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NEW SHELLEY LETTERS



Portrait of Antonio Leisman

*In his memoirs of Shelley, T. L. Peacock writes: These [Shelley's] portraits do not impress themselves on me as likenesses. . . . There is a portrait in the Florentine Gallery which represents him to me much more truthfully. It is that of Antonio Leisman, No. 155 of the *Ritratti de' Pittori*, in the Paris republication.*

NEW SHELLEY LETTERS

edited by
W. S. SCOTT

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First published in three volumes

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SHELLEY AT OXFORD
by**

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INTRODUCTION

IN SHELLEY'S poetical 'Letter to Maria Gisborne' occur the following lines:

You will see HUNT—one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the earth . . .
You will see HOGG,—and I cannot express
His virtues,—though I know that they are great,
Because he locks, then barricades the gate
Within which they inhabit;—of his wit
And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.
He is a pearl within an oyster shell,
One of the richest of the deep;—and there
Is English PEACOCK with his mountain fair
Turned into a Flamingo;—that shy bird
That gleams i' the Indian air. . . .

These letters consist for the most part of correspondence between the Hogg of the above lines, their author, and the other two referred to therein, as well as a considerable number written to Hogg by Shelley's second wife, Mary Woolstonecraft Godwin, over a period of many years, both before and after her marriage with the poet.

These letters have hitherto been available only in my books 'The Athenians', 'Harriet and Mary' and 'Shelley at Oxford', which were published in small limited editions, and it is my hope that the publication of the letters in one volume may make them more widely known. I have omitted all explanatory notes except those in this Introduction, so that the letters may speak for themselves.

Letter 4 is here printed for the first time from the original

INTRODUCTION

in the Bodleian Library. I offer my grateful thanks to the authorities of the Bodleian for permitting me to include it.

The orthography of the writers has been left unchanged. I have only made alterations in the punctuation where it seemed necessary to clarify the meaning. Certain abbreviated words have been printed in full.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg was one of the band of literati who flourished in the early years of the nineteenth century, among whom were numbered Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Byron and Thomas Love Peacock.

Hogg was the eldest son of John Hogg of Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn and a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Durham, a barrister who rarely practised and was in fact a simple country gentleman. He was born on 24th May, 1792, at a time when the country was shaken by the repercussions of the Revolution in France, whose spirit seemed to animate his soul in his early years.

His chief claim to fame rests upon his biography of his friend Percy Bysshe Shelley, a work which, though nowadays recognized as an exceptionally able and brilliant piece of writing, was so disliked and frowned upon by its subject's son and daughter-in-law (to the latter of whom Hogg had dedicated it) that they removed from his care the papers with which they had entrusted him, and the biography remains to this day unfinished, a monument to the filial piety—and the stupidity—of Shelley's family.

Hogg was educated at Durham High School, during the headmastership of the Rev. Dr. Britton, and eventually became Captain of the School.

In February, 1810, he entered University College, Oxford,

INTRODUCTION

two months before Shelley, with whom his name was thereafter inseparably to be connected.

Their first meeting took place at dinner in Hall, where, says Hogg, he happened one day to sit next to a freshman at dinner: it was his first appearance in hall. . . . He seemed thoughtful and absent. He ate little, and had no acquaintance with any one. I know not how it was that we fell into conversation. . . . I invited him to return to tea; he gladly assented.'

This acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship: they shared their work, their walks and their pleasures; and together they were involved in what must then at least have seemed to them the greatest mishap that could befall an undergraduate.

On 9th February, 1811, just a year after Hogg's becoming a member of the College, announcement was made of a tract called *The Necessity of Atheism*, a tract which was quickly circulated among certain of the dons and heads of houses.

Though the tract was anonymous, Shelley and Hogg at once fell under suspicion as its authors, and on 24th March the authorities sent for the former, asking him peremptorily whether he had written it. Shelley took exception to the rude and angry manner in which the question was put, and quietly informed them that he refused to answer. To give Shelley's account, 'The Master . . . immediately repeated his demand. I persisted in my refusal; and he said furiously, "Then you are expelled, and I desire you will quit the college early to-morrow morning at the latest." ' (Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, I, 280.)

The sequel I quote from Dowden. 'Hogg instantly addressed a note to the Master and Fellows, who still sat deliberating. He regretted the treatment which Shelley had

INTRODUCTION

received at their hands, and expressed a hope that they would reconsider their sentence, since by a like procedure he or any other person might be subjected to the same imputation of guilt and the same penalty. A porter, after a brief delay, summoned him to the common room. The same questions were addressed to him which had been put to Shelley, and were met by the same refusal to answer them. He was ordered to retire, was hastily recalled, and, persisting in his refusal, received a formal sentence of expulsion, duly signed and sealed/ (Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, I, 120, 121.)¹

After this debacle, Hogg, who intended to read for the bar, arranged to enter a conveyancer's office in York, while Shelley remained in London.

In January, 1811, while still an undergraduate, Shelley had made the acquaintance of Harriet Westbrook, a fascinating and pretty sixteen-year-old schoolfellow of his sisters' at Mrs. Fenning's Academy for Young Ladies on Clapham Common, then a fashionable suburban retreat.

Harriet's elder sister, Eliza, who was her senior by more than fourteen years and had acted as a mother towards her ever since the death of their own mother, was a match-maker. She interested herself in the idea of arranging a match between her sister, the beauty of the family, and the young heir not only to a baronetcy but also to a very considerable fortune. The father of these girls was a retired tavern-keeper, nicknamed 'Jew' Westbrook, who had made a great deal of money, and was thus enabled to bring up his daughters in some style. Eliza felt herself justified in seeking for her young sister a husband of a better social position than that to which she would naturally have aspired.

¹ Letters 4, 5 and 11 are concerned with the expulsion.

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As a result of his youthful views as to the wickedness of harsh parental control, Shelley quickly became the tool of the match-making Eliza, and Harriet herself put the final touches upon it by emphasizing the cruelty of her father in insisting upon her returning to the school at Clapham, where, she said, she was unkindly treated by a number of her school-fellows.

In a letter to Hogg, Shelley described the situation, ' I shall certainly come to York, but Harriet Westbrook will decide whether now or in three weeks. Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way, by endeavouring to compel her to go to school. . . . She wrote to say that resistance was useless, but that she would fly with me, and threw herself upon my protection. . . . We shall see you at York.'

In the same letter Shelley refers to Hogg's ^c arguments for matrimonialism', by which, he says, he is now almost convinced. Hogg had made him see how grossly unfair to Harriet it would be if he carried out his first proposal of eloping with her, and not marrying her.

To this urgently expressed view Shelley gave in, and on their arrival in Edinburgh he and Harriet were married according to the rites of the Church of Scotland, although without fulfilling the necessary qualification of fifteen days' residence in the country.

They made only one stop on the way, at York, where Shelley hoped to see Hogg. They did not meet, but Shelley left a note for him, asking him to lend them enough money to live upon until his allowance became due.

Upon the receipt of this note, Hogg, who was just about to leave York for a holiday and had not seen his friend for some time, followed them to Edinburgh. After his return to

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York, they in turn followed him, and took rooms in the house where he lodged.

Shortly after their arrival at York, Shelley found it necessary to go to Sussex to put his financial affairs in order, leaving Harriet in the care of his friend. During Shelley's absence something occurred between Hogg and Harriet; exactly what it was, whether flirtation or something rather more, has been a matter of contention for all Shelley's biographers; the letters may help towards a decision.¹

At all events, Eliza came to York, probably at Harriet's wish, for she was devoted to her elder sister. Eliza came; and with her coming the serpent entered Paradise. Immediately on Shelley's return, Harriet poured out to him a long story of Hogg's villainy, and the couple dashed off post-haste to Keswick, from which place Shelley wrote a number of angry letters to his friend.²

By the early summer of 1813, however, all was forgotten, or at any rate forgiven.³ The following year, when Hogg was at home at Norton, he received a letter from Shelley, in which he deplored his 'rash and heartless union with Harriet', and explained with vast emotion that he had found a new treasure in Mary Godwin, the daughter of the philosopher and the pioneer of women's rights, Mary Woolstonecraft.⁴

Within three months Shelley and Mary Godwin were living together in London, and were financed largely by Hogg. A number of Mary's letters to Hogg, written about this time, are of a remarkable character, and at first sight

1 *For a discussion of the probable happenings, see 'Harriet and Mary' (Golden Cockerel Tress, 1944), chap. IV, pp. 66-78.*

2 *Letters 20-27.*

3 *Letters 29 and 30 will serve to show the terms upon which Shelley and Harriet were with Hogg at this time.*

4 *See letter 32.*

INTRODUCTION

seem to approximate to love-letters. It seems improbable that Mary's feelings for Hogg, at so early a date in her connexion with Shelley, can have been of such a kind. It is more likely that the tone of the letters was caused by jealousy of Claire Clairmont, her stepmother's daughter by her first husband. Claire was at this time making her home with Mary and Shelley.¹

The remaining letters in this collection are of a somewhat mixed type. Some were written to Hogg by Shelley during his absence in Italy, and a considerable number are letters between Hogg, Leigh Hunt, and T. L. Peacock.

I might perhaps add a word or two as to the provenance of these letters. When Hogg was engaged in preparing his *Life of Shelley* for the press (the first two volumes, the only ones ever to appear, were published in 1858) he was lent a considerable mass of letters and other material by Sir Percy and Lady Shelley. As is well known, these materials were withdrawn from him after the appearance of volumes I and II. Hogg, however, had in his possession a large number of letters which were his own property, and had been intended for use in the third and fourth volumes. Some of these are the letters which appear in this book.

After Hogg's death, this material passed to his daughter, Mrs. Lonsdale, and from her to her cousin, the late John Jefferson Hogg, who left it to his son, Captain Richard Jefferson Hogg, M. C., by whose kind permission I made use of it in my previous Shelley books.

It is believed that somewhere among the two large libraries of books and papers bequeathed by T. J. Hogg and

¹ See letters 34-45. For a discussion of the subject, see 'Harriet and Mary,' Chap. III, pp. 42-45.

INTRODUCTION

his brother John, the manuscript of the two missing volumes is to be found. It is known that they were almost completed at the time of Hogg's death, and that John was actually engaged in getting them ready for publication when he also died. Owing to the war, and the consequent distribution of various items to different places of safety, it has not yet been possible to make any real search for them, but it is my hope that in the course of the next year or so I may be able to discover them, and have an opportunity of putting into the hands of Shelley students a document that might shed a valuable light upon Shelley's life and character, and in particular upon the reasons why he decided to leave Harriet and throw in his lot with Mary Godwin.

In conclusion I would add here a note about Hogg with which I ended *The Athenians*, believing as I do that it sums up the character of this unduly maligned man with complete fairness.

Though reputed to be one of the finest classical scholars of his day and a very competent and even brilliant lawyer, Hogg never received due recognition of his worth. Promised by Lord Brougham the Chair of Civil Law at the newly founded University of London—a promise which Brougham failed to implement any more than many other of his promises—Hogg wasted more than a twelvemonth in the preparation of a course of lectures.

This having come to nothing, he hoped for a judgeship, which also he failed to obtain, and he had to content himself with an appointment as one of the Municipal Corporation Commissioners, and later as Revising Barrister for North-umberland, Berwick and the Northern Boroughs.

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He occupied most of his leisure for many years in literary work. He published several books, and also wrote many articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, until his disagreement with Jeffrey and Napier, after which his contributions ceased.

His domestic life was ideally happy; his beloved Jane, their daughter Prudentia (who through his teaching became a brilliant Greek and Latin scholar), and his step-children, Edward and Rosalind Williams, all contributed to a calm, peaceful and happy old age.

To sum him up: he was intensely shy, brilliantly clever, with, a biting wit and little patience with fools.

From turbulent youth to serene old age, his whole life proved him to be, in the best sense of the word, that which he of all men would most have wished to be, a true 'Athenian'.

W. S. S,

NEW SHELLEY LETTERS

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

F. P. Dec. 8 181 [sic]

My dear Friend

Before we doubt or believe the existence of any thing it is necessary that we should have a *tolerably* clear idea of what it is. The word 'God' has been, will continue to be the source of numberless errors until it is erased from the nomenclature of Philosophy. It does not imply 'The Soul of the Universe, the intelligent & necessarily beneficent actuating principle'. This I believe in, I may not be able to adduce proofs, but I think that the leaf of a tree, the meanest insect on which we trample, are in themselves arguments more conclusive than any which can be adduced that some vast intellect animates Infinity. If we disbelieve *this*, the strongest argument in support of the existence of a future state instantly becomes annihilated. I confess that I think Pope's 'all are but parts of one tremendous whole' something more than Poetry; it has ever been my favourite theory. For the imoral 'never to be able to die, never to escape from some shrine as chilling as the clay-formed dungeon which now it inhabits', is the future punishment which I believe in.

Love, love *infinite in extent*, eternal in duration, yet (allowing your theory in that point) perfectible, should be the reward; but can we suppose that this reward will arise spontaneously as a necessary appendage to our nature, or that our nature itself could be without a cause, a First Cause, a

God. When do we see effects arise without some causes, what causes are there without correspondent effects? Yet here I swear, and as I break my oath may Infinity, Eternity blast me, here I swear that never will I forgive Christianity! It is the only point on which I allow myself to encourage revenge; every moment shall be devoted to my object which I can spare, & let me hope that it will not be a blow which spends itself & leaves the wretch at rest, but lasting long revenge! I am convinced, too, that it is of great disservice to society, that it encourages prejudice which strikes at the root of the dearest, the tenderest of its ties. Oh, how I wish I *were* the Anti-Christ, that it were *mine* to crush the Demon, to hurl him to his native Hell, never to rise again. I expect to gratify some of this insatiable feeling in Poetry. You shall see, you shall hear; but it has injured me, she is no longer mine, she abhors me as a Deist, as what *she* was before. Oh! Christianity, when I pardon this last, this severest of thy persecutions, may God (if there be a God), blast me! Has vengeance in its armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful! Yet forgive me, I have done, & were it not for your great desire to know *why* I consider myself the victim of severer anguish, that I could have entered into this brief recital.

I am afraid there is selfishness in the passion of Love, for I cannot avoid feeling every instant as if my soul was bursting, but I *will* feel no more. It is selfish. I would feel for others, but for myself, oh! how much rather would I expire in the struggle. Yet that were relief. Is suicide wrong? I slept with a loaded pistol & some poison last night, but did not die. . . . I could not come on Monday, my sister would not part with me, but I must, I will, see you soon. My sister is now comparatively happy, she has felt deeply; had it not been for her, had it not been for a sense of what I owed to her, to you, I should have bid you a final farewell some time ago.

But can the dead feel; dawns any day beam on the night of dissolution?

Pray publish Leonora; demand 100L for it from Robinson; he will give it in the event. It is divine, is delightful, not that I like your heroine, but the poor Mary is a character worthy of Heaven, I adore it. Adieu, my dear friend.

Your sincere P B S

Wedgewood has written. I have read his letter, 'Tis too long to answer. I continue to dissipate Eliza's melancholy by keeping her as much as possible employed in Poetry. You shall see some tomorrow, I can't tell when I *can* come to Town. I wish it very much.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqr. Will's Coffee House
Terle [?] Street Lincolns Inn Fields London

Postmarked HORSHAM 4 JA 1811, and marked with the postal charge, 1s.

2

From P. B, Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Field Place, Jan. 11, 1811.

My dear Friend,

I will not now consider yr. argument, which arrived this morning; I wait until tomorrow. It coincides exactly with Elizabeth's sentiments on the subject, to whom I have read it: indeed it has converted her, although from my having a great deal to do to-day, I cannot listen to so full an exposition of her sentiments on the subject, as I would wish to send you. I shall write to you to-morrow on this matter; and if you clear up some doubts, which yet remain, dissipate some hopes relative to the perfectibility of man generally

considered, as well as individually, I will willingly submit to the system, which at present I cannot but strongly reprobate.

