I was not better before the evening, that I would send to him, and he would get me more advice. Told me that Mr. Hazlitt only got £56 at Glasgow, and nothing from Coulbourn, so that he could not give me the money I asked; but that he had told him, whatever small sums of money I wanted to go on with, he would let me have, by some means or other, but entreated me not to draw back from what I had undertaken. I told him it was not my intention, and that I had done all in my power to forward the business, as he would know if he had seen my letter; and that Mr. Bell had told me it had been handed about and read in court the day before, at Mr. Stuart's trial. But if it were so, I did not care, as I had only asked for what I considered my right. He said there was no grounds for Mr. Bell's assertion, it was utterly false. I told him of his behaviour to me, and that it had in a great measure occasioned my illness, and he advised me to have very little to do with him. Said he was not well himself, having been engaged in court till five in the morning, as a witness on Mr. Stuart's trial for the duel. This cause had excited an universal interest in the town, and the court was so crowded that a guinea had been offered for a seat in vain. The acquittal gave universal satisfaction. Mrs. Bancks came in the afternoon to see how I was, and sat a little while. Mr. Graham (the doctor) called again at ten, and found me much better.

Wednesday, 12th June 1822.—The pain quite gone, but being drowsy with the laudanum did not get up till two o'clock. Had a nice roast chicken, and relished it much, with two glasses of port. Mr. Graham called in the afternoon, and seemed pleased I had made so good a dinner, and approved of my drinking the wine.

Thursday 13*th*.—Mr. Bell called and said that Mr. Hazlitt was gone to Renton Inn, but that he would remit me some money, which he shewed him he had for the purpose, as soon as the oath was taken, which he said he was to give him due notice of. Said that he had almost quarrelled with him for talking to Mrs. Bell about me, in a manner unfit for any modest woman's ear, which she had told him when he came in, and that it was also owing to the indecent way in which he had spoken of me to him, that he had offended me in the manner he did. Asked if I did not take the oath to-morrow? I said I had not heard from Mr. Gray, but was in hourly expectation of it: and that as soon as I did I would let them know, that they may be prepared to accompany me as he proposed. The note came soon after, appointing the next day; so I took it to them, and Mrs. Bell said she thought her name would be put in the papers, and she had not courage to go; and her friends would not like Mr. Bell's going, but as he had promised, he must. I told her that if it was at all unpleasant I did not wish either of them to go; as Mr. Gray would accompany me, and there was no occasion for any body else. He said he had promised Mr. Hazlitt to witness it, and therefore go he would. Came back quite weak, and overcome with the heat. In the evening walked to the Meadows, to prepare for the next day's trial, as I seemed to fear I should not be able to go through it, for my illness, though short, was so violent as to pull me down very much.

Friday, 14*th June* 1822.—Mr. Bell called and said he was going to Mr. Gray's, and would come back for me. Returned and said Mr. Gray informed him he could not be admitted, as he would be called on with Mrs. Bell the next Friday as witnesses. So I undertook to let him know when the ceremony was over. Went with Mr. Gray to the Parliament House. He said he would go into court, and wait till the

Commissioner's decision was reported there, allowing me to take the Oath de Calumnia, which was to take place at one o'clock, and then he would crave the Commissioners to admit me to my oath in a private room, instead of appearing in the open court. He left me in a private room about half-an-hour while this was transacting, and then fetched me into a private office. The persons present were, the Lord Commissioner, Mr. Prentice, Mr. Gray, a clerk, and myself. The Commissioner then asked me if I had read over the libel? I said yes. If I affirmed it to be true to the best of my belief and knowledge? Yes. I then knelt down, with my right hand on the New Testament, open at the Evangelists, and repeat after the Lord Commissioner, that I spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in deponing that I have just cause to insist in the present action of divorce against the defender, William Hazlitt, my husband, because I believe he has been guilty of adultery, and that the facts stated in my libel, which have been read over to me, are true. Depones that there has been no concert or collusion between her and the said defender in order to obtain a divorce against him, nor do I know, believe or suspect, that there has been any concert or agreement between any other person on my behalf, and the said defender, or any other person on his behalf, with a view or for the purpose of obtaining such divorce. All this is truth, as I shall answer to God, as I hope for the blessings contained in this book; and if it be not so, I invoke all the curses of it upon my head.

Then the clerk copied the charge of adultery against Mr. Hazlitt in brief, which I signed in two places. Then Mr. Gray prayed the Lord Commissioner to receive the signed paper then, which would have shortened the proceedings one week, but he refused it till the next Friday, being a strict stickler for forms: though Mr. Gray and Mr. Prentice both said it

was very commonly done, but he seemed a prodigious grave Ass in office, and observed that they had incurred censure from the Upper House for their precipitancy heretofore, which was very unpleasant: he did not want theirs to be considered as a Gretna Green Court, and must refuse the application. Mr. Gray was very unwilling to ask him, as he had been refused by him two or three times before, but Mr. Prentice urged him to do so. He seemed very much provoked at his obstinacy, and said he wished he had been in London, or anywhere else, as there was not one of the others who would have made any difficulty of granting it. Told me that the next step would be to examine the women again, to find if they continued in the same story, and for him to collect his evidence and witnesses: for this a week was allowed. Then, laying it before the Lord Commissioner to judge of the proofs, took the second week. The third week was allowed to Mr. Prentice, to see the evidence and give in the defence or non-defence of Mr. Hazlitt; and then, I was again to be called on to appear, in order that the person who detected him at Mrs. Knight's, may certify whether or not I am the woman he found him with. On the whole, with the utmost expedition they can use, and supposing no impediments, it will be five weeks from this day, before all is finished. Went down and reported this to Mr. and Mrs. Bell: dined there. They told me that Mr. Hazlitt took ninety pounds to the Renton Inn with him, out of which he said I was to be paid when the oath was taken, and that he should remit it to Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Bell as before. That he had raged and stormed there most tremendously, abused me in the grossest way, and said such terrible things about me, that Mrs. Bell thought him mad, and was frightened into hysterics. Swore I would not take the oath; that I wanted to cheat him; that I had demanded more money than he agreed to give me : (all which

so far seems a repetition of what Mr. Bell, in his drunken fit, acknowledged he had been instilling into him). Said it was no business of mine to know what became of the child in the holidays; and that he had a good mind to come and pull me out of my lodgings. I said it was very strange to me that he should speak of me in the infamous way they said he did, because every one else to whom he had talked about me, had always declared that he never laid any blame on my conduct, but spoke very handsomely of me, and only said that he was anxious to get a divorce, as he could not be happy with me. Mr. Bell undertook to send him a parcel that night with the joyful intelligence of the oath being taken, as he would get it sooner that way than by the post. From thence, went and informed Mr. Ritchie what I had done, and what Mr. Bell said about the money. He shook his head and said he saw him a little before he went, though not the last thing, and he did not believe he had any such sum then; that he should not be able to write to him by the post that night, as he had company at dinner with him, but that he would the next day. Said that he was very glad to see me about again; that my illness had done me a great deal of good, for I looked much younger and better than when he saw me before. I told him I still found myself very weak.

Saturday, 15*th June* 1822.—Mr. Bell called and wrote a letter to Mr. Hazlitt here, and made it into a parcel; not having sent to him last night as he promised. Wrote to Peggy. Feel very faint to-day.

Sunday, 16*th June* 1822.—Not very well; did not rise till ten o'clock. Adam Bell called while I was at breakfast, to say that Mr. Hazlitt was come back, and had been at their house the night before. In the evening took a walk by the Water of Leith, and round home by Pilrig Street.

Monday, 17*th June* 1822.—Went to Mr. Bell's as soon as I

had breakfasted. He told me that Mr. Ritchie was to bring me £20 that day in part of payment, and that the rest would be paid me as Mr. Hazlitt could get it. That he had proposed only ten now, but that Mr. Bell had told him that *that* would not do, as I proposed taking some journey, and had no money. Said he did not know anything about the child. Went home very uneasy about him, as his holidays were to begin this day; and I fretted that he should be left there, and thought he would be very uneasy if they had not sent him to Winterslow, and feel quite unhappy and forsaken, and thought on his father's refusing to tell me where he was to be, till I was so nervous and hysterical I could not stay in the house. Went down to Mr. Bell's again at one, as they told me he would be there about that time, that I might see him myself and know where the child was. He was not come; and Mr. Bell did not like my meeting him there. I told him if I could not gain information of the child, I would set off to London directly and find him out, and leave the business here just as it was. He then gave me a note to send to him about it, but I carried it myself, and asked to see him; they said he was out, but would return at three o'clock. I left the note, and went at three; they then said he would be back to dinner at four. I wandered about between that and Mr. Bell's till four: then going again, I met him by the way: he gave me £10, and said I should have more soon by Mr. Bell. I said I did not like Mr. Bell; I had rather he sent by Mr. Ritchie, which he said he would. I asked about the child, and he said he was going to write that night to Mr. John Hunt about him; so that the poor little fellow is really fretting, and thinking himself neglected. Mr. Hazlitt said I should hear all I wanted to know through Mr. Ritchie; that I might go directly to London if I liked; but that the whole business would be over in another fortnight, so he thought we had better remain that time; but that he did

not wish to be seen speaking to me. I asked him if he did not understand that he was to repay me my money that I might lay it by? He said, "Yes, one quarter." I told him that my one quarter was laid out, and he was bound to replace *that*, and be at every expence, so that I might receive my other when I went back; and asked him if I should come in the evening and fully explain and settle everything? He said, *no*, that might ruin all; he would settle the whole through Mr. Ritchie. I wished to have said much more, but am not likely to have an opportunity. Mrs. Bell said that he seemed quite enamoured of a letter he had been writing to Patmore; that in their walk the day before, he pulled it out of his pocket twenty times, and wanted to read it to them; that he talked so loud and acted so extravagantly that the people stood and stared at them as they passed, and seemed to take him for a madman. Patmore is the go-between in the affair of Miss Sarah Walker and him, and is the person who tells him that her indifference is but feigned, and attributable to maiden modesty; but that, in fact, her heart is wholly his. Bell says he thinks Patmore has had her, and now wishes to transfer her to Hazlitt as a wife: and that he told him so. I myself think it by no means unlikely. Called on Mrs. Bancks. Walked to the Glasgow Canal: seemed so restless; as if I should go mad; and could not swallow, I was so choked.

