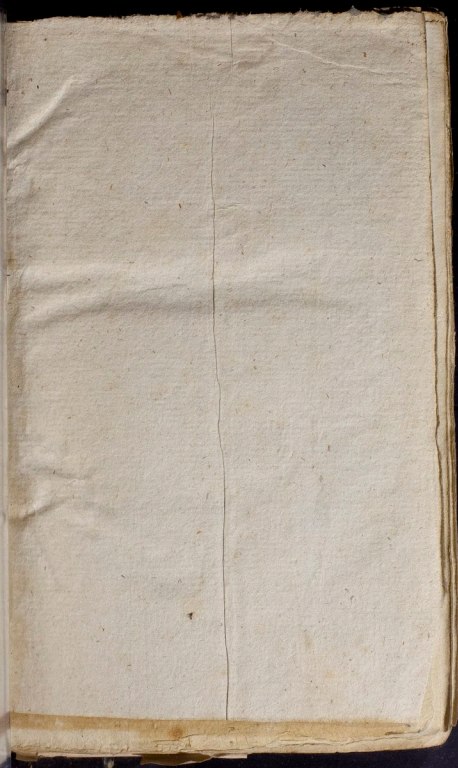


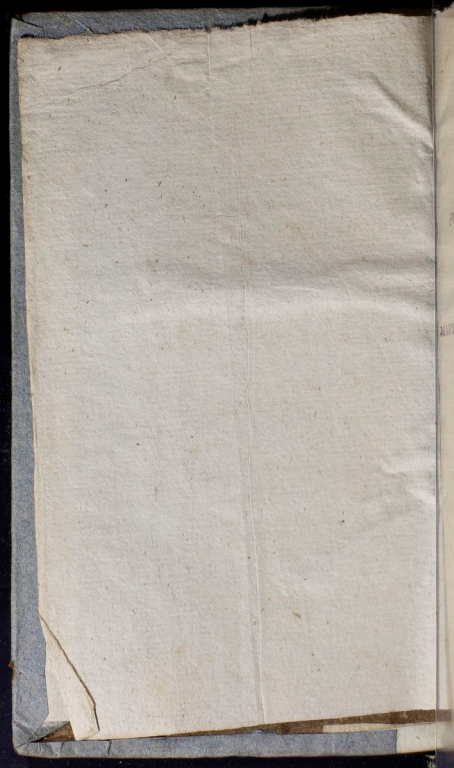
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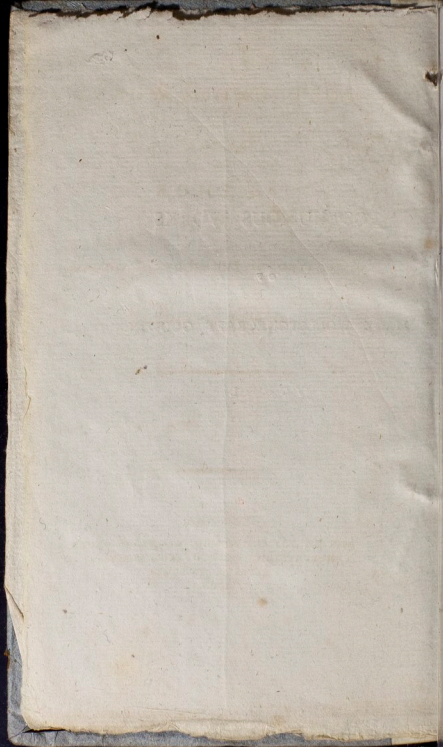


POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.

V O L. III.



POSTHUMOUS WORKS

OF THE

AUTHOR

OF A

VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S  
CHURCH-YARD; AND G. G. AND J. ROBINSON,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1798.



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LETTERS  
AND  
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL. I

LETTERS

AND

MISCELLANEOUS THESES

TOME I

## P R E F A C E.

---

**T**HE following Letters may possibly be found to contain the finest examples of the language of sentiment and passion ever presented to the world. They bear a striking resemblance to the celebrated romance of Werter, though the incidents to which they relate are of a very different cast. Probably the readers to whom Werter is incapable of affording pleasure, will receive no delight from the present publication. The editor apprehends

## PREFACE.

that, in the judgment of those best qualified to decide upon the comparison, these Letters will be admitted to have the superiority over the fiction of Goethe. They are the offspring of a glowing imagination, and a heart penetrated with the passion it essays to describe.

To the series of letters constituting the principal article in these two volumes, are added various pieces, none of which, it is hoped, will be found discreditable to the talents of the author. The slight fragment of Letters on the Management of Infants, may be thought a trifle; but it seems to have some value, as presenting to us with vividness the intention of the writer on  
this

PREFACE.

this important subject. The publication of a few select Letters to Mr. Johnson, appeared to be at once a just monument to the sincerity of his friendship, and a valuable and interesting specimen of the mind of the writer. The Letter on the Present Character of the French Nation, the Extract of the Cave of Fancy, a Tale, and the Hints for the Second Part of the Rights of Woman, may, I believe, safely be left to speak for themselves. The Essay on Poetry and our Relish for the Beauties of Nature, appeared in the Monthly Magazine for April last, and is the only piece in this collection which has previously found its way to the press.

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a 5

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Society for the Relief of the Poor in the City of London, for the year 1841. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and are given in full, with the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the Society for the Relief of the Poor in the City of London, for the year 1841. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and are given in full, with the names of the persons who have been appointed to the offices of the Society for the Relief of the Poor in the City of London, for the year 1841.



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ERRATA.

Page 10, line 8, *for* I write you, *read* I write to you.

— 20, — 9, *read* bring them to —.

— 146, — 2 from the bottom, after over, insert  
a comma.

# LETTERS.

---

## LETTER I.

Two o'Clock.

MY dear love, after making my arrangements for our snug dinner to-day, I have been taken by storm, and obliged to promise to dine, at an early hour, with the Miss —s, the *only* day they intend to pass here. I shall however leave the key in the door, and hope to find you at my fire-side when I return, about eight o'clock. Will you not wait for poor Joan?—whom you will find better, and

VOL. III.

B

till

till then think very affectionately of her.

Yours, truly,

\* \* \* \*

I am fitting down to dinner; so do not send an answer.

---

## LETTER II.

Past Twelve o'Clock, Monday night,  
[August.]

I OBEY an emotion of my heart, which made me think of wishing thee, my love, good-night! before I go to rest, with more tenderness than I can to-morrow, when writing a hasty line or two under Colonel ——'s eye. You can scarcely imagine with what pleasure I anticipate the day, when we are  
to

to begin almost to live together; and you would smile to hear how many plans of employment I have in my head, now that I am confident my heart has found peace in your bosom.—Cherish me with that dignified tenderness, which I have only found in you; and your own dear girl will try to keep under a quickness of feeling, that has sometimes given you pain—Yes, I will be *good*, that I may deserve to be happy; and, whilst you love me, I cannot again fall into the miserable state, which rendered life a burthen almost too heavy to be borne.

But, good-night!—God bless you! Sterne says, that is equal to a kiss—yet I would rather give you the kiss into the bargain, glowing with gratitude to Heaven, and affection to you. I like the word affection, because it signifies

something habitual ; and we are soon to meet, to try whether we have mind enough to keep our hearts warm.

\* \* \* \*

I will be at the barrier a little after ten o'clock to-morrow\*.—Yours—

---

### L E T T E R   I I I .

Wednesday Morning.

You have often called me, dear girl, but you would now say good, did you know how very attentive I have been to the — ever since I came to Paris. I am not however going to trouble

\* The child is in a subsequent letter called the “ barrier girl,” probably from a supposition that she owed her existence to this interview.

EDITOR.

you



you with the account, because I like to see your eyes praise me; and, Milton insinuates, that, during such recitals, there are interruptions, not ungrateful to the heart, when the honey that drops from the lips is not merely words.

Yet, I shall not (let me tell you before these people enter, to force me to huddle away my letter) be content with only a kiss of DUTY—you *must* be glad to see me—because you are glad—or I will make love to the *shade* of Mirabeau, to whom my heart continually turned, whilst I was talking with Madame —, forcibly telling me, that it will ever have sufficient warmth to love, whether I will or not, sentiment, though I so highly respect principle.—

Not that I think Mirabeau utterly devoid of principles—Far from it—and, if I had not begun to form a new the-

ory respecting men, I should, in the vanity of my heart, have *imagined* that I could have made something of his—— it was composed of such materials— Hush! here they come—and love flies away in the twinkling of an eye, leaving a little brush of his wing on my pale cheeks.

I hope to see Dr. —— this morning; I am going to Mr. ——'s to meet him. ——, and some others, are invited to dine with us to-day; and to-morrow I am to spend the day with ——.

I shall probably not be able to return to —— to-morrow; but it is no matter, because I must take a carriage, I have so many books, that I immediately want, to take with me.—On Friday then I shall expect you to dine with me—and, if you come a little before dinner, it is so long since I have  
seen

seen you, you will not be scolded by  
yours affectionately

\* \* \* \*

---

LETTER IV\*.

Friday Morning [September.]

A MAN, whom a letter from Mr. ———  
previously announced, called here yef-  
terday for the payment of a draft; and,  
as he seemed disappointed at not find-  
ing you at home, I sent him to Mr. ———.  
I have since seen him, and he tells me  
that he has settled the business.

So much for business!—May I ven-  
ture to talk a little longer about less  
weighty affairs?—How are you?—I

\* This and the thirteen following letters appear  
to have been written during a separation of several  
months; the date, Paris.

B 4.

have

have been following you all along the road this comfortless weather; for, when I am absent from those I love, my imagination is as lively, as if my senses had never been gratified by their presence—I was going to say caresses—and why should I not? I have found out that I have more mind than you, in one respect; because I can, without any violent effort of reason, find food for love in the same object, much longer than you can.—The way to my senses is through my heart; but, forgive me! I think there is sometimes a shorter cut to yours.

With ninety-nine men out of a hundred, a very sufficient dash of folly is necessary to render a woman *piquante*, a soft word for desirable; and, beyond these casual ebullitions of sympathy, few look for enjoyment by fostering a  
passion

passion in their hearts. One reason, in short, why I wish my whole sex to become wiser, is, that the foolish ones may not, by their pretty folly, rob those whose sensibility keeps down their vanity, of the few roses that afford them some solace in the thorny road of life.

I do not know how I fell into these reflections, excepting one thought produced it—that these continual separations were necessary to warm your affection.—Of late, we are always separating.—Crack!—crack!—and away you go.—This joke wears the fallow cast of thought; for, though I began to write cheerfully, some melancholy tears have found their way into my eyes, that linger there, whilst a glow of tenderness at my heart whispers that you are one of the best creatures in the world.—Pardon then the vagaries of a mind,  
that

that has been almost "crazed by care," as well as "crossed in hapless love," and bear with me a *little* longer!—When we are settled in the country together, more duties will open before me, and my heart, which now, trembling into peace, is agitated by every emotion that awakens the remembrance of old griefs, will learn to rest on yours, with that dignity your character, not to talk of my own, demands.

Take care of yourself—and write soon to your own girl (you may add dear, if you please) who sincerely loves you, and will try to convince you of it, by becoming happier.

\* \* \* \*

LETTER



## LETTER V.

Sunday Night.

I HAVE just received your letter, and feel as if I could not go to bed tranquilly without saying a few words in reply—merely to tell you, that my mind is serene, and my heart affectionate.

Ever since you last saw me inclined to faint, I have felt some gentle twitches, which make me begin to think, that I am nourishing a creature who will soon be sensible of my care.—This thought has not only produced an overflowing of tenderness to you, but made me very attentive to calm my mind and take exercise, lest I should destroy an object, in whom we are to have a mutual interest, you know. —Yesterday—do not smile!—finding that I had hurt myself  
by

by lifting precipitately a large log of wood, I sat down in an agony, till I felt those said twitches again.

Are you very busy?

—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—	—	—

So you may reckon on its being finished soon, though not before you come home, unless you are detained longer than I now allow myself to believe you will.—

Be that as it may, write to me, my best love, and bid me be patient—kindly—and the expressions of kindness will again beguile the time, as sweetly as they have done to-night.—Tell me also over and over again, that your happiness (and you deserve to be happy!)

happy!) is closely connected with mine, and I will try to dissipate, as they rise, the fumes of former discontent, that have too often clouded the sunshine, which you have endeavoured to diffuse through my mind: God bless you! Take care of yourself, and remember with tenderness your affectionate

\* \* \* \*

I am going to rest very happy, and you have made me so.—This is the kindest good-night I can utter.

LETTER

## LETTER VI.

Friday Morning.

I AM glad to find that other people can be unreasonable, as well as myself—for be it known to thee, that I answered thy *first* letter, the very night it reached me (Sunday), though thou couldst not receive it before Wednesday, because it was not sent off till the next day.—There is a full, true, and particular account.—

Yet I am not angry with thee, my love, for I think that it is a proof of stupidity, and likewise of a milk-and-water affection, which comes to the same thing, when the temper is governed by a square and compass.—There is nothing picturesque in this straight-lined

lined equality, and the passions always give grace to the actions.