How can I find words to express my thanks for such generous conduct with regard to my sister with susceptibilities, such as our own, yet to promise what I ought not to have required, what nothing but a dear Sister's peace could have induced me to demand—Pardon me; believe that the first wish of my heart is that against wch. I seem to be acting in opposition. When yr. letter came and my sister instantly returned it, what argument did I leave unused to induce her to recall the servant who took it. She was deaf to every solicitation. 'Reason, virtue, justice forbade it. As yet she was uninfluenced by passion, as yet she wd. follow the dictates of that Reason which was unimpaired by awakened susceptibilities; he wd. be disappointed in me, most *bitterly* so. I will not read it/ I, even J, a brother, did not see the force of her Reasoning. I submitted, submitted to what I knew must inflict a most cruel pang. Religion! this is thy remote influence. What can I say on the subject of yr. letter to Eliza. Is it not dictated by the most generous of human motives, & yet I have not shewn it to her. Need I explain the reason?—It is the only thing on which I will make the least cloud of mystery.

The rest of the above letter is printed accurately in Hogg's 'Life of Shelley.'

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Field Place Jan. 12. 1811.

My dear Friend,

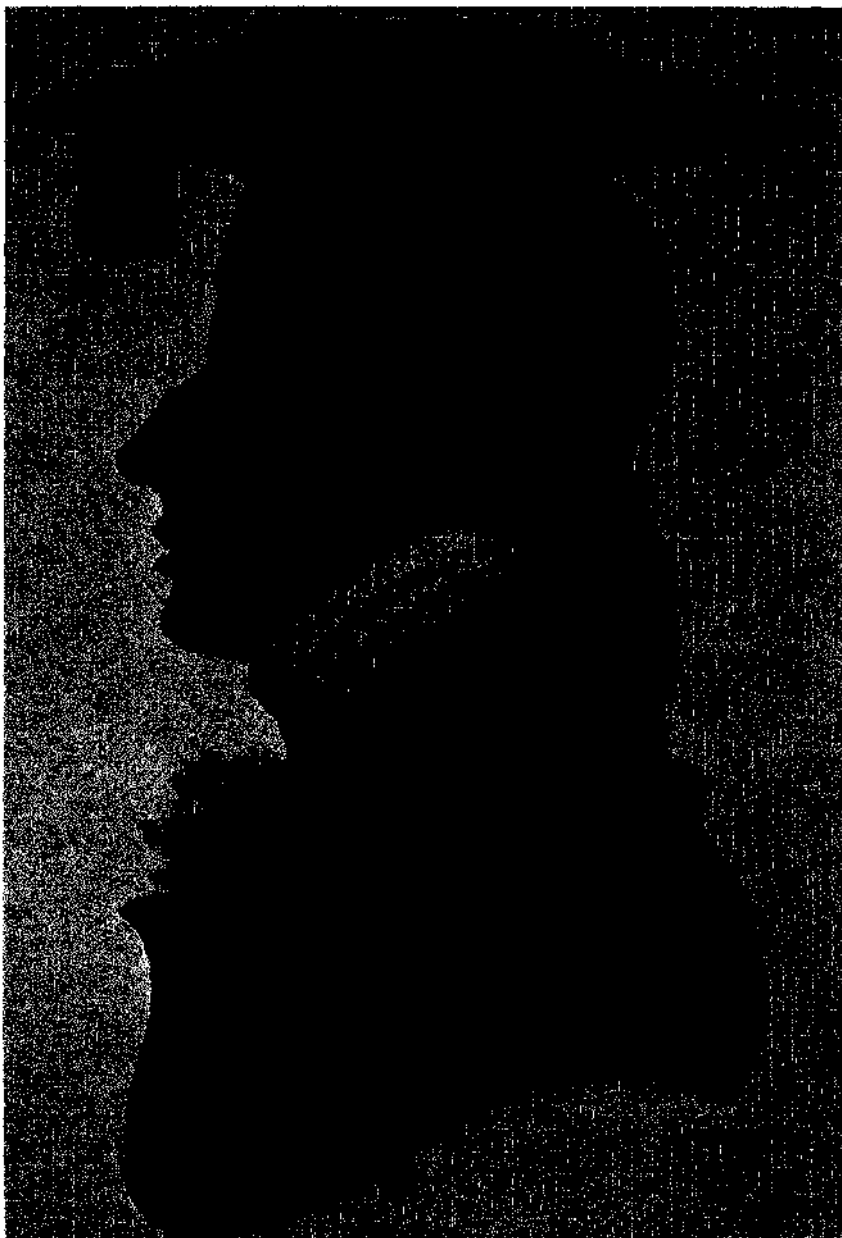
Your letter with the extremely beautiful enclosed poetry came this morning. It is really admirable, it touches the heart, but I must be allowed to offer *one* critique upon it. You will be surprised to hear that I think it unfinished you have not said that 'the ivy, after it had destroyed the oak, as if to mock the miseries which it caused twined around a pine' which stood near'—it is true, therefore but does not comprehend the whole truth. As to the stuff which I sent you, I write all my poetry of that kind from the feelings of the moment; if therefore it neither has allusion to the sentiments which rationally might be supposed to possess me, or to those which my situation might awake in me, it is another proof of that egotising variability, whilst I shudder when I reflect how much I am in its power. To you I dare represent myself as I am: sometimes one gleam of hope, one faint solitary gleam dares to illumine the darkened prospect before me . . . but it has vanished. I fear it will never return. My sister will, I fear, never return the attachment which would *once* again bid *me* be happy. Yes; on this alone is my feeble anticipation of peace placed! But what am I? Am I not the most degraded of deceived enthusiasts? Do I not deceive myself? I never, never can feel peace again. What necessity is there for continuing in existence? But God! Eternity! Love! My dear friend, I am yet a sceptic on these subjects; would that I could believe them to be as they are represented; would that I could totally disbelieve them. But no! that would be selfish. I still have firmness enough to resist this last, this most horrible of errors. Is my despair the result of

the hot, sickly love which enflames the admirers of Sterne or Moore? It is the conviction of unmerited unkindness, the conviction that, should a future world exist, the object of my attachment would be as miserable as is myself, the cause of it. I here take God (if a God exists) to witness that I wish torments, which beggar the description of a fancied Hell, would fall upon me; provided thereby I could attain that happiness for *what* I love, which I fear can never be. The question is, what do I love? It is almost unnecessary to answer. Do I love the person, the embodied identity, (if I may be allowed the expression) No! I love what is superior, what is excellent, or what I conceive to be so, & wish, ardently wish to be convinced of the existence of a God, that so superior a spirit should derive happiness from my exertions—for Love is Heaven, 8c Heaven is Love. Oh! that it were. You think so too,—yet you disbelieve the existence of an external & omnipresent spirit. Am I not mad? alas, I am, but I pour my ravings in the ear of a friend who will pardon them.—Stay! I have an idea; I think I can prove the existence of a Deity, a first cause. . . . I will ask a materialist how came this universe at first.

Shelley's recapitulation of the Spinozan theory of the Creation Hogg printed without alteration. Hogg's version differs again in the conclusion of the letter. The portion of it which he altered, Shelley had written as follows.

. . . . now to your argument of the necessity of Xtianity, you say. I am not sure that your argument was not *intended* to prove its necessity—if it was not, you allow, you say that Love is the only rational source of happiness; *one* man is capable of it; why not all?

The callibility of man preterite I allow, but because men are & have been callible, I see no reason why they shd. always continue so. Have there not been fluctuations in the opinions of mankind; and as the *stuff* which soul is made of must be in every one the same, would not an extended



Silhouette of T. J. Hogg

cut in 1810, when Hogg was an undergraduate of University College



Munday and Slatter's Bookshop

a contemporary engraving of the corner of the High Street and St. Aldates, Oxford, showing the original shop of Munday and Slatter, where 'The Necessity of Atheism' was offered for sale for twenty minutes on or about 15 February 1811

system of rational & moral unprejudiced education render each individual capable of experiencing that degree of happiness to which each ought to aspire, more for other than self. Hideous! Hated trait of Xtianity! Oh! Xt., how I hate thy influence; they all are bad enough,—but do we not now see Superstition decaying, is not its influence weakened, except where Faber, Rowland Hill & several other of the Armageddon heroes maintain their posts with all the obstinacy of cabalistical dogmatism. How I pity them, how I despise, hate them.

Stockdale knows Mr. Dayrell, may publish Leonora. I am beyond measure anxious for her appearance. Adieu. Excuse my mad arguments; they are none at all, for I am rather confused, & I fear in consequence of a fever they will not allow me to come on the 26, but I will. Adieu.

Your affectionate friend, P. B. S.

You can enclose to T. S.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqre. University College Oxford.

Though the letter is written in black ink, the address is written in red. It is marked with the postal charge, is. 6d. Mr. Timothy Shelley was probably at Westminster, which would account for Shelley's inability to have the letter franked.

The poem referred to in this letter is as follows :

Jany. 10, 1811. Univ. Coll.

It heeds not the tempests It heeds not their scowling

The oak of the forest sublime on the rock

It heeds not the winds wch. around it are howling

Unmoved it defies their impetuous shock

With tortuous roots it clings close to the

Whilst its leaves by the blast of stern autumn are [riven]
Its summit enveloped in mists grey & chilling

The oak shoots its branches athwart the wide heaven
From the rocks at its base the dark ivy ascending

To the moss-covered bark it progressive adheres
In sinuous folds around the trunk bending

Thus shrouded, a Pillar of verdure appears
Next every firm limb entwining embracing
Its fibres prolonging umbrageous extends
Here with its dark cluster the foliage gracing
Whilst there its long shoots in deep tresses depends.

The leaves of the forest when Autumn is waning
Fall a prey to the keen frost deciduous fade
But the leaf of the Ivy *eternal* remaining
Will *for ever* encompass the oak with its shade
Ah heardst thou that sound tis the oak of the mountain
As headlong its borne to the valley below
Ah heardst thou the sound as the swift . . . to the fountain
From the deep rocky Bosom, streams eddying flow
Did the force of the Wind each tempest collecting
O'erwhelm the huge trunk . . . has tied
Did the red flame of heaven its vengeance directing
Hurl headlong the Oak which its rage long defied
The evening silent such Zephyrs reposing
The tremulous Spire of the Poplar was still
With petal unmoved every flower was closing
The Sun's last pale beams had expired on the hill.

The Ivy invidious each juice had been draining
The mixture imbibing the sap drew away
Each dew drop from heaven on its leaves entertaining
Had thus hurried the oak to a speedy decay
Fond youth to the tale of the Ivy attending
From the Oak of the Forest this lesson derive
Had some hand stripped the ivy which round it was bending
The Oak of the Forest had now been alive
Strip the first shoots of passion thy need then is sorest
When love proffers eternal bliss to the mind
Believe not—remember the Oak of the Forest

It seemed in perennial verdure entwined
Hadst thou not its vigor how soon would'st thou perish
With Adversity's storms thou know'st not to contend
Nor know'st thou superior to others to flourish
Ah, Strip the first Ivy which around thee would bend.

At the bottom of the sheet are the intertwined initials PBS.

4

From J. M. Rolleston to R. E. E. My notes

My dear Mynors

I promised to write to you & tho I have little to say I will perform my promise as the *onus of postage* remains with you. One piece of Intelligence I have to communicate namely that on Monday last We were obliged to expel Messrs. Shelley & Hogg for ⁱcontumaciously refusing to answer questions proposed to them & for repeatedly declining to disavow a publication entitled the Necessity of Atheism.' They left us Teusday [*sic*]. For Hogg I am sorry, not for Shelley.

Clayton was last week elected Fellow & Ford Scholar. Messrs. Ingelby & Hunter have been rusticated for 2 terms for staying out of College. So much for College news.

I shall probably be off on Monday; Whether I visit Weatheroak or not is a problem. I have two fair friends staying in Oxford; lodging at Green's. I spend some portion of my time with them—not much—no probable *Vacancy* that way—so you need not funk for yr. Plate.

Coles has given up his curacy, but has not got a living.

I've thought proper to tell-ye
Of Mister Shelley,
& Mister Hogg,
You lucky dog.

And I've put in a word
Of Clayton & Ford
And **told the** occasion
Of the Rustication
And Ive mentioned my pair
Of friends so fair
One fat & one lean
Who lodge with Green—
And Ive told you of Coles
& his cure of souls.
Ive said all this
And a great deal it is
In rhyme & prose
And the whole I must close
Pray accept this letter
For want of a better
Tho it must be confest
That bad is the best
And I therefore remain
Till I write you again
Yr. friend & all that
The excellent Matt.

March 1811

R E E Mynors Esqre.

Weatheroak Hill

near Birmingham

From R. Clarke to John Hogg, Senr.

Ellesmere 6 Apl. 1811

You need not be anxious, at all, I think, about any criminal prosecution: the Pamphlet is not of the kind to

merit such a proceeding, I should apprehend.—It will blow over, I have no doubt, and Jefferson may be admitted into any of the Inns of Court. He cannot return to either of the Universities without a disavowal of his opinions: At his time of life that is not to be expected.—I would recommend your writing to him again to come home; let me know what he says, if he does not comply with your request, and I will soon be at his Elbow, if I find any good can be done.—

Excuse haste, as I steal away to write—

Most faithfully yours R. Clarke.

[Address torn: John Hogg Esqr. Nor]ton

[Stoc]kton-upon-Tees.

The rest of the above letter is printed accurately in Hogg's 'Life of Shelley'

6

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Wednesday [April 24, 1811?]

My dear Friend

You have with wonderful sagacity (no doubt) refuted an argument of mine, whose very existence I had forgotten. Something singularly conceited, no doubt, by the remarks you make on it. Fine, flowery language, you say; well, I can't help it; you see me in my weakest moments; all I can tell you of it is that I certainly was not laughing, as you conjecture. This circumstance may go against me. I do not know that it will, however, as I have by no means a *precise* idea of what the subject of this composition was.

The Galilean is not a favourite of mine. So far from owing him any thanks for his favour, I cannot avoid confessing that I owe a secret grudge to his carpentership. The reflecting part of the community, that part in whose happiness we have

so strong an interest, certainly do not require the morality which, when there is no *vice*, fetters *virtue*. There we agree. Let this horrid Galilean rule the canaille then. I give them up; I will no more mix politics & virtue, they are incompatible.

My little friend Harriet W. is gone to her prison house. She is quite well in health, at least so she says, th' she looks very much otherwise. I saw her yesterday, I went with her sister to Miss H.'s, & walked about Clapham Common with them for two hours. The youngest is a most amiable girl; the eldest is really conceited, but very condescending. I took the Sacrament with her on Sunday. You say I talk philosophically of her kindness in calling on me; she is very charitable & good. I shall always think of it with gratitude, because I certainly did not deserve it, & she exposed herself to much possible odium. It is perhaps scarcely doing her a kindness, it is perhaps inducing positive unhappiness to point out to her a road which she is inclined so nobly to follow; a road which leads to perfection, the attainment of which perhaps does not repay the difficulties of the progress. What do you think of this? If trains of thought, development of mental energies influence in any degree a future state, if this is *even* possible, if it stands on at all securer ground than mere hypothesis, then is it not a service? . . . Where am I gotten? perhaps into another ridiculous argument; I will not proceed, for I shall forget all I have said, & cannot in justice animadvert upon any of your critiques.

The rest of the above letter is printed accurately in Hogg's⁴ Life of Shelley'

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[Undated, but postmarked, April 26, 1811.]