Tuesday, 18*th June* 1822.—At six in the morning left Edinburgh by the Glasgow Canal boat; the way dull till you come to the grounds of Hopetoun, and then the country becomes very fine. Passing *that*, the next thing that particularly attracts the attention is the old town of Linlithgow, where is the palace in which Queen Mary was born, and a very handsome church; you have a fine view of both from the water; the scenery too is exceedingly rich; and this was their annual day of riding the Marches. That is, the burgesses

and men of property, to the number sometimes of a hundred, go on horseback in procession to the extreme boundaries of the parish each way, to mark them, and afterwards dine with Lord Hopetoun, Lord Warden of the Marches. About two miles from hence is a very romantic place called Woodcock Dale; the Canal here is carried over a handsome bridge of twelve arches, and the finely wooded dale, with a winding stream, and the road, are at a great depth under you, and have a singular and beautiful effect. Near Falkirk, the boat passes through a tunnel cut in the solid rock, for three quarters of a mile; when you approach the middle it is so dark that you cannot see your fellow-passengers; and the light issuing through the arches at each extremity has a fine effect. It bears the name of the infernal regions, but I think there is nothing diabolical about it; the damps of the rock drip on you occasionally, and we were continually warned to sit still, least we should strike our heads against the projections. Changed boats at Falkirk, having to walk three quarters of a mile to the other boat, as the Canals do not join. The town appears large, though I saw but little of it. All the rest of the way was very delightful indeed, but without any particularly prominent object: the country rich and well wooded, and the Canal itself much better, and better managed as to horses than the Edinburgh half. We were from six in the morning till a quarter before three in arriving at the Falkirk boat, and got to Glasgow ten minutes before eight. On the first part, one of the horses fell into the Canal and swam all round the boat before he could be got out, and the other two had much ado to save themselves. After that, one broke his cord and ran away down a precipice, and the others could scarcely be kept from following, for the track is so shamefully narrow and undermined in some places, that they have neither safe footing nor room. The passengers of the Falkirk boat seemed full of disasters. One

lost her bandbox—another her husband—and a third her money. This last was a poor woman with a young child, who had two pound-notes in a piece of paper, and she made a great lamentation and complaint, and turned over the luggage on the deck in search of them; but some of the people seemed hardly to believe that she had really lost them: at last an old woman produced them out of her pocket; her daughter had picked up and claimed the paper as hers, and given it to her mother. I myself saw the old woman looking at a paper of notes which she put in her pocket, but I did not know but they were her own. The girl said, when taxed with claiming them, that she thought it might be something dropped out of her box. This was a very lame excuse, and she looked confused and guilty. Walked from the Canal to the Broomielaw, and found it a much longer way than I expected. When I got to the office of the *Eclipse* steamboat, was told, that instead of sailing to-morrow at one o'clock, as was advertised, she was likely not to go for a fortnight, having broke one of her wheels. The man said I might go to the end of the quay and see her, for she was lying there. This disconcerted me sadly, having left Edinburgh on purpose to go by her to Belfast; however, I determined to learn on the spot if there was any chance of her sailing, even if it were the day after; found that it was a false alarm, as she would set out at the appointed time. Tried to get a bed on the Broomielaw, and was told by some they were full, and by others they had none. At last, on explaining my reason for wishing to stay there, rather than go to the Black Bull, which I should otherwise do, the landlady of the Britannia procured me a very nice private lodging for the night up her own stair, and I supped and breakfasted at her house. Found Glasgow much larger and better than it had appeared in my former visit; as there are many handsome streets at the back of the Broomielaw which I had not seen. The Cathedral is a

fine old building with three tiers of windows, but the lower ones are all bricked up; there are many very old monuments, chiefly belonging to merchants of Glasgow, and appropriately enough inscribed "The Property" of such an one. The churchyard is in the most ruinous condition I ever saw, the flat tombstones broken, defaced, half out of the ground; that it requires great caution not to break your shins at every step; and overgrown with nettles; in short, it is in a most shameful state; and the ascent to it on the top of the High Street is wretchedly mean. At the lower end of the High Street are the remains of what was once a splendid mansion, with inner courts, and castellated towers; now tenanted by poor families, and full of filth, as well as some closes or narrow lanes of the same kind as those in the old town of Edinburgh. The Pass House is a large handsome building with two wings; it stands on the Broomielaw.

Wednesday, 19th June 1822.—At twenty-five minutes past two P.M., sailed from Glasgow in the *Eclipse* steamboat, exceedingly crowded on the deck, and the greater part very vulgar, mean people, quarrelling, drinking, and striving for seats; and at night, particularly, it was extremely offensive, from the number of passengers who were sick, and the state of the deck in consequence; while others were drunk, singing and pushing each other against their more peaceable neighbours; many sleeping on the boards in the midst of the filth and uproar. And they were drove about and penned up in different parts of the vessel no less than three times, like droves of cattle in Smithfield market, or convicts in a prison ship. Among them I recognised the receiver of the poor woman's notes the day before, and her daughter. There was also a decent-looking woman who came in at Glasgow, that they seemed to have got on a very intimate footing with, and finding that I was going to Dublin as well as themselves, they

proposed that we should join company, take the same coach, have the same inn, sleep and eat together, as it was very dull to travel alone. I told them I did not find it so at all, and I was pretty much accustomed to it. So they seemed affronted, and said they did not wish to intrude. The sail and views were pleasant as long as the light lasted. The banks of the Clyde are celebrated for their beauty. First came the ruins of Dunglass Castle, very small, but picturesque, and the larger part covered with ivy. Then the view of Dumbarton Castle and town from the water is pretty. Port Glasgow is a small town on the opposite side of the river, and has also some ruins. Greenock has a handsome custom-house, and the sailors say the finest harbour in Europe. Gorruck, Inverskip, and Largs are pretty villages by the water-side; to this succeeds the isolated rock of Ailsa Craig, and then Lamlasche, an island, where in stormy weather the shipping find safe anchorage and shelter from the winds of every quarter. The village of Lanmagee comes next: and soon after Carrickfergus, which is the assize town of the county of Antrim. Holliwell is a small clean-looking town in the county of Down; and near upon this is Belfast, where we landed at a quarter before nine A.M., having had a cold, disagreeable, and somewhat tedious passage; for we were told that we should be in between three and four, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Went in the first place to the Dublin coach-office, and got a place for the next morning at five, and the bookkeeper very civilly went over and secured me a bed at the opposite inn. Took my breakfast, and then went to see the town, and met my two fellow-passengers, who made up to me, and asked when I should go to Dublin? I told them I had taken my place for the next morning. They seemed mortified, and said I was very lucky, for they had been, and could not have one till the day after. I thought so too, but I said I secured it the first

thing I did, so wished them good-morning. There are many good streets of private houses; as well as the High Street and others for trade. The College is nothing more than a large school for boys, and over the door is inscribed "Academical Institution." Near this is the repository of the Belfast Linen Company, a very long building with an arched gateway to a small inner quadrangle of warehouses, with a grass plat and a few shrubs in the middle, and a shrubbery enclosed by iron railings round the outside, which seems to be the principal walk of the inhabitants. At the foot of Donnegal Street is another commercial building, and nearly opposite *that* the Assembly Rooms, or, as the man told me, "the gentlemen met there to make balls." The harbour is large, and has three quays, and a bridge which looks well from the water; and the view of the shipping when on it, is pretty, but it is built of coarse rough stones, that have a very mean appearance when you are near them. Many of the women and girls here are barefoot, but not so generally as in Scotland. The greatest part of the town is paved with flints, with a single edge of flags. Went to bed at half-past eight; awoke and heard a great many people about, though it was not very light, so jumped up and dressed myself in haste, fearing I should not be in time for the coach at five. When I got down stairs, found it was not yet ten at night, so undressed and went to bed again.

Thursday, 20th June 1822.—Rose at four, and by half-past was seated on the coach in order to secure a good seat. At five we started, and the first place of any note we reached was Lisburn, a pretty town; and here is the great damask manufactory from whence His Majesty is supplied with table linen. The soil and crops are very poor, but at Hilsborough, a little farther on, it improves for a short while. Here we changed horses. Dromore, a small town, comes soon after; then Banbridge, a pretty good town, with the river Ban running through

it; at which we again changed horses. Breakfasted at Newry, a good manufacturing town, with a navigable canal, where there were several vessels. Dundalk, a small town, succeeded. Then Castle Bellenger and Green Man, where there are some gentlemen's seats and fine grounds, but in general the country is bare and poor, affording chiefly peat bogs, in which the women work indiscriminately with the men, with a single petticoat drawn half way up the thigh and fastened between their legs, which are tremendously swollen and discoloured by the nature of their situation and employment; standing in a bog half full of water, busied at a laborious employment, enough to kill them with fatigue and damp. Yet the deplorable figures they cut were matter of sport and laughter to the men on the outside of the coach: such brutality is quite disgusting. Drogheda is a large old manufacturing town, with the river and shipping coming up to it; it has also a garrison and batteries; the suburbs are very extensive, and occupied by miserable huts and mean cottages. The road from hence to Ashbourne is in some parts fine, with trees on the sides, at others open and bare. Ten miles further we reached the splendid city of Dublin, at seven o'clock, a distance of eighty miles. No bed to be had at the inn, but they procured me one at the Talbot Hotel in Great Britain Street. The waiter went with me and shewed me some of the town the same night. Sackville Street is wider and handsomer than any trading street I have seen in London or anywhere else; it is full of large hotels and elegant shops; in it is the post-office, a very large and handsome building; in the middle of the street is a pillar in honour of Lord Nelson; one of the bridges over the Liffey is at the bottom of it; this stream runs all through the town, dividing it nearly in half, but the shipping and quays reach no higher than Sackville Street. There is a spacious and elegant custom-house and offices, on the other side the

bridge. Here too, a little further on, is the College, a handsome building, the outside stone; within are three quadrangles, one of stone, the second of brick, and the third rough cast. Opposite this is the Bank, a very magnificent stone building, nearly a rotunda, but a small part, appropriated to the military guard stationed here, being enclosed within high gates, cuts off the complete form. On the other side of Dame Street, at the foot of which this stands, is an arcade, much like that in Piccadilly, and at the top is the Castle, a very irregular building which makes no show at all to the street. It has an old stone church and military tower in the first court, and within is a regular red brick quadrangle, leading out of which are the apartments for the soldiers quartered in the Castle: but the royal barracks stand in a mean street leading to Phenix Park; though within the walls they are handsome and extensive. There is an equestrian statue of King William at the bottom of Dame Street. Merrion Square and Stephen's Green are also on this side the water, and the four courts for the transaction of law business are by the water's side. The Lying-in and Simpson's Hospitals are in Great Britain Street, as well as the Rotunda, for balls, &c.

Saturday, 22nd June 1822.—Phenix Park stands on a hill, and commands fine views of the town, the river, and adjacent country. Here is Mrs. Stephens's Hospital for the Sick, and the Military Hospital for soldiers past service, and some barracks; there are very extensive plantations of old thorn-trees, quite large, twisting their knotted trunks in all directions. At the sides of some of the drives are fine large elms, planted in groups of five or six, and then a space, which has a pretty effect, as they do not face each other, but are alternate. About half way through the park on the right is a beautiful romantic village, or rather small town, called Chapelizzard, seated in the glen beneath you, thickly interspersed with trees; and the

tower of the old church, covered with ivy all over, has the appearance of a large green chimney: the road of the park on the hill above winds round it, and the hill itself is well wooded; it seemed very much to answer the description of the scenery in South Wales. About two miles from this, and little more than half a mile beyond the park, are the Strawberry Beds; a small village on the banks of the Liffey, chiefly consisting of cottages, with ornamented summer-houses, and arbours fitted up for the reception of people who resort there to eat strawberries and cream; and it being now the height of the season, the place was gay and pretty: on Sundays it is crowded to excess. The prospect here is by no means extensive, as it is merely a sloping bank, covered with strawberries, at the bottom of which the stream winds, and on the top are the neat whitewashed summer-houses. Returned on the other side of the park, which is much wilder, and there are a great many deer in it.