Recollection now makes my heart bound to thee; but, it is not to thy money-getting face, though I cannot be seriously displeased with the exertion which increases my esteem, or rather is what I should have expected from thy character.—No; I have thy honest countenance before me—Pop—relaxed by tenderness; a little—little wounded by my whims; and thy eyes glistening with sympathy.—Thy lips then feel softer than soft—and I rest my cheek on thine, forgetting all the world.—I have not left the hue of love out of the picture—the rosy glow; and fancy has spread it over my own cheeks, I believe, for I feel them burning, whilst a delicious tear trembles in my eye, that would be all your own, if a grateful

grateful emotion directed to the Father of nature, who has made me thus alive to happiness, did not give more warmth to the sentiment it divides—I must pause a moment.

Need I tell you that I am tranquil after writing thus?—I do not know why, but I have more confidence in your affection, when absent, than present; nay, I think that you must love me, for, in the sincerity of my heart let me say it, I believe I deserve your tenderness, because I am true, and have a degree of sensibility that you can see and relish.

Yours sincerely

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER VII.

Sunday Morning [December 29.]

You seem to have taken up your abode at H——. Pray sir! when do you think of coming home? or, to write very confiderately, when will business permit you? I shall expect (as the country people say in England) that you will make a *power* of money to indemnify me for your absence.

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

VOL. III.

C

Well!



Well! but, my love, to the old story—am I to see you this week, or this month?—I do not know what you are about—for, as you did not tell me, I would not ask Mr. —, who is generally pretty communicative.

I long to see Mrs. —; not to hear from you, so do not give yourself airs, but to get a letter from Mr. —. And I am half angry with you for not informing me whether she had brought one with her or not.—On this score I will cork up some of the kind things that were ready to drop from my pen, which has never been dipt in gall when addressing you; or, will only suffer an exclamation—“The creature!” or a kind look, to escape me, when I pass the slippers—which I could not remove from my *falle* door, though they are not the handsomest of their kind.

Be not too anxious to get money!—  
for nothing worth having is to be pur-  
chased. God blefs you.

Yours affectionately

\* \* \* \*

---

## LETTER VIII.

Monday Night [December 30.]

My best love, your letter to-night  
was particularly grateful to my heart,  
depressed by the letters I received by  
——, for he brought me several, and  
the parcel of books directed to Mr.  
—— was for me. Mr. ——'s  
letter was long and very affectionate;  
but the account he gives me of his own

C-2

affairs,

affairs, though he obviously makes the best of them, has vexed me.

A melancholy letter from my sister  
 ——— has also harrassed my mind—  
 that from my brother would have given  
 me sincere pleasure; but for — —

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —

There is a spirit of independence in his letter, that will please you; and you shall see it, when we are once more over the fire together.—I think that you would hail him as a brother, with one

of

of your tender looks, when your heart not only gives a lustre to your eye, but a dance of playfulness, that he would meet with a glow half made up of bashfulness, and a desire to please the——where shall I find a word to express the relationship which subsists between us?—Shall I ask the little twitcher?—But I have dropt half the sentence that was to tell you how much he would be inclined to love the man loved by his sister. I have been fancying myself sitting between you, ever since I began to write, and my heart has leaped at the thought!—You see how I chat to you.

I did not receive your letter till I came home; and I did not expect it, for the post came in much later than usual. It was a cordial to me—and I wanted one.

C 3

Mr.

Mr. ——— tells me that he has written again and again.—Love him a little!—It would be a kind of separation, if you did not love those I love.

There was so much considerate tenderness in your epistle to-night, that, if it has not made you dearer to me, it has made me forcibly feel how very dear you are to me, by charming away half my cares.

Yours affectionately

\* \* \* \*

---

## LETTER IX.

Tuesday Morning [December 31.]

THOUGH I have just sent a letter off, yet, as captain ——— offers to take one, I am not willing to let him go without a kind greeting, because trifles of this  
fort,

fort, without having any effect on my mind, damp my spirits:—and you, with all your struggles to be manly, have some of this same sensibility.—Do not bid it begone, for I love to see it striving to master your features; besides, these kind of sympathies are the life of affection: and why, in cultivating our understandings, should we try to dry up these springs of pleasure, which gush out to give a freshness to days browned by care!

The books sent to me are such as we may read together; so I shall not look into them till you return; when you shall read, whilst I mend my stockings.

Yours truly

\* \* \* \*

## LETTER X.

Wednesday Night [January 1.]

As I have been, you tell me, three days without writing, I ought not to complain of two: yet, as I expected to receive a letter this afternoon, I am hurt; and why should I, by concealing it, affect the heroism I do not feel?

I hate commerce. How differently must ——'s head and heart be organized from mine! You will tell me, that exertions are necessary: I am weary of them! The face of things, public and private, vexes me. The "peace" and clemency which seemed to be dawning a few days ago, disappear again. "I am fallen," as Milton said, "on evil days;" for I really believe  
that



that Europe will be in a state of convulsion, during half a century at least. Life is but a labour of patience: it is always rolling a great stone up a hill; for, before a person can find a resting-place, imagining it is lodged, down it comes again, and all the work is to be done over anew!

Should I attempt to write any more; I could not change the strain. My head aches, and my heart is heavy. The world appears an "unweeded garden," where "things rank and vile" flourish best.

If you do not return soon—or, which is no such mighty matter, talk of it—I will throw your slippers out at window, and be off—nobody knows where.

\* \* \* \*

Finding

Finding that I was observed, I told the good women, the two Mrs. —s, simply that I was with child: and let them stare! and ———, and ———, nay, all the world, may know it for aught I care!—Yet I wish to avoid ———'s coarse jokes.

Considering the care and anxiety a woman must have about a child before it comes into the world, it seems to me, by a *natural right*, to belong to her. When men get immersed in the world, they seem to lose all sensations, excepting those necessary to continue or produce life!—Are these the privileges of reason? Amongst the feathered race, whilst the hen keeps the young warm, her mate stays by to cheer her; but it is sufficient for man to condescend to get a child, in order to claim it.—A man is a tyrant!

You

You may now tell me, that, if it were not for me, you would be laughing away with some honest fellows in L—n. The casual exercise of social sympathy would not be sufficient for me—I should not think such an heartless life worth preserving.—It is necessary to be in good-humour with you, to be pleased with the world.

---

Thursday Morning:

I WAS very low-spirited last night, ready to quarrel with your cheerful temper, which makes absence easy to you.—And, why should I mince the matter? I was offended at your not even mentioning it.—I do not want to be loved like a goddess; but I wish to be necessary to you. God bless you\*!

\* Some further letters, written during the remainder of the week, in a similar strain to the preceding, appear to have been destroyed by the person to whom they were addressed.

LETTER

## LETTER XI.

Monday Night.

I HAVE just received your kind and rational letter, and would fain hide my face, glowing with shame for my folly. —I would hide it in your bosom, if you would again open it to me, and nestle closely till you bade my fluttering heart be still, by saying that you forgave me. With eyes overflowing with tears, and in the humblest attitude, I intreat you.—Do not turn from me, for indeed I love you fondly, and have been very wretched, since the night I was so cruelly hurt by thinking that you had no confidence in me——

It is time for me to grow more reasonable, a few more of these caprices of sensibility would destroy me. I have,  
in

in fact, been very much indisposed for a few days past, and the notion that I was tormenting, or perhaps killing, a poor little animal, about whom I am grown anxious and tender, now I feel it alive, made me worse. My bowels have been dreadfully disordered, and every thing I ate or drank disagreed with my stomach; still I feel intimations of its existence, though they have been fainter.

Do you think that the creature goes regularly to sleep? I am ready to ask as many questions as Voltaire's Man of Forty Crowns. Ah! do not continue to be angry with me! You perceive that I am already smiling through my tears— You have lightened my heart, and my frozen spirits are melting into playfulness.

Write the moment you receive this.

I shall

I shall count the minutes. But drop not an angry word—I cannot now bear it. Yet, if you think I deserve a scolding (it does not admit of a question, I grant), wait till you come back—and then, if you are angry one day, I shall be sure of seeing you the next.

——— did not write to you, I suppose, because he talked of going to H——. Hearing that I was ill, he called very kindly on me, not dreaming that it was some words that he incautiously let fall, which rendered me so.

God bless you, my love; do not shut your heart against a return of tenderness; and, as I now in fancy cling to you, be more than ever my support.—Feel but as affectionate when you read this letter, as I did writing it, and you will make happy, your

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XII.

Wednesday Morning.

I WILL never, if I am not entirely cured of quarrelling, begin to encourage “ quick-coming fancies,” when we are separated. Yesterday, my love, I could not open your letter for some time; and, though it was not half as severe as I merited, it threw me into such a fit of trembling, as seriously alarmed me. I did not, as you may suppose, care for a little pain on my own account; but all the fears which I have had for a few days past, returned with fresh force. This morning I am better; will you not be glad to hear it? You perceive that sorrow has almost made a child of me, and that I want to be soothed to peace.

One thing you mistake in my character,



rafter, and imagine that to be coldness which is just the contrary. For, when I am hurt by the person most dear to me, I must let out a whole torrent of emotions, in which tenderness would be uppermost, or stifle them altogether; and it appears to me almost a duty to stifle them, when I imagine *that I am treated with coldness.*

I am afraid that I have vexed you, my own ——. I know the quickness of your feelings—and let me, in the sincerity of my heart, assure you, there is nothing I would not suffer to make you happy. My own happiness wholly depends on you—and, knowing you, when my reason is not clouded, I look forward to a rational prospect of as much felicity as the earth affords—with a little dash of rapture into the bargain, if you will look at me, when we meet again,

again, as you have sometimes greeted,  
your humbled, yet most affectionate

\* \* \* \*

---

L E T T E R   X I I I .

Thursday Night.

I HAVE been wishing the time away,  
my kind love, unable to rest till I knew  
that my penitential letter had reached  
your hand—and this afternoon, when  
your tender epistle of Tuesday gave  
such exquisite pleasure to your poor  
sick girl, her heart smote her to think  
that you were still to receive another  
cold one.—Burn it also, my —; yet  
do not forget that even those letters  
were full of love; and I shall ever re-  
collect, that you did not wait to be  
mollified by my penitence, before you  
took me again to your heart.

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D

I have

I have been unwell, and would not, now I am recovering, take a journey, because I have been seriously alarmed and angry with myself, dreading continually the fatal consequence of my folly.—But, should you think it right to remain at H—, I shall find some opportunity, in the course of a fortnight, or less perhaps, to come to you, and before then I shall be strong again.—Yet do not be uneasy! I am really better, and never took such care of myself, as I have done since you restored my peace of mind. The girl is come to warm my bed—so I will tenderly say, good night! and write a line or two in the morning.

Morning.

I WISH you were here to walk with me this fine morning! yet your absence shall not prevent me. I have stayed at home too much; though, when

when I was so dreadfully out of spirits,  
I was careless of every thing.

So I will now fall forth (you will go  
with me in my heart) and try whether  
this fine bracing air will not give the  
vigour to the poor babe, it had, before  
I so inconsiderately gave way to the  
grief that deranged my bowels, and  
gave a turn to my whole system.

Yours truly

\*\*\*\*\*

D 2

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.

Saturday Morning.

THE two or three letters, which I have written to you lately, my love, will serve as an answer to your explanatory one. I cannot but respect your motives and conduct. I always respected them; and was only hurt, by what seemed to me a want of confidence, and consequently affection.—I thought also, that if you were obliged to stay three months at H—, I might as well have been with you.—Well! well, what signifies what I brooded over—Let us now be friends!

I shall probably receive a letter from you to-day, sealing my pardon—and I will be careful not to torment you with  
my

my querulous humours, at least, till I see you again. Act as circumstances direct, and I will not enquire when they will permit you to return, convinced that you will hasten to your \* \* \* \*, when you have attained (or lost sight of) the object of your journey.

What a picture have you sketched of our fire-side! Yes, my love, my fancy was instantly at work, and I found my head on your shoulder, whilst my eyes were fixed on the little creatures that were clinging about your knees. I did not absolutely determine that there should be fix—if you have not set your heart on this round number.

I am going to dine with Mrs. ——. I have not been to visit her since the first day she came to Paris. I wish indeed to be out in the air as much as I can; for the exercise I have taken

these two or three days past, has been of such service to me, that I hope shortly to tell you, that I am quite well. I have scarcely slept before last night, and then not much.—The two Mrs. —s have been very anxious and tender.

Yours truly

\* \* \* \*

I need not desire you to give the colonel a good bottle of wine.

---

## LETTER XV.

Sunday Morning.

I WROTE to you yesterday, my —; but, finding that the colonel is still detained (for his passport was forgotten at the office yesterday) I am not willing to let



let so many days elapse without your hearing from me, after having talked of illness and apprehensions.

I cannot boast of being quite recovered, yet I am (I must use my Yorkshire phrase; for, when my heart is warm, pop come the expressions of childhood into my head) so *lightsome*, that I think it will not go *badly with me*.—And nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you; for I am urged on, not only by an enlivened affection for you, but by a new-born tenderness that plays cheerly round my dilating heart.