My dear Friend

You indulge despair, *why* do you so? I will not philosophise, it is perhaps a poor way of administering comfort to say that you *ought* not to be in need of it. I fear the despair which springs from disappointed hope is a passion, a passion too which is least of all reducible to reason. But it is a passion, it is independent of volition, it is the necessary effect of a cause, which must, I fear, continue to operate. Wherefore, then, do I ask *why* you indulge despair? And what shall I tell you, which can make you happier, which can alleviate even solitude & regret. Shall I tell you the truth? Oh, you are too well aware of that, or you would not talk of despair. Shall I say the time may come when happiness shall dawn upon a night of wretchedness? Why should I be a false prophet, if I said this? I do not know, except on the general principle that the evils in this world powerfully overbalance its pleasures. How then could I be justified in saying this? I will tell you to be anything but what you are;—I fear you must obey the command, before I can talk of hope.

I find there can be bigots in Atheism as well as Religion; I perhaps may be classed with the former. I *have* read your letter attentively. Yet *all* Xtians do judge of *us* in the way which you reprehend; *faith* is one of the highest moral virtues,—the foundation indeed upon which all others must rest, & Christians think that he who has neglected to *cultivate* this, has not performed one third of the moral duties, as Bp. Warburton dogmatically asserts. The Xtians then, by this very *faith*, without which they cd. not be Xtians, think the *most* virtuous Atheist must have neglected one third of the moral duties.

If, then, a Xtian, the most amiable of them, regards the best Atheist as *far* from being virtuous, has not an Atheist reason to suspect the amiability of a system which inculcates so glaringly uncharitable opinions? Can a being, amiable to a high degree, possessed, of course, of judgment, without which amiability would be in a poor way, hold such opinions as these? Supposing even they were supported by reason, they ought to be suspected, as leading to a conclusion *ad absurdum*; since, however, they combine irrationality & absurdity with effects on the mind most opposite to retiring amiability, are they not to be *more* than suspected? Take Christianity, lop off all the disgusting excrescences, or rather adjuncts, retain virtuous precepts, qualify selfish dogmas, (I would even allow as much irrationality as amiability could swallow, but uncombined with immorality & self-conceitedness,) do all this, & I will say it is a system which *can* do no harm, & indeed is highly requisite for the vulgar. But perhaps it is best for the latter that they should have it as their fathers gave it them, that the amiable, the inquiring should reject it altogether.

Yet I will allow that it *may* be consistent with amiability, when amiability does not know the deformity of the wretch which it *really* is as we behold it. I cannot judge of Christianity by the flowers which are scattered here & there. You omit the mention of the weeds, which grow so high that few botanists can see the flowers; & those who do gather the latter, are frequently, I fear, tainted with the pestilential vapor of the former.

The argument of *supremacy* is really amiable, without that I should give us the remotest *possibility* of success. . . . Yet that applies but to the existence of a *Creator*, that is unsequential, the enquirer here, the amiable enquirer, does not pause at the world lest *she* should be left supreme. She advances one step higher, not being aware, or not choosing

to be aware of the infinity of the staircase which she ascends. This is *irrational*, but it is not unamiable; it does not involve the hateful consequences of selfishness, self-conceitedness, & the subserviency of faith to the volition of the believer, which are necessary to the existence of 'a spurious system of Theology'.

A *Deist* I will allow may be *more* amiable than an *Atheist*, altho' in one instance reason is allowed to sleep, that amiability may watch. Yet, my dear friend, this is not Christianity, nor can that system stand excused on this ground, as its very principle revolts against the dear modesty which suggests a dereliction of reason in the other instance, I again assert,—nor perhaps are you prepared to deny, much as your amiable motive might prompt you to wish it,—that Religion is the child of cold Prejudice & selfish fear; Love of God, Xt. or the H. G. (all the same) certainly springs from the latter motive; is this *Love*? You know too well it is not, here I appeal to your own heart, to your own feelings . . . At that tribunal I feel that I am secure. I could once *tolerate* Christ . . . he then merely injured me . . . he merely deprived *me* of all that I cared for, touching myself on Earth, but now he has done more, and I cannot forgive.

Eloisa said 'I have hated myself that I might love thee, Abelard!' . . . when I hear a Christian prepared to say so, as his sincere sentiments, I then will allow that in & *few* instances, the virtue of Religion is seperable from the vice.

She is *not* lost forever! how I hope that may be true, but I fear / can never ascertain, I can never influence an amelioration, as she does not any longer permit an *Atheist* to correspond with her. She talks of Duty to her *Father*! And this is your Religion!

You will excuse my raving, my dear friend. I know you will not be severe upon my hatred of a cause which can produce such an effect as this.—You talk of the dead . . . Do

we not exist after the Tomb? . . . It is a natural question, my friend, when there is nothing in life, yet it is one of which you have never told me your opinion.

You shall hear from me again soon. I send some verses. I heard from Faber yesterday; all that he said was—My letters are arrived. G. P. Faber.

15 Poland St.

My dear Friend Yr affectionate P B Shelley

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqre. Post Office York
to be left until called for

Postmarked AP 26, 1811, and marked at the side Ap 28, presumably by the post office officials, to signify the date when it was called for.

8

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[30 April or 1 May, 1816.]

Seal, & dispatch for me the enclosed letter to Longdill. It will give you that information which mauvaise honte or awkwardness, or any thing which you please except a want of regard made me conceal last night. In fact I had determined on the plan; & felt pained that the commencement of it, fell at a time when it was impossible that you should be a partaker in it.

As you will see I shall be in London again so soon as to make it unnecessary to promise to write. I keep my lodgings, & hope on my return that you will be able to cross the Alps with me.

Affectionately yours PBS.

[Written on the inside of the sheet, as a postscript.]

Poste Restante, Geneve.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqr i Garden Court Temple.

Sent by hand, and sealed with a wafer.

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

A few days ago I had a polite note from Mr. Hunt, Editor of the Examiner, to invite me to breakfast, I complied, & dined with him on Sunday . . . he is a Deist, despising J. C, etc., & yet having a high veneration for the Deity, the consequence of our acquaintance was a long argument, but he certainly means the same as an Atheist; they differ but in name. He will not allow this; with him God is neither omnipotent, omnipresent nor identical. He destroys too all those predicates in *non*, against which we entered our Protest. He says that God is comprehensible, not doubting but an adequate exertion of reason (which he says is by no means to be despaired of), would lead us from a contemplation of his works to a definite knowledge of his attributes, which are by no means limited. . Now here is a new God for you.

In practise such a Deist as this is an Atheist, as he believes that this creator is by no means perfect, but composed of good & evil, like man, producing that mixture of these principles which is evident. Hunt is a man of cultivated mind & certainly exalted notions;—I do not entirely despair of rescuing him out of this damnable heresy from Reason. Mrs. Hunt is a most sensible woman; she is by no means a Xtian, & rather atheistically given;—It is a curious fact that they were married when they were both Wesleyan Methodists, & subsequently converted each other.

The rest of the above letter is printed accurately in Hogg's 'Life of Shelley'.

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Yes, *marriage* is hateful, detestable. A kind of ineffable, sickening disgust seizes my mind when I think of this most despotic, most unrequired fetter which prejudice has forged to confine its energies. Yet this is Xtianity, and Xt. *must* perish before this can fall; I do not even speak of Xt. as Xt. is, but as being what the world have made him; for anti-matrimonialism is as necessarily connected with infidelity as if Religion & marriage began their course together; how can we think well of the world?

The rest of the above letter is printed accurately in Hogg 's *Life of Shelley*'.

Draft of letter from P. B. Shelley to a friend

As you were so obliging as to be interested in my health, I certainly did not feel any effects from the fatigue.

I can never sufficiently express my gratitude for your kindness: any kindness shown to my friend or myself is ten times more valuable on account of the perhaps insensible stigma which the liberality of Oxford was pleased to fix upon us.

For a bare speculation upon moral virtue, for carrying perhaps a little too far some of the arguments of Locke for the amusement of a rainy morning, without a moment's warning, without even the mockery of a false trial, to enrol publicly two young men amongst those wretches, the bane of society & enemies of mankind, who as the last effusion of depravity essayed to banish all restraint, all virtue, &

consequently all happiness from earth by publicly denying the existence of a deity, is surely a heavy punishment for a venial offence. To preclude for ever their access to those sources of knowledge which are open to all others, which are only to be found at Oxford, would alone have been too severe a penalty, a loss which was best known to be irreparable by those who inflicted it.

Words, even the most solemn protestations, are in the power of anyone, & what words can avail which are uttered by a person branded indiscriminately as an Atheist? In addition, a great degree of plausibility, nay even a kind of magic power named sophistry, which can mislead the judgment or even the senses, generally forms part of the character of that class.

I severely feel the evil resulting from this opinion, when an amiable precaution refused the favor of a few moments' conversation, even when sought at the risque of violent & lasting displeasure in case my friends had discovered my absence.

I had hoped to remove some prejudices which affect me deeply. I had hoped to prove that I am not entirely depraved & abandoned, & to convince that if I had presumed to hope, that my hopes were respectful & honorable. In this I was cruelly disappointed. The refusal was so decided, I could not venture then to hope for mercy, so decided as almost to exceed justice & compell me to return immediately. Perfect neglect, perfect indifference must produce the keenest anguish; but to be hated, despised as unprincipled, abandoned;—but I pause. I must confess that I am perfectly at a loss how to act, yet every difficulty is an additional stimulus, if it is possible to find additional motives.

I cannot refrain from presuming upon your kindness; it was unusual, unmerited. So is the favor which I ask.

The cause is animating, inspiring. To any exertion,—to

whatever is barely possible,—I am equal. Danger or difficulties, I am unconscious of their existence. If I have your advice I should even presume to hope; but I ask too much; perhaps when you are at leisure, a line—a word—would not be refused.

Surely my transgression is not very great. Surely to admire, to love, what is admirable & amiable, is natural, irresistibly natural. The expression of such passions may be sometimes culpable, but not when directed by the most correct honor; at least nature, feeling, reason, the general opinion of mankind, do not condemn it; if a thousand such difficulties present themselves, it cannot be incorrect to receive the evidence of others, how to surmount them; it cannot but be kind to give it. That such are my sentiments, you at least have penetration to discover, even when I am disgraced by the name of Atheist.

I must confess I was amused by the recital of the strange reports to which my visit in Sussex gave rise. The truly consistent character of an *Atheistical Clergyman* was introduced, disseminating his doctrines & large bundles of printed and MSS. blasphemies. In the accident which has added so much to my zeal & so amply rewarded my risque & exertions, it was stated that this truly reverend divine was seen looking through the windows of Warnham church in a treasonable manner; nay, so lively, so inventive is the human imagination when over-prejudiced, that even the . . . [illegible.]

But surely human tyranny never went to greater lengths, when the whole interest of a University was turned to blast every prospect of public advancement or domestic happiness. What could more effectually check the career of laudable ambition than this public infamy? What was more calculated to sow the seeds of domestic dissension, to disturb basically the peace of families, to create discord amongst relations,

perhaps to sever bonds if poss: more sacred? An unfounded report is able to destroy the reputation of an individual. How can he retrieve it? An opportunity of convincing by actions how unfounded the general censure is, can rarely occur. And what actions, when the mind is once prejudiced, will not admit of two interpretations? I confess I know none. Would to God I did!

But surely what is effected by injustice & oppression cannot be of long duration. There is & ever has been a principle of nature, equity in the constitution of things, which will not allow truth & honour to be overwhelmed.

[Unsigned]

12

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Field Place May 17 1811

My dearest Friend

Your letters have never reached me. These sallies of imagination are not noticed by vulgar postmen, but you know my direction now. Eliza is quite recovered in health I mean, nor do I think her Xtianity of the most inerasable nature. It is indeed so little that she confesses *the world* to be the only reason of her yet retaining the mummeries. Xt. is not the Son of God, the world is eternal, *there* all is agreed, & in the speculative points of Religion she is atheistical as the most determined Xtomogue. could desire. . . . But what is this speculation? a dry, inactive knowledge of what really is uninfluencing the conduct. I had supposed that the annihilation of Xt. would involve the fall of the world's opinion. . . . But the world's opinion must be destroyed, after which *Religion* is of little consequence, even if it does exist, which is indeed not very probable, as there can then be no

temptations to self-deception, . . . The opinion of the world, the loss of which is attended with much inconvenience, with the loss of reputation which is by some considered as synonymous with virtue; *this* is the supporter of prejudice. . . . Eliza is no more a Xtian. than I am, but she regards as a sacred Criterion the opinion of the world; the dis-canonization of this saint of hers is impossible, until some more worthy of devotion is pointed out; but where eyes are shut, nothing can be seen. . . . She asks; am I wrong to regard the opinion of the world; what would compensate to me for the loss of it? Good Heaven, what a question! Is it not answerable by a word; if you were here, by a look. . . . I too have lost her confidence, that confidence once so un-bounded; but it is to be regained. . . . Behold *me* then enthusiastic, quixotic, resolved, convinced that things shall be as I order it, that all my plans shall succeed, but I shall anticipate all your castle buildings, so adieu to the subject.

The rest of the above letter is printed accurately in Hogg's 'Life of Shelley'.

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[Undated, but postmarked

HORSHAM, 2 2nd May, 1811.]

My dearest Friend,

She is quite *well*, she is perfect in health; . . . • now that's enough, you have no fever to sympathise in: but who can minister to a *mind* diseased. . . . She is very gay, very lively; I did not show her yr. letter, because I think it is barbarous to diminish what the possessor considers as a pleasure, altho' I have always considered that volatility of character

evinces no capabilities for great affections. It is a kind of self satisfaction in trivial things that is constantly exerting itself, it is a species of continual awakened pride. . . But it is not constitutional, it *used* not however to be the character of my sister. . . serious, contemplative, affectionate, enthusiastically alive to the wildest schemes, despising the world. . .

Now . . . apathetic to all except the trivial amusements, & despicable intercourse of restrained conversation; bowing before that hellish idol, *the world*, appealing to its august [?] decisions in cases which demand a trial at the higher tribunal of conscience:—Yet I do not despair. What she *once* was, she has a power to be again . . . but will that power ever be exerted. I do not hesitate to say that I think she is not worthy *offjou*, *once* she was, once the fondest warmest wish which ever I cherished was the eternal union of two beings who appeared to me made for each other. . . But she is now not what she was, she is not the singular angelic being whom you adored & I loved. I mourn her as *no more*. I consider the sister whose happiness is mine as dead. . .

Yet have I not hopes of a resuscitation. . . Certainly or I would not tear your heart with the narration. But it is necessary that you should be informed of the real state of the case.

Think no more, for she has murdered thought; yes think, devote yourself with ardor, . . . on me yes on me descends the whole weight of your affliction. What right had I day after day to expatiate, to magnify the excellence of a being who might change, who *has* changed. . . What right had I to introduce you to the destroyer—

I leave Field Place tonight . . . but return on Friday

Your eternally affectionate P. B. Shelley

T. Jefferson Hogg, Esqre. Mrs. Doughty's, Coney Street,
York

From T. J. Hogg to Elizabeth Shelley

It is unnecessary to inform you of the nature of the conviction which the anecdote of my friend & some specimens of poetry produced in my mind. I cannot apologize for it: conviction at least is involuntary. All perception of pleasure or pain is compound, resulting from the relative natures of the perceiver & the object perceived; the variety of tastes is infinitely diversified. If an anecdote apparently trifling developed a trait of character which indicated the highest degree of amiability, the perception cannot be false. I am not deceived, but differ from the generality of mankind in my opinion of what constitutes the amiable. If the tale of the sorrows of Louisa afforded the most exquisite pleasure & deeply affected my heart, more so than any poem which I ever read, with one exception, (Gertrude). Am I mistaken if I infer that the feelings which dictated the tale, the genius which clothed it in language adapted to the subject with such elegance, such precision, were of a superior [kind? *illegible.*] No, sure, the inference is just. But my feelings, my ideas of the plaintive, the elegant, the simple but insinuating in thoughts & language, differ from those of the generality of mankind.—The poem may not square exactly with the rules of Criticism, but it is a false taste only to prefer the hand which clothed Cambrian hills with the dark mountain heather to that which divides them into formal parterres of roses & carnations. But I will pause to avoid dry disquisition, &, what is more repugnant to your feelings, the appearance of flattery.