Sunday, 23rd June 1822.—The best view to be had of the Bay of Dublin is from the Black Rock, a bathing place, and Dunleary (since the King's landing here, most loyally called Kingstown), about six miles from Dublin; so I took my seat in a car to go to it. The road was so covered with cars and other conveyances—this being one of the principal sights to strangers,—that it was like going to a race, or the ascent of a balloon; the dust and heat were almost insupportable, and a walk through the fields afterwards seemed quite delightful. The Bay and Hill of Howth are seen to great advantage, but there were no vessels on it at that time, which I rather regretted, as they so much improve a sea view; indeed, I do not think it complete without. I spent three days in Dublin, and I believe saw every part.

Monday, 24th June 1822.—You cannot avoid being struck with the magnificence of its first appearance, and the grandeur

of its public buildings, but on a nearer inspection you also find the extreme of filth and poverty—the Irish are a dirty people; the back streets and lanes smell so offensively that you can scarcely pass them, it is only the fine part that is cleansed or watered. Even in the hotel where I now am, which is rather expensive, and the rooms handsome, the floors, windows, carpets, and furniture are quite beastly. I have gratified my curiosity, and have no desire to renew my visit, though I do not regret having gone.

Tuesday, 25th June 1822.—Returned by the day mail to Belfast; the morning very sultry, and covered with immense clouds of dust, but in the afternoon a fine steady rain, which was much wanted; and I got a seat in the inside. Passing the Earl of Claremont's grounds near Newry, I observed part of the walls of many wretched cabins standing, and on enquiry was told that about two years ago the Earl had caused them all to be unroofed, and the miserable inhabitants to be turned out without a shelter. One is still standing occupied, and in tolerable condition, whose owner had been treated like the rest, having nine children turned out in the fields, and the miserable hovel unroofed over the head of his wife, who was then lying-in of another child; but the poor man brought an action against his lordly persecutor, and obtained £250 damages, and his hut to be repaired, where he still resides.

The coachman from Dublin to Dundalk was a noisy, swearing fellow, with a good deal of humour. He talked on many subjects, and it was impossible sometimes to help laughing at his discourse and his ludicrous mimickry. He took off an old gentleman from London and his conversation, about the superior cheapness of travelling in London, telling him that he could go ten-mile stages there, in inside for a shilling, and fourteen for fifteenpence. And when coachee objected that the proprietors must lose, he said, By no means, by no means,

they are amply paid, the numbers of outside passengers and luggage make it answer exceedingly well. He then ran into a long detail of the various expences of coaches, horses, tolls, and persons employed in the concern: And after all, added he, some hump-backed old woman, whose whole carcase is not worth ninepence halfpenny, shall go and make a complaint that she is not sufficiently accommodated, and she will say to the magistrates, Gentlemen, the public must be attended to; these coachmen and fellows and the proprietors must be kept down; the public accommodation must be respected. Gentlemen, I call for your interference to guard the public against their impertinence. In the midst of one of his orations he discovered that we had lost the lynch-pin out of the fore wheel, and that the guard had only one to replace it. He then began to inveigh against the penuriousness of one of the proprietors, who did not allow a sufficiency, and swear at the guard for not bringing four large and four small ones, and every other apparatus that might be wanting, in spite of him; and if he would not give them, to take them up, at the first blacksmith's on the road, and have them placed to his account. He said he wondered that the great folks here were not ashamed and afraid to decline assisting those in distress, when they knew they would have the superiority in another world, being much better men; that for his part he should be far before Lord Castlereagh and most of the nobility. When one of the passengers said he dare say he would be well satisfied to get within the door of the kingdom of heaven, he answered, No, he was much beyond that, having obtained a very considerable place there; and that he knew he should get to it without any long dying illness. So that he had settled everything very comfortably to himself. Some passengers who knew him said that if one of the requisites was swearing, he indeed stood a very good chance. He said, Oh, that was

nothing at all; but he believed one of the passengers behind was a priest, and it would have been as well if he had not heard him; however, he must alter his course, and proceed quite upon a different tack in his presence. Reached my old quarters at Belfast at nine.

Wednesday, 26th June 1822.—Sauntered about the town between the showers; a great deal of rain fell in the night, and it was much wanted, as the ground and crops were quite burnt up everywhere.

Thursday, 27th.—Went again on board the *Eclipse* steamboat for Glasgow; sailed at a quarter before four P.M. In the evening heavy rain, which continued all night; so that I did not leave my berth till we arrived at Glasgow the next morning at seven o'clock; a quick passage, as there was a brisk wind in our favour.

Friday, 28th June 1822.—On landing, proceeded immediately to the Canal; the weather very close and sultry, with small rain; and it being above a mile to walk through a miry heavy road up hill, and my luggage and umbrella to carry, I was very wet footed, and in a profuse perspiration, as I hurried for fear the boat should be gone; however, I was lucky enough to catch it, and we set off soon after. The day continued wet till after we had left Falkirk, where they change boats—and the walk through the fields and the miry road was very fatiguing; we were covered with wet and dirt. However, in the afternoon it cleared up, and was pleasant, so that I could sit on the deck and enjoy the scenery, which was infinitely finer than anything I had seen in Ireland. About nine o'clock came on thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, so that I was forced to go below again, and I had a most dreadful headache the whole day. On landing had a very uncomfortable walk of about a mile and an half, and reached my lodgings a quarter before eleven o'clock. Found letters from Coulson, Peggy, and my son.

Saturday, 29th June 1822.—Sent the child's letter to his father with a note, telling him I was just returned from Dublin with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket, and I wanted more money. He came about two o'clock and brought me ten pounds and said he did not think he was indebted to me any quarter's money, as he had supplied me with more than was necessary to keep me; that he had nothing to do with my travelling about and spending money at inns; and that it was never intended to implicate him in the payment of such a manner of living. But that he had said he would give me twenty pounds to spend in seeing the country when the business was concluded; and he could not think what I had done with all the money I had spent. I told him that he did not consider that I had to come up from Winterslow, to be in London above a fortnight and have the child with me for the Easter hollidays, to buy some articles of cloaths, necessary to my coming here, and none of which would have been wanted if I had remained at Winterslow. He said he was not to pay for that, and I told him it was incurred to oblige him; that I did not desire to come, but quite the contrary, was very unwilling; that I had paid the expenses of the journey, and lived some time on the remainder—so that instead of laying by the whole of that quarter, it was all spent, and that I had afterwards lived on what he had given me; that I had been one tour into the Highlands, another to Perthshire and the Highlands, and I was just come from Dublin; that though travelling was now cheap, living at inns was very dear. He said he knew that if I went to fine hotels I might spend a great deal, but that was not intended; that he had squeezed £100 out of Jeffrey, like so many drops of blood, out of which he had paid £40 to Mr. Prentice, £10 to me, £20 for his own expences, and the rest he should go to London with; perhaps he might set out that night, for he was drove almost mad.

He had been very uneasy at not hearing from the child, though he had sent him a pound, and ordered him to write. I remarked that the letter I sent him was addressed to him, and I supposed the child did not know how to direct to him. He said, he would if he had attended to what he told him; that he wrote to Patmore, and desired him to see for the child, and convey him to Mr. John Hunt's, and that in his answer he said, "I have been to the school, and rejoiced the poor little fellow's heart by bringing him away with me, and in the afternoon he is going by the stage to Mr. Hunt's. He has only been detained two days after the hollidays began." He said he expected when he last came from London that the business would have been settled in a few days, and the repeated delays had quite frenzied him; that Mr. Prentice had told him last night it was again put off another fortnight; requested me to write to Mr. Gray, to know whether I should be called on next Friday, and if it would be necessary for me to remain in Scotland after that time; if not, he thought I had better go the Saturday, by the steamboat, as the accommodations were excellent, and it was very pleasant, and good company; that he intended going by it himself as soon as he could, when the affair was over; and therefore I had better set out first, as our being both there together would be awkward, and look like making a mockery of the lawyers here. Wished I would also write to the child in the evening, as his nerves were in such an irritable state he was unable to do so. Both which requests I complied with. Walked down to Leith in the evening, and found the air chilly, though the moonlight was pleasant.

Sunday, 30*th June* 1822.—Staid at home; the weather windy and cold, with rain. Wrote to Peggy and Coulson.

Monday, 1*st July* 1822.—Received a letter from Mrs. Armstead, and a note from Mr. Gray, to say I should not be called on for two or three weeks, but without telling me how

long I must remain in Scotland. Put on my velvet pelisse and walked to the North Bridge, but it was so cold and uncomfortable that I was forced to return and sit by the fire, and get some extra bedclothes.

Tuesday, 2nd July 1822.—Wrote to Mrs. Armstead. Put it in the office and paid the postage, then walked to the Saltfield Baths on Leith Links.

Wednesday, 3rd.—Walked through the Meadows and Burntsfield Links, to the sweetly retired hermitage of Braid, the residence of Miss Gordon. It is buried in a narrow vale, between two ranges of hills, and surrounded with wood. The small rivulet called Braid Burn meanders through the middle of the vale in which it stands. Then mounted the hills of Braid; and returned by the House of Grange, a turretted mansion, formerly the seat of the well-known military commander in the reign of Queen Mary, William Kirkaldy.[1] In

[1] In the year 1573 Edinburgh Castle was defended for Queen Mary, at that time a prisoner in England, by Kirkaldy of Grange. When all the rest of Scotland had submitted to the regent's authority, Kirkaldy alone, with a few brave associates, still continued faithful to the cause of his unfortunate mistress. Morton, the regent, unable to reduce the garrison with his own forces, applied to Elizabeth for assistance, who sent Sir William Drury to his aid with 15,000 foot, and a considerable train of artillery. Trenches were now opened, and approaches regularly carried on against the Castle. Five batteries, consisting of thirty-one guns, were erected against it. But Kirkaldy defended himself with the utmost courage, fostered by despair. For three and thirty days did he resist all the efforts of the Scots and English; nor did he demand a parley till the fortifications were battered down, the spur or block house on the east taken by assault, the well dried up, and every other supply of water cut off. Even then his spirit was unsubdued, and he determined rather gloriously to fall behind the last intrenchment than to yield to his inveterate enemies. But his garrison were not animated with the same heroic and desperate resolution, and, rising into a mutiny, they forced him to capitulate. He accordingly surrendered himself to Sir William Drury, on 29th May 1573. The English general, in the name of his mistress, promised that he should be honourably treated; but Elizabeth, without regarding her own honour, or that of Drury, delivered him up to the vengeance of the regent, who caused him and his brother to be hanged at the cross of Edinburgh, on the 3rd of August 1573.

this house, too, the celebrated historian, Dr. Robertson, spent the last months of his life. Came in at the head of the Meadows, and home to dinner. There is a nice old-fashioned terraced garden at the Grange. In the afternoon walked to Craigmillar Castle. It is now in ruins; a barmkyn or thick rampart wall thirty feet high, with parapets and turrets, encompasses the building; the rooms that remain are rather small, with wide, low chimney-pieces, mostly arched; at what time it was built is unknown. It occurs, however, on record as a fortalice in a charter in the reign of Alexander II. in 1212, by William, son of Henry de Craigmillar, to the monastery of Dunfermline. An inscription on the gate of the outer rampart bears the date 1427. In the year 1477, John, Earl of Mar, a younger brother of James III., was confined in this castle. It was also the residence of James V. for some time during his minority. In 1543 this castle was burnt and plundered by the English. Craigmillar was the frequent residence of Mary Queen of Scots, after her return from France in 1561. Her French retinue were lodged at a small distance, at the village, which, from that circumstance, still retains the name of Little France. Came round by Duddingstone House, belonging to the Marquis of Abercorn, mounted with no small difficulty to the top of Arthur's Seat, for it was both slippery and steep, and I could hardly stand against the wind when I got up, or get down again, but succeeded at last, though the exertion fatigued me, and I tore my shoes with twisting my feet on the slippery grass. Walked home by Duddingstone Loch, and over the dikes across the fields.