I was therefore, in defiance of cold and dirt, out in the air the greater part of yesterday; and, if I get over this evening without a return of the fever that has tormented me, I shall talk no more of illness. I have promised the

little creature, that its mother, who ought to cherish it, will not again plague it, and begged it to pardon me; and, since I could not hug either it or you to my breast, I have to my heart.—I am afraid to read over this prattle—but it is only for your eye.

I have been seriously vexed, to find that, whilst you were harrassed by impediments in your undertakings, I was giving you additional uneasiness.—If you can make any of your plans answer—it is well, I do not think a *little* money inconvenient; but, should they fail, we will struggle cheerfully together—drawn closer by the pinching blasts of poverty.

Adieu, my love! Write often to your poor girl, and write long letters; for I not only like them for being longer, but because more heart steals into them;  
and

and I am happy to catch your heart  
whenever I can.

Yours sincerely

\* \* \* \*

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LETTER XVI.

Tuesday Morning.

I SEIZE this opportunity to inform  
you, that I am to set out on Thursday  
with Mr. ———, and hope to tell you  
soon (on your lips) how glad I shall be  
to see you. I have just got my passport,  
so I do not foresee any impediment to  
my reaching H——, to bid you good-  
night next Friday in my new apartment  
—where I am to meet you and love, in  
spite of care, to smile me to sleep—  
for I have not caught much rest since  
we parted.

You

You have, by your tenderness and worth, twisted yourself more artfully round my heart, than I supposed possible.—Let me indulge the thought, that I have thrown out some tendrils to cling to the elm by which I wish to be supported.—This is talking a new language for me!—But, knowing that I am not a parasite-plant, I am willing to receive the proofs of affection, that every pulse replies to, when I think of being once more in the same house with you.—God bless you!

Yours truly

\*\*\*

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

Wednesday Morning.

I ONLY send this as an *avant-courreur*, without jack-boots, to tell you, that I am again on the wing, and hope to be with you a few hours after you receive it. I shall find you well, and composed, I am sure; or, more properly speaking, cheerful.—What is the reason that my spirits are not as manageable as yours? Yet, now I think of it, I will not allow that your temper is even, though I have promised myself, in order to obtain my own forgiveness, that I will not ruffle it for a long, long time—I am afraid to say never.

Farewell for a moment!—Do not forget

forget that I am driving towards you in person ! My mind, unfettered, has flown to you long since, or rather has never left you.

I am well, and have no apprehension that I shall find the journey too fatiguing, when I follow the lead of my heart.—With my face turned to H—my spirits will not sink—and my mind has always hitherto enabled my body to do whatever I wished.

Yours affectionately

\*\*\*

LETTER



## LETTER XVIII.

H—, Thursday Morning, March 12.

WE are such creatures of habit, my love, that, though I cannot say I was sorry, childishly so, for your going, when I knew that you were to stay such a short time, and I had a plan of employment; yet I could not sleep.—I turned to your side of the bed, and tried to make the most of the comfort of the pillow, which you used to tell me I was churlish about; but all would not do.—I took nevertheless my walk before breakfast, though the weather was not very inviting—and here I am, wishing you a finer day, and seeing you peep over my shoulder, as I write, with one of your kindest looks—when your  
eyes



eyes glisten, and a suffusion creeps over your relaxing features.

But I do not mean to dally with you this morning—So God bless you! Take care of yourself—and sometimes fold to your heart your affectionate

\* \* \* \*

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### LETTER XIX.

DO not call me stupid, for leaving on the table the little bit of paper I was to inclose.—This comes of being in love at the fag-end of a letter of business.—You know, you say, they will not chime together.—I had got you by the fire-side, with the *gigot* smoking on the board, to lard your poor bare ribs—and behold, I closed my letter with—  
out

out taking the paper up, that was directly under my eyes!—What had I got in them to render me so blind?—I give you leave to answer the question, if you will not scold; for I am

Yours most affectionately

\* \* \* \*

## LETTER XX.

Sunday, August 17.

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

I have promised ——— to go with him to his country-house, where he is now permitted to dine—I, and the little darling, to be sure\*—whom I cannot

\* The child spoken of in some preceding letters, had now been born a considerable time.

help kissing with more fondness, since you left us. I think I shall enjoy the fine prospect, and that it will rather enliven, than satiate my imagination.

I have called on Mrs. ———. She has the manners of a gentlewoman, with a dash of the easy French coquetry, which renders her *piquante*.—But *Monsieur* her husband, whom nature never dreamed of casting in either the mould of a gentleman or lover, makes but an awkward figure in the foreground of the picture.

The H——s are very ugly, without doubt—and the house smelt of commerce from top to toe—so that his abortive attempt to display taste, only proved it to be one of the things not to be bought with gold. I was in a room a moment alone, and my attention was attracted by the *pendule*.—A nymph was  
5 offering

offering up her vows before a smoking altar, to a fat-bottomed Cupid (saving your presence), who was kicking his heels in the air.—Ah! kick on, thought I; for the demon of traffic will ever fright away the loves and graces, that streak with the rosy beams of infant fancy the *sombre* day of life—whilst the imagination, not allowing us to see things as they are, enables us to catch a hasty draught of the running stream of delight, the thirst for which seems to be given only to tantalize us.

But I am philosophizing; nay, perhaps you will call me severe, and bid me let the square-headed money-getters alone.—Peace to them! though none of the social sprites (and there are not a few of different descriptions, who sport about the various inlets to my heart) gave me a twitch to restrain my pen.

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E

I have

I have been writing on, expecting poor ——— to come; for, when I began, I merely thought of business; and, as this is the idea that most naturally associates with your image, I wonder I stumbled on any other.

Yet, as common life, in my opinion, is scarcely worth having, even with a *gigot* every day, and a pudding added thereunto, I will allow you to cultivate my judgment, if you will permit me to keep alive the sentiments in your heart, which may be termed romantic, because, the offspring of the senses and the imagination, they resemble the mother more than the father\*, when they produce the suffusion I admire.— In spite of icy age, I hope still to see it,

\* She means, "the latter more than the former."

EDITOR.

if you have not determined only to eat and drink, and be stupidly useful to the stupid—

Yours

\* \* \* \*

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## LETTER XXI.

H—, August 19, Tuesday.

I RECEIVED both your letters to-day—I had reckoned on hearing from you yesterday, therefore was disappointed, though I imputed your silence to the right cause. I intended answering your kind letter immediately, that you might have felt the pleasure it gave me; but ——— came in, and some

E 2

other



other things interrupted me; so that the fine vapour has evaporated—yet, leaving a sweet scent behind, I have only to tell you, what is sufficiently obvious, that the earnest desire I have shown to keep my place, or gain more ground in your heart, is a sure proof how necessary your affection is to my happiness.—Still I do not think it false delicacy, or foolish pride, to wish that your attention to my happiness should arise *as much* from love, which is always rather a selfish passion, as reason—that is, I want you to promote my felicity, by seeking your own.—For, whatever pleasure it may give me to discover your generosity of soul, I would not be dependent for your affection on the very quality I most admire. No; there are qualities in your heart, which demand my affection;  
2 but,



but, unless the attachment appears to me clearly mutual, I shall labour only to esteem your character, instead of cherishing a tenderness for your person.

I write in a hurry, because the little one, who has been sleeping a long time, begins to call for me. Poor thing! when I am sad, I lament that all my affections grow on me, till they become too strong for my peace, though they all afford me snatches of exquisite enjoyment—This for our little girl was at first very reasonable—more the effect of reason, a sense of duty, than feeling—now, she has got into my heart and imagination, and when I walk out without her, her little figure is ever dancing before me.

You too have somehow clung round my heart—I found I could not eat my

dinner in the great room—and, when I took up the large knife to carve for myself, tears rushed into my eyes.—Do not however suppose that I am melancholy—for, when you are from me, I not only wonder how I can find fault with you—but how I can doubt your affection.

I will not mix any comments on the inclosed (it roused my indignation) with the effusion of tenderness, with which I assure you, that you are the friend of my bosom, and the prop of my heart.

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

H—, August 20.

I WANT to know what steps you have taken respecting ——. Knavery always rouses my indignation—I should be gratified to hear that the law had chastised ——— severely; but I do not wish you to see him, because the business does not now admit of peaceful discussion, and I do not exactly know how you would express your contempt.

Pray ask some questions about Tallien—I am still pleased with the dignity of his conduct.—The other day, in the cause of humanity, he made use of a degree of address, which I admire—

E 4

and

and mean to point out to you, as one of the few instances of address which do credit to the abilities of the man, without taking away from that confidence in his openness of heart, which is the true basis of both public and private friendship.

Do not suppose that I mean to allude to a little reserve of temper in you, of which I have sometimes complained! You have been used to a cunning woman, and you almost look for cunning—Nay, in *managing* my happiness, you now and then wounded my sensibility, concealing yourself, till honest sympathy, giving you to me without disguise, lets me look into a heart, which my half-broken one wishes to creep into, to be revived and cherished.—You have frankness of heart, but not often exactly that overflowing

flowing (*épanchement de cœur*), which becoming almost childish, appears a weakness only to the weak.

But I have left poor Tallien. I wanted you to enquire likewise whether, as a member declared in the convention, Robespierre really maintained a *number* of mistresses.—Should it prove so, I suspect that they rather flattered his vanity than his senses.

Here is a chatting, desultory epistle! But do not suppose that I mean to close it without mentioning the little damsel—who has been almost springing out of my arm—she certainly looks very like you—but I do not love her the less for that, whether I am angry or pleased with you.—

Yours affectionately

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XXIII\*.

September 22.

I HAVE just written two letters, that are going by other conveyances, and which I reckon on your receiving long before this. I therefore merely write, because I know I should be disappointed at seeing any one who had left you, if you did not send a letter, were it ever so short, to tell me why you did not write a longer—and you will want to be told, over and over again, that our little Hercules is quite recovered.

\* This is the first of a series of letters written during a separation of many months, to which no cordial meeting ever succeeded. They were sent from Paris, and bear the address of London.

Besides

Besides looking at me, there are three other things, which delight her—to ride in a coach, to look at a scarlet waistcoat, and hear loud music—yesterday, at the *fête*, she enjoyed the two latter; but, to honour J. J. Rousseau, I intend to give her a sash, the first she has ever had round her—and why not?—for I have always been half in love with him.

Well, this you will say is trifling—shall I talk about alum or soap? There is nothing picturesque in your present pursuits; my imagination then rather chuses to ramble back to the barrier with you, or to see you coming to meet me, and my basket of grapes.—With what pleasure do I recollect your looks and words, when I have been sitting on the window, regarding the waving corn!

Believe



Believe me, sage sir, you have not sufficient respect for the imagination—I could prove to you in a trice that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions—animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite, senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords.

If

If you call these observations romantic, a phrase in this place which would be tantamount to nonsensical, I shall be apt to retort, that you are embruted by trade, and the vulgar enjoyments of life—Bring me then back your barrier-face, or you shall have nothing to say to my barrier-girl; and I shall fly from you, to cherish the remembrances that will ever be dear to me; for I am yours truly

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XXIV.

Evening, Sept. 23.

I HAVE been playing and laughing with the little girl so long, that I cannot take up my pen to address you without emotion. Pressing her to my bosom, she looked so like you (*entre nous*, your best looks, for I do not admire your commercial face) every nerve seemed to vibrate to the touch, and I began to think that there was something in the assertion of man and wife being one—for you seemed to pervade my whole frame, quickening the beat of my heart, and lending me the sympathetic tears you excited.

Have I any thing more to say to you? No; not for the present—the rest is all  
flown

flown away; and, indulging tenderness for you, I cannot now complain of some people here, who have ruffled my temper for two or three days past.

---

Morning.

YESTERDAY B—— sent to me for my packet of letters. He called on me before; and I like him better than I did—that is, I have the same opinion of his understanding, but I think with you, he has more tenderness and real delicacy of feeling with respect to women, than are commonly to be met with. His manner too of speaking of his little girl, about the age of mine, interested me. I gave him a letter for my sister, and requested him to see her.

I have been interrupted. Mr. —— I suppose will write about business.

Public

Public affairs I do not descant on, except to tell you that they write now with great freedom and truth; and this liberty of the press will overthrow the Jacobins, I plainly perceive.

I hope you take care of your health. I have got a habit of restlessness at night, which arises, I believe, from activity of mind; for, when I am alone, that is, not near one to whom I can open my heart, I sink into reveries and trains of thinking, which agitate and fatigue me.

This is my third letter; when am I to hear from you? I need not tell you, I suppose, that I am now writing with somebody in the room with me, and — is waiting to carry this to Mr. —'s. I will then kiss the girl for you, and bid you adieu.

I desired you, in one of my other  
letters,

letters, to bring back to me your barrier-face—or that you should not be loved by my barrier-girl. I know that you will love her more and more, for she is a little affectionate, intelligent creature, with as much vivacity, I should think, as you could wish for.

I was going to tell you of two or three things which displease me here; but they are not of sufficient consequence to interrupt pleasing sensations. I have received a letter from Mr. ——. I want you to bring — with you. Madame S—— is by me, reading a German translation of your letters—she desires me to give her love to you, on account of what you say of the negroes.