You know the favor which I presumed to request, but you do not know my Gratitude for the gentle manner in which it was denied. I cannot express it. I fondly cherished the

hope of seeing you under the most favourable circumstances, but this hope, which had for some time afforded me not only consolation but the highest justification, was destroyed in one moment by the most unforeseen, the most unexpected incident which I suppose never before was the fate of any one. Judge of my disappointment!—I often reflect upon your reason for denying a favor which would crown me with happiness at the expense of a trifling exertion.

I am persuaded that if you had no higher motive than the Xtian rule of doing as you would be done by, you would confer this greatest of obligations; you would for a moment forget your natural superiority & consider yourself in my situation. But some powerful motive induces you to act otherwise.

I am firmly convinced of the existence of some great cogent reason. I am not possessed of understanding adequate to the discovery of what it is. I request too much in begging to learn the nature of it. The most sanguinary government informs the criminal of the reasons of his condemnation. Punishment is at all times painful, yet it is an alleviation to know the justice of the sentence. I am well aware of the justice of mine. It is however more satisfactory to a being possessed of a shadow of reason, to comprehend the precise application of justice in his case, than to know the general truth that his judge is inflexibly just. Our cases are not parallel. If you receive bare justice, you must be possessed of perfect happiness. I fear without a large portion of mercy, my lot would be most wretched. I cannot, I must confess, discover the precise reason. You cannot suppose I am so vain, so conceited, as to imagine that a correspondence carries with it the shadow of an engagement of the most remote nature.—No, impossible.—I hope I feel most acutely my own inferiority in every point.—You cannot imagine that if now I would gladly resign my existence should you

command it, I would refuse for a moment when the duty of Gratitude was so infinitely increased, to restore every letter with which I might have been blessed, should you request it '—No. If when I am dead some kind gentle spirit who survives me would inscribe on my Grave that I had gleaned some scattered smiles, how calm would be my sleep:—time & the weeds would respect my epitaph, & would not deface or overshadow my tomb. The moon & stars, as the Howlet glided through the cloudless sky, would shine with unusual lustre when they viewed a spot consecrated by such an inscription.

Perhaps the opinion of mankind is valuable: to me it appears vain & trifling,—but I admit it is estimable inestimable [*sic*]. How does this favor interfere with the acquisition of it?—Intuition will not inform the busy world: I need not speak of the improbability, the impossibility of any other mode of information.—If it be too great a favor to receive direct information, perhaps you will instruct me through the medium of our common friend your brother.

I once hoped I could even bow in the silent obedience of submission to your commands; that I could not only hate but torture myself to procure the most trifling gratification for one I adore. This is my general sentiment & ever shall remain such, but there are moments when the spirit is borne down very, very low. It is at such a time as this I write. If my request is exorbitant, grant me at least one favor,

believe me eternally immutably yours

T. Jefferson Hogg

York May 25. 1811

The signature and the date are on the back of the letter. Sealed in scarlet wax with an escutcheon of Hogg's arms, argent, three boars' heads erased proper, langued gules, two and one, surmounted by an oak tree, fructed proper, for crest.

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

. . . . For myself, I knew what an unstable deceitfull thing Love was, but still did I wish to involve you in the pleasing delusion. . . The mist dissipates. . . the light is strong, is clear. . . I am not blind; are you? will you be? it is neither to your own, nor to the being's happiness which you desire, that you should continue so. . . Where is *She* whom you adore? . . . alas! where is virtue, where is perfection? . . where you cannot reach. . . Is there another existence? Yes. . . Then you shall live there, rendering, & rendered happy. Perhaps the flowers think like this; perhaps they moralise upon their state, have their attachments, their pursuits of virtue, adore, despond, hope, despise. . . Alas! then do we like they perish, or do they like us live for ever!

But am I not a *Philosopher* 1 do I not pursue virtue for virtue's sake . . . why then do I wander wildly; why do I write madly: why has sleep forsaken me, why are you & my sister for ever present to my mind? except when selfishness bids me start at what I am now to what I once was. . .

Adieu . . . I am going to take the sacrament. . . In spite of my melancholy reflexions the idea rather amuses me.

You shall hear from me soon again. I write very often, but have not always courage to send my letters. . .

Believe me Your's ever affectly P. B. S.

Horsham, June Sixteen 1811

T. J. Hogg Esq. Mrs Doughty's Coney Street York

Franked ' T. Shelley', and sealed in scarlet wax with the impression of a script S.

The rest of the ahpyt letter is printed accurately in Hogg's 'Life of Shelley',

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[Undated, but postmarked 4 July, 1811.]

My dearest Friend

I am surprised. For the sake of everything for which we live, listen to reason. . . If you will not listen to me, see the Chapter in Locke which Faber ought to have read & profited by.

What is enthusiasm, whether in religion, politics or morality, all equally inextricably fortuitous; yours is in the latter; you see the happiness of another under an idea that she is most amiable, *even* admitting the last, is it not wrong when you see that you cannot contribute to her happiness, to render yourself unfit to do so to another. But I do not admit it, it is false; & surely who is the best judge, you who never beheld her, never heard her converse, & in addition to this confessedly & strongly *prejudiced*, prejudiced like Religion's votaries who reason whilst they can, & when that ceases to be possible, *they feel*. From this last there is no appeal; surely you do not mean to imitate them. Who, I ask, is the better judge? or you, as you must be the last of these, or /, dispassionate, cool, certainly *cool* you cannot be that, *[the last six words not very clear]* probably dispassionate, since little as you may be disposed to credit my feelings concerning *dpiXavTicc* I have here no *interest* to act otherwise than I can. . . How then do you still *persist* ! . . . I own it, it was the fondest wish of my heart, & bitterly was I disappointed at its annihilation. . I own it. . I desired, eagerly desired to see you & sister irrecoverably united where you have no priest but love: I pictured to myself Elysium in beholding my only perfect friends daring the vain world, smiling at its silly forms, setting an example

of perfection to an universe, . . . I do not estimate as you know from relationship; I am cool, I hope. . . I should now grieve to see *yon* sacrificed, when there may exist a perfect being; nothing under [*tear in the paper*] I consider as worthy of you. .

I do not flatter; I do not temporize; I am as severe with you as I *can* be. I own I cannot bear to see you sacrificing yourself and every one who really estimates you. I write tomorrow.

Your ever affectionate [*letter left unsigned*]

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqre. Mrs. Dougherty's Coney St. York

17

From T. J. Hogg to Elizabeth Shelley [?]

York August 2 2nd 1811.

I again take the liberty of addressing you & I am convinced your goodness will again pardon me. Perhaps my conduct appeared strange. It certainly must when considered abstractedly, but if attention is paid to the circumstances by which it was governed, I think the wonder will cease. To have acted thus will appear not only natural, but almost necessary. To adore a female without having seen her— This when first stated appears mysterious, an idea worthy of a madman. But upon a little examination the mystery will vanish. Because the power of vision is the source of so many pleasures, so many pains, so powerfully excites the feelings & causes so many such varied emotions, shall we infer that the reason can be influenced by that sense alone, that every

affection derived from other sources is fancy & folly? *L6%* us hope not.

Is the narrative, the spontaneous offspring of admiring affection, wholly inefficient? a tale true because disinterested, true because told by one who knows not falsehood. A tale where a brother discusses the amiable qualities of a sister, must always afford pleasure & command attention. In the wilderness of this life the weeds are so numerous that when we find a flower we value it. How often do we return to visit it! In this we act wisely: the sorrows are numerous; we seek the alleviation of pleasure, & what has once pleased us we gladly repeat.

And does conversation differ in this respect from all other human pursuits? No, surely not. We repeat a thousand & a thousand times a topic which is agreeable. We are formed by nature to worship female amiability. The morose Cynic says it is a weakness; the Lover terms it virtue. Who shall decide?—but it is our nature. Then must he be a madman or a Sophister who is deeply affected by a similar narrative? I trust not; but if it must be so, may I ever remain insane & sophisticated.

Then are the artless yet melting strains of poetry to be considered incapable of exciting one gentle emotion? Heaven defend me from the man who is insensible to the graces of native goodness & native genius, clad in a poetic dress! I cannot describe the effects of elegant poetry upon the mind; I know not how, I know not why, but I feel—God knows how fervently—that it pleases. Am I then quite deranged because I know the Rose by its flowers or the Vine by its clusters?

Such are the causes which can inspire passion independent of sight; yet such a passion is foolish, imaginary, which, had it been caused by the ceremony & restrained conversation of a ball, would have been termed rational? I will refrain from

comparison, but I confess I cannot subscribe to this doctrine, neither can I suppose that these are your sentiments.

Was it then strange to attempt in every possible manner to procure the inestimable favor of an interview with the fair amiable? It was presumptuous; but yet, after having once presumed to love, what can be additional presumption? surely not to hope, when to hope is essential to existence, when despair is death.—I have often been disappointed; every disappointment has afforded the keenest anguish. What now can I do ? where can I turn for assistance ?

I have been singularly unfortunate; this prevents my acting in the manner which is most correct, which is most congenial with my wishes. Thus am I situated; my mind is often overcome by sorrow when I reflect upon the difficulties of my situation. Yet I cannot despair; to do so is base, is weak unworthy cowardice. The kind attention, the affectionate sympathy of my dear friend prevents my being quite vanquished by grief.

I venture to apply to you, & I frankly own with the most sanguine hopes, that your penetration will discover that my passion is not irrational, that your kindness will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, will perhaps pity & assist me, and will believe that my hopes, tho' presumptuous, are correct & honorable, that necessity alone could have driven to a breach even of the strictest decorum. I venture to solicit your advice, to learn if it is possible by any means to procure an interview & a few minutes' conversation with the fair amiable. If it were possible to procure her permission, all the rest would be easy. I can never hope to repay the obligation ; I must ever remain your debtor. You can conceive my misery; you can conceive my gratitude. I will never attempt to describe it. Whatever may be your determination, I am much indebted to you.

If you read to the end of this long letter, accept my thanks

for attending to me so far. Any, the most trifling attention, if shewn from a motive of kindness & compassion, is amiable & commands the most hearty gratitude. I should be most ungrateful indeed if I did not feel myself.

Yours most sincerely

T. Jefferson [sic]

18

From Mrs. Hogg to T. J. Hogg

Norton Sept. 5-1811

Dear Jefferson,

Your Aunt Sally and Mr E. Plumpton intend being at York, some day in the *next* week and wish you to meet them at the Inn and shew your Aunt Sally the Lions. As soon as the day is fixed, I can write if you wish it. They propose staying one night. I fear she will not be able to go to Doncaster. The happy knot was tied yesterday. The Bridegroom and his Bride intend making a Tour to Harrogate, Buxton &c. I sincerely wish them all happiness. He is very highly spoken of. Mr Edward dines with Mr Clarke to-day and sleeps in your room tonight. I shall then hear more of their plans. Mr Clarke arrived at Stockton last Friday; he had not time to see you; he looks much better and is in good spirits. He is going to Harrogate with Admiral Brunton and other friends for a fortnight; he will be some weeks in this part of the world. You must write to me by tomorrow's post or *even sooner* if possible, to let me know if your neckcloths are to be square, a quarter alias *four nails* larger than those I sent, and they shall be done, and your Aunt Sarah will have much pleasure in bringing them. Sarah is to be absent till next summer with her friend *Mrs Hodgkinson*, late Miss Plump; they have been flourishing

about in Mr. H's new carriage to Redcar, &c. Coaltham, &c. **all** which is very delightful. I've left Seaton about a week since, with great reluctance, the weather is so fine I wish I could have staid all this Month, as I find the Sea air very Bracing to my shatter'd Nerves; very small parties at the Inn; the private houses all full. The Stapyltons are still at Hartlepool, all but Robert. He took his flight to Town last week, spent a day at Doncaster. Your Sisters and Miss Preston met him at Mrs Terrot's and spent a most *delightful* afternoon. Mr John Stapylton looked thin. I have only seen him once. *The* Mr Davisons called and sat some time with me the day before we left Seaton. Mr E. is ordained; he was as agreeable as usual. Mr Cornforth is at Stockton; I have not seen him yet, but I fancy he is still in Jeopardy respecting his love affair, so careful ought young men to be with whom they connect themselves, as *one* imprudent promise may embitter all their lives.

I had a long and most affectionate letter from my dear Sarah, wherein she mentions having heard from you and speaks of *William's* visits, he is a good tempered man if he does not get spoiled [by] her. I *lament* to hear from *your Father* that you and him cannot agree about the Money he allows you: how can you think of being pert to him, why not calculate all your expenditure, and place it fairly before him, and then if he finds you have reason for complaint, I am sure he is too kind a Father to be blind to any reasonable request; and whatever you do never find fault with Mr Clarke, for you may rely on *what I say*, that you have *no friend equal to him* in sincerity and good will towards you.

I was most truly glad to see from your own hand that you admired the Archbishop's Sermon. Only persevere in your Duty to *your* God, and all will go well with you. Never mind whether you hear *divine truths* from Westmoreland *Moors*, or *fine Scholars*. All will tend to a good purpose, you may rest

assured. That God will bless you and remove any doubts from your mind, is the never foiling prayer of

my dear child, your affectionate Mother
P. Hogg.

Your Brothers all unite in Love, with Miss Jones's; how is Mr Hartley?

Answer this in a rational Manner and with sincerity.

Mr Jefferson Hogg Mrs Doughty's Coney Street York.

Sealed in scarlet wax with a leopard's head erased, the crest of Mrs. Hogg's family, that of Watkyn Jones.

From Rev. W. Terrot to T. J. Hogg

I seriously hope your Mother is better; the disorder is on her spirits much, & I do not hesitate, my dear boy, to advise you on your next coming back to be much on your guard, as distress on your account has occasioned a great deal of her present nervous suffering.

I wish to explain myself explicitly. She has, I think, been much alarmed by seeing you adopting fresh eccentricities, & she fears to see more. Your opinions, for which you suffered a good deal of inconvenience with Mr. Shelley, were such as you could not in existing circumstances honestly conceal, & therefore your poor Mother must submit to that, as Mrs. Stapylton to Henry's getting an unlucky shot. But this new system of eating vegetables, in which it does not appear to us how your conscience can be concerned, though I pretend not to judge, has hung on your Mother as a sort of indication that your determination was to deviate from all the old

established ways of the world, & I have reason to say that it has hurt her & your Father very much, in addition to the old business.

I do not, dear Jeff, offer any opinion but this. That where you have not very strong obligations to set up any of these new ephemeral schemes, do not wound your Father & Mother so severely as you do by any thing of this kind for the mere sake of being eccentric, and of joining a party which you may find entertaining. To be really eminent & conspicuous requires invariably great talents & great application, & if I lived in London I would endeavour to introduce you to men who are thus distinguished in learning & science, & who have testified it from victory over competitors in fair Academical struggles,—at Cambridge it is real fair fighting: I own I often feel uneasy at the thoughts of the set to whom your new opinions will introduce you. Many of these women of *Genius*, as they wish to be thought, are entertaining & fascinating to a young man. Of the sect of Shelley-ites you must have several, but I think if you compare them with the women with whom you were bred up, your Mother, &c, you will own that a man's conjugal happiness is much more likely to be preserved in the old school than the new.

But this is totally your affair, only I beseech you not broach any new eccentricity when you come down, or you will go far on to kill your Mother. I even think it would do her good to see you eat a beef steak, but, my dear Friend, there is really another reason that makes me uneasy, & that is that your Father seems to speak with less regret of your opinions than he did—as if he was ceasing to care about them, as he firmly believes you have hurt your Mother's health & would just take up any other new scheme, system, &c. which was presented to you. I assure you it will injure you in his will: even the foolish vegetable business is not without effect in

this way, & therefore, dear Jeff, be on your guard, or you will do yourself very severe mischief. . . .

I sincerely esteem you, & am, Dear Jeff, Ever Yours

Wm Terrot.