Thursday, 4th July 1822.—Received a letter from the child. Walked to the Meadows. Rather unwell in my stomach to-day.

Friday, 5th July 1822.—Staid at home and mended my stockings. In the evening walked on the Calton Hill and to the Meadows, through Burntsfield Links home.

Saturday, 6th.—Walked to Dalkeith; saw the grounds and the house and pictures of the Duke of Buccleuch. His father and mother are dead, and he is not yet of age; he has five sisters and one brother. The pictures are numerous, but I think not many capital ones. There are two or three small landscapes of Claude's, two portraits of Rembrandt's, a few family pictures by Vandyke, but not masterpieces of any. Coming out, met Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Henderson, who had just arrived in a gig. Mr. H. said he had heard again from Patmore, who saw the child last Tuesday, and that he was well and happy; I told him of my last letter and its contents. He said he thought the business would be done next Monday week. Adverted again to the awkwardness of my going back in the same boat. I told him I had some thoughts of going by boat to Liverpool, and the rest by land, as I should see more of the country that way, which he seemed to like. Asked me if I meant to go to Winterslow; I said yes, but that I should be a week or two in London first. He said he meant to go to Winterslow and try if he could write, for he had been so distracted the last five months that he could do nothing, and perhaps he would let me know another time what he had suffered. That he might also go to his mother's for a short time, and that he meant to take the child from school at the half quarter, and take him with him, and that after the hollidays at Christmas he should return to Mr. Dawson's again. Said he had not been to town, and that we had better have no communication at present, but that when it was over he would let me have the money as he could get it. Asked if I had seen Roslin Castle, and said he was there last Tuesday with Bell, and thought it a fine place. Mr. Henderson shook hands, and made many apologies for not recollecting me, and said I looked very well, but that, from my speaking to Mr. H. about the pictures, he had taken me for

an artist; kept hurrying him to go into the lodge and sign his name (the way, by-the-bye, in which he found me out), but he told him he wanted to speak to me a minute. Left them, and walked on about a mile further, to Newcastle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian; walked through the grounds, which are very pleasant, and the North Esk runs through them, as well as the Duke of Buccleugh's. The two gentlemen passed me in their gig as I was returning. I found Mrs. Bancks had called in my absence, to ask if I would like to go to church with her to-morrow. I called on her, and we walked on the Calton Hill together.

Sunday, 7th July 1822.—My bowels too unwell to go to church with Mrs. Bancks, but I drank tea with her, and we walked by the Water of Leith, and home by Pilrig Street in the evening.

Monday, 8th.—Walked to Newhaven, to enquire about the steamboats to London; they said the fare was four guineas and an half, without liquor, which I think a great deal too much. Called on Mrs. Bell on my return. They seemed surprised to hear I had been at Dublin; asked me to stay dinner, but I told them I had a roast duck and green peas at home, so must decline it. Mrs. Bancks brought me the "Cottagers of Glenburnie" to read. The afternoon turned out very rainy.

Tuesday, 9th.—Staid at home working my handkerchief.

Wednesday, 10th.—Called on Mr. Ritchie to ask if he thought I should finish the business on Monday, and told him that I had met Mr. Hazlitt at Dalkeith House by accident, and that he understood it was to be settled on Monday; shewed him Mr. Gray's note. He said I must stay till called on, but he could not tell when that would be. I asked him what I was to do if Mr. Gray sent in my bill to me, as I did not wish to look as if I ran away to avoid it; but that both he and Mr. Hazlitt knew I had not the money for it. He said he supposed

Mr. H. would be provided for that. I said the law as well as his own engagement made him answerable for it, but I did not know how I was to get it of him, and that he had told me that he had already paid Mr. Prentice £40 on account of it. He seemed much surprised at that, and said he could not conceive how it could amount to any such sum, unless it was to pay Mr. Gray also. I told him that was what I wanted to know, and also what was to be done about my own payment, as Mr. Hazlitt now seemed to demur to the one quarter, that he had all along agreed to, and there was also the £20 that I was to have in a present. He said that he was at present very much engaged in some business which would end in two days more, and that then, if I was at all apprehensive about it, he would write to or see Mr. Hazlitt on the subject, but that he had very little intercourse with him now, indeed he had not seen him since his return from London. I said that though I was sorry to trouble him, I wished he would do so, as it was not thought right for me to go to him myself, and I wished to return to England as soon as possible, and that he also was desirous that I should, because he wanted to go himself, and thought it would be awkward if we should meet in the same boat, which made him laugh. The wind was so high at the corners that it broke two of the whalebones of my new parasol; and some person rubbed against it with butter, so that I got it quite spoiled, to my great vexation. Took a short walk in the evening, and found it very cold.

Thursday, 11th July 1822.—Walked to Costorphine hill, commanding very fine views of the Frith of Forth—the town of Edinburgh—the Pentland hills, with cottages and gentlemen's seats; from thence through the fields to the village of Costorphine; then round to the beautiful and richly wooded village of Collinton, on the height of which rises, out of a forest of fine trees, the seat of Sir William Forbes. There are also

several very pretty houses on a smaller scale, and the road from thence through Slateford, under the arch of the Glasgow Canal, is exceedingly rich and beautiful—it was also a new way to me into Edinburgh; the evening too was delicious, with a few heat drops that increased the fragrance of the hay and fields of beans, &c.; the crops are everywhere most abundant. Met Mr. Hazlitt in Catherine Street and asked him what I was to do if Mr. Gray sent any bill in to me, and he said I had nothing to do with it, for that he had paid Mr. Prentice £40, which was nearly the whole expence for both of them. I said that was what Mr. Ritchie, to whom I had spoken about it, thought. He said Mr. Ritchie had nothing at all to do with it, and I remarked that he was the person he had sent to me about it, and that he did not think it would finish on Monday, and asked if he had heard any thing more; he said No, but he thought it would be Monday or Tuesday, and as soon as it was done he wished I would come to him, or let him know and he would come to me to finally settle matters, as he had some things to say; and I told him I would. I was rather flurried at meeting him, and totally forgot many things I wished to have said, which vexed me afterwards.

Friday, 12th.—Walked to Holyrood House in the morning, and after dinner to Dreghorn Castle, a handsome Gothic building of an irregular form, the seat of Alexander Trotter, Esq. The grounds are large and well laid out, surrounded by the Pentland hills, and not far from Collinton; there are some fine woody lanes in the neighbourhood. On my return, found a note from Mr. Gray, appointing next Wednesday for my attendance, and desiring a "payment of £20 towards the expence." I took it to Mr. Bell's; he and Mr. Hazlitt went out at the back door, as I came in at the front. I gave the message to Mrs. Bell, who told me Mr. Hazlitt had been to Mr. Gray's, and seemed out of spirits; that the affair was postponed till

Wednesday, and that he was going down to Leith to enquire about the sailing of the steamboats. I returned and wrote him a note, to inform him of Mr. Gray's demand, and put it in the post myself.

Saturday, 13th July 1822.—Went twice to the Mound, and once to Mr. Scott's in Parliament Close, up eight pair of stairs, to get some small views of places in Scotland; the last time I met Mr. Hazlitt at the foot of my stairs, coming to me. He said that Mr. Gray was to have the money out of what he had paid Mr. Prentice; that he had called, but Mr. P. was not at home; though he had explained the matter to his clerk, who would see everything properly done, and give me due notice of it; that Mr. Gray had merely sent to me as a matter of form, that the money should come through my hands, as he had been told all along that he was to pay it. I said, then Mr. Prentice had better send it to me; but he replied, there was no occasion; Mr. Gray would not care a damn who paid him the money, but that I was always starting off and turning short round at something or other. Said he had also notice to appear at eleven o'clock on Wednesday, and that the more he had tried to hurry them the more they had delayed, and he wanted very much to be off. I told him, he need not be uneasy about meeting me in the steamboat, for I did not intend to go that way; asked him if he thought it a good collection of pictures at Dalkeith House; he said No, very poor; there were but two tolerable, one a female figure floating on the water in an historical picture, which he thought a copy of some good picture. I told him I had remarked it; and thought that figure exceedingly good. The other was a Claude, but in a very dirty condition. Indeed, it was so very dingy, that I did not recognise it to be one of that master's, though I remember the picture which hangs in the hall. In the afternoon walked to Gilmerton, and saw the subterraneous house

cut out of the solid rock by George Paterson, a blacksmith, and finished, after five years' incessant labour, in 1724. The water was up in the bottom, so that I could not go through it, but the rooms and arched doorways seemed neatly finished, though small, and the aperture would not lead you to suspect that it was anything more than the mouth of a well, for it is level with the garden in which it stands, but on peeping in you perceive the stairs to descend; it is a strange fancy to live excluded from the light of day, in a damp cave. Continued my walk to Musselburgh, on the coast of the Frith of Forth, through Portobello and Leith; this long walk by the water, with the shipping, boats, and great number of bathing-machines —which at Leith are drawn into the water by horses—was a diversified and pleasing prospect, more especially as the day was exceedingly clear and beautiful. I think this walk was about fifteen miles, which I enjoyed much, although I wore a pair of tight shoes which nearly crippled me; but I have worn out all the rest, and do not like to buy more here.

Sunday, 14th.—Walked through Gilmerton to Melville Castle on the northern bank of the North Esk, near to Lasswade. The house is embowered in tall trees which slope down on all sides, with noble avenues and walks, and the river, with its woody banks, faces one of the fronts of the castle. It is a beautiful place, though the walks and slopes were not kept in very good order, and the avenue by which I entered was particularly wild and neglected. The richness of the scenery within the park was quite a contrast to the road leading to it, which is open and bare. Returned by Lasswade and Libberton Kirk to dinner. The tower of this last is a pleasing object from many places round. In the evening walked to Newhaven, on the pier, and round by the water-side to Leith—up to the High Street, Edinburgh, and back to my lodgings; quite fatigued with my pinching shoes.

Monday, 15*th July* 1822.—Received a letter from Peggy. Walked through Mutton Hole and Cromond Town; crossed the ferry there to Dalmeny Park, the seat of the Earl of Roseberry. Here are by far the most extensive and finest avenues and gravel roads, grass-walks, groves and plantations of majestic trees I have seen at all; the ruins of Baron Bugle (the old castle) still stands on the edge of the Frith of Forth as a landmark: but the present residence is a handsome building of a castellated form, in a more sheltered situation, amid noble trees, yet commanding a view of the water. The upper grounds are truly magnificent: the Frith here stretches out into a wide expanse, dotted with boats and vessels of different kinds; the small island of Inch Garvey with its single castle, the villages and towns on the opposite shore, and the lawns and plantations round you, form a scene exquisitely beautiful. I spent a considerable time, and walked several miles in this delicious place. Then went to Queen's Ferry, a small landing-place, and returned by the high road to Craigie Hall, the seat of James Hope Vere, Esq. This is a fine old-fashioned place with the Almond Water running through the grounds, with a grotto and plantations, and a fine avenue at the entrance. Both here and in Lord Roseberry's domains they were in the midst of the hay harvest, whose fragrance was delicious. A little beyond this, the scenery of Cromond Bridge over the river Almond, the rich plantations sloping to its banks, and the winding stream are very beautiful: indeed the whole road till within three miles of Edinburgh is uncommonly rich. Struck into the Leith road at Mutton Hole: got back about eight o'clock, having sauntered about twenty-four miles. It was a very rough cold easterly wind, though the sun was warm.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—Received a letter from my little boy. Walked to Leith, and called twice on Mr. Bell to enquire

about the twenty pounds for Mr. Gray; could not see him, but Mrs. Bell had asked him between my calls, and he said he did not know about it. The weather exceedingly cold, with a high north-east wind.