Yours most affectionately,

\* \* \* \*

## LETTER XXV.

Paris, Sept. 28.

I HAVE written to you three or four letters; but different causes have prevented my sending them by the persons who promised to take or forward them. The inclosed is one I wrote to go by B——; yet, finding that he will not arrive, before I hope, and believe, you will have set out on your return, I inclose it to you, and shall give it in charge to —, as Mr. — is detained, to whom I also gave a letter.

I cannot help being anxious to hear from you; but I shall not harrafs you with accounts of inquietudes, or of cares that arise from peculiar circumstances.—I have had so many little  
plagues



plagues here, that I have almost lamented that I left H——. —, who is at best a most helpless creature, is now, on account of her pregnancy, more trouble than use to me, so that I still continue to be almost a slave to the child.—She indeed rewards me, for she is a sweet little creature; for, setting aside a mother's fondness (which, by the bye, is growing on me, her little intelligent smiles sinking into my heart), she has an astonishing degree of sensibility and observation. The other day by B——'s child, a fine one, she looked like a little sprite.—She is all life and motion, and her eyes are not the eyes of a fool—I will swear.

I slept at St. Germain's, in the very room (if you have not forgot) in which you pressed me very tenderly to your heart.—I did not forget to fold my

darling to mine, with sensations that are almost too sacred to be alluded to.

Adieu, my love! Take care of yourself, if you wish to be the protector of your child, and the comfort of her mother.

I have received, for you, letters from ————. I want to hear how that affair finishes, though I do not know whether I have most contempt for his folly or knavery.

Your own

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XXVI.

October 1.

It is a heartless task to write letters, without knowing whether they will ever reach you.—I have given two to —, who has been a-going, a-going, every day, for a week past; and three others, which were written in a low-spirited strain, a little querulous or so, I have not been able to forward by the opportunities that were mentioned to me. *Tant mieux!* you will say, and I will not say nay; for I should be sorry that the contents of a letter, when you are so far away, should damp the pleasure that the sight of it would afford—judging of your feelings by my own.

F 2

I just

I just now stumbled on one of the kind letters, which you wrote during your last absence. You are then a dear affectionate creature, and I will not plague you. The letter which you chance to receive, when the absence is so long, ought to bring only tears of tenderness, without any bitter alloy, into your eyes.

After your return I hope indeed, that you will not be so immerfed in business, as during the last three or four months past—for even money, taking into the account all the future comforts it is to procure, may be gained at too dear a rate, if painful impressions are left on the mind.—These impressions were much more lively, soon after you went away, than at present—for a thousand tender recollections efface the melancholy traces they left on my mind  
—and

—and every emotion is on the same side as my reason, which always was on yours.—Separated, it would be almost impious to dwell on real or imaginary imperfections of character.—I feel that I love you; and, if I cannot be happy with you, I will seek it no where else.

My little darling grows every day more dear to me—and she often has a kiss, when we are alone together, which I give her for you, with all my heart.

I have been interrupted—and must send off my letter. The liberty of the press will produce a great effect here—the *cry of blood will not be vain!*—Some more monsters will perish—and the Jacobins are conquered.—Yet I almost fear the last flap of the tail of the beast.

I have had several trifling teasing

inconveniencies here, which I shall not now trouble you with a detail of.—I am sending — back ; her pregnancy rendered her useless. The girl I have got has more vivacity, which is better for the child.

I long to hear from you.—Bring a copy of — and — with you.

— is still here : he is a lost man.— He really loves his wife, and is anxious about his children ; but his indiscriminate hospitality and social feelings have given him an inveterate habit of drinking, that destroys his health, as well as renders his person disgusting.—If his wife had more sense, or delicacy, she might restrain him: as it is, nothing will save him.

Yours most truly and affectionately

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XXVII.

October 26.

MY dear love, I began to wish so earnestly to hear from you, that the sight of your letters occasioned such pleasurable emotions, I was obliged to throw them aside till the little girl and I were alone together; and this said little girl, our darling, is become a most intelligent little creature, and as gay as a lark, and that in the morning too, which I do not find quite so convenient. I once told you, that the sensations before she was born, and when she is sucking, were pleasant; but they do not deserve to be compared to the emotions I feel, when she stops to smile upon



upon me, or laughs outright on meeting me unexpectedly in the street, or after a short absence. She has now the advantage of having two good nurses, and I am at present able to discharge my duty to her, without being the slave of it.

I have therefore employed and amused myself since I got rid of —, and am making a progress in the language amongst other things. I have also made some new acquaintance. I have almost *charmed* a judge of the tribunal, R—, who, though I should not have thought it possible, has humanity, if not *beaucoup d'esprit*. But let me tell you, if you do not make haste back, I shall be half in love with the author of the *Marseillaise*, who is a handsome man, a little too broad-faced or so, and plays sweetly on the violin.

What

What do you say to this threat?—  
 why, *entre nous*, I like to give way to  
 a sprightly vein, when writing to you,  
 that is, when I am pleased with you.  
 “The devil,” you know, is proverbially  
 said to be “in a good humour, when  
 he is pleased.” Will you not then be  
 a good boy, and come back quickly to  
 play with your girls? but I shall not al-  
 low you to love the new-comer best.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —

My heart longs for your return, my  
 love, and only looks for, and seeks hap-  
 piness with you; yet do not imagine  
 that I childishly wish you to come back,  
 before you have arranged things in  
 such a manner, that it will not be ne-  
 cessary for you to leave us soon again,  
 or

or to make exertions which injure your constitution.

Yours most truly and tenderly

\* \* \* \*

P. S. You would oblige me by delivering the inclosed to Mr. —, and pray call for an answer.—It is for a person uncomfortably situated.

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## L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dec. 26.

I HAVE been, my love, for some days tormented by fears, that I would not allow to assume a form—I had been expecting you daily—and I heard that many vessels had been driven on shore during the late gale.—Well, I now see  
 your

your letter—and find that you are safe;  
I will not regret then that your exertions have hitherto been so unavailing.

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

Be that as it may, return to me when you have arranged the other matters, which ——— has been crowding on you. I want to be sure that you are safe—and not separated from me by a sea that must be passed. For, feeling that I am happier than I ever was, do you wonder at my sometimes dreading that fate has not done persecuting me? Come to me, my dearest friend, husband, father of my child!—All these fond ties glow at my heart at this moment, and dim my eyes.—With you an independence is desirable; and it is always within our reach, if affluence escapes

us

us—without you the world again appears empty to me. But I am recurring to some of the melancholy thoughts that have flitted across my mind for some days past, and haunted my dreams.

My little darling is indeed a sweet child; and I am sorry that you are not here, to see her little mind unfold itself. You talk of “dalliance;” but certainly no lover was ever more attached to his mistress, than she is to me. Her eyes follow me every where, and by affection I have the most despotic power over her. She is all vivacity or softness — yes; I love her more than I thought I should. When I have been hurt at your stay, I have embraced her as my only comfort—when pleased with you, for looking and laughing like you; nay, I cannot, I find, long be angry

gry with you, whilst I am kissing her  
for resembling you. But there would  
be no end to these details. Fold us  
both to your heart; for I am truly and  
affectionately

Yours

\* \* \* \*

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## LETTER XXIX.

December 28.

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

I do, my love, indeed sincerely  
sympathize with you in all your disap-  
pointments.—Yet, knowing that you  
are well, and think of me with affec-  
tion.



tion, I only lament other disappointments, because I am sorry that you should thus exert yourself in vain, and that you are kept from me.

——, I know, urges you to stay, and is continually branching out into new projects, because he has the idle desire to amass a large fortune, rather an immense one, merely to have the credit of having made it. But we who are governed by other motives, ought not to be led on by him. When we meet, we will discuss this subject— You will listen to reason, and it has probably occurred to you, that it will be better, in future, to pursue some sober plan, which may demand more time, and still enable you to arrive at the same end. It appears to me absurd to waste life in preparing to live.

Would it not now be possible to arrange



range your business in such a manner as to avoid the inquietudes, of which I have had my share since your departure? Is it not possible to enter into business, as an employment necessary to keep the faculties awake, and (to sink a little in the expressions) the pot boiling, without suffering what must ever be considered as a secondary object, to engross the mind, and drive sentiment and affection out of the heart?

I am in a hurry to give this letter to the person who has promised to forward it with ———'s. I wish then to counteract, in some measure, what he has doubtless recommended most warmly.

Stay, my friend, whilst it is *absolutely* necessary.—I will give you no tenderer name, though it glows at my heart,

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unless

unless you come the moment the settling the *present* objects permit.—*I do not consent* to your taking any other journey—or the little woman and I will be off, the Lord knows where. But, as I had rather owe every thing to your affection, and, I may add, to your reason, (for this immoderate desire of wealth, which makes ——— so eager to have you remain, is contrary to your principles of action), I will not importune you.—I will only tell you, that I long to see you—and, being at peace with you, I shall be hurt, rather than made angry, by delays.—Having suffered so much in life, do not be surprised if I sometimes, when left to myself, grow gloomy, and suppose that it was all a dream, and that my happiness is not to last. I say happiness, because

because remembrance retrenches all the dark shades of the picture.

My little one begins to show her teeth, and use her legs—She wants you to bear your part in the nursing business, for I am fatigued with dancing her, and yet she is not satisfied—she wants you to thank her mother for taking such care of her, as you only can.

Yours truly

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LETTER XXX.

December 29.

THOUGH I suppose you have later intelligence, yet, as ——— has just informed me that he has an opportuni-

G 2

ty

ty of sending immediately to you, I  
take advantage of it to inclose you

---

How I hate this crooked business!  
This intercourse with the world, which  
obliges one to see the worst side of  
human nature! Why cannot you be  
content with the object you had first in  
view, when you entered into this wearisome  
labyrinth?—I know very well  
that you have imperceptibly been  
drawn on; yet why does one project,  
successful or abortive, only give place  
to two others? Is it not sufficient to  
avoid poverty?—I am contented to do  
my part; and, even here, sufficient to  
escape from wretchedness is not difficult  
to obtain. And, let me tell you,  
I have my project also—and, if you do  
not soon return, the little girl and I  
will take care of ourselves; we will not  
accept

accept any of your cold kindness—your distant civilities—no; not we.

This is but half jesting, for I am really tormented by the desire which ——— manifests to have you remain where you are.—Yet why do I talk to you?—If he can persuade you—let him!—for, if you are not happier with me, and your own wishes do not make you throw aside these eternal projects, I am above using any arguments, though reason as well as affection seems to offer them—if our affection be mutual, they will occur to you—and you will act accordingly.

Since my arrival here, I have found the German lady, of whom you have heard me speak. Her first child died in the month; but she has another, about the age of my ———, a fine little creature. They are still but con-

triving to live—earning their daily bread—yet, though they are but just above poverty, I envy them.—She is a tender, affectionate mother—fatigued even by her attention.—However she has an affectionate husband in her turn, to render her care light, and to share her pleasure.

I will own to you that, feeling extreme tenderness for my little girl, I grow sad very often when I am playing with her, that you are not here, to observe with me how her mind unfolds, and her little heart becomes attached!—These appear to me to be true pleasures—and still you suffer them to escape you, in search of what we may never enjoy.—It is your own maxim to “live in the present moment.”—*If you do*—stay, for God’s sake; but tell me the truth—if not, tell me when I may expect



expect to see you, and let me not be always vainly looking for you, till I grow sick at heart.

Adieu! I am a little hurt.—I must take my darling to my bosom to comfort me.

\* \* \* \*

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## LETTER XXXI.

December 30.

SHOULD you receive three or four of the letters at once which I have written lately, do not think of Sir John Brute, for I do not mean to wife you. I only take advantage of every occasion, that one out of three of my epistles may reach your hands, and in-

G 4

form



form you that I am not of ———'s opinion, who talks till he makes me angry, of the necessity of your staying two or three months longer. I do not like this life of continual inquietude—and, *entre nous*, I am determined to try to earn some money here myself, in order to convince you that, if you chuse to run about the world to get a fortune, it is for yourself—for the little girl and I will live without your assistance, unless you are with us. I may be termed proud—Be it so—but I will never abandon certain principles of action.

The common run of men have such an ignoble way of thinking, that, if they debauch their hearts, and prostitute their persons, following perhaps a gust of inebriation, they suppose the wife, slave rather, whom they maintain,

tain, has no right to complain, and ought to receive the sultan, whenever he deigns to return, with open arms, though his have been polluted by half an hundred promiscuous amours during his absence.

I consider fidelity and constancy as two distinct things; yet the former is necessary, to give life to the other—and such a degree of respect do I think due to myself, that, if only probity, which is a good thing in its place, brings you back, never return!—for, if a wandering of the heart, or even a caprice of the imagination detains you—there is an end of all my hopes of happiness—I could not forgive it, if I would.

I have gotten into a melancholy mood, you perceive. You know my opinion of men in general; you know that  
that

that I think them systematic tyrants, and that it is the rarest thing in the world, to meet with a man with sufficient delicacy of feeling to govern desire. When I am thus sad, I lament that my little darling, fondly as I doat on her, is a girl.—I am sorry to have a tie to a world that for me is ever sown with thorns.