Jefferson Hogg Esqr 4 Newman's Row Lincoln's Inn
Fields London.

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From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Keswick Cumberland

You were surprised at our sudden departure; I have no time however *now* either to account for it or enter into the investigation which we agreed upon. I have arrived at this place after some days incessant travelling, which has left me no leisure to write to you. Tomorrow you will hear more. You have been led either by false reasoning, or as I conjecture more probable, real feeling, into a great & terrible mistake; to those who hold that all happens for the best it would appear that the consequences of your late *reasonings* will operate in future as a beacon, to guide you far from similar danger. To me it appears in all its features disgusting & horrid. Do not suppose that I mean by thus fairly stating what I think of the late unexpected disclosure, to assume on the strength of my apparent [*illeg.*] the character of a dictator, a lecturer . . . far otherwise. I expect to derive more instruction than I may be adequate to give. To discuss is the privilege of a friend, and a friend I am yet willing, nay *eager*, to be to you; tho' you have forgotten for once that you had promised to be mine.

Harriet has remarked to me that the suddenness of the change of your sentiments was far from being natural; this

I think too. It is impossible also that Harriet's arguments, which were *certainly* far from being logically correct, however really true, could have induced a sudden change. *The emanation of divine grace* is the only cause I can conceive adequate to this effect. I shall doubt your word, perhaps. Let not your blood boil; if it does, just look back, & freeze it. — I shall perhaps think you a *liar*; start not; still I shall be your friend. It is not you but your mistakes, your vices, these ignominies that I abhor.—This letter was not intended to be so long.

To your *real* true interests believe no friend so sincerely attached as I am. .. I can never forget what once you were.

Your's Percy S.

Will you send my Box per coach to Mr. D. Crosthwaites, Town Head, Keswick, Cumberland.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqr. Mr. Strickland's Blake Street York to be forwarded instantly wherever he

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Post Office Keswick Cumberland

Not Mr. D. Crosthwaites

I promised to write to you today my dear friend, but again . . . another day has elapsed in the occupation of preparing our residence and night has come, when the Post leaves us. Convince me that it is right, morally, correctly right; that your own interest, your own *real* interest, demands it, & no power on earth shall prevent *our* living with you. . . . At present it appears to me the necessary cause of misery, distraction. You will again be tempted to what you now regard

with horror. You will see when it is too late the misery you have caused. Your feelings are so exquisitely keen . . . if such have been your feelings now . . . if they could have been your feelings now . . . if they could have urged you to the dismaying brink of *suicide*, an act which involves we know not what. . . . What *then* would be your feelings . . . & to these would I by ill timed indulgence to yourself & to me, expose you . . . Never, never, never; this must *not* be.—Nothing, you say, would sooner have driven you to demand satisfaction so soon as an accusation of what you have since attempted. And are you not, my friend, warned by this fearful lesson? Is it not impressive? Does it not now recur to your mind? How confident were you then! Can you conceive confidence more firm? It cannot be firmer than firmest. How then will you again dare to expose yourself to what is so tyrannical, whose tyranny you have so perfectly experienced? I hope I am not prejudiced. I attempt to be otherwise. I hope, generally speaking, I have appeared so to you. I attach little value to the monopoly of exclusive cohabitation. You know that frequently I have spoken slightly of it . . . this I would not value. Were this to have been yielded to you, & the sentiments with which we regarded each other still to have remained unchanged, suppose not that I would have refused you what I too might share, what I should not much care utterly to resign; (you see I am as explicit as you were.) But it is not this alone, it is the consideration what men have chosen to make of this, from which I *perhaps* am not quite free, what you *certainly* retain, what Harriet, (the last the greatest complication) still cherishes still cherishes as a prejudice interwoven with the fibres of her being—this is the point; that if you lived with us you would be driven to this last consummation of your love for Harriet. I can have little doubt of this, without being a sceptic as to your virtue. You would again deceive yourself. You

would fancy it was virtue, & passion prolific in excuses would coin thousands when so great was to be the purchase. Your last letter I have Read as I would read your soul . . . yet Oh! how inconsistent is passion! Beware, my friend; my dear unhappy friend, whose wretchedness is mine, how keenly words cannot tell.

We remain at Keswick. We settle here at least for some time—I will never go to the South again—

Adieu Yours most affectionately, most unalterably

Percy Shelley

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq Mr. Strickland's Blake Street York

Sealed in scarlet wax with the tip of a pencil, and marked with the postal charge, 8d.

22

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Keswick, Cumberland

Your letters are arrived . . you did right in conceiving [*illeg.* conjecturing?] that Richmond was a blind, but / knew it not, & Keswick is our residence, to which place I trust that you will not follow us, until we have decided on it's rectitude & usefulness. You have loved . . . you have adored . . . what? what are these fine feelings, these exquisite susceptibilities? they are not *even* more refined, they are direct estimations of *self* . . they are the offspring of vanity, vanity perhaps unconfessed, yet self-centred, self-possessing. Certainly no desire either for Harriet's happiness or that of any other human being excepting *yourself* has been the cause of all our present misery . . .

Tell me that it 'twas another, & I will adore you as the

first of men, as now I love you as the dearest to me. **Have** you alone *your* share of misery? Stand you alone preeminent in suffering, exquisite as undeserved? And what am I? . . . nothing I a speck in an Universe. All this is true, yet am I not wretched. Is my wretchedness less keen because it was undeserved? . . . Was it undeserved? What is desert?—Your crime has been *selfishness*. . . Have I not known you disinterested? . . . Have I not known you the best, the noblest of men & will you soon perfect that character. , . Having committed one mistake, will you rush into others more dimly terrible, rather than rationally endeavour to obviate the evil consequences of the past? Will you do so?—Then are you *not* him whom I love, whom I deem not only [*illeg.*], but capable of exciting the emulation, attracting the admiration of millions. I did esteem you as a superior being. I took you for one who was to give laws to us poor beings who grovel beneath. Art thou fallen . . . not fallen like Lucifer, never to rise again . . . Become yourself . . . Bear pain . . . Tho' I think you *will*, I shall not tell you that we shall meet again, lest I convert disinterestedness into selfishness . . . Live some time by yourself, & if your firmness is not sufficient to bear pain without hope of reward . . . know that we meet again.

Your letter appears to me sincere . . . I will not say it is, but that it appears so to me. I am cautious now what I believe. I tremble. Have I not reason? I had no time when I wrote last. I have less now. I am dismayed. I ramble [*? tremble*] , . . is it so? Are we parted, you . • . I . . . Forgive this wildness. I am half mad. I am wretchedly miserable. I look on Harriet. [*Illeg. ? I think*] she is before me . . . Has *she* convinced you? In what a spot Nature has exhausted the profusion of her loveliness. Will you come • • . dearest, best beloved of friends, will *you* come. Will you share my fortune, enter into my schemes . . . love me as I love you;

be inseparable as once I fondly hoped you were . . Yes, all's past, like a dream of the sick man which leaves but bitterness to a fleeting vision.

Ah! how I have loved you. I was even ashamed to tell you how! & now to leave *you forever* no, not forever. Night comes, . . . Death comes Cold, calm death, almost 'Twould it were to-morrow. There is another life. . . Are you not to be the first there . . . Assuredly.

Dearest, dearest friend, reason with me . . I am like a child in weakness . . . Your letters came directly after dinner. How could anyone read them unmoved . . How could I forbear wishing that Death would yawn . . Adieu.

Follow us not. Dare to be good. Dare to be virtuous. Seize once more what once thou didst relinquish, never, never again to resign it.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqr Mr. Strickland's Blake Street York,
if not there to be forwarded to his present residence.

23

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Friend.

Our letters are delayed terribly . . . two of yours together! the thing is we are not in but near Keswick. You will hear from me tomorrow, I don't know that absence will certainly cure love, but this I know, that presence will terribly augment the passion. I do not know where the woman exists of whom you speak in the latter part of your letter . . . but this will not do. If it merely relates to me, my friend, you were welcome to even this, the dearest . . . but we must not sport with the feelings of others. You will

call this perhaps affected, self-deceived disinterestedness—perhaps it is. Believe me till you hear again. I write in Keswick—just as the post is going out.

Your true sincere

Percy B. Shelley.

Pray take care of yr. friend.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. Mr. Stricklands Blake Street York

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Chestnut Hill Keswick Cumberland

My dear Friend

What you say of my superiority is perfectly erroneous. Consider a little and you will discover this. The great apparent cause of it is my insensibility. Perhaps you are not prepared to boast of yours. You say that you can never cease to love Harriet, yet you assert that you can guarantee your primness. I believe that you think so now, yet all the proof you can afford me is that you *do* think so now. But how will you guarantee your continuance in this opinion? If six months ago I had asserted that you would thus cause this disturbance, you would not have believed it possible. Your former reasonings may again recur, they may seem to you powerful, irresistible, & what bigot was ever convinced of the fallacy of his religion? I am not jealous, I perfectly understand the beauty of Rousseau's sentiment; yet Harriet is *not* an Heloise, even were I a St. Preux,—but I am not jealous. . . . Heaven knows that if the possession of Harriet's person, or the attainment of her love was all that intervened between our meeting again

to-morrow, willingly would I return to York, aye willingly, to be happy thus to prove my friendship. Jealousy has no place in my bosom; I am indeed at times very much inclined to think the Godwinian plan is best, particularly since the late events. But Harriet does not think so. She is prejudiced; tho' I hope she will not always be so,—and on her opinions of right & wrong alone does the morality of the present case depend. If *she* was convinced of its innocence, would I be so sottish a slave to opinion as to endeavour to monopolize what if participated would give my friend pleasure without diminishing my own? Oh heavens! my soul is half sick at this terrible world where Nature seems to own no monster in her works but man! They quarrel for straws, they part on these quarrels, and two whose existences seemed entwined separate because—complete the portraiture yourself—Yet this is necessary, abundantly necessary, if Harriet's happiness is otherwise than valueless. If this too be unworthy of my seeking, yon dark rock, whose summit beetles o'er the lake, were a fit spot to take my last adieu of this accursed complication of infatuity [?].

My friend, I ought to set you an example of firmness. What, I? the weakest, most slavish of beings that exists on the earth's face, to you—'Absence extinguishes small passions and kindles great ones', but *presence* without fullest satisfaction will kindle the passions to an inextinguishable flame. How have I heard you talk of the infinite progression of Love. It is strange to me that you, who know the human mind so well, should think so lightly of sensation. If you have *loved*, I can believe you have felt it lightly.

Harriet has written to you. What she has said I know not. I have not been able to write for this day or two, owing to having been ill from the poison of laurel leaves. I have now; your letters of today have arrived. I have read that to Harriett—she shewed it me.

decided . . . You shall believe &c. or when *too late* you shall feel.' This gives me pain, this proves to me that so far from being now under the guidance of reason, you wish to enforce my belief in you by an act which itself is adequate to the excitement of any belief but that of *your* selfishness, or to revenge my want of it by this very act which you know would embitter my existence.—Else what means 'You *shall* feel when *too late*'⁷ . . . This my friend is not convincing, it might be enough (supposing I thought you remained in the state of mind which dictated that) to make me say I believe in you, but not to *make* me believe in you—What will then make me again believe you to be what you were—simply to resume that character which once gained the credence whose loss you complain of. Think, reason, methodize. Your present incapacity for all these my conviction that your exposure to Harriet's attractions would augment that incapacity, are the limits of the change of my opinion regarding you—It appears to me that I am acting as your friend, your disinterested friend by objecting to your living with us at present; certainly I am depriving myself of the very great pleasure of your society; this however is necessary, to this I submit. You mention in your letter to Harriet—your obligation to *me* for introducing you to her. Certainly if I deserve any disservice at your hands, it is for unwittingly exposing you to the temptation & consequent misery of this very intercourse. Here again I see that feeling peeping out which would destroy our hopes again—Think not that I am otherwise than your friend, a friend to you now more fervent more devoted than ever, for misery endears to us those whom we love; You are you shall be my bosom friend you have been so—but in one instance, & there you have deceived yourself. Still let us continue what ever we have been. I will remain unchanged so shall you *hereafter*. Let us forget this affair, let us erase from the memory that ever it had

being. Consider what havoc one year, the last year of our lives, has made in Memory. How, can you say then that good will not come, that we shall not again be what we were; good and evil are in an ever varying routine of change, if I am wretched this month the arising of another may see me happy——. You will say perhaps that it is well for *me* to reason; I am cold, phlegmatic, unfeeling that I compromise for those sins which I love, by railing against those which are matters of indifference—In the first part of this charge there may be some truth, I have more than once felt the force of this,—Is constitutional temperament the criterion of moral? Believe me that this more than excuses to me the present irrationality, incongruity inconsistency of your words & actions; I cannot avoid however seeing that they are incongruous nor seeing it avoid earnestly desiring that they may be otherwise.—Prove to me satisfactorily that Virtue exists not, that it is a fabric as baseless as a school-boy's vision, then take life . . I will no more with it. I would not consent to live to breathe to vegetate, if this vegetation simply went on to imbibe for no other end than it's own proper nutriment the juices which surrounded it.—Does the vegetable reason as to the good it does to the air when it absorbs azote, does the panther destroy the antelope for the public good, does the lion love the lioness for his sake or her own. Prove that Man too is necessarily this; my last act may be an act of this very selfishness but it would be an act of precluding the possibility of more of it, or I would leave the world to such as could bear to inhabit it's surface. Prove this, & I will say you have acted wisely. The argument concerning morality mentioned in my last was intended for this.—But tho' I think you insincere, (tho without being conscious of it) I do not think that this is your opinion now: yet stay . . what did I remark in your letter to Harriet? it proves at the same time the sincerity undisguisedness of your passions yet the

decided . . . You shall believe &c. or when *too late* you shall feel.' This gives me pain, this proves to me that so far from being now under the guidance of reason, you wish to enforce my belief in you by an act which itself is adequate to the excitement of any belief but that of *your* selfishness, or to revenge my want of it by this very act which you know would embitter my existence.—Else what means 'You *shall* feel when *too late*' . . . This my friend is not convincing, it might be enough (supposing I thought you remained in the state of mind which dictated that) to make me say I believe in you, but not to *make* me believe in you—What will then make me again believe you to be what you were—simply to resume that character which once gained the credence whose loss you complain of. Think, reason, methodize. Your present incapacity for all these my conviction that your exposure to Harriet's attractions would augment that incapacity, are the limits of the change of my opinion regarding you—It appears to me that I am acting as your friend, your disinterested friend by objecting to your living with us at present; certainly I am depriving myself of the very great pleasure of your society; this however is necessary, to this I submit. You mention in your letter to Harriet—your obligation to *me* for introducing you to her. Certainly if I deserve any disservice at your hands, it is for unwittingly exposing you to the temptation & consequent misery of this very intercourse. Here again I see that feeling peeping out which would destroy our hopes again—Think not that I am otherwise than your friend, a friend to you now more fervent more devoted than ever, for misery endears to us those whom we love; You are you shall be my bosom friend you have been so—but in one instance, & there you have deceived yourself. Still let us continue what ever we have been. I will remain unchanged so shall you *hereafter*. Let us forget this affair, let us erase from the memory that ever it had