Wednesday, 17th.—Mr. Bell called between ten and eleven, and said he had just been with Mr. Gray, and that he was perfectly satisfied about the money, and had no claim upon me, and that he was come by his desire to accompany me to the Court, and was himself cited as a witness. I went with him to the private room I was in before, and Mr. Gray came soon after. He left the room, and after a short time returned and called out Mr. Bell, desiring me to remain where I was; after being absent a short time he came back with one of the inferior officers of the Court and Mrs. Knight; the man led her up to me and said, Do you know this lady? and she replied, No, I do not; they then went out. I stood up at her approach, not being aware at first who she was. After waiting some further time, Mr. Bell went to enquire if we must stay any longer, and soon returned saying we were now at liberty to depart, and that I should not be required to attend any more; that we had staid thus long in order to get leave for Mrs. Bell's deposition to be taken at her own house, as she persisted in refusing to attend the Court; and they had obtained this favor under the plea of her being in the family way; and frightened at the thoughts of appearing there. Returned and wrote a note to Mr. Hazlitt, to leave in case he was out, saying that I would call on him at two o'clock. I left it, and went on to Mr. Ritchie's; he was engaged with some gentlemen, and desired me to call the next day at twelve. Said he had just heard my business was concluded, and that he thought the £40 Mr. Hazlitt had paid would nearly cover the whole expence. Went again to Mr. H.; he had not been in, and I left word I would call at four, as they said they expected him

then. Came home very much affected and nervous. The morning cold, drizzly rain and fog; cleared a little in the afternoon. Saw Mr. Hazlitt at four o'clock; he was at dinner, but I stopped and drank tea with him. He told me that all was done now, unless Mrs. Bell should make any demur in the part required of her, which he feared, as she was quite a devil, and if she could not have her own way immediately had recourse to hysterics; that her husband was in her power from his former misconduct, and she let him have neither peace at home, or money in his pocket. That as to the manner in which he had spoken of me; he went there extremely irritated and nervous, from suspecting that I would stop short in the business, as I had threatened to do, unless he sent me money immediately, and other people plagueing him elsewhere, when she fell upon him and told him he used me very ill, and might be ashamed of himself to spend his time and money among women of the town as he did, and he answered that he knew nothing about that; I had my intrigues too, and was quite as bad, and that I was no maid when he married me, and repeated the story of Mr. Thomas, and all his other jealousies. I told him how Bell had insulted me, and afterwards came to apologize by pleading drunkenness, and the character he had heard of me from him, and swearing he would not go away without a kiss in token of forgiveness, and his starting away on my calling Mrs. Pillans, at which he laughed and said that Bell told him he was forced to refrain from coming near me for fear of being drawn aside. I then told him what he had said about Patmore, Sarah Walker and her letters, which he seemed much interested in, and exclaimed, What a lying son of a bitch! they were merely letters of business beginning Sir, such an one has been here for you, &c.; that she had only written twice when he was at the Renton Inn, and he was mad at her discontinuing to write at all. That he

also told me my letter about the money had been handed about in the Court—I did not care if it were so, but that Mr. Ritchie said it was a direct falsehood. That he also told me that Mrs. Dow wanted him to marry her daughter, and the impediment to that was that she had bad teeth and a foul mouth. That if he had known the awfulness of the form, he would not have taken the oath to-day upon any consideration, and nothing should ever induce him to take another in Scotland; to which I had replied that the meaning was the same everywhere, and if people spoke the truth the form was of little consequence; he observed that he had much need to make these scruples after the forgery he had been guilty of, and obliged to fly to America. He said as to his insinuations about Patmore, he believed he had never even seen her above twice, and that was when he came to visit him; but that her conduct seemed quite inexplicable to him, and every one he had told it to; that she professed the greatest fondness, affection, and esteem for him, and for the last year and a half, had made a constant practice of coming up and sitting on his knee for two or three hours every day of her life, with her arms round his neck, kissing him and expressing the greatest love and attachment, and that he had done everything but go to bed to her, yet though he made the warmest love to her, she either had no passions, and her fondness was all deceit, or she had the most astonishing control over them, for there she stopped short and declared that all this fondling was only friendship, and the story she told was that there was a courtship and affection subsisting between herself and a young man who lodged in their house about three years ago, but that some obstacles arising to the match, it was broken off by mutual consent, and she would never have anybody. Yet the very first time she came to wait on him, which was three days after he came to the lodgings, she made a dead set at him; that he was struck with her

appearance and elegant manners and told her so, and when she got to the door she turned round and stared him full in the face; that her manner ever since had been calculated to draw him on, and he thought it was nothing but the winning softness and fondness of her manners, which he had never met in any other woman, that had inveigled him, for she was not at all pretty; that her eyes were the worst and had the worst expression he had ever seen of hypocrisy, and design, and had a poor slimy watery look, yet she was well made and had handsome arms. I said it did not appear to me at all the sort of beauty he used to admire, which was plump, and she was as thin and bony as the scrag-end of a neck of mutton; that I thought the female figure in the picture at Dalkeith House much more to his taste; he fancied it was like her. I said it was much nearer my form in the thighs, the fall of the back, and the contour of the whole figure; he said, I was very well made. He said he had two opposite opinions of Sarah Walker at different times; that Patmore, Roscoe, who lodged in the house for four years, and married her sister for love, and said that it had been the source of happiness to him ever since, and the wisest thing he ever did, and who was a sensible well-informed young man, and most other people thought her one of the best girls in the world, and he often thought so too, and that she really was fond of him. Then again he fancied she was a complete designing hypocritical devil who only intended to mislead and make a fool of him, and was playing a game to ensnare him; but her character began to be blown now, for he had told everybody the whole of her conduct to him. I said I thought the last, the nearest the truth; and that if he ever did marry her he would repent it. He said that they had had some terrible rows and quarrels in the house; that her father came up one day and saw her in her usual posture on his knee, and said,

he was so shocked and astonished at the discovery, he did not know what to think or what was going on; to which he replied, If you are astonished and at a loss, I am no less so to account for her conduct, for I now assure you that in the very posture and manner in which you found her, it has been her constant practice to spend two or three hours every day, and pretend it is all out of pure friendship. He said that the father and mother both acknowledged that they could not keep her out of his room; that she never staid with any other lodger, which he said he had himself observed; and that she told them that there was no harm nor anything wrong between them, but that he talked to her, and she liked his conversation. He said that the mother was the most disgusting, vulgar old wretch that could be, and corrupted her children's minds by her bawdy indecent conversation, though he had never heard an improper or indelicate word from the girl; yet it had often struck him that they had never objected to the girls of the town coming up to him continually, and that Sarah would often send them up when her mother had said he was not at home, for which they praised her and said she was a nice girl. I told him it showed what the house and the people were well enough. He said he was determined to ascertain what the real state of things was, and was going up to the house to watch her narrowly, and perhaps he might kill her and himself too, when he got there. I told him it was like his frenzy about Sally Shepherd; he said *that* was but a flea-bite, nothing at all to this, for she had never pretended to love him; but all along declared she did not; but this was the only person who ever really seemed and professed to be fond of him: he was only sorry he had not ravished her the first week he came into the house. Said he would set off to London by the mail that night, though he thought he should be detained by illness, or die on the road; for he had been penned up in that room for five months, in a state as if

he was surrounded by demons, and unable to do any work, and he thought he had lost the job to Italy, but to get out of Scotland would seem like the road to paradise. I told him he had done a most injudicious thing in publishing what he did in the Magazine about Sarah Walker, particularly at this time, and that he might be sure it would be made use of against him, and that every body in London had thought it a most improper thing, and Mr. John Hunt was quite sorry that he had so committed himself; he said that he was sorry too, but that it was done without his knowledge or consent; that Colbourn had got hold of it by mistake with other papers, and published it without sending him the proofs. He had never intended it for that book at all, but for a table talk, and that it had hurt the girl too, and done her an injury; that her profile, when she put on one of her demure looks and turned her head on one side, which she generally did when with him, was very good. I said I should send to his lodgings to know where the child was as soon as I arrived, as he did not seem to think he should take him from Mr. Hunt's, least it might hinder his operations. He told me I could come just as usual, he only wished me to take no notice of anything to the girl, or show her any unkindness, for that was one thing her mother, though not herself had complained of, and told him I looked as if I was displeased, and suspected something wrong was going on. I observed that was true enough, and her own conscience told her so, but that I never spoke to any of them, but to ask for what I wanted. He asked me where I should be in town, and I told him at Christie's; he enquired what kind of people they were. I told him a very respectable, quiet young couple lately married; he desired me to take care of myself, and keep up a respectable appearance, as I had money enough to do so. He wished he could marry some woman with a good fortune, that he might not be under

the necessity of writing another line; and be enabled to provide for the child, and do something for John, and that now his name was known in the literary world, he thought there was a chance for it; though he could not pretend to anything of the kind before. Had no money to give me to come away, but thought I had better send to my brother for five pounds, and he would give it me again when I came to town. I left Mr. Henderson with him pressing him to accompany him to the Highlands; but he seemed after some hesitation to prefer going to London, though I left the matter uncertain; he had been dawdling backward and forward about it for three weeks, wishing to have the credit of taking him there, but grudging the money, though he was living upon us for a week together in London. Mr. Hazlitt said that if he went to Winterslow he would take the child, as he wished to have him a little with him; so I thought he had better go with the first that went, as I did not think of staying in town more than two or three weeks; and then making some stay at Winterslow, and proceeding afterwards to Crediton. He said we could settle that best in town. Mrs. Dow brought in her bill, which he just looked at, and said, Is that the whole, ma'am? Yes, sir; you had better look it over and see that it is correct, if you please. *That*, ma'am, is one of the troubles I get rid of. I never do it. You are a very indolent man, sir. There is a balance of twenty-four shillings, ma'am; can you have so much confidence in me as to let me have that? No, sir, I can't do that, for I have not the money. I shall be glad then, ma'am, if you will let me have the four shillings, and you may pay the pound to Mrs. Hazlitt on Saturday, or when it comes; she will be here. Yes, sir; and Mrs. Hazlitt may look over the bill if she pleases. She returned with the four shillings, saying she had been to two or three places to get that. Thank you, ma'am; this may save me from some great calamity to-night

perhaps. From spending more, sir. Went from thence to Leith, and took my place in the smack *Favourite*, to sail on Friday at 2 P.M.; paid one pound in advance.