You will call this an ill-humoured letter, when, in fact, it is the strongest proof of affection I can give, to dread to lose you. ——— has taken such pains to convince me that you must and ought to stay, that it has inconceivably depressed my spirits—You have always known my opinion—I have ever declared, that two people, who mean to live together, ought not to be long separated.—If certain things are more necessary to you than me—search  
for

for them—Say but one word, and you shall never hear of me more.—If not—for God's sake, let us struggle with poverty—with any evil, but these continual inquietudes of business, which I have been told were to last but a few months, though every day the end appears more distant! This is the first letter in this strain that I have determined to forward to you; the rest lie by, because I was unwilling to give you pain, and I should not now write, if I did not think that there would be no conclusion to the schemes, which demand, as I am told, your presence.

\* \* \* \* †

† The person to whom the letters are addressed, was about this time at Ramsgate, on his return, as he professed, to Paris, when he was recalled, as it should seem, to London, by the further pressure of business now accumulated upon him.

LETTER

## LETTER XXXII.

January 9.

I JUST now received one of your hasty *notes*; for business so entirely occupies you, that you have not time, or sufficient command of thought, to write letters. Beware! you seem to be got into a whirl of projects and schemes, which are drawing you into a gulph, that, if it do not absorb your happiness, will infallibly destroy mine.

Fatigued during my youth by the most arduous struggles, not only to obtain independence, but to render myself useful, not merely pleasure, for which I had the most lively taste, I

mean the simple pleasures that flow from passion and affection, escaped me, but the most melancholy views of life were impressed by a disappointed heart on my mind. Since I knew you, I have been endeavouring to go back to my former nature, and have allowed some time to glide away, winged with the delight which only spontaneous enjoyment can give.—Why have you so soon dissolved the charm?

I am really unable to bear the continual inquietude which your and ———'s never-ending plans produce. This you may term want of firmness—but you are mistaken—I have still sufficient firmness to pursue my principle of action. The present misery, I cannot find a softer word to do justice to my feelings, appears to me unnecessary



fary—and therefore I have not firmness to support it as you may think I ought. I should have been content, and still wish, to retire with you to a farm—My God! any thing, but these continual anxieties—any thing but commerce, which debases the mind, and roots out affection from the heart.

I do not mean to complain of subordinate inconveniences—yet I will simply observe, that, led to expect you every week, I did not make the arrangements required by the present circumstances, to procure the necessities of life. In order to have them, a servant, for that purpose only, is indispensable—The want of wood, has made me catch the most violent cold I ever had; and my head is so disturbed by continual coughing, that I am unable



to write without stopping frequently to recollect myself.—This however is one of the common evils which must be borne with——bodily pain does not touch the heart, though it fatigues the spirits.

Still as you talk of your return, even in February, doubtingly, I have determined, the moment the weather changes, to wean my child.—It is too soon for her to begin to divide sorrow!—And as one has well said, “despair is a freeman,” we will go and seek our fortune together.

This is not a caprice of the moment—for your absence has given new weight to some conclusions, that I was very reluctantly forming before you left me.—I do not chuse to be a secondary object.—If your feelings were in unison with mine, you would not  
sacrifice

sacrifice so much to visionary prospects  
of future advantage.

\* \* \* \*

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L E T T E R   X X X I I I .

Jan. 15.

I WAS just going to begin my letter with the sag end of a song, which would only have told you, what I may as well say simply, that it is pleasant to forgive those we love. I have received your two letters, dated the 26th and 28th of December, and my anger died away. You can scarcely conceive the effect some of your letters have produced on me. After longing to hear from you during a tedious interval of suspense, I have seen a superscription written by  
you—

you.—Promising myself pleasure, and feeling emotion, I have laid it by me, till the person who brought it, left the room—when, behold! on opening it, I have found only half a dozen hasty lines, that have damped all the rising affection of my soul.

Well, now for business—

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —

My animal is well; I have not yet taught her to eat, but nature is doing the business. I gave her a crust to assist the cutting of her teeth; and now she has two, she makes good use of them to gnaw a crust, biscuit, &c. You would laugh to see her; she is just like a little squirrel; she will guard a crust for two hours; and, after fixing her eye on an object for some time, dart

on it with an aim as sure as a bird of prey—nothing can equal her life and spirits. I suffer from a cold; but it does not affect her. Adieu! do not forget to love us—and come soon to tell us that you do.

\* \* \* \*

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L E T T E R   XXXIV.

Jan. 30.

FROM the purport of your last letters, I should suppose that this will scarcely reach you; and I have already written so many letters, that you have either not received, or neglected to acknowledge, I do not find it pleasant, or rather I have no inclination, to go over the same ground again.

again. If you have received them, and are still detained by new projects, it is useless for me to say any more on the subject. I have done with it for ever; yet I ought to remind you that your pecuniary interest suffers by your absence.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —

For my part, my head is turned giddy, by only hearing of plans to make money, and my contemptuous feelings have sometimes burst out. I therefore was glad that a violent cold gave me a pretext to stay at home, lest I should have uttered unseasonable truths.

My child is well, and the spring will perhaps restore me to myself.— I have endured many inconveniences

H 2

this

this winter, which should I be ashamed to mention, if they had been unavoidable. "The secondary pleasures of life," you say, "are very necessary to my comfort:" it may be so; but I have ever considered them as secondary. If therefore you accuse me of wanting the resolution necessary to bear the *common*\* evils of life; I should answer, that I have not fashioned my mind to sustain them, because I would avoid them, cost what it would——

Adieu!

\* \* \* \*

\* This probably alludes to some expression of the person to whom the letters are addressed, in which he treated as common evils, things upon which the letter writer was disposed to bestow a different appellation.

EDITOR.

LETTER



## LETTER XXXV.

February 9.

THE melancholy presentiment has for some time hung on my spirits, that we were parted for ever; and the letters I received this day, by Mr. —, convince me that it was not without foundation. You allude to some other letters, which I suppose have miscarried; for most of those I have got, were only a few hasty lines, calculated to wound the tenderness the sight of the superscriptions excited.

I mean not however to complain; yet so many feelings are struggling for utterance, and agitating a heart almost bursting with anguish, that I find it

H 3

very



very difficult to write with any degree of coherence.

You left me indisposed, though you have taken no notice of it; and the most fatiguing journey I ever had, contributed to continue it. However, I recovered my health; but a neglected cold, and continual inquietude during the last two months, have reduced me to a state of weakness I never before experienced. Those who did not know that the canker-worm was at work at the core, cautioned me about suckling my child too long.—God preserve this poor child, and render her happier than her mother!

But I am wandering from my subject: indeed my head turns giddy, when I think that all the confidence I have had in the affection of others is come to this.—I did not expect this blow from you.

I have

I have done my duty to you and my child; and if I am not to have any return of affection to reward me, I have the sad consolation of knowing that I deserved a better fate. My soul is weary—I am sick at heart; and, but for this little darling, I would cease to care about a life, which is now stripped of every charm.

You see how stupid I am, uttering declamation, when I meant simply to tell you, that I consider your requesting me to come to you, as merely dictated by honour.—Indeed, I scarcely understand you.—You request me to come, and then tell me, that you have not given up all thoughts of returning to this place.

When I determined to live with you, I was only governed by affection.—I would share poverty with you, but I

turn with affright from the sea of trouble on which you are entering.—I have certain principles of action: I know what I look for to found my happiness on.—It is not money.—With you I wished for sufficient to procure the comforts of life—as it is, less will do.—I can still exert myself to obtain the necessaries of life for my child, and she does not want more at present.—I have two or three plans in my head to earn our subsistence; for do not suppose that, neglected by you, I will lie under obligations of a pecuniary kind to you!—No; I would sooner submit to menial service.—I wanted the support of your affection—that gone, all is over!—I did not think, when I complained of ——'s contemptible avidity to accumulate money, that he would

would have dragged you into his schemes.

I cannot write.—I inclose a fragment of a letter, written soon after your departure, and another which tenderness made me keep back when it was written.—You will see then the sentiments of a calmer, though not a more determined, moment.—Do not insult me by saying, that “our being together is paramount to every other consideration!” Were it, you would not be running after a bubble, at the expence of my peace of mind.

Perhaps this is the last letter you will ever receive from me.

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XXXVI.

Feb. 10.

You talk of "permanent views and future comfort"—not for me, for I am dead to hope. The inquietudes of the last winter have finished the business, and my heart is not only broken, but my constitution destroyed. I conceive myself in a galloping consumption, and the continual anxiety I feel at the thought of leaving my child, feeds the fever that nightly devours me. It is on her account that I again write to you, to conjure you, by all that you hold sacred, to leave her here with the German lady you may have heard me mention! She has a child of the same age, and they may be brought up together,

gether, as I wish her to be brought up. I shall write more fully on the subject. To facilitate this, I shall give up my present lodgings, and go into the same house. I can live much cheaper there, which is now become an object. I have had 3000 livres from —, and I shall take one more, to pay my servant's wages, &c. and then I shall endeavour to procure what I want by my own exertions. I shall entirely give up the acquaintance of the Americans.

— and I have not been on good terms a long time. Yesterday he very unmanlily exulted over me, on account of your determination to stay. I had provoked it, it is true, by some asperities against commerce, which have dropped from me, when we have argued about the propriety of your remaining where you are; and it is no matter, I

have



have drunk too deep of the bitter cup to care about trifles.

When you first entered into these plans, you bounded your views to the gaining of a thousand pounds. It was sufficient to have procured a farm in America, which would have been an independence. You find now that you did not know yourself, and that a certain situation in life is more necessary to you than you imagined—more necessary than an uncorrupted heart—For a year or two, you may procure yourself what you call pleasure; eating, drinking, and women; but, in the solitude of declining life, I shall be remembered with regret—I was going to say with remorse, but checked my pen.

As I have never concealed the nature of my connection with you, your repu-



tation will not suffer. I shall never have a confident : I am content with the approbation of my own mind ; and, if there be a searcher of hearts, mine will not be despised. Reading what you have written relative to the desertion of women, I have often wondered how theory and practice could be so different, till I recollected, that the sentiments of passion, and the resolves of reason, are very distinct. As to my sisters, as you are so continually hurried with business, you need not write to them—I shall, when my mind is calmer. God bless you ! Adieu !

\* \* \* \*

This has been such a period of barbarity and misery, I ought not to complain of having my share. I wish one moment that I had never heard of the cruelties

cruelties that have been practised here, and the next envy the mothers who have been killed with their children. Surely I had suffered enough in life, not to be cursed with a fondness, that burns up the vital stream I am imparting. You will think me mad: I would I were so, that I could forget my misery—so that my head or heart would be still.—

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## L E T T E R   XXXVII.

Feb. 19.

WHEN I first received your letter, putting off your return to an indefinite time, I felt so hurt, that I know not what I wrote. I am now calmer, though it was not the kind of wound  
over

over which time has the quickest effect; on the contrary, the more I think, the sadder I grow. Society fatigues me inexpressibly—So much so, that finding fault with every one, I have only reason enough, to discover that the fault is in myself. My child alone interests me, and, but for her, I should not take any pains to recover my health.

As it is, I shall wean her, and try if by that step (to which I feel a repugnance, for it is my only solace) I can get rid of my cough. Physicians talk much of the danger attending any complaint on the lungs, after a woman has suckled for some months. They lay a stress also on the necessity of keeping the mind tranquil—and, my God! how has mine been harrassed! But whilst the caprices of other women are gratified, “the wind of heaven not suffered  
to

to visit them too rudely," I have not found a guardian angel, in heaven or on earth, to ward off sorrow or care from my bosom.

What sacrifices have you not made for a woman you did not respect!—But I will not go over this ground—I want to tell you that I do not understand you. You say that you have not given up all thoughts of returning here—and I know that it will be necessary—nay, is. I cannot explain myself; but if you have not lost your memory, you will easily divine my meaning. What! is our life then only to be made up of separations? and am I only to return to a country, that has not merely lost all charms for me, but for which I feel a repugnance that almost amounts to horror, only to be left there a prey to it!

Why

Why is it so necessary that I should return?—brought up here, my girl would be freer. Indeed, expecting you to join us, I had formed some plans of usefulness that have now vanished with my hopes of happiness.

In the bitterness of my heart, I could complain with reason, that I am left here dependent on a man, whose avidity to acquire a fortune has rendered him callous to every sentiment connected with social or affectionate emotions.—With a brutal insensibility, he cannot help displaying the pleasure your determination to stay gives him, in spite of the effect it is visible it has had on me.

Till I can earn money, I shall endeavour to borrow some, for I want to avoid asking him continually for the sum necessary to maintain me.—Do not

mistake me, I have never been refused.—Yet I have gone half a dozen times to the house to ask for it, and come away without speaking—you must guess why—Besides, I wish to avoid hearing of the eternal projects to which you have sacrificed my peace—not remembering—but I will be silent for ever.—

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## LETTER XXXVIII.

April 7.

HERE I am at H—, on the wing towards you, and I write now, only to tell you, that you may expect me in the course of three or four days; for  
I shall



I shall not attempt to give vent to the different emotions which agitate my heart—You may term a feeling, which appears to me to be a degree of delicacy that naturally arises from sensibility, pride—Still I cannot indulge the very affectionate tenderness which glows in my bosom, without trembling, till I see, by your eyes, that it is mutual.