being. Consider what havoc one year, the last year of our lives, has made in Memory. How, can you say then that good will not come, that we shall not again be what we were; good and evil are in an ever varying routine of change, if I am wretched this month the arising of another may see me happy——. You will say perhaps that it is well for *me* to reason; I am cold, phlegmatic, unfeeling that I compromise for those sins which I love, by railing against those which are matters of indifference—In the first part of this charge there may be some truth, I have more than once felt the force of this,—Is constitutional temperament the criterion of moral? Believe me that this more than excuses to me the present irrationality, incongruity inconsistency of your words & actions; I cannot avoid however seeing that they are incongruous nor seeing it avoid earnestly desiring that they may be otherwise.—Prove to me satisfactorily that Virtue exists not, that it is a fabric as baseless as a school-boy's vision, then take life . . I will no more with it. I would not consent to live to breathe to vegetate, if this vegetation simply went on to imbibe for no other end than it's own proper nutriment the juices which surrounded it.—Does the vegetable reason as to the good it does to the air when it absorbs azote, does the panther destroy the antelope for the public good, does the lion love the lioness for his sake or her own. Prove that Man too is necessarily this; my last act may be an act of this very selfishness but it would be an act of precluding the possibility of more of it, or I would leave the world to such as could bear to inhabit it's surface. Prove this, & I will say you have acted wisely. The argument concerning morality mentioned in my last was intended for this.—But tho' I think you insincere, (tho without being conscious of it) I do not think that this is your opinion now: yet stay . . what did I remark in your letter to Harriet? it proves at the same time the sincerity undisguisedness of your passions yet the

insincerity which I have remarked as secretly betraying you . . . You talk of female excellence, female perfection. Man is in your declamation a being infinitely inferior whose proudest efforts at virtue are but mockeries of his impotence . . . Harriet is the personification of all this contrast to man, the impassionateness of the most ardent passion that ever burned in human breast could never have dictated a compliment (I will not say a piece of flattery) more excessive—she perused it (for she has shewn me your letter) & remarked with much indignation on the repetition of that continued flattery which you had made your theme ever since she knew you,—I wish you would investigate the sources of this passion, my dear friend,—you would find it derived it's principal source from sensation—Let your 'too too great susceptibility of beauty' your very own sincere expression in your letter to Harriet, suffice to convince you of the true state of your feelings.—This caused your error primarily, nor can I wonder; I do *not* condemn I pity; nor do I pity with contempt, but with sympathy, real *sympathy*.—I hope I have shewn you that. I do not regard you as a *smooth tongued traitor*. Would I choose such for a friend, would I still love him with affectionate unabated, perhaps increased.—Reason plain reason would tell you this could not be. How far gone must you have been in *Sophistry* self-deception, to think sensation in this is any instance laudible. I am not happy. I tell you so. My last letter, was written in the acuteness of feeling . . . but do you wish that I should be happy? Reassure yourself, & then be assured that not a wish of my heart will remain ungratified as respects you. I have but one other wish beside, to that at present I will not allude more—Adieu my dear friend. Harriet will write to you tomorrow. May I require that as one proof of self conquest, you will throw the letter into the fire, suppressing all thoughts of *adoration* which I strongly suspect to arise from mere sensation, sentiment. But the letter will

arrive first? it will be prest to the lips, it will be folded to the heart. Imagination will dwell upon the hand that wrote it—how easy the transition to the wildest reveries of ungratified desire! Oh! how the sophistry of the passions has changed you, the sport of a womans whim; the plaything of her inconsistencies, the bauble with which she is angry, the footstool of her exaltation. Assert yourself be what you were Love Adore! It will exalt your nature, bid you a Man be a God. Combine it if you will with sensation perhaps they are inseparable, be it so. but do not love one who *cannot* return it, who if she *could ought* to stifle her desire to do so—Love is not a whirlwind that it is unvanquishable. Adieu, my dear friend adieu.

Ever Ever yours I hope with sincerity Percy Shelley.

We live at Keswick . . do not come here but write—you may send my Trunk—open *all* my letters that come to York.

[Written across the edge] I have obeyed what you say in your letter of today—I have not told you that I am miserable—Indeed I cannot be so miserable as I was when I wrote those letters—If you were to see me now you would see me very calm, as I *hope* you are. The letter of your soul has been my companion, my study since I received it. Adieu. Be Happy.
[Written on the lap] Do not come *now*.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqr Mr. Strickland's Blake Street York
Thursday

The letter is written on both sides of each of three folio sheets, and marked across the address with the cost of the postage, 1s, 7d.

From Rev. W. Terrot to T. J. Hogg

Sedgefield, Rushyford,

May 6th., 1812

My dear Friend—

I mentioned you to him [*Mr. Surtees*] as a young friend whom I wished him to know, & he said he would be glad to see you. . . . He has heard of your philosophical sentiments, but will never entertain a prejudice against honest conviction, let the result of impartial enquiry be what it will.

My regard for you make me solicitous to urge one piece of advice very strongly, which I once named to you. Do not suppose that you are necessarily always to think as you do at present. You may change as many others have done; therefore do not yet attempt to make proselytes. With your abilities you may succeed, & thereafter may bitterly lament that you can not undo what you had done.

This was the case with my pious friend Mr. Newton; his mischievous wit & arguments had induced one if not more young men into a Scepticism from which he could never recal [*sic*] them. If you are attacked, you will of course defend yourself but do not you begin, at least till farther study and a little more experience of the fallacy of Metaphysical deductions leave you without one shadow of doubt that you are right, & that your little pamphlet has actually annihilated all the conclusions of all the learned labours 8c patient investigation of truth in Locke, in Boyle 8c in Newton. I know you well enough to be assured that you would feel pain if your arguments had induced me to make shipwreck of faith, 8c to give up all my hopes of future happiness 8c my resignation to misfortunes, bad health, 8cc 8cc, which I now

believe to be sent on messages of mercy to improve my character, & to be

'Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disce',

& to wean my affections from the follies of the world, into which with strong health I should probably plunge.

What could Philosophy offer to me for that hope that the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse me from all sin? What can it give me as an equivalent for plunging all my hopes in a gulph of dreary annihilation? I do not say these things, My dear Hogg, as arguments about the doctrine of Christianity or Atheism, but merely to shew you what wretchedness you will produce if you make converts. . .

I am ever, with most sincere regard & earnest wishes Yours
W. Terrot.

Let us hear very soon your whole London History.

Jefferson Hogg Esqr No. 70 Chancery Lane London.

29

From J. Lawless to T. J. Hogg

35 Great Cuffe St Dublin May 3d 1813

Dear Sir.

I take the liberty of troubling you with these few lines to be informed by you how our good friends the Shelleys are, from whom I have heard but once since they left this country. I did flatter myself with a letter from my friend long before this, and now begin to apprehend some serious cause for his not writing. I hope no such cause has interposed, and if not you will much oblige me by telling him how anxious both

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Mrs. Lawless & I are to hear from him & Mrs. Shelley. I suppose Miss Westbrook has long since arrived with you.

I remain Your very humble servant

John Lawless,

Jefferson Hogg Esq. No. 70 Chancery Lane London

Sealed in red wax, and marked with the postal charge, 1s. 2d.

From T. J. Hogg to Harriet Shelley

[On the reverse] 1 am very sorry that Bysshe is unwell. It is hard that his heart should be so good & his head so bad. I wish you had as much influence with the latter as over the former. Lawless has had the impudence to send me the paper on which 1 write. I met Mr. & Mrs. Newton as I returned last night; they ordered me to tell you that they would take tea with you tonight. Adieu—au grand Dieu, quoique tu n'es qu'une jolie petite deesse.

Jefferson

Sunday Morng.

Mrs. Shelley Cooke's Hotel Albemarle Street Piccadilly,

From Harriet Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[Written on the flap, in Harriet's hand.] Bysshe is better now & wishes for your company at 8 oclock to meet the Newtons.

Sealed in red wax with the Hogg crest.

30

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dearest Friend.

I have felt myself extremely hurt by Harriet's conduct towards you. *[This line, afterwards deleted, presumably by Shelley.]*

She writes in this. I only desire that she were as anxious to confer on you all possible happiness as I am. She tells you that she invites you this evening. It will be better than our lonesome and melancholy interviews.

Your very affectionate
P B Shelley

I am very sure that Harriet will be as kind as ever. I could see when I spoke to her (if my eyes were not blinded by love) that it was an error not of the feelings but of reason. I entreat you to come this evening,

Cooke's Hotel Wednesday Mor.

Jefferson Hogg Esqr 70 Chancery Lane Holborn

Scaled in green wax.

[Written across flap] I send this by the servant that there may be no delay.

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From Rev. W. Terrot to T. J. Hogg

Sedgefield June 14th[?] 1813
Rushyford Durham

My dear Sir,

I will write to you though I have little to say but that I am tolerably well & hope to see you soon in this northern region. I have been at Norton several times this spring & have had a visit from William; I very much admire that boy, & think he will turn out a superior scholar.

Your Father is going to send him to Durham, and I am

glad of it, as Carr is a very able man, I trust you like the Profession as you are now getting deeper into its mysteries: except Blackstone I never read a law book in my life.

I have not read much since I saw you, a few short publications being the sum total. I am very decidedly of opinion that to read one book thrice is much better than to read 3 books once, that is, it becomes your own, & the substance of it incorporated with your other knowledge; but one reading of a book does little more than amuse me.

I have lately read a long address from the Dean of Carlisle to Herbert Marsh in answer to his various attacks on the Bible Society. It rather lays out of your line, but if ever you meet it, you may find in it some of the closest reasoning I ever met with except in Euclid's Elemts. & I think I never met in any writer such deep apprehension of the feebleness of human intellect & how little the wisest of us all know, & I suppose that as a man of Science Doctor Milner is unequalled in England. He is President of the Board of Longitude.

I do not hear anything of Mr Surtee's book. I have not seen him for long, & was sorry to be engaged the last invitation I had to dine there. He will I hope go over to Norton to stay a day or two when you come to the North.

As I am writing, I think, My dear Jeff, I must mention a subject to you which has at times struck not only me but others,—by others I mean of your own family. Your eldest sister is come home, & is attached to you in an uncommon degree and looks up to you with the greatest deference. Now whilst I am perfectly sure she is no more likely to hear from you any thing to unsettle her opinions than from me, in the way of argument,—for both of us would equally detest such a deed.—It is yet perfectly possible that some joke against Religion, Priests, &c, &c, meant by you only as a joke, might yet have more effect than you are aware of, on her young unguarded mind.

I make no apology for thus putting you on your guard. You know my motives.

I am just going to turn School Master for a few weeks. Hardy of Norton is promoted to be Clerk to Wetherell the Wine Merchant, & I must send his successor to learn Bell's plan of teaching at Auckland. Of course I must take care of the School, or the scholars would go else where. I am going to stay at Grindon for this short Paedagogical Bum brushing Excursion, as it is nearer Thorpe than this place, but I of course retain my lodging here.

Believe me to be Ever, with most sincere regards, Dear Jeff., Yours

Wm. Terrot.

P.S. If you can recollect it, I should thank you to bring me from London an impression for Butter, of the small size, with Initials J.E. or a Cypher. I mean to present it to Jane Elchole, my fat Landlady.

Jefferson Hogg Esqr 70 Chancery Lane Holborn London

32

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

S Church Terrace Pancrass London

October 3. 1814.

My dear Friend,

After a silence of some months I hasten to communicate to you the events of the interval. They will surprise, & if any degree of our ancient affection is yet cherished by you for a being apparently so inconsistent & indisciplinable as me, will probably delight you. You will rejoice that after struggles & privation which almost withered me to idiotism, I enjoy an

happiness the most perfect & exalted that it is possible for my nature to participate. That I am restored to energy and enterprise, that I have become again what I once promised to become . . . that my friendship will no longer be an enigma to my friend, you will rejoice . . . If the causes that produced my errors have not made you indifferent to this reformation, & my restoration to peace, liberty & virtue.

As soon as I returned from the Continent (for I have travelled thro¹ France, Switzerland, Germany & Holland) I sought you to communicate what I will now detail.

In the beginning of Spring, I spent two months at Mrs Boinville's without my wife. If I except the succeeding period these two months were probably the happiest of my life: the calmest, the serenest, the most free from care. The contemplation of Female excellence is the favorite food of my imagination. There was ample scope for admiration: novelty added a peculiar charm to the intrinsic merit of the objects: I had been unaccustomed to the mildness, the intelligence, the delicacy of a cultivated female. The presence of Mrs Boinville & her daughter afforded a strange contrast to my former friendship & deplorable condition. I suddenly perceived that the entire devotion with which I had resigned all prospects of utility or happiness to the single purpose of cultivating Harriet was a gross & despicable superstition. Perhaps every degree of affectionate intimacy with a female, however slight, partakes of the nature of love. Love makes men quick-sighted, & is only called blind by the *[illegible]* because he perceives the existence of relations invisible to grosser spirits. I saw the full extent of the calamity which my rash & heartless union with Harriet: an union over whose entrance might justly be inscribed

'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!'

had produced. I felt as if a dead & living body had been linked

an entire union. I had even proceeded so far as
to compose a letter to Harriet on the subject of
my passion for another. This was only with
regard, at the conclusion of which I was hardly
sensible of fatigue.

In the month of June I came to London that
I might accomplish some business with John
that had been long depending. The circumstances,
after we agreed on almost constant
residence at his house. There I met his
daughter Mary. The originality & force of
Mary's character was apparent to me from
her very motions & tones of voice. The wonderful
wildness & sublimity of her feelings showed itself
in her gestures and her looks. Her smile, how
persuasive it was & how pathetic! She is
gentle, to be convinced & tender, yet not incapable
of ardent indignation & hatred. I do not
think that there is an welcome which human
nature can arrive, that she does not indisputably
possess, or of which her character does not
afford manifest intimations.

Facsimile of part of letter from
Shelley to Hogg (see letter 32)



Portrait of Mary Shelley

from the painting by Richard Kothwell in the National Portrait Gallery

together in loathsome & horrible communion. It was no longer possible to practise self deception: I believed that one revolting duty yet remained, to continue to deceive my wife. I wandered in the fields alone. The season was most beautiful. The evenings were so serene & mild. I never had before felt so intensely the subduing voluptuousness of the impulses of spring. Manifestation of my approaching change tinged my waking thoughts, & afforded inexhaustible subject for the visions of my sleep. I recollect that one day I undertook to walk from Bracknell to my father's, (40 miles). A train of visionary events arranged themselves in my imagination until ideas almost acquired the intensity of sensations. Already I had met the female, who was destined to be mine, already had replied to my exulting recognition, already were the difficulties surmounted that opposed an entire union. I had even proceeded so far as to compose a letter to Harriet on the subject of my passion for another. Thus was my walk beguiled, at the conclusion of which I was hardly sensible of fatigue.

In the month of June I came to London to accomplish some business with Godwin that had been long depending. The circumstances of the case required an almost constant residence at his house. There I met his daughter Mary. The originality & loveliness of Mary's character was apparent to me from her very motions & tones of voice. The irresistible wildness & sublimity of her feelings shewed itself in her gestures & her looks—Her smile, how persuasive it was, & how pathetic! She is gentle, to be convinced & tender; yet not incapable of ardent indignation & hatred. I do not think that there is an excellence at which human nature can arrive, that she does not indisputably possess, or of which her character does not afford manifest intimations. I speak thus of Mary now . . . and so intimately are our natures now united, that I feel whilst I describe her excellencies as if I were an egoist

expatiating upon his own perfections. *Then*, how deeply did I not feel my inferiority, how willingly confess myself far surpassed in originality, in genuine elevation & magnificence of the intellectual nature until she consented to share her capabilities with me. I speedily conceived an ardent passion to possess this inestimable treasure. In my own mind this feeling assumed a variety of shapes, I disguised from myself the true nature of my affection. I endeavoured also to conceal it from Mary, but without success. I was vacillating & infirm of purpose. I shuddered to transgress a real duty, & could not in this instance perceive the boundaries by which virtue was separated from madness, *when* self devotion becomes the very prodigality of idiotism. Her understanding was made clear by a spirit that sees into the truth of things, my affections preserved pure & sacred from the corrupting contamination of vulgar superstitions. No expressions can convey the remotest conception of the *manner* in which she dispelled my delusions. The sublimer & rapturous moment when she confessed herself mine, who had so long been hers in secret, cannot be painted to mortal imaginations.—Let it suffice to you, who are my friend, to know & to rejoice that she is mine: that at length I possess the inalienable treasure, that I sought & I have found.