Thursday, 18*th July* 1822.—Went to Mr. Ritchie, who gave me the note of hand for £50 at six months, dated 6th May, and the copy of memorandums signed by Mr. Hazlitt, as follows:—

Memorandums, April 23*rd*, 1822.

William Hazlitt to pay the whole expence of board, clothing and education, for his son William Hazlitt, by his wife Sarah Hazlitt (late Stoddart), and she to be allowed free access to him at all times, and occasional visits from him.

Agreed to. W. H.

2. William Hazlitt to pay board, lodging, law, and all other expences incurred by his said wife, during her stay in Scotland on their divorce business, together with travelling expences.

Agreed to. W. H.

3. William Hazlitt to give a note of hand for £50 at six months, payable to William Nettlefold or order. Value received.

Agreed to. W. H.

Of these things Mr. Ritchie took copies for himself, to which he desired me to add a memorandum of having received £24 from Mr. Hazlitt, on account of expences in Scotland, which I did, and further mentioned that I had also spent the £37, 10s. which Mr. Hazlitt undertook to repay me. He said he had expected him and Mr. Henderson to supper last night, but they did not come. I told him he wished to go to London by the mail and probably had done so, and that Mr. Henderson

was desiring him to set out with him for the Highlands that afternoon, but that I did not know which he had done. He said he had requested money of him to take him up, but that he had none to spare—he had a great deal out that he could not get in; that he was willing to be of any personal assistance either to him or me, but that he could not inconvenience himself about money matters. I said that the waiter at the Black Bull had undertaken for his journey in the mail, and that he was to remit the money to him when he got to town, as well as to send Mrs. Dow what he owed her, so that he had none to give me, but said if I got £5 of my brother, or any one else, he would repay it when I arrived in town. He said he must repeat that he thought we had taken the step most advisable for both parties, and now I was free and at liberty to marry again. I replied that we had certainly been in a very uncomfortable state for a long time, and at all events, it could not be worse. He said No, it must be much better. Called at his lodgings to enquire if he went by the mail; Mrs. Dow said Yes, he left there about eight o'clock. I mentioned to her that if I went, I should leave a note with Mrs. Pillans, that the twenty shillings might be paid to her, and she said whenever the money came she should have it, if she would take her word for it, but desired me to explain to her that it depended on her receiving it herself. Called at the coach office, and they said Mr. Hazlitt did not go by the mail. Saw the waiter at the inn door, who said he went by the steamboat at eight o'clock this morning. He would rejoice at that, as he was lamenting that the delay of the business had prevented him, as she was to have sailed the day before, but the weather was so rough the ladies could not get on board. Carried back Mrs. Bell's book. Mr. Bell set at me as soon as I got in, that Mr. Hazlitt was gone off that morning by the steamboat, without even calling or sending a note to him

after all the friendship he had shewn him, and the service he had done him by taking that infernal oath, which no earthly power should ever compel him to do again, and without which he could never have obtained the divorce; there was no other way, and what right had people to bring a parcel of lawyers and people to his house and terrify his poor wife out of her senses, by compelling her to kneel down upon her knees and take it too, because they had been induced to acknowledge that they knew us? and he wished he had never happened to see him at Leith, but that it was his own folly and good nature that had occasioned it; and now he had got off by the steam-boat to avoid his debts, and owing the lawyers £40, and he looked on him as a scamp. I told him I understood from Mr. Ritchie that the £40 he had already paid to Mr. Prentice was likely to cover the whole expence, or nearly so. And as to calling or sending to take a formal leave, it was what I never knew him do to anybody, and I also believed he was uncertain about going till the very last. He advised me to go directly to Sir William Forbes's bank, and get a bill drawn on him for the £37, 10s. he owed me, and he would be obliged to pay it. I said he had not money to give me to return, but had advised me to get £5 of my brother, and he would repay me in London; therefore it was useless to talk of getting the other now. He said I was a great fool to have conceded to his wish for a divorce, but that it was now done, and he thought I had better get some old rich Scots lord and marry here. I was now Miss Stoddart, and was not I glad of that? No, I had no intention of marrying, and should not do what he talked of; that my situation in my own opinion was pretty much the same as it had long been. He said I must needs marry, and I told him I saw no such necessity, and that as Mrs. Bell was not visible I must go. He said he would come at six o'clock and drink tea with me if I would permit him. I told him, to say

the honest truth, I would rather he did not. Why? I have several reasons. In the first place, I am now rather peculiarly situated, and do not wish to receive any men at all. And I think *that* quite sufficient. But I am not a man. I shall not enquire into that point, and must wish you a good morning. So saying I got to the door, and called out to Mrs. Bell that I had brought her book, and wished her well if I did not see her again. Upon which she came out of the kitchen from pie making, and said she was ashamed to appear; upon which Bell remarked that she was a virtuous good woman, and an honour to her husband and her sex; that he would not eat a pie that his wife did not make. He hated those wretches who only washed their hands to admire their whiteness: it is quite disgusting to hear such blarney, hypocrisy, lies, and impudence; and I set off, though a heavy thunderstorm was coming on, which soon burst in a most tremendous manner. I took shelter in the panorama of the Bay of Naples, till it abated. In the evening called and took leave of Mrs Bancks. The rain very violent all night.

FIVE LETTERS OF SARAH HAZLITT

TO HER SISTER-IN-LAW AND TO HER SON

1824–31

[*Now first published*]

TO MISS HAZLITT

5 Rue St. Germain,
Fauxbourg St. Germain à Paris,
21st July 1824.

My dear Peggy,

I have been settled in this place nearly a fortnight, and devote my whole time to walking and riding about and seeing all I can, and I find it very amusing. I had rather a rough passage to Calais, and very cold, and I was very sick, so that I was glad when we landed at six in the evening. I found Mr. Roberts (the master of the Hotel there, to whom my brother gave me a letter of recommendation), waiting on the beach for such customers as the packet might bring; he sent a boy with me to the place where people are searched and their passports examined. I got through it all without the least difficulty, and then reached his house, where I staid two days very comfortably. It is a very dull town with but little going on; however I went to the Fete of Basseville, about a mile out of the town, which was much like one of our fairs, with dancing in a garden called the little Vauxhall. Wednesday morning at nine I set out by the Paris Diligence, and arrived there about five Thursday evening. I got out to see the country as much as I could, but the rain poured in torrents a great part of the time, and I was obliged to keep in the inside; but it cleared up on Thursday morning, and the road improved, being before very flat and dreary. I did not pass through any towns that I should like to live in. Mr. Roberts gave me a recommendation to an Hotel here, but I did not stay long,

as it was much too expensive, and knowing no person and so little of the language, I could not have done at all, but that it came into my head to find out where the Voitures for Versailles went from, and go and beg Mrs. Kenney's advice and assistance, which I did, and she was very hearty and kind. The weather coming on stormy, with thunder and lightning, she made up a bed for me that night, and the next morning sent her daughter into town with me lodging hunting, and after some time we got this place for one month certain; removed my luggage from the inn, and she saw me comfortably settled, and returned by six in the evening, but I could not have done at all without her for an interpreter at the various places we went to. I am particularly lucky to be waited on and have a fire lighted so that I can breakfast at home in the English fashion, as it is much cheaper, but not at all usual here, where people get their breakfast at a Café, and their dinner at a Restaurateur's, but I sometimes even dine here by buying some cold meat at a cook's shop. I do not find it dearer than living in London. I am very near the Louvre, and have been there once, but I mean to visit it often if I can, though it is at present shut up, in order to hang up some pictures of living artists. I was very sorry to find that the Transfiguration, Tancred and Clorinda, and most of those that William copied were gone; it was quite a disappointment to me; it will be some time before I can find out where half those that remain, according to the catalogue, are hung. I tried yesterday to see those in the Luxembourg Gallery, but could not succeed, but I rambled about the garden, and I am every day in the garden of the Tuilleries. On Sunday I went to the Jardin des Plantes, from whence I had by far the finest view of Paris I have yet seen, a perfect Panorama. There are many wild beasts too, not shut up in dens, but each at liberty to walk in its own grass plat, with a tasty house to retire to when they

choose, and a pond for those birds who require it. I never saw animals so healthily and comfortably provided for. I have also seen Notre Dame, and many other of their churches, and yesterday was present at a wedding and a christening. I am surprised at myself to see how well I get on with an entire French family, where not one individual understands a word of English. It is a complete lodging house, not an inn, and a restaurateur lives below, where people may dine if they choose it; I have done so twice, but I have found another of Mrs. Kenney's recommending which I like much better. It is now time to ask how you are going on? I hope mother is better and Miss Emmet tolerable. I suppose you will soon begin to think of packing for your new abode. Have you heard from Mrs. Williams? This writing paper is not so good as the English, it quite blots, and there are no knives that will cut; if I had been aware of it I would have brought one, for I am obliged to use my penknife to cut bread and everything else!

With love to mother and Miss E., I am, my dear Peggy,

Your affectionate sister,

S. HAZLITT.

[Endorsed:]

Miss HAZLITT,
Alphington,
near Exeter,
Devon,
England.

TO HER SON[1]

No. 5 Rue St. Germain,
Fauxbourg St. Germain, 26 *July* 1824.

My dear Child,

Your letter, which I received on Saturday, was not directed properly, though I had given you the address very correctly; it was also very badly and carelessly written. This shows the use of your master's seeing your letters, as he would not have permitted them to have been sent in such an improper way. You say you called on *him* about a fortnight after I went, &c. &c., and leave me to guess who you mean. I am at a loss whether you mean Lamb or Coulson, but I suppose it is one of them. You say you think you shall go to Mrs. Armstead's, but do not tell me when, or how long you are to stay there. It is not at all worth while for you to send for my first letter. You should also have mentioned whether your Uncle John had left town, and if he had . . . . and whether he would remain in Down Street till he left England, and the name of the booksellers who had given him this . . . . and how long he meant to stay abroad. You told me scarcely anything. I wonder how . . . . and I suppose he has not . . . . As to myself, I am spending all my time in going about and seeing all I can. Yesterday I was all the morning at the Luxembourg Gallery of pictures; it is appropriated to the works of living artists, but in general they are poor washy sprawling things, and reminded me strongly of two lines of Peter Pindar:

[1] A few words have been obliterated, or otherwise lost, here and there in these letters. The circumstance is indicated by dots.

"But if the *pictures* I am forced to blame,
I'll say most handsome things about the *frame*."