I sit, lost in thought, looking at the sea—and tears rush into my eyes, when I find that I am cherishing any fond expectations.—I have indeed been so unhappy this winter, I find it as difficult to acquire fresh hopes, as to regain tranquillity.—Enough of this—lie still, foolish heart!—But for the little girl, I could almost wish that it should cease to beat, to be no more alive to the anguish of disappointment.

I 2

Sweet



Sweet little creature! I deprived myself of my only pleasure, when I weaned her, about ten days ago.—I am however glad I conquered my repugnance.—It was necessary it should be done soon, and I did not wish to embitter the renewal of your acquaintance with her, by putting it off till we met.—It was a painful exertion to me, and I thought it best to throw this inquietude with the rest, into the sack that I would fain throw over my shoulder.—I wished to endure it alone, in short—Yet, after sending her to sleep in the next room for three or four nights, you cannot think with what joy I took her back again to sleep in my bosom!

I suppose I shall find you, when I arrive, for I do not see any necessity for your coming to me.—Pray inform Mr. ———, that I have his little friend  
with

with me.—My wishing to oblige him, made me put myself to some inconvenience——and delay my departure; which was irksome to me, who have not quite as much philosophy, I would not for the world say indifference, as you. God bless you!

Yours truly

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## LETTER XXXIX.

Brighthelmstone, Saturday, April 11.

HERE we are, my love, and mean to set out early in the morning; and, if I can find you, I hope to dine with you to-morrow.—I shall drive to ——'s hotel, where —— tells me you have

I 3

been—

been—and, if you have left it, I hope you will take care to be there to receive us.

I have brought with me Mr. ——'s little friend, and a girl whom I like to take care of our little darling—not on the way, for that fell to my share.—But why do I write about trifles?—or any thing?—Are we not to meet soon?—What does your heart say!

Yours truly

\* \* \* \*

I have weaned my ——, and she is now eating away at the white bread.

LETTER

## LETTER XL.

London, Friday, May 22.

I HAVE just received your affectionate letter, and am distressed to think that I have added to your embarrassments at this troublesome juncture, when the exertion of all the faculties of your mind appears to be necessary, to extricate you out of your pecuniary difficulties. I suppose it was something relative to the circumstance you have mentioned, which made ——— request to see me to-day, to *converse about a matter of great importance*. Be that as it may, his letter (such is the state of my spirits) inconceivably alarmed me, and rendered

the last night as distressing, as the two former had been.

I have laboured to calm my mind since you left me—Still I find that tranquillity is not to be obtained by exertion; it is a feeling so different from the resignation of despair!—I am however no longer angry with you—nor will I ever utter another complaint—there are arguments which convince the reason, whilst they carry death to the heart.—We have had too many cruel explanations, that not only cloud every future prospect; but embitter the remembrances which alone give life to affection.—Let the subject never be revived!

It seems to me that I have not only lost the hope, but the power of being happy.—Every emotion is now sharpened

ened by anguish.—My soul has been shook, and my tone of feelings destroyed.—I have gone out—and fought for dissipation, if not amusement, merely to fatigue still more, I find, my irritable nerves—.

My friend—my dear friend—examine yourself well—I am out of the question; for, alas! I am nothing—and discover what you wish to do—what will render you most comfortable—or, to be more explicit—whether you desire to live with me, or part for ever? When you can once ascertain it, tell me frankly, I conjure you!—for, believe me, I have very involuntarily interrupted your peace.

I shall expect you to dinner on Monday, and will endeavour to assume a cheerful face to greet you—at any

rate



rate I will avoid conversations, which only tend to harass your feelings, because I am most affectionately yours,

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LETTER XLI.

Wednesday.

I INCLOSE you the letter, which you desired me to forward, and I am tempted very laconically to wish you a good morning—not because I am angry, or have nothing to say; but to keep down a wounded spirit.—I shall make every effort to calm my mind—yet a strong conviction seems to whirl round in the very centre of my brain, which, like  
the



the fiat of fate, emphatically assures me, that grief has a firm hold of my heart.

God blefs you !

Yours sincerely

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## LETTER XLII.

—, Wednesday, Two o'Clock.

WE arrived here about an hour ago. I am extremely fatigued with the child, who would not rest quiet with any body but me, during the night—and now we are here in a comfortless, damp room, in a sort of a tomb-like house. This however I shall quickly remedy,

remedy, for, when I have finished this letter, (which I must do immediately, because the post goes out early), I shall sail forth, and enquire about a vessel and an inn.

I will not distress you by talking of the depression of my spirits, or the struggle I had to keep alive my dying heart.—It is even now too full to allow me to write with composure.—\*\*\*\*\*, —dear \*\*\*\*\*, —am I always to be tossed about thus?—shall I never find an asylum to rest *contented* in? How can you love to fly about continually—dropping down, as it were, in a new world—cold and strange!—every other day? Why do you not attach those tender emotions round the idea of home, which even now dim my eyes?—This alone is affection—every thing else is only humanity, electrified by sympathy.

I will

I will write to you again to-morrow, when I know how long I am to be detained—and hope to get a letter quickly from you, to cheer yours sincerely and affectionately

\* \* \* \*

——— is playing near me in high spirits. She was so pleased with the noise of the mail-horn, she has been continually imitating it.—Adieu!

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LETTER XLIII.

Thursday.

A LADY has just sent to offer to take me to ———. I have then only a moment to exclaim against the vague

manner

manner in which people give information — — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

But why talk of inconveniences, which are in fact trifling, when compared with the sinking of the heart I have felt! I did not intend to touch this painful string—God bless you!

Yours truly,

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER XLIV.

Friday, June 12.

I HAVE just received yours dated the 9th, which I suppose was a mistake, for it could scarcely have loitered so long on the road. The general observations which apply to the state of your own mind, appear to me just, as far as they go; and I shall always consider it as one of the most serious misfortunes of my life, that I did not meet you, before satiety had rendered your senses so fastidious, as almost to close up every tender avenue of sentiment and affection that leads to your sympathetic heart. You have a heart, my friend, yet, hurried away by the impetuosity of inferior feelings, you have sought in vulgar excesses,

excesses, for that gratification which only the heart can bestow.

The common run of men, I know, with strong health and gross appetites, must have variety to banish *ennui*, because the imagination never lends its magic wand, to convert appetite into love, cemented by according reason.— Ah! my friend, you know not the ineffable delight, the exquisite pleasure, which arises from a unison of affection and desire, when the whole soul and senses are abandoned to a lively imagination, that renders every emotion delicate and rapturous. Yes; these are emotions, over which satiety has no power, and the recollection of which, even disappointment cannot disenchant; but they do not exist without self-denial. These emotions, more or less strong, appear to me to be the distinctive



tive characteristic of genius, the foundation of taste, and of that exquisite relish for the beauties of nature, of which the common herd of eaters and drinkers and *child-begeters*, certainly have no idea. You will smile at an observation that has just occurred to me:—I consider those minds as the most strong and original, whose imagination acts as the stimulus to their senses.

Well! you will ask, what is the result of all this reasoning? Why I cannot help thinking that it is possible for you, having great strength of mind, to return to nature, and regain a sanity of constitution, and purity of feeling—which would open your heart to me.—I would fain rest there!

Yet, convinced more than ever of the sincerity and tenderness of my attachment to you, the involuntary hopes,

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K

which



which a determination to live has revived, are not sufficiently strong to dissipate the cloud, that despair has spread over futurity. I have looked at the sea, and at my child, hardly daring to own to myself the secret wish, that it might become our tomb; and that the heart, still so alive to anguish, might there be quieted by death. At this moment ten thousand complicated sentiments press for utterance, weigh on my heart, and obscure my sight.

Are we ever to meet again? and will you endeavour to render that meeting happier than the last? Will you endeavour to restrain your caprices, in order to give vigour to affection, and to give play to the checked sentiments that nature intended should expand your heart? I cannot indeed, without agony, think of your bosom's being continually

nually contaminated; and bitter are the tears which exhaust my eyes, when I recollect why my child and I are forced to stray from the asylum, in which, after so many storms, I had hoped to rest, smiling at angry fate.—These are not common sorrows; nor can you perhaps conceive, how much active fortitude it requires to labour perpetually to blunt the shafts of disappointment.

Examine now yourself, and ascertain whether you can live in something-like a settled stile. Let our confidence in future be unbounded; consider whether you find it necessary to sacrifice me to what you term “the zest of life;” and, when you have once a clear view of your own motives, of your own incentive to action, do not deceive me!

The train of thoughts which the

K 2

writing

writing of this epistle awoke, makes me so wretched, that I must take a walk, to rouse and calm my mind. But first, let me tell you, that, if you really wish to promote my happiness, you will endeavour to give me as much as you can of yourself. You have great mental energy; and your judgment seems to me so just, that it is only the dupe of your inclination in discussing one subject.

The post does not go out to-day. To-morrow I may write more tranquilly. I cannot yet say when the vessel will sail in which I have determined to depart.

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Saturday Morning.

Your second letter reached me about an hour ago. You were certainly wrong

wrong, in supposing that I did not mention you with respect; though, without my being conscious of it, some sparks of resentment may have animated the gloom of despair—Yes; with less affection, I should have been more respectful. However the regard which I have for you, is so unequivocal to myself, I imagine that it must be sufficiently obvious to every body else. Besides, the only letter I intended for the public eye was to —, and that I destroyed from delicacy before you saw them, because it was only written (of course warmly in your praise) to prevent any odium being thrown on you\*.

I am harrassed by your embarrassments, and shall certainly use all my

\* This passage refers to letters written under a purpose of suicide, and not intended to be opened till after the catastrophe.

efforts, to make the business terminate to your satisfaction in which I am engaged.

My friend—my dearest friend—I feel my fate united to yours by the most sacred principles of my soul, and the yearns of—yes, I will say it—a true, unsophisticated heart.

Yours most truly

\* \* \* \*

If the wind be fair, the captain talks of sailing on Monday; but I am afraid I shall be detained some days longer. At any rate, continue to write, (I want this support) till you are sure I am where I cannot expect a letter; and, if any should arrive after my departure, a gentleman (not Mr. —'s friend, I promise you) from whom I have

have received great civilities, will fend them after me.

Do write by every occasion! I am anxious to hear how your affairs go on; and, still more, to be convinced that you are not separating yourself from us. For my little darling is calling papa, and adding her parrot word—Come, Come! And will you not come, and let us exert ourselves?—I shall recover all my energy, when I am convinced that my exertions will draw us more closely together. One more adieu!



## LETTER XLV.

Sunday, June 14.

I RATHER expected to hear from you to-day—I wish you would not fail to write to me for a little time, because I am not quite well—Whether I have any good sleep or not, I wake in the morning in violent fits of trembling—and, in spite of all my efforts, the child—every thing—fatigues me, in which I seek for solace or amusement.

Mr. —— forced on me a letter to a physician of this place; it was fortunate, for I should otherwise have had some difficulty to obtain the necessary information. His wife is a pretty woman (I can admire, you know, a pretty woman,



man, when I am alone) and he an intelligent and rather interesting man.— They have behaved to me with great hospitality; and poor ——— was never so happy in her life, as amongst their young brood.

They took me in their carriage to ———, and I ran over my favourite walks, with a vivacity that would have astonished you.—The town did not please me quite so well as formerly— It appeared so diminutive; and, when I found that many of the inhabitants had lived in the same houses ever since I left it, I could not help wondering how they could thus have vegetated, whilst I was running over a world of sorrow, snatching at pleasure, and throwing off prejudices. The place where I at present am, is much improved; but it is astonishing what strides

strides aristocracy and fanaticism have made, since I resided in this country.

The wind does not appear inclined to change, so I am still forced to linger.—When do you think that you shall be able to set out for France? I do not entirely like the aspect of your affairs, and still less your connections on either side of the water. Often do I sigh, when I think of your entanglements in business, and your extreme restlessness of mind.—Even now I am almost afraid to ask you, whether the pleasure of being free, does not overbalance the pain you felt at parting with me? Sometimes I indulge the hope that you will feel me necessary to you—or why should we meet again?—but, the moment after, despair damps my rising spirits, aggravated by the emotions

emotions of tenderness, which ought to soften the cares of life.—God blefs you!

Yours sincerely and affectionately

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L E T T E R XLVI.

June 15.

I WANT to know how you have settled with respect to ———. In short, be very particular in your account of all your affairs—let our confidence, my dear, be unbounded.—The last time we were separated, was a separation indeed on your part—Now you have acted more ingenuously,

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let

let the most affectionate interchange of sentiments fill up the aching void of disappointment. I almost dread that your plans will prove abortive—yet should the most unlucky turn send you home to us, convinced that a true friend is a treasure, I should not much mind having to struggle with the world again. Accuse me not of pride—yet sometimes, when nature has opened my heart to its author, I have wondered that you did not set a higher value on my heart.

Receive a kiss from ———, I was going to add, if you will not take one from me, and believe me yours

Sincerely

\* \* \* \*

The wind still continues in the same quarter.