Tho' strictly watched, & regarded with a suspicious eye, opportunities of frequent intercourse were not wanting. When we meet, I will give you a more explicit detail of the progress of our intercourse. How Godwin's distress induced us to prolong the period of our departure. How the cruelty & injustice with which we were treated, compelled us to disregard all considerations but that of the happiness of each other. We left England & proceeded to Switzerland & returned thro Germany & Holland. Two months have passed since this new state of being content. How wonderfully I am changed! Not a disembodied spirit can have undergone a

stranger revolution! I never knew until now that contentment was anything but a word denoting an amusing abstraction. I never before felt the integrity of my nature, its various dependencies, & learned to consider myself as an whole accurately united—rather than an assemblage of inconsistent & discordant portions.

Above all, most sensibly do I perceive the truth of my entire worthlessness but as depending on another. And I am deeply persuaded that thus ennobled, I shall become a more true & constant friend, a more useful lover of mankind, a more ardent asserter of truth & virtue . . . above all more consistent, more intelligible, more true.

My dear friend I entreat you to write to me soon. Even in this pure & celestial felicity I am not contented until I hear from you.

Most affectionately yours P. B. Shelley.

Thos Jefferson Hogg Esqr Junr Norton near Stockton on Tees
Durham

33

From P. B. Shelley to T.J. Hogg

My dear friend

Mary wished to speak with you alone, for which purpose I have gone out & removed [her, *afterwards deleted*] Clare.

If you should return before this evening & are at leisure I need not direct your steps.

Affectionately yours P B S

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq.

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

January—————1815 [*Post-marked Jan. 1.*]

Dearest Hogg

As they have both left me and I am here all alone, I have nothing better to do than take up my pen and say a few words to you—as I do not expect you this morning.

You love me, you say—I think I could return it with the passion you deserve—but you are very good to me and tell me that you are quite happy with the affection which from the bottom of my heart I feel for you—you are so generous, so disinterested, that no one can help loving you. But, you know, Hogg, that we have known each other for so short a time, and I did not think about love, so that I think that *that* also will come in time & then we shall be happier, I do think, than the angels who sing for ever and ever, the lovers of Jane's world of perfection. There is a bright prospect before us, my dear friend—lovely—and—which renders it certain—wholly dependent on our own selves—for Shelley & myself I need promise nothing—not to you either, for I know that you are persuaded that I will use every effort to promote your happiness, & such is my affection for you, that will be no hard task.

But this is prattle—I tell you what you know so well already—besides you will be here this evening. The sun shines; it would be a fine day to visit the divine Theoclea but I am not well enough. I was in great pain all night & this morning, & am but just getting better.

You need not answer this scrawl.

Affectionately your Mary

Thomas Jefferson Hogg Esq. Arundel Street Strand

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

January 1815 Nelson Square [*Probably Jan. 4?*]

My dearest Hogg

I have been trifling away my time thinking it early when to my infinite astonishment I learn that it is past two. It is useless to think of going to Theoclea today, but tomorrow will do as well.

Shelley & Jane are both gone out & from the number & distance of the places that they are going to I do not expect them till very late. Perhaps you can come and console a solitary lady in the mean time—but I do not wish to make you a truant so do not come against your conscience.

You are so good & disinterested a creature that I love you more & more.

By the bye when Shelley is in the country we shall never be alone so perhaps this is the last opportunity for a long time, but still I do not wish to persuade you to do that which you ought not.

With one kiss Goodbye Affectionately yours Mary

If you cannot come now perhaps you can come earlier this evening than usual.

T. J. Hogg, Esq. —Holroyd Esq. Gray's Inn.

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

[*No date, but written 6th January, 1815*]

43 Southampton Buildings

Dear Alexy

Will you come with me to Theoclea—I wait here at Mrs. Peacocks for your answer. By an advertisement in the paper

we learn that this & tomorrow are the last days—will you not see that lovely creature again?

Yours very truly Mary.

I only ask you for the pleasure of your company, not because I want someone to go with me, so you refuse if you are busy.

Mr. Hogg Mr. Holroid Grays Inn.

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From Mary Godwin to T.J. Hogg

Dearest Hogg

I send you what you asked me for. I sincerely believe that we shall all be so happy! My affection for you, although it is not now exactly as you would wish, will I think daily become more so—then, what can you have to add to your happiness. I ask but for time, time which for other causes beside this—physical causes—that must be given—Shelley will be subject to these also, & this, dear Hogg, will give time for that love to spring up which you deserve and will one day have. All this you know is sweet hope, but we need not be prudent now, for I will try to make you happy & you say it is in my power.

Most affectionately yours Mary.

Jan. 7th. 1815

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. 34 Arundel Street Strand

January - 1815

Milton Square.

My dearest Hogg

I have been trifling away my time
thinking it early when to my infinite as-
tonishment I learn that it is Great to-
morrow we are to think of going to Theobalds to
say - but tomorrow will do as well -

Shelley & Jane are both gone out &
from the number & distance of the place
that they are going to I do not expect them
till very late - perhaps you can come
and console a solitary & lady in the
mean time - but I do not wish to
make you a tenant so do not come
against your conscience.

You are so good & kind to let an
venture that I love you most
more

By the bye when Shelley is in the
country we shall never be alone so
perhaps this is the last opportunity
for a long time but still I do
not wish to persuade you to do
that which you ought not.

With one kiss goodbye
affectionately. yours - Mary

If you cannot come now perhaps you
can come earlier this evening than
usual

Facsimile of letter from Mary

Godwin to Hogg (sec letter 35)

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

[Post-marked J o'clock, 24th January, 1815] Monday morning

When you return to your lodging this evening, dearest Alexy, I hope it will cheer your solitude to find this letter from me, that you may read & kiss before you go to sleep.

My own Alexy, I know how much & how tenderly you love me, and I rejoice to think that I am capable of constituting your happiness. We look forward to joy & delight in the summer when the trees are green, when the suns brightly & joyfully when, dearest Hogg, I have my little baby, with what exquisite pleasure shall we pass the time. You are to teach me Italian, you know, & how many books we will read together, but our still greater happiness will be in Shelley—I who love him so tenderly & entirely, whose life hangs on the beam of his eye, and whose whole soul is entirely wrapped up in him—you who have so sincere a friendship for him to make him happy—no, we need not try to do that, for everything we do will make him that without exertion, but to see him so—to see his love, his tenderness—dear, dearest Alexy, these are joys that fill your heart almost to bursting and draw tears more delicious than the smiles of love from your eyes. When I think of all that we three in

Here have been called away for a couple of hours from finishing your letter, so I cannot finish the sentence I began or say much more, for when the course of one's feelings is interrupted they will not run rightly again; besides now Shelley & Clara are talking beside me, which is not a very good accompaniment when one is writing a letter to one one loves.

Goodnight then—Good dreams to my Alexy—

Mary.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg Esq. 34 Arundel Street Strand,

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

[Thursday, 2nd March, 1815]

My own dear Hogg—

You must come to us today in our new lodgings, for it is such a fine day that we have determined to remove, for this is a very horrid place & we are in great danger of arriving without any money, for the old woman is determined to fleece us.—What a horrid man that Peacock is, talking of nothing but Greek letters & types!

I write in hurry for the sun is hastening away, and I ought to journey by its light.

We shall see you tonight, and soon always—which is a very happy thing.

Your most affectionately

the Maie

Mal il soit qui mal il pense
bring my garters.

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

[Monday, 6th March, 1815]

My dearest Hogg my baby is dead—will you come to me as soon as you can—I wish to see you—It was perfectly well when I went to bed—I awoke in the night to give it suck it appeared to be *sleeping* so quietly that I would not awake it. It was dead then, but we did not find *that* out till morning—from its appearance it evidently died of convulsions—

Will you come—you are so calm a creature & Shelley is

afraid of a fever from the milk—for I am no longer a mother
now

Mary

T. J. Hogg Esq — Holroyd Esq Holborn Court Grays Inn

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From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

*[At the top of the sheet occur the following words in Shelley's hand,
apparently the beginning of a letter, afterwards deleted.]*

[April 24th, 1815]

My dear friend

We shall be absent from London one day & our

[The rest of the sheet is in Mary's hand.]

Dear Jefferson

I am not hardhearted but Clary will explain to you how we are obliged to go away; you will perceive that it was indispensable.

We shall return tomorrow night or the next morning, so dear Jefferson, do not think very hard of the poor Pecksie who would not for all the world make you uncomfortable for a moment if she could help it.

Clary says that she will not get lodgings, so will you—but she will of course alter her mind.

Dear Jefferson, love me all the time, as I do you.

Affectionately yours The Pecksie dor to answer for.

We shall be very very glad to see you tomorrow evening if you can spare time, at Salt Hill.

Write directly as C[laire] shall direct.

[On the outside] Jefferson—

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

Windmill Inn Salt Hill April 25th 1815

Dear Jefferson

It would have required more than mortal fortitude (and such the Pecksie does not boast of) to have resisted the sight of Green fields and yew trees to have jogged up to London again—when your letters arrived Shelley's distich was truly applicable.

On her hind paws the Dormouse stood
In a wild & mingled mood
Of Maieishness & Pecksietude

Would it be treating you ill & would it be too much expence? Shelley said that would not be too much expence. I said that you would not be angry with a dormouse who had escaped from her London Cage to green fields & acorns—dear Jefferson, I am sure that you are not so selfish (pardon the word) not to be very very sorry.

Well, here am I sitting in a parlour of the Windmill Inn, seeing the little white pales of the garden before, where the yew & Cypress flourishes in great abundance. After I have written to you & Clary, I mean to construe some Ovid & to be very industrious.

What a shocking place London is now! truly I hate it. Would that I were never to enter it again! Dear Jefferson, do give up the Law and come down & pass your days here, ay, at the Windmill Inn, if you please. I am sure that it's a better place than the Inns of Court.

Now notwithstanding your ill humour which would not allow me to write to you yesterday night, I expect a very long letter tomorrow & a very kind forgiving one too, or I will never speak to you again.

Well, Jefferson, take care of yourself and be good—the Pecksie will soon be back all the better for her dormouseish jaunt, & remember, nothing take away from my Maieishness.

For Maie girls are Maie girls
Wherever they're found
In Air or in Water
Or In the ground

Now think of me very kindly while I am away, & receive me kindly when I come back, or I will be no more

Your affectionate Dormouse.

I will write again in the evening or early tomorrow & tell you all the sights that I have seen

Jefferson Hogg Esq. 34 Arundel Street Strand

43

From Alary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

[P.M. not very legible, but probably 26th April, 1815.]

My dear Jefferson.

I am no doubt a very naughty dormouse [*here follows a drawing of a minute dormouse*] but indeed you must forgive me. Shelley is now returned; he went to Longdill's, did his business, & returned. He heard from Harriet's attorney that she meant (if he did not make a handsome settlement on her), to prosecute him for Atheism.

How are you amusing yourself with the Pecksie away? very doleful no doubt, but my poor Jefferson I shall soon be up again, & you may remember that even if we had staid you would not have seen much of me as you must have been with me.

Do you mean to come down to us? I suppose not, Prince

Prudent. Well, as you please, but remember I should be very happy to see you. If you had not been a lawyer you might have come with us. Rain has come after a mild beautiful day, but Shelley & I are going to walk as it is only showery.

P.S.S. How delightful it is to read Poetry among green shades. Tintern Abbey filled me with delight.

But Shelley calls me to come, for

The sun it is set
and night is coming.

I will write perhaps by a night Coach, or at least early tomorrow.

I shall return soon & remain till then an affectionate but
Runaway Dormouse.

44

From Mary Godwin to T. J. Hogg

Windmill Inn Salt Hill April 26th. 1815

Dear Jefferson

You must not go to courts very early tomorrow, as it is most likely we shall be with you about nine. We shall try to get a place in the mail which comes into London about seven, so you must rise early to receive the Dormouse all fresh from grubbing under the oaks.

But you must know that I think it very dangerous for Shelley to remain in London. The Bailiffs know Longdill to be his attorney, and of course will place spies there, and indeed what part of London can he walk about free in—none, I fear. Have you not thought of this, & what do you think of it now?—but more of this when we meet.

The dormouse is going to take a long ramble today among green fields and solitary lanes as happy as any little animal

could be in finding herself in her native nests again. I shudder to think of breathing the air of London again. Jefferson, Jefferson, it is your duty not to keep any creature away from its home, so come; I shall expect you tonight, and if you do not come, I am off—not for London, I promise you.

But, dear Jefferson, all things considered, the danger of Shelley remaining in London and my hatred of it, do you not think you ought to come to Salt Hill *incontinently*—Remember I shall believe that your love is all a farce if you do not—so I expect you.

Adieu—though he is but a bad sort of personage, yet he is good enough for you—*A Dieu* therefore.

I wish if there is time that you would send us some money, as I do not think we shall have quite enough.

You have not chosen to write to me—very well—I know by this what you are good for.

Yours—as we shall see when we know how you behave

A Runaway Dormouse

Jefferson Hogg Esq. 34 Arundel Street Strand

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Friend

I shall be very happy to see you again, & to give you your share of our common treasure of which you have been cheated for several days. The Maie knows how highly you prize this exquisite possession, & takes occasion to quiz you in saying that it is necessary for me to absent from London, from your sensibility to its value. Do not fear. A few months [*these three words crossed out*]. We will not again be deprived of this participated pleasure.

I did all the requisite acts at Longdill's yesterday at one o'clock & returned immediately to the Pecksie. I could not persuade her to come to London,

Very affectionately yours P B Shelley.

Mr. Tom Hogg.

46

From Sarah Hogg to T. J. Hogg

Norton. January 9th 1816

My dear Jefferson,

I think you will expect that an affectionate Sister will write to wish you many happy returns of the year 1816, of which I sincerely wish you *very many happy returns*. I am very glad to hear you are so comfortably settled in Temple Gardens and I am also glad to hear you have earned your first Fee. Instead of your remedy viz a non Yule Cake applied to my Side, I have had a Blister which has quite removed the pain and I am now as well as ever. I was very unlucky. I missed the Xmas Ball. It was a very good one.

My sister that is to say Fat Prue, Papa and John went and were very much amused indeed. On Thursday next there is a Dance at Mrs Gilpins which will be very pleasant and in a degree make up to me for the loss I have lately sustained of not been able to go to the last gay and numerous balls in Stockton. You will be sorry to hear [*sealing wax over word here*] that Mr Cartwright has lost his little boy; he died about a Fortnight ago. Poor things they are in very bad spirits. A Nephew of Mr Gilpins is now staying with us a very handsome agreeable boy indeed. [Kind?] Miss Lusford is coming to stay a few days with us on Friday. So you see with Balls, routs,

dinner parties &c. we are rather gayer than usual. I have been most delighted with Southey's Rodesiah I think it is the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever read. The sentiments and the Imagination is so fine. You have read it of course. John Stapylton mentioned of hearing of Lord Byron writing a Tragedy. I think it will be a dolorous concern [?] but he never writes anything lovely never has in his life I believe. Have you heard of it? I suppose you have. Capt Frank Baker and Miss Prince are to be married very shortly, I believe. I think that is the only wedding that is going forward. As John has told you all the news, I must finish my nonsense. With the united love of all the family and wishing you many very happy returns of the season, I remain, my dear Jefferson,

Your ever affectionate Sister

Sarah Hogg

I shall be most happy to hear from you whenever you have time.

47

From John Hogg to T. J. Hogg

[Written across the above.]

Norton, Jany 9th 1816.