However, there are a few redeeming ones, which I think really good. The pictures at the Louvre I have not been able to see again as yet, as it unfortunately still continues shut, but I hope it will re-open soon, as I should wish to visit it several times, for as yet I have but a very imperfect notion of them, though I spent nearly one whole day there; but among the modern productions those by Vernet strike me as approaching very nearly to the sea pieces of Claude Lorrain; indeed they are admirable, and the comparison will show you that I think so. I am very sorry to find my eyes failing me so much as they do; these pictures try them sadly; after poring over so many, I can scarcely distinguish anything. I should only see a few at a time, but I am not willing to miss any. The other day I walked to the ruins of the Bastille with Miss Mercier; it was an immense building covering a great extent of ground, and one rejoices to see such a horrible engine of despotism levelled with the dust; how many poor wretches have been shut up in those dungeons for life, without even knowing of what they were accused, and their friends ignorant of where they were, or what was their fate. I have also seen the Temple, where the late Queen of France was confined. At the Palace of Versailles I saw the small door in her chamber through which she escaped when they sought her there. All the rooms of that palace are most splendidly ornamented with burnished gold, but totally devoid of furniture except pictures; the suites of rooms are magnificent; the garden, orangery, fountains, sheet of water, &c., &c., are quite in the French style, that is, stiff and formal, with close-cut grass, trees, &c., &c., all perfectly neat, and terraced like the old fashion in England formerly; but the Parks here at St. Cloud and the other Palaces are very fine, indeed they are rather extensive woods. You

would like to be with me in some of my Sunday walks, the day is spent so utterly different from ours here; it is a day of peculiar gaiety and enjoyment. The Boulevards, a kind of Mall with trees, is full of people sitting in parties, taking wine, coffee, liquors, cakes, or whatever they choose, under awnings at the doors of the coffee-houses, and Restaurateurs, that is, houses where they go to dine; and among the trees are crowds of people walking, others riding in roundabouts, others weighing themselves in scales, others playing at a round table such as we have at the fairs, in which if the hand stops at a certain point you win a piece of cake, or whatever they are playing for, others playing on instruments, some bawling before shows, some dancing, some going to the Play; for here the Theatres are open on Sundays, as well as other days; in short a perfect fair, and the same is going on at all the barriers or outskirts of the town, standings of toys, gingerbread, caps, ribbons, &c., &c. The public gardens too are all full, all chattering, laughing and merry. There were the same standings of toys, eatables, &c., the same playing at nine-pins and dancing, romping, drinking wine on the grass, and amusement going on yesterday (Sunday) in the gardens of the royal palace at St. Cloud, where the king at present resides, about six miles from Paris, and crowds of carriages of all descriptions to convey the people backwards and forwards. You must direct your letter exactly thus if you write again—

Á Madame Madame HAZLITT,
5 Rue St. Germain,
Fauxbourg St. Germain,
á Paris.

Your affec^te mother,
S. HAZLITT.

Tell me when you go to school, and how your Grandmother and Aunt are, and give my love to them.[1]

Your affte mother
J. Hazlitt

[Endorsed :]
Master HAZLITT,
Mrs. HAZLITT,
Alphington,
near Exeter,
Devon, England.

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[1] In the original, written at the top of the letter upside down.

TO THE SAME

PARIS, 5 RUE ST. GERMAIN,
FAUXBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

MY DEAR CHILD,

The 25th of August was the féte of St. Louis, which is the highest holliday they have in France; the Louvre was re-opened on that day, after having been shut up from the first week I came here. Every Theatre in Paris was open *gratis*, and thronged to excess. In the evening the military bands played and sung before the palace of the Tuilleries, and the gardens were illuminated, and so full that the getting out was quite a crush. There was a fair, shows, dancing parties, drinking parties, others bivouacking on the ground: the whole splendidly lighted up: sales of china, games of chance, round abouts, ups and downs, and diversions of all sorts in the Champs Elisees just without the town. In the Place de Louis Quinze were very splendid fireworks; the city was illuminated; but I saw no transparencies. The palais Bourbon [had] the pillars wreathed with green lamps to represent vines, had a very beautiful effect; the people seemed all happy and joyous, without any drunkenness or confusion. I went to the Grand Opera, which opened at half past twelve at noon: as you may suppose, the entrance was very difficult, owing to the immense crowd: and I could not have got in without a gentleman: when we attained the pit I should have been borne down by the crowd, but that some officers of the Gens d'Armes, who saw me, took me up in their arms and lifted me over

the barrier into the Gallerie, as it is called (a seat between the Pit and the boxes), where they were; and I was instantly freed from all pressure, and had the best place in the house; both for seeing and hearing. The house is large and magnificent, more so than the Opera House in London, and the performance, both in singing and dancing very delightful, and in the Ballet I recognised the story of Cinderella and the glass slipper, which amused my childhood; and I assure you it lost none of its attractions by the representation; for it acted very well, and the dancing was beautiful. The appearance of the house too: splendid as it was, and so crowded in every part that you might have walked on the people's heads; (to use a common phrase) was very imposing.

The féte, that was to have been at Versailles on the same day, was put off till the following Sunday; to give people an opportunity of seeing both. I went there on the Saturday night to be in readiness, and even then it was very difficult to get a conveyance, the stages were all full and the hackney coaches and cabriolets, &c., raised to three, four, and five times their usual prices: for the French would not miss a féte on any account: however I succeeded at last; but there were not so many things to be seen here. In the morning I went to the Church of the Gens d'Armes (Nôtre Dame) to hear high Mass, and see the consecration of the holy bread, which was afterwards distributed to the people, and in the afternoon we repaired to the gardens of the Palace, where an immense number of well disposed people were assembled to see the Jets d'eau, or playing of the waters in the various fountains; in one of them is a figure of a woman seen through the mist of the spray, in others clusters of tritons, sea-nymphs, &c., throwing up columns of water, and the effect of the crowds of people seated on the sloping banks of grass round the fountains, and seen through the mist of the spray, is singularly

beautiful, and I am glad I went; for there is nothing at all like it to be met with in England: and I suppose there were a million of people assembled: all drest in their best, joyous and happy, and seeming in extacies with their entertainment, and here it ended: and all retired peaceably to their own homes. But I felt curtailed of my pleasures, as I had been told of the Royal family going through the gardens in state: of illuminations and fire-works: none of which took place. I staid with Mrs. Kenney till Tuesday: indeed she has been very kind, and shewn me every attention. I frequently go over there for two or three days together. Kenney is still in London; his farce succeeds very well. Write immediately as soon as you hear from your father and tell me. . . . I believe I shall remain in this lodging till October and then I wish to go to Rouen, but I have not yet decided when, or which way, I shall return to England. I like France very well in many things; there is abundance of fine fruit, and I half live on greengages, peaches, &c., &c., but the heat at present is quite overpowering. I fear you disappointed poor Mrs. Armstead in not going to her. I suppose you saw Penton when you were at Crediton; it is a very pretty cottage, and I think will suit Grandmother and Miss E. admirably, but poor Peggy will have a sad fatiguing job to move there; I suppose she is in the midst of it now. Give my love to them all when you write, and say I am quite well and comfortable. Comp^ts to Mr. and Mrs. Evans. If I understand you right, your father intends remaining abroad for a year or more. The fine old pictures in the Louvre are still shut up, and the works of living artists *exposed*, as may be truly said, in their room, for such an immense number of glaring daubs never before offended my eye; it is perfectly disgusting and wearying to wade through them; they are much more *au fait* at patterns for needlework. God bless you, my son, be a good child, and

make all the progress you can in your learning, that you may be able to make your way respectably in the world, and be a comfort to me and everyone connected with you. I would endeavour to bring you home some trifle, if I knew of anything you particularly wished for, but I do not; if you think of anything mention it. Once again, farewell, and believe me ever your tender and affectionate mother,

SARAH HAZLITT.

4th September 1824.

[Endorsed :]
Master HAZLITT,
Rev. WM. EVANS'S,
Parkwood,
Tavistock,
Devon,
England.

TO THE SAME

25th September 1824.

MY DEAR CHILD,

You will rejoice at receiving a letter from me with the information that I am returned safe to England. I left Paris on Saturday morning (the 18th) at six o'clock, and arrived in London the following Wednesday at Noon, by the way of Rouen and Dieppe, which is a much finer road than that by Calais, but the accommodations at the Inns not half so good. Unfortunately, I was taken very ill at Dieppe, and obliged to go on board so, and was unable to get out of bed till I arrived at Brighton, when it was dark; and the town being very full, it was difficult to get a bed, especially as I was a perfect stranger, and knew not where to seek one, and so weak with sickness I could hardly walk. However, I went into the Library on the beach, and mentioned my situation to a gentleman and lady I saw there, and they were so kind and polite, as to go with me themselves, and procure me a bed at the Pavilion Hotel, where I was obliged to remain all the next day. When I came away, your father desired his love to you; he intended sending you a letter by me, but did not find himself well enough to write. He is most splendidly situated as to rooms, and gets his food cooked in the English way, which is a very great object to him; but, as may be supposed, it is terribly expensive. He did not agree with Taylor and Hessey

about the book[1] at last, so that he will sell it to the best bidder on his return.

Meanwhile it is coming out in numbers in the *Morning Chronicle.* I called there yesterday with a message from him to Mr. Black, and found the third article was inserted that very day, so I bought it and shall send it to your Grandmother to see, and desire her to forward it to you; and you must keep it carefully to give me, when we meet. I have not seen the two first. I have taken apartments for a month at Mr. Baylis's, 51 Stafford Place, Pimlico. I have seen Martin, and Coulson, and Sophy, who are all well. I also saw my brother, who desired to be remembered to you, and hoped you had had a good deal of amusement with your fleet balls.

I am much better now, but not quite rec[overed from] my journey. To-morrow will be your birthday. [I] sincerely wish you many happy returns of it, [and trust] that I shall enjoy some future ones with you.

If you wish to write to your father, his address is

A Monsieur,
Monsieur HAZLITT,
Hotel Des Etrangers,
Rue Vivienne,
Paris,

and he meant to remain there about three weeks longer, and then proceed to Rome.

Write soon, and tell me how you are, and every little thing that occurs to you; it will all be interesting to your affectionate and anxious Mother,

S. HAZLITT.

Your father talked of sending you some money by me, but

[1] Notes of a Journey through France and Italy, 8vo, 1826.

found himself rather short. He could only spare me 2 Napoléons of what he owed.

[Endorsed :]
Master HAZLITT,
Rev. WILLIAM EVANS'S,
Parkwood,
Tavistock,
Devon.

TO THE SAME

CREDITON, 10*th July* 1831.