LETTER

## LETTER XLVII.

Tuesday Morning.

THE captain has just sent to inform me, that I must be on board in the course of a few hours.—I wished to have stayed till to-morrow. It would have been a comfort to me to have received another letter from you.—Should one arrive, it will be sent after me.

My spirits are agitated, I scarcely know why.—The quitting England seems to be a fresh parting.—Surely you will not forget me.—A thousand weak forebodings assault my soul, and the state of my health renders me sensible to every thing. It is surprising that in London, in a continual conflict

fiect of mind, I was still growing better—whilst here, bowed down by the despotic hand of fate, forced into resignation by despair, I seem to be fading away—perishing beneath a cruel blight, that withers up all my faculties.

The child is perfectly well. My hand seems unwilling to add adieu! I know not why this inexpressible sadness has taken possession of me.—It is not a presentiment of ill. Yet, having been so perpetually the sport of disappointment,—having a heart that has been as it were a mark for misery, I dread to meet wretchedness in some new shape.—Well, let it come—I care not!—what have I to dread, who have so little to hope for! God bless you—I am most affectionately and sincerely yours

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LETTER



## LETTER XLVIII.

Wednesday Morning.

I WAS hurried on board yesterday about three o'clock, the wind having changed. But before evening it veered round to the old point; and here we are, in the midst of mists and water, only taking advantage of the tide to advance a few miles.

You will scarcely suppose that I left the town with reluctance—yet it was even so—for I wished to receive another letter from you, and I felt pain at parting, for ever perhaps, from the amiable family, who had treated me with so much hospitality and kindness. They will probably send me your letter, if it arrives

arrives this morning; for here we are likely to remain, I am afraid to think how long.

The vessel is very commodious, and the captain a civil, open-hearted kind of man. There being no other passengers, I have the cabin to myself, which is pleasant; and I have brought a few books with me to beguile weariness; but I seem inclined, rather to employ the dead moments of suspense in writing some effusions, than in reading.

What are you about? How are your affairs going on? It may be a long time before you answer these questions. My dear friend, my heart sinks within me!—Why am I forced thus to struggle continually with my affections and feelings?—Ah! why are those affections and feelings the source

2

of

of so much misery, when they seem to have been given to vivify my heart, and extend my usefulness! But I must not dwell on this subject.—Will you not endeavour to cherish all the affection you can for me? What am I saying?—Rather forget me, if you can—if other gratifications are dearer to you.—How is every remembrance of mine embittered by disappointment? What a world is this!—They only seem happy, who never look beyond sensual or artificial enjoyments.—Adieu!

—— begins to play with the cabin-boy, and is as gay as a lark.—I will labour to be tranquil; and am in every mood,

Yours sincerely

\* \* \* \*

## LETTER XLIX.

Thursday.

HERE I am still—and I have just received your letter of Monday by the pilot, who promised to bring it to me, if we were detained, as he expected, by the wind.—It is indeed wearisome to be thus tossed about without going forward.—I have a violent headache—yet I am obliged to take care of the child, who is a little tormented by her teeth, because ——— is unable to do any thing, she is rendered so sick by the motion of the ship, as we ride at anchor.

These are however trifling inconveniences, compared with anguish of mind—compared with the sinking of a  
broken

broken heart.—To tell you the truth, I never suffered in my life so much from depression of spirits—from despair.—I do not sleep—or, if I close my eyes, it is to have the most terrifying dreams, in which I often meet you with different casts of countenance..

I will not, my dear ———, torment you by dwelling on my sufferings—and will use all my efforts to calm my mind, instead of deadening it—at present it is most painfully active. I find I am not equal to these continual struggles—yet your letter this morning has afforded me some comfort—and I will try to revive hope. One thing let me tell you—when we meet again—surely we are to meet!—it must be to part no more. I mean not to have seas between us—it is more than I can support.

L. 2.

The

The pilot is hurrying me—God blefs you.

In spite of the commodiousness of the vessel, every thing here would disgust my senses, had I nothing else to think of—"When the mind's free, the body's delicate;"—mine has been too much hurt to regard trifles.

Yours most truly

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## LETTER L.

Saturday.

THIS is the fifth dreary day I have been imprisoned by the wind, with every outward object to disgust the senses, and unable to banish the remembrances that sadden my heart.

How



How am I altered by disappointment!—When going to —, ten years ago, the elasticity of my mind was sufficient to ward off weariness—and the imagination still could dip her brush in the rainbow of fancy, and sketch futurity in smiling colours. Now I am going towards the North in search of sunbeams!—Will any ever warm this desolated heart? All nature seems to frown—or rather mourn with me.—Every thing is cold—cold as my expectations! Before I left the shore, tormented, as I now am, by these North-east *chillers*, I could not help exclaiming—Give me, gracious Heaven! at least, genial weather, if I am never to meet the genial affection that still warms this agitated bosom—compelling life to linger there.

I am now going on shore with the  
L 3 captain,

captain, though the weather be rough, to seek for milk, &c. at a little village, and to take a walk—after which I hope to sleep—for, confined here, surrounded by disagreeable smells, I have lost the little appetite I had; and I lie awake, till thinking almost drives me to the brink of madness—only to the brink, for I never forget, even in the feverish slumbers I sometimes fall into, the misery I am labouring to blunt the sense of, by every exertion in my power.

Poor ——— still continues sick, and ——— grows weary when the weather will not allow her to remain on deck.

I hope this will be the last letter I shall write from England to you—are you not tired of this lingering adieu?

Yours truly

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LETTER

## LETTER LI.

Sunday Morning.

THE captain last night, after I had written my letter to you intended to be left at a little village, offered to go to —— to pass to-day. We had a troublesome sail—and now I must hurry on board again, for the wind has changed.

I half expected to find a letter from you here. Had you written one haphazard, it would have been kind and considerate—you might have known, had you thought, that the wind would not permit me to depart. These are attentions, more grateful to the heart

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than

than offers of service—But why do I foolishly continue to look for them?

Adieu! adieu! My friend—your friendship is very cold—you see I am hurt.—God blefs you! I may perhaps be, some time or other, independent in every sense of the word—Ah! there is but one sense of it of consequence. I will break or bend this weak heart—yet even now it is full.

Yours sincerely

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The child is well; I did not leave her on board.

LETTER

## LETTER LII.

June 27, Saturday.

I ARRIVED in ——— this afternoon, after vainly attempting to land at ———. I have now but a moment, before the post goes out, to inform you we have got here; though not without considerable difficulty, for we were set ashore in a boat above twenty miles below.

What I suffered in the vessel I will not now descant upon—nor mention the pleasure I received from the sight of the rocky coast.—This morning however, walking to join the carriage that was to transport us to this place,

I fell

I fell, without any previous warning, senseless on the rocks—and how I escaped with life I can scarcely guess. I was in a stupour for a quarter of an hour; the suffusion of blood at last restored me to my senses—the contusion is great, and my brain confused. The child is well.

Twenty miles ride in the rain, after my accident, has sufficiently deranged me—and here I could not get a fire to warm me, or any thing warm to eat; the inns are mere stables—I must nevertheless go to bed. For God's sake, let me hear from you immediately, my friend! I am not well, and yet you see I cannot die.

Yours sincerely

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LETTER



## LETTER LIII.

June 29.

I WROTE to you by the last post, to inform you of my arrival ; and I believe I alluded to the extreme fatigue I endured on ship-board, owing to ——'s illness, and the roughness of the weather—I likewise mentioned to you my fall, the effects of which I still feel, though I do not think it will have any serious consequences.

—— will go with me, if I find it necessary to go to —— . The inns there are so bad, I was forced to accept of an apartment in his house. I am overwhelmed with civilities on all sides,  
and

and fatigued with the endeavours to amuse me, from which I cannot escape.

My friend—my friend, I am not well—a deadly weight of sorrow lies heavily on my heart. I am again tossed on the troubled billows of life; and obliged to cope with difficulties, without being buoyed up by the hopes that alone render them bearable. “How flat, dull, and unprofitable,” appears to me all the bustle into which I see people here so eagerly enter! I long every night to go to bed, to hide my melancholy face in my pillow; but there is a canker-worm in my bosom that never sleeps.

\* \* \* \*

LETTER

## LETTER LIV.

July 1.

I LABOUR in vain to calm my mind—my soul has been overwhelmed by sorrow and disappointment. Every thing fatigues me—this is a life that cannot last long. It is you who must determine with respect to futurity—and, when you have, I will act accordingly.—I mean, we must either resolve to live together, or part for ever, I cannot bear these continual struggles—But I wish you to examine carefully your own heart and mind; and, if you perceive the least chance of being happier without me than with me, or if your inclination

nation leans capriciously to that side, do not dissemble; but tell me frankly that you will never see me more. I will then adopt the plan I mentioned to you—for we must either live together, or I will be entirely independent.

My heart is so oppressed, I cannot write with precision—You know however that what I so imperfectly express, are not the crude sentiments of the moment—You can only contribute to my comfort (it is the consolation I am in need of) by being with me—and, if the tenderest friendship is of any value, why will you not look to me for a degree of satisfaction that heartless affections cannot bestow?

Tell me then, will you determine to meet me at Basle?—I shall, I should imagine, be at ——— before the close of August; and, after you settle your affairs

affairs at Paris, could we not meet there?

God bless you!

Yours truly

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Poor ——— has suffered during the journey with her teeth.

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L E T T E R   L V.

July 3.

THERE was a gloominess diffused through your last letter, the impression of which still rests on my mind—though, recollecting how quickly you throw off the forcible feelings of the moment; I

flatter

flatter myself it has long since given place to your usual cheerfulness.

Believe me (and my eyes fill with tears of tenderness as I assure you) there is nothing I would not endure in the way of privation, rather than disturb your tranquillity.—If I am fated to be unhappy, I will labour to hide my sorrows in my own bosom; and you shall always find me a faithful, affectionate friend.

I grow more and more attached to my little girl—and I cherish this affection without fear, because it must be a long time before it can become bitterness of soul.—She is an interesting creature.—On ship-board, how often as I gazed at the sea, have I longed to bury my troubled bosom in the less troubled deep; asserting with Brutus, “that the virtue I had followed too far,



far, was merely an empty name!" and nothing but the sight of her—her playful smiles, which seemed to cling and twine round my heart—could have stopped me.

What peculiar misery has fallen to my share! To act up to my principles, I have laid the strictest restraint on my very thoughts—yes; not to fully the delicacy of my feelings, I have reined in my imagination; and startled with affright from every sensation, (I allude to ——) that stealing with balmy sweetness into my soul, led me to scent from afar the fragrance of reviving nature.

My friend, I have dearly paid for one conviction.—Love, in some minds, is an affair of sentiment, arising from the same delicacy of perception (or taste) as renders them alive to the

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beauties

beauties of nature, poetry, &c, alive to the charms of those evanescent graces that are, as it were, impalpable—they must be felt, they cannot be described.

Love is a want of my heart. I have examined myself lately with more care than formerly, and find, that to deaden is not to calm the mind—Aiming at tranquillity, I have almost destroyed all the energy of my soul—almost rooted out what renders it estimable—Yes, I have damped that enthusiasm of character, which converts the grossest materials into a fuel, that imperceptibly feeds hopes, which aspire above common enjoyment. Despair, since the birth of my child, has rendered me stupid—soul and body seemed to be fading away before the withering touch of disappointment.

I am

I am now endeavouring to recover myself—and such is the elasticity of my constitution, and the purity of the atmosphere here, that health unsought for, begins to reanimate my countenance.

I have the sincerest esteem and affection for you—but the desire of regaining peace, (do you understand me?) has made me forget the respect due to my own emotions—sacred emotions, that are the sure harbingers of the delights I was formed to enjoy—and shall enjoy, for nothing can extinguish the heavenly spark.

Still, when we meet again, I will not torment you, I promise you. I blush when I recollect my former conduct—and will not in future confound myself with the beings whom I feel to

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be

be my inferiors.—I will listen to delicacy, or pride.

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LETTER LVI.

July 4.

I HOPE to hear from you by to-morrow's mail. My dearest friend! I cannot tear my affections from you—and, though every remembrance stings me to the soul, I think of you, till I make allowance for the very defects of character, that have given such a cruel stab to my peace.

Still however I am more alive, than you have seen me for a long, long time.

I have

I have a degree of vivacity, even in my grief, which is preferable to the benumbing stupour that, for the last year, has frozen up all my faculties.—Perhaps this change is more owing to returning health, than to the vigour of my reason—for, in spite of sadness (and surely I have had my share), the purity of this air, and the being continually out in it, for I sleep in the country every night, has made an alteration in my appearance that really surprises me.—The rosy fingers of health already streak my cheeks—and I have seen a *physical* life in my eyes, after I have been climbing the rocks, that resembled the fond, credulous hopes of youth.

With what a cruel sigh have I recollected that I had forgotten to hope!—Reason, or rather experience, does not thus cruelly damp poor ——'s pleasures;

fures; she plays all day in the garden with ——'s children, and makes friends for herself.

Do not tell me, that you are happier without us—Will you not come to us in Switzerland? Ah, why do not you love us with more sentiment?—why are you a creature of such sympathy, that the warmth of your feelings, or rather quickness of your senses, hardens your heart? It is my misfortune, that my imagination is perpetually shading your defects, and lending you charms, whilst the grossness of your senses makes you (call me not vain) overlook graces in me, that only dignity of mind, and the sensibility of an expanded heart can give.—God bless you! Adieu.

LETTER



## LETTER LVII.

July 7.

I COULD not help feeling extremely mortified last post, at not receiving a letter from you. My being at ——— was but a chance, and you might have hazarded it; and would a year ago.

I shall not however complain— There are misfortunes so great, as to silence the usual expressions of sorrow— Believe me, there is such a thing as a broken heart! There are characters whose very energy preys upon them; and who, ever inclined to cherish by reflection some passion, cannot rest satisfied with the common comforts of

life. I have endeavoured to fly from myself, and launched into all the dissipation possible here, only to feel keener anguish, when alone with my child.

Still, could any thing please me—had not disappointment cut me off from life, this romantic country, these fine evenings, would interest me.—My God! can any thing? and am I ever to feel alive only to painful sensations?—But it cannot—it shall not last long.

The post is again arrived; I have sent to seek for letters, only to be wounded to the soul by a negative.—My brain seems on fire. I must go into the air.

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LETTER

## LETTER LVIII.

July 14.

I AM now on my journey to ———. I felt more at leaving my child, than I thought I should—and, whilst at night I imagined every instant that I heard the half-formed sounds of her voice,—I asked myself how I could think of parting with her for ever, of leaving her thus helpless?

Poor lamb! It may run very well in a tale, that “God will temper the winds to the shorn lamb!” but how can I expect that she will be shielded, when my naked bosom has had to brave continually the pitiless storm?

Yes;

Yes; I could add, with poor Lear—  
What is the war of elements to the  
pangs of disappointed affection, and  
the horror arising from a discovery of  
a breach of confidence, that snaps every  
social tie!

All is not right somewhere!—When  
you first knew me, I was not thus lost.  
I could still confide—for I opened my  
heart to you—of this only comfort you  
have deprived me, whilst my happi-  
ness, you tell me, was your first object.  
Strange want of judgment!

I will not complain; but, from the  
soundness of your understanding, I am  
convinced, if you give yourself leave to  
reflect, you will also feel, that your  
conduct to me, so far from being gene-  
rous, has not been just.—I mean not  
to allude to factitious principles of  
morality; but to the simple basis of all  
rectitude.

rectitude.—However I did not intend to argue—Your not writing is cruel—and my reason is perhaps disturbed by constant wretchedness.

Poor ——— would fain have accompanied me, out of tenderness; for my fainting, or rather convulsion, when I landed, and my sudden changes of countenance since, have alarmed her so much, that she is perpetually afraid of some accident—But it would have injured the child this warm season, as she is cutting her teeth.

I hear not of your having written to me at ———. Very well! Act as you please—there is nothing I fear or care for! When I see whether I can, or cannot obtain the money I am come here about, I will not trouble you with letters to which you do not reply.

LETTER

## LETTER LIX.

July 18.

I AM here in ———, separated  
 from my child—and here I must remain  
 a month at least, or I might as well  
 never have come. — — —

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 I have begun ———— which will,  
 I hope, discharge all my obligations  
 of a pecuniary kind.—I am lowered in  
 my own eyes, on account of my not  
 having done it sooner.

I shall make no further comments on  
 your silence. God bless you!

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LETTER.



## LETTER LX.

July 30.

I HAVE just received two of your letters, dated the 26th and 30th of June; and you must have received several from me, informing you of my detention, and how much I was hurt by your silence.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —

Write to me then, my friend, and write explicitly. I have suffered, God knows, since I left you. Ah! you have never felt this kind of sickness of heart! — My mind however is at present painfully active, and the sympathy I  
 2 feel

feel almost rises to agony. But this is not a subject of complaint, it has afforded me pleasure,—and reflected pleasure is all I have to hope for—if a spark of hope be yet alive in my forlorn bosom.

I will try to write with a degree of composure. I wish for us to live together, because I want you to acquire an habitual tenderness for my poor girl. I cannot bear to think of leaving her alone in the world, or that she should only be protected by your sense of duty. Next to preserving her, my most earnest wish is not to disturb your peace. I have nothing to expect, and little to fear, in life—There are wounds that can never be healed—but they may be allowed to fester in silence without wincing.

When we meet again, you shall be convinced

convinced that I have more resolution than you give me credit for. I will not torment you. If I am destined always to be disappointed and unhappy, I will conceal the anguish I cannot dissipate; and the tightened cord of life or reason will at last snap, and set me free.

Yes; I shall be happy—This heart is worthy of the bliss its feelings anticipate—and I cannot even persuade myself, wretched as they have made me, that my principles and sentiments are not founded in nature and truth. But to have done with these subjects.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 — — — — —

I have been seriously employed in this way since I came to —; yet I never was so much in the air.—I walk, I ride on horseback—row, bathe, and even sleep

sleep in the fields; my health is consequently improved. The child, ——— informs me, is well. I long to be with her.

Write to me immediately—were I only to think of myself, I could wish you to return to me, poor, with the simplicity of character, part of which you seem lately to have lost, that first attached to you.

Yours most affectionately

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I have been subscribing other letters—so I mechanically did the same to yours.

LETTER

## LETTER LXI.

August 5.

EMPLOYMENT and exercise have been of great service to me ; and I have entirely recovered the strength and activity I lost during the time of my nursing. I have seldom been in better health ; and my mind, though trembling to the touch of anguish, is calmer—yet still the same.—I have, it is true, enjoyed some tranquillity, and more happiness here, than for a long—long time past.—(I say happiness, for I can give no other appellation to the exquisite delight this wild country and fine summer have afforded me.)—Still, on examining my heart, I find that it is so

Vol. III.                      N                      constituted,

constituted, I cannot live without some particular affection—I am afraid not without a passion—and I feel the want of it more in society, than in solitude—

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

Writing to you, whenever an affectionate epithet occurs—my eyes fill with tears, and my trembling hand stops—you may then depend on my resolution, when with you. If I am doomed to be unhappy, I will confine my anguish in my own bosom—tenderness, rather than passion, has made me sometimes overlook delicacy—the same tenderness will in future restrain me. God blefs you!

LETTER



## LETTER LXII.

August 7.

AIR, exercise, and bathing, have restored me to health, braced my muscles, and covered my ribs, even whilst I have recovered my former activity.—I cannot tell you that my mind is calm, though I have snatched some moments of exquisite delight, wandering through the woods, and resting on the rocks.

This state of suspense, my friend, is intolerable; we must determine on something—and soon;—we must meet shortly, or part for ever. I am sensible that I acted foolishly—but I was wretched—when we were together—Expecting too much, I let the pleasure

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I might

I might have caught, slip from me. I cannot live with you—I ought not—if you form another attachment. But I promise you, mine shall not be intruded on you. Little reason have I to expect a shadow of happiness, after the cruel disappointments that have rent my heart; but that of my child seems to depend on our being together. Still I do not wish you to sacrifice a chance of enjoyment for an uncertain good. I feel a conviction, that I can provide for her, and it shall be my object—if we are indeed to part to meet no more. Her affection must not be divided. She must be a comfort to me—if I am to have no other—and only know me as her support. I feel that I cannot endure the anguish of corresponding with you—if we are only to correspond.—No; if you seek for happiness

ness elfewhere, my letters shall not interrupt your repose. I will be dead to you. I cannot exprefs to you what pain it gives me to write about an eternal feparation.—You muft determine—examine yourfelf—But, for God's fake! fpare me the anxiety of uncertainty!—I may fink under the trial; but I will not complain.

Adieu! If I had any thing more to fay to you, it is all flown, and abforbed by the moft tormenting apprehenfions; yet I fcarcely know what new form of mifery I have to dread.

I ought to beg your pardon for having fometimes written peevifhly; but you will impute it to affection, if you underftand any thing of the heart of

Yours truly

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LETTER

## LETTER LXIII.

August 9.

FIVE of your letters have been sent after me from —. One, dated the 14th of July, was written in a style which I may have merited, but did not expect from you. However this is not a time to reply to it, except to assure you that you shall not be tormented with any more complaints. I am disgusted with myself for having so long importuned you with my affection.—

My child is very well. We shall soon meet, to part no more, I hope—I mean, I and my girl.—I shall wait with some degree

degree of anxiety till I am informed  
how your affairs terminate.

Yours sincerely

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L E T T E R   L X I V .

August 26.

I ARRIVED here last night, and with  
the most exquisite delight, once more  
pressed my babe to my heart. We  
shall part no more. You perhaps can-  
not conceive the pleasure it gave me, to  
see her run about, and play alone. Her  
increasing intelligence attaches me more  
and more to her. I have promised her that  
I will fulfil my duty to her; and nothing

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in future shall make me forget it. I will also exert myself to obtain an independence for her; but I will not be too anxious on this head.

I have already told you, that I have recovered my health. Vigour, and even vivacity of mind, have returned with a renovated constitution. As for peace, we will not talk of it. I was not made, perhaps, to enjoy the calm contentment so termed.—

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

You tell me that my letters torture you; I will not describe the effect yours have on me. I received three this morning, the last dated the 7th of this month. I mean not to give vent to the emotions they produced.—

Certainly



Certainly you are right ; our minds are not congenial. I have lived in an ideal world, and fostered sentiments that you do not comprehend—or you would not treat me thus. I am not, I will not be, merely an object of compassion—a clog, however light, to teize you. Forget that I exist : I will never remind you. Something emphatical whispers me to put an end to these struggles. Be free—I will not torment, when I cannot please. I can take care of my child ; you need not continually tell me that our fortune is inseparable, *that you will try to cherish tenderness* for me. Do no violence to yourself ! When we are separated, our interest, since you give so much weight to pecuniary considerations, will be entirely divided. I want not protection without affection ; and support I need not, whilst my faculties  
are

are undisturbed. I had a dislike to living in England; but painful feelings must give way to superior considerations. I may not be able to acquire the sum necessary to maintain my child and self elsewhere. It is too late to go to Switzerland. I shall not remain at —, living expensively. But be not alarmed! I shall not force myself on you any more.

Adieu! I am agitated—my whole frame is convulsed—my lips tremble, as if shook by cold, though fire seems to be circulating in my veins.

God bless you.

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LETTER

## LETTER LXV.

September 6.

I RECEIVED just now your letter of the 20th. I had written you a letter last night, into which imperceptibly slipped some of my bitterness of soul. I will copy the part relative to business. I am not sufficiently vain to imagine that I can, for more than a moment, cloud your enjoyment of life—to prevent even that, you had better never hear from me—and repose on the idea that I am happy.

Gracious God! It is impossible for me to stifle something like resentment, when I receive fresh proofs of your indifference.

difference. What I have suffered this last year, is not to be forgotten! I have not that happy substitute for wisdom, insensibility—and the lively sympathies which bind me to my fellow-creatures, are all of a painful kind.—They are the agonies of a broken heart—pleasure and I have shaken hands.

I see here nothing but heaps of ruins, and only converse with people immersed in trade and sensuality.

I am weary of travelling—yet seem to have no home—no resting place to look to.—I am strangely cast off.—How often, passing through the rocks, I have thought, “But for this child, I would lay my head on one of them, and never open my eyes again!” With a heart feelingly alive to all the affections of my nature—I have never met with one, softer than the stone that I would fain  
3 take

take for my last pillow. I once thought I had, but it was all a delusion. I meet with families continually, who are bound together by affection or principle—and, when I am conscious that I have fulfilled the duties of my station, almost to a forgetfulness of myself, I am ready to demand, in a murmuring tone, of Heaven, “Why am I thus abandoned?”

You say now                   —                   —                   —  
 —                   —                   —                   —                   —  
 —                   —                   —                   —                   —

I do not understand you. It is necessary for you to write more explicitly—and determine on some mode of conduct.—I cannot endure this suspense—Decide—Do you fear to strike another blow? We live together, or eternally part!—I shall not write to you again, till I receive an answer to this. I must  
 compose

compose my tortured soul, before I  
write on indifferent subjects. — —

— — — — —  
— — — — —

I do not know whether I write intelligibly, for my head is disturbed.—But this you ought to pardon—for it is with difficulty frequently that I make out what you mean to say—You write, I suppose, at Mr. —'s after dinner, when your head is not the clearest—and as for your heart, if you have one, I see nothing like the dictates of affection, unless a glimpse when you mention the child.—  
Adieu!

LETTER



## LETTER LXVI.

September 25.

I HAVE just finished a letter, to be given in charge to captain ———. In that I complained of your silence, and expressed my surprise that three mails should have arrived without bringing a line for me. Since I closed it, I hear of another, and still no letter.—I am labouring to write calmly—this silence is a refinement on cruelty. Had captain ——— remained a few days longer, I would have returned with him to England. What have I to do here? I have repeatedly  
I / written

written to you fully. Do you do the same—and quickly. Do not leave me in suspense: I have not deserved this of you. I cannot write, my mind is so distressed. Adieu!

\* \* \* \*

END VOL. III.