MY DEAREST WILLIAM,

Your letter, which I received by the maund last night, has afforded me the sincerest pleasure, though not very much astonishment. I certainly did think that some pretty powerful attachment drew you so frequently to Broad Street, and accordingly I felt some anxiety for the cause, when I thought your visits there had slackened, but I am very glad to find that my fears of some disappointment to your hopes of happiness were groundless; your choice has my warmest approbation; I like and respect Mr. Reynell's family generally, and think they have brought up their children with that prudence, economy, and good management so essential to comfort and happiness in marriage, and I have no doubt that Catherine is perfectly amiable and good, and calculated to make you a good, affectionate and tender wife, one who will be like your second self, to whom all your thoughts, cares, pleasures, and in short every occurrence will be unhesitatingly confided, as hers to you: in short, my dear child, let neither of you have any secrets or separate schemes unconfided to the other; in your property let both equally participate, and feel they have a right to do so; but to her, as the mistress of a family, it may more especially belong to keep a strict account of all expenses, and frequently look them over together, that you may on no account exceed your income, and as much as possible pay ready money for everything, and as your income

increases you must endeavour to lay by a little every year in case of a family or illness, as well as to make a provision for old age. I know you will take this prosing dull advice in good part from a mother, to whom your welfare and happiness are most dear; you have a very kind and affectionate heart, combined with prudence; and the stimulus of being in time enabled to make a comfortable settlement in the world will be a spur to you, and sweeten every effort; neither are you inclined to any vice and extravagance; and I think you could not have made a wiser and a better choice of a companion and friend for life than you have done; it meets my unqualified approbation, and I beg you will say to Catherine that as soon as there is any probability of a tolerable maintenance for you, I shall most joyfully receive her as a beloved daughter, and have no doubt that your mutual happiness will be the result. It gives me additional pleasure that your poor father knew and approved of the affair, and felt happy in the prospect of your future felicity; he knew your choice personally, much better than I did, for she was quite a child when I last saw her, and she probably has not much recollection of me; but I think she was next to John, whether older or younger I do not remember: there cannot be much difference between her age and yours. I am very glad that there is a prospect of your soon obtaining a permanent situation as reporter in a Morning Paper; you do quite right to attend constantly and get all the practice you can, as it will give you a facility not otherwise to be obtained. I hope Ann will keep her resolution of leaving Martin, and that she will be enabled to take and furnish respectably a lodging-house. I am sure it would succeed, and she is admirably adapted to conduct such an establishment, and make all her inmates comfortable. Her conduct to Martin has been beyond all praise; she has a thousand good qualities, and he neither

knew or valued her worth, but is irrecoverably given up to sensuality and vice. I am very sorry for it. Have you ever seen Knowles, or is the assistance he is going to give you in consequence of a letter from you? I am glad to hear of every fresh acquisition to your store of materials. Procter has not written any more "Recollections," has he? I have sent the two large hams that were done for Patmore, but if he has not paid the money for what he has already had, or has receded from the assistance he professed affording you in literary matters (which I very much suspect), I should not wish you to let him have them at all. I had much rather you gave one to the Reynells, and get them to keep the other for you, and dress it when you want it. You can return this hamper yourself immediately, and in it the letters from Jeffrey, Coleridge, &c. I will thank you to take the two Malta packets to the Colonial Office, with my respects to the gentleman at the head of it as before, and request he will have the kindness to forward those small parcels,[1] containing some caps of my working for my nieces. I hope Mr. Webster will be enabled to pay me up the whole now, for truly we can only muster a few shillings in the house amongst us all, and I am also very anxious on your account, as I fear you must be at a loss for a little cash yourself. Edwin Drake is expected here some time next month, to the great joy of his mother, who has not seen him these two years; and all the rest are most anxious for the promised pleasure.

I once more assure you that, so far from making myself uneasy at the news you tell me, it is a source of great satisfaction to me, and I hail it as the harbinger of future comfort to us all, and am as ever, with great truth, your most anxious and affectionate mother,

S. HAZLITT.

[1] To the writer's brother, Sir John Stoddart, Chief-Justice of Malta.

Grandmother and Aunt desire their kindest love and best wishes; the latter will write to you herself.

I do not much like these Johnsoniana, &c. I think Cooke's Topographical Library that I have seen advertised seems a good work; if I meet with one of the papers, I will send it to you. Should those silk stockings which I had done for myself, be too small for you, you may know where to bestow them satisfactorily *now*. I think you may enclose the small maund you have in this large one, or otherwise it will do to send some more books in. If you are not in haste to receive back the letters I mentioned, I could return them by Edwin Drake, but perhaps that would be two months hence.

[Endorsed:]
Mr. HAZLITT.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I.

PASSAGE IN ESSAY "ON GREAT AND LITTLE THINGS" (WRITTEN JANUARY, 1821, PRINTED IN NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, N.S. VOL. IV. 1822; AND REPRINTED IN "TABLE TALK") REFERRED TO IN MRS. HAZLITT'S DIARY, P. 330.

"This is the misery of unequal matches. The woman cannot easily forget, or think that others forget, her origin; and with perhaps superior sense and beauty, keeps painfully in the back-ground. It is worse when she braves this conscious feeling, and displays all the insolence of the upstart and affected fine lady. But shouldst thou ever, my Infelice, grace my home with thy loved presence, as thou hast cheered my hopes with thy smile, thou wilt conquer all hearts with thy prevailing gentleness, and I will show the world what Shakespear's women were!—Some gallants set their hearts on princesses; others descend in imagination to women of quality; others are mad after opera-singers. For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I am for none of these *bonnes fortunes;* but for a list of humble beauties, servant-maids and shepherd-girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia, and Mr. Davison might both print and publish this volume. I agree so far with Horace, and differ with Montaigne. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance: the Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle. I have written love-letters to such in my time, *d'un pathetique à faire fendre les rochers*, and with about as much effect as if they had been addressed to stone. The simpletons only laughed, and said, that "those were not the sort of things to gain the affections." I wish I had kept copies in my own justification. What is worse, I have an utter aversion to *blue stockings*. I do not care a fig for any woman that knows even what *an author* means. If I know that she has read anything I have written, I cut her acquaintance imme-

diately. This sort of literary intercourse with me passes for nothing. Her critical and scientific acquirements are *carrying coals to Newcastle.* I do not want to be told that I have published such or such a work. I knew all this before. It makes no addition to my sense of power. I do not wish the affair to be brought about in that way. I would have her read my soul: she should understand the language of the heart: she should know what I am, as if she were another self! She should love me for myself alone. I like myself without any reason: I would have her do so too. This is not very reasonable. I abstract from my temptations to admire all the circumstances of dress, birth, breeding, fortune; and I would not willingly put forward my own pretensions, whatever they may be. The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul; it is on that I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see into my heart, as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brow, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough: but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel, and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No. Or if I did, would she understand it? No. I "hunt the wind, I worship a statue, cry aloud to the desert." To see beauty is not to be beautiful, to pine in love is not to be loved again.—I always was inclined to raise and magnify the power of Love. I thought that his sweet power should only be exerted to join together the loveliest forms and fondest hearts; that none but those in whom his godhead shone outwardly, and was inly felt, should ever partake of his triumphs; and I stood and gazed at a distance, as unworthy to mingle in so bright a throng, and did not (even for a moment) wish to tarnish the glory of so fair a vision by being myself admitted into it. I say this was my notion once, but God knows it was one of the errors of my youth. For coming nearer to look, I saw the maimed, the blind, and the halt enter in, the crooked and the dwarf, the ugly, the old and impotent, the man of pleasure and the man of the world, the dapper and the pert, the vain and shallow boaster, the fool and the pedant, the ignorant and brutal, and all that is farthest removed from earth's fairest-born, and the pride of human life. Seeing all these enter the courts of Love, and thinking that I also might venture in under favour of the crowd, but finding myself rejected, I fancied (I might be wrong) that it was not so much because I was below, as above the common standard. I did feel, but I was ashamed to feel, mortified at my repulse, when I saw the meanest of mankind, the very scum and refuse, all creeping things and every obscene creature, enter in before me. I seemed a species by myself. I took a pride even in my disgrace: and concluded I had elsewhere my inheritance! The only thing I ever piqued

myself upon was the writing the "Essay on the Principles of Human Action"[1]—a work that no woman ever read, or would ever comprehend the meaning of. But if I do not build my claim to regard on the pretentions I have, how can I build it on those I am totally without? Or why do I complain and expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Thought has in me cancelled pleasure; and this dark forehead, bent upon truth, is the rock on which all affection has split. And thus I waste my life in one long sigh; nor ever (till too late) beheld a gentle face turned gently upon mine; . . . . But no! not too late, if that face, pure, modest, downcast, tender, with angel sweetness, not only gladdens the prospect of the future, but sheds its radiance on the past, smiling in tears. A purple light hovers round my head. The air of love is in the room. As I look at my long-neglected copy of the Death of Clorinda,[2] golden gleams play upon the canvas, as they used when I painted it. The flowers of Hope and Joy springing up in my mind, recall the time when they first bloomed there. The years that are fled knock at the door and enter. I am in the Louvre once more. The sun of Austerlitz has not set. It still shines here—in my heart; and he, the son of glory, is not dead, nor ever shall, to me. I am as when my life began. The rainbow is in the sky again. I see the skirts of the departed years. All that I have thought and felt has not been in vain. I am not utterly worthless, unregarded; nor shall I die and wither of pure scorn. Now could I sit on the tomb of Liberty, and write a Hymn to Love. Oh! if I am deceived, let me be deceived still. Let me live in the Elysium of those soft looks; poison me with kisses, kill me with smiles; but still mock me with thy love!"[3]

[1] Published in 1805, but the composition of the work, though a thin octavo, cost the author seven or eight years' labour.—[ED.]

[2] By Lana, Titian's contemporary. It was copied by the writer in 1802, and is still in good preservation.—[ED.]

[3] I beg the reader to consider this passage merely as a specimen of the mock-heroic style, and as having nothing to do with any real facts or feelings.

APPENDIX II.

Extracts from Letters of W. Hazlitt to P. G. Patmore (dated between March and July, 1822) not included in the foregoing "Letters to P. G. Patmore."

"What have I suffered since I parted with you! A raging fire in my heart and in my brain, that I thought would drive me mad. The steamboat seemed a prison—a hell—and the everlasting waters an unendurable repetition of the same idea—my woes. The abyss was before me, and *her* face, where all my peace was centred—all lost! I felt the eternity of punishment in this world. Mocked, mocked by her in whom I placed my hope—writhing, withering in misery and despair, caused by one who hardens herself against me. I wished for courage to throw myself into the waters; but I could not even do that—and my little boy, too, prevented me, when I thought of his face at hearing of his father's death, and his desolation in life.

* * * * * * * * *

"You see she all along hated me ('I always told you I had no affection for you'), and only played with me.

"I am a little, a very little, better to-day. Would it were quietly over, and that this form, made to be loathed, were hid out of sight of cold, sullen eyes. I thought of the breakfasts I had promised myself with her, of those I had had with her, standing and listening to my true vows; and compared them to the one I had this morning. The thought choked me. The people even take notice of my dumb despair, and pity me. What can be done? I cannot forget her, and I can find no other like *what she seemed.* I should like you to see her, and learn whether I may come back again as before, and whether she will see and talk to me as an old friend. Do as you think best."

"I was in hopes to have got away by the steamboat to-morrow, but owing to * * * I cannot, and may not be in town till another week,

unless I come by the mail, which I am strongly tempted to do. In the latter case, I shall be there on Saturday evening. Will you look in and see, about eight o'clock? I wish much to see you, and her, and John Hunt, and my little boy, once more; and then, if she is not what she once was to me, I care not if I die that instant."

APPENDIX III.

PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON, TRANSCRIBED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS. BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM KNIGHT, AND PRINTED IN HIS "LIFE OF WORDSWORTH," VOL. II. P. 278.

"*June* 15.—I called on Wordsworth at his lodgings, and spent the forenoon with him, walking. We talked about Hazlitt in consequence of a malignant attack on W. by him in Sunday's *Examiner*. W. on that very day called on Hunt, who in a manly way asked whether W. had seen the paper of the morning, saying if he had he would consider his call as a higher honour. He disclaimed the article. . . .

"This led to W. mentioning the cause of his coolness towards H. It appears that H. when at Keswick narrowly escaped being ducked by the populace, and probably sent to prison. . . . The populace were incensed against him, and pursued him, but he escaped to W., who took him into his house at midnight, gave him clothes, and money (from £3 to £5). Since that time W., though he never refused to meet H. when by accident they came together, did not choose that with his knowledge he should be invited. In consequence Lamb never asked H. while W. was in town, which probably provoked H., and which Lamb himself disapproved of. But L., who needs very little indulgence for himself, is very indulgent towards others, and never reproaches W. for being inveterate against H. . . ."

THE END.