Dear Jefferson,

As there is plenty of room left in the frank, I take the opportunity of letting you know what is going on in this part of the world, or rather in Dobson's Phrase 'this little spot of ours'. We had a very good Ball at Stockton on New Years Day, where my Father, Sister, Prue and myself footed it very well, and are all the better for it. But Poor Sardy was not able to go on account of a Rheumatic Pain in her side for which she was very much disappointed, but in loss of your

prescription she has had a warm Blister applied to that part and now I am happy to say she is quite well again, and preparing herself for Mrs Gilpin's Ball which is next Friday. Lat night was Parson Walker's Rout, he has a second to night when four of us are going as we could not last night on account of dining at Col. Murray's. John Stapylton has arrived safe here some time since he was neither lost in a fog at London nor Yarrow. We go to Grinson rural felicity on Tuesday next for a few days, which is rather dull at this time of year, but however it will be rather pleasant on account of Skating, of which we have already had a good share, & I believe we have to Go to Winyard to put the Books in order &c. as Mr J. has the key of the Library. I am at Present travelling with Mr. Eustace amongst the Ruins of Rome 'Mater urbium'; it is a most interesting and very well written Book, and I trust you think the same of it. I have finished Don Roderigo the Goth, which is most beautiful. I think I never liked any English Modern Poem half so well. How does your German go on? I suppose you are now able to converse with any Arch Duke! What a most rum set of fellows those Arch Dukes are (I trust you have seen them) they passed thro' Durham, and I think most of the time they were there, they amused themselves with drinking Gin and water, i.e. l'eau de vie, they fancied very likely they were in Germany. I think I have nothing more to say; pray let me hear from you when you are at liberty. All the family not forgetting Mr. Terrot, unite in love &c. and wish you many happy and prosperous years.

I remain dear Jeff Your ever affectionate Brother,
John Hogg

T. J. Hogg Esqr 1 Temple Gardens London

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Geneva July 18. 1816.

My dear Hogg,

Circumstances have occurred since I last saw you which are in some measure connected with those which caused my sudden departure from London, & which I think more fit to be made the subject of conversation than of a letter. These circumstances (& I exceedingly regret if they should prove matter of disappointment to you) render it impossible for me to complete the scheme which was the subject of our conversations. I do not know that I shall even return to London at present. If I should do so I shall call at your Chambers tho in all probability before that you will have engaged on some other & I hope not less pleasurable mode of spending the summer Vacation——. I shall remain at Genoa more than another week; after that I shall send you a detail of my movements. Address me at Avignon in future. I received both your letters on my return from a long departure & nothing but the painful & complete uncertainty in which I have been held as to my movements & my powers of motion would have prevented me from immediately answering them.

Bishopsgate, I hear, is sold, & is to be pulled down. Mrs. Coventry intends to make a magnificent place.

Lord Byron, whom I have seen at this place, is about to publish a new canto of Childe Harold. I have read it in M.S.S. & think that it infinitely surpasses any poem he has yet published, with the exception perhaps of Lara, which is of another character. Madame de Stael is here & a number of literary people whom I have not seen, & indeed have no great curiosity to see, unwilling as I am to pay the invidious price exacted by all, to range oneself according to peculiar parties
[?illeg.]

The eastern boundary, or head of this lake, is exceedingly grand. Geneva is far from interesting, & is a place, which for the sake of scenery I should never have made my habitation. I have seen Vevai, Clarens, Meillerie. I have read La Nouvelle Heloise at these places, a book which tho in some respects absurd & prejudiced, is yet the production of a mighty Genius, & acquires an interest I had not conceived it to possess when giving & receiving influences from the scenes by which it was inspired. Rousseau is indeed in my mind the greatest man the world has produced since Milton.

I have not yet seen, & fear that altho I shall do my utmost during this short time I remain here, that I shall not be able to see the famous Valley of Chamouni. Where I shall be next I certainly know not, but shall take especial care to forward you my news. You will receive [*a tear in the letter here*] by the General Carrier

[*tear*] son Hogg Esq. Garden Court Temple London Angle-
terre

Postmarked SUISSE PAR BELFORT, marked with the postal charge, 1/11, and sealed with a wafer.

49

From J. F. Newton to T.J. Hogg

My dear Sir

One never opens a letter which comes from you without much interest, but this last contains important matter indeed. It is quite presumptuous in me to remark on the subject until I receive your promised letter; but to say the truth, I do not think this cause of the Westbrooks will ever be heard publicly. You know what I must think upon the point in question. We entirely agree, and your old friend, no doubt, after the de-

claration which does the Bench so much honour, will have the care of his Children.

The D'Arvilles arrived as they promised. His eldest Daughter plays the piano forte delightfully, and we had music every day during the fortnight they staid with me. I wish you had partaken of our pleasures. Poor Fralon, who is a good-hearted creature, departed in low spirits two days ago. He accompanied Mr. D'Arville very well on the violin, for you know his talents are various.

You desire, I am sure, to learn all about us, so I will disclose a secret. Augustus never saddled the wonderful pony, no, not even once, for the forgotten habitation on the limits of the Forest, so absorbed was he at Burgate during the late visit. What will you say to this? He suspects that among other odd things you, carniverous as you are, have conveyed away in your pocket the mystic duck of the willow-bed, as you happily term it, for it disappeared with you.

Wishing you all the success at law that you can wish yourself, and longing much for your next letter, I remain my dear Sir, with the warm regards of all the little ones,

Your's most faithfully John Frank Newton
Burgate House Feby. 6. 1817
Thomas Jefferson Hogg Esqr. No 1 Garden Court Temple
London

Sealed in black wax with the impression of a woman's head.

50

From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

London July 14th 1817.

My dear Peacock,

As I shall have great pleasure in seeing the beech woods 8c Marlovian meadows once more in their summer dress, in

walking slowly before fifty yards of rope & in conversing with the Hermits, I will take the liberty of trespassing upon your hospitality again & propose to walk over on Friday & to arrive at that hour, when light begins to fail, when hollow murmurs issue from kettles and when tea-pots glow.

You said, I believe, that your Landlord fills his house with guests at this time of the year; I am under the necessity of visiting the North earlier than usual & I shall feel it less inconvenient to sleep at the Inn than to protract my stay in these regions, if therefore it is perfectly convenient to yourself, I should prefer sojourning with you at the period I have mentioned.

I wish I could suggest any inducement to you to come to town this week. The walk hither & the return are most agreeable, the pictures of Opie, etc. deserve another & a more attentive examination, the Elgin marbles would delight Pericles, the admirers of Miss Stevens must be charmed with her in the Libertine & Mrs Orber is I presume not without attractions. I have besides a ham of uncommon Excellence, a great addition to my rugged breakfasts, & a thin slice of which sent in a Frank would, I think, operate like the Lotus & compell you, umbrella in hand, to ascend your strong shoes.

If you will bring the Conchoid with you, you will be doubly welcome.

I have read nothing but Plutarch's Lives & I have read them with extreme delight & increasing admiration, except the *ἑρῶτες* of Lucian, a composition of great excellence in spite of its monstrosity. The description of the Temple of Venus is exquisite. Except also some books of Virgil & the 6th Satire of Juvenal. Mr. Eustace says that the Latin language is perhaps an improvement upon the Greek, God forbid that I should say any thing half so wicked, but what language can surpass that of Virgil & Juvenal?

Shelley complains of the weather, here it has been pleasant. The clouds have shaded us from heat & altho' we have always been threatened with rain, yet only enough has fallen to prevent the formation of dust.

I am glad S. is so sensible to the wonders of the Iliad. Remember me to him.

Ever yours faithfully
T. Jeffn Hogg

I Garden Court Temple.

If Friday is a wet day I will come on Saturday rain or no rain. You were no doubt glad to see your friend Cobbett's twopenny again & amused with his account of America.

T. L. Peacock Esqr Great Marlow Bucks:

51

From T. L. Peacock to T.J. Hogg

Dear Hogg,

I shall be very glad to see you & if Friday is fine I will direct my evening walk towards the Wye going by the lower road to Little Marlow church & following the fields from thence to the common. I should have written to you before but the sudden change of weather which made half the world ill gave me a desperate rheumatism in my head which went very near to make me roar & filled all my cranial bones with H's.

I am reading the Συμπόσιον of Plato, in which I have found one passage perfectly wonderful. I did not think there was such a combination of ἑτεῶν πτεροεντᾶ in the world, not even in Greek. Some new visitors have arrived at the Hermitage in the shape of Pausanias Strabo Porphyrius Dionysius & others.

I have not seen Cobbett. We shall all be much gratified by your bringing it with you.

Yours most sincerely
T. L. Peacock.

T. J. Hogg Esqr. 1 Garden Court Temple London

Undated, but postmarked 16 Jy 1817, MARLOW. On the reverse of the flap a pen-and-ink sketch of Plato by Peacock. Sealed in scarlet wax, with an impression of his crest, a peacock's head erased.

From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Norton near Stockton upon Tees
September 8 th 1817

My dear Peacock

I have long wished to enquire after you, the Conchoid, Demogorgon & my other Marlow friends, and would have done so before, but I felt that it was necessary to give some account of my own pursuits & was conscious that they have been so frivolous, as reluctantly to bear exposure to the eyes of those, who have the fortitude to spend their lives in a course of uniform study.—

Altho' my time has been improved by little of what is useful yet I have derived so much pleasure from such various sources & it has been spent so agreeably, that, if happiness is a good, these weeks have not glided away in vain.—

My enjoyments have consisted in taking down many books from the shelves & in replacing them, in changing my abode from this village to the Seashore & from the seashore to the interior, in riding or shooting, in propagating geraniums, in the study of flowers either wild or cultivated & most especi-

ally in a garden, larger & perhaps even more pleasant than Shelley's.—

My larger Ambition has two great objects. To know all cases in Law & all words & authors in Greek. In the former I have advanced very little, in the latter almost less; for, except in the five last & most divine Iliads, which my brothers read to me & by which I measured their knowledge of perfecta act. pars. & med., with a very satisfactory result & in a few pages of Plutarch, I have in no respect bettered my condition as an Athenian, but my mind's boat has remained moored just above the falls of All-evils weir under the arch of Gt. Idleness bridge unpainted, unswept & imtrimmed, nor have I towed her one inch higher up the stream of Greek with the line of Scapula, or even set the sails of Translation & attempted to make questionable way by tacking with the Western or Latin wind. My Smaller Ambition has also two little objects, to learn the names of the English flowers & of the Constellations. In the first I have made some little progress & can inform you that, that elegant jagged red flower so ornamental to your meads is the *Lychnis Flos puculi* & has many pretty English names, as, Meadow Pink, Cuckoo flower & Ragged Robin, that, that singular flesh coloured plant, growing under the Pines in Bisham wood, is the *Monotropa Nypopithys* or Yellow Bird's Nest & many other things as agreeable to acquire, as useless when acquired.—

Of the stars I am as ignorant as ever, for altho' I have met with many, who profess to be astronomers on paper, I never knew one, who could recognize a star in propria persona.—

I have very candidly given an account of my trifling, I hope you & P.B.S. will communicate the narrative of your industry. I am anxious to learn your opinion of Aristotle's Poetics & if that treatise has tempted you to read any other of the writings of that prodigy of acute investigation, & I shall be glad to see a specimen of the *nrrpov apicrov* of Porphyry in your

handwriting, if not in that of the Reverendissus et Sacrosanctissus in Xto pater, I need not fear the purple venom of that Serpent in a country abounding in antidotes.

Remember me kindly to P.B.S.

I continually regret that Durham is so distant from Bucks., & that the distance is immeasurably increased by causes as weak in themselves as they are strong in mischief & fertile in hostility & discomfort.

If I have been in practise less loyal to Greece than usual I am not without this apology, that in heart I am more a Grecian than ever. The vulgarity of America as depicted in Ashe's Travels & shewn by all other communications from that country, &, which in a great measure arises from ignorance of Classical Literature, is so disgusting, that we shrink from it with horror & take refuge in the ruins of antient taste & elegance. What would be the barbarity of the present age, but for the revival of Grecian literature? For even the Americans, tho' they neglect & despise the men of former days, are not without some advantages, which at secondhand & unconsciously have crept upon them from less illiterate ancestors or contemporaries.—As to Ashe, if I am unwilling for you to suppose that I think that anything affirmed by him cannot possibly be true, I am certainly less willing to admit that greater faith is due to any fact because of his affirmation. It is not from what the man says but from the manner of saying it, which he has in common with all other Americans, that the barbarity of America is to be inferred &, from which this necessary consequence follows, that when the National Style is thus Yankee-doodleitudinous, the Nation is gross & barbarous.

Give my Comps to Mrs Peacock & believe me yours
sincerely

T. J. H.

T. L. Peacock Esqre.

Gt. Marlow Bucks.

From T. I. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

My dear Hogg

My conscience reproaches me δεινотατως for not having written to you long before but I have been inebriating myself with copious draughts of classico-poetical punch of which Theocritus has been the sweet, Aristophanes the acid, Pindar the spirit and Homer the water, on the principle of αριστον μεν υδωρ. Pindar has grown into great favour with me. The walnut-shell of his meaning often exacts the whole energy of the Scapulistic crackers, but the kernel is well worth the trouble.

I walk about the woods with him & strictly meditate the flight ο ωκεα βελη φωνονταί συνετοισιν, t I e & Herodotus were welcome guests. I have deposited the study of the former till the days of mist & snow. I have not yet been able to attain any intelligence of Demogorgon. The Conchoid is well. A Conchoidion or little hermitess has just stept forth upon the stage of the world. La Caccia and his wife have been passing four or five days at the Hermitage, and a Mr. Baxter from the Highlands, with whom I have taken some long walks. La Caccia & his cara sposa went to town yesterday. They exerted their energies and walked to Beaconsfield. I saw them off by the Wycombe stage at 3 minutes & a half past 4 P.M. & walked back to Mariow through an agreeable Scotch mist. The mornings had been particularly beautiful and they were delighted with the valley of the Wye. Perhaps a due mixture of tea, Greek & pedestrianism constitute the summum bonum. I shall comfort myself in the course of the short days with the prospect of our conjointly exploring some more radii of the 90 mile circumference in the course of the next long ones. I hope

you may have a day or two to spare for Marlow between your return from the north & the commencement of term.

The Conchoid is in town at present. He has been sometime talking of writing to you. Let me hear from you soon and believe me yours most sincerely

T. L. Peacock.

Marlow Sept. 26. 1817.

T. J. Hogg Esqr.

Norton, near Stockton upon Tees Durham.

Sealed in scarlet wax with Peacock's crest,

54.

From T. J. Hogg to P. B. Shelley

My dear S.

I confess my negligence in not having once written to you from the North, & by addressing you immediately after my arrival in Town. I came here on Wednesday. Peacock mentioned the addition to your family. I heartily congratulate you & I sincerely hope the young lady may prove everything you can desire.

Hitherto I have been idle but from this time I propose to myself serious application. You can do no more for the future, but of the past you can doubtless give a better account. You had in July nearly finished Aeschylus; Sophocles has I conjecture been read thro' attentively; you have made some progress in Euripides, & have perhaps become acquainted with two or three of the Comedies of Aristophanes.

Peacock is, I trust, climbing upon some steps in his Poem & a new Novel nearer to honour & profit.

The chief difficulty in literary labours is probably to begin to succeed; he has made an excellent beginning. Although all men would choose, if a choice were offered, a good patri-

mony for the sake of the independence which attends it, yet a competent fortune extracted from the owner's brain is doubtless more honourable & more satisfactory than great wealth derived from extrinsic sources.

Whatever question there may be as to the justice of other possessions, a man's inventions whatever they produce, have in all societies been considered as peculiarly his own, & the instruction of mankind must be esteemed an honest equivalent for any reward with which it may ever be compensated. I shall be glad to hear that you have enriched your *purple* room with a Scapula.

When you did not esteem the Classics ('pace vestra', let me use so impious an expression that there once was a time when you preferred the Ghost seers of Germany to the Philosophers of Greece.) I was anxious that you should see your error, but not very anxious for I knew that such an error could not be lasting, so great & *not greater for the same reason* is my present wish to overcome your distaste for the society of John. I do not hold that the turning over of dry brown mouldering leaves can teach the antient languages, for if that were so the autumnal wind would before the 8th of Nov. have become an admirable linguist; nor that if we can find the meaning entire in the translation we ought to seek it piecemeal in the Lexicon, but I maintain that the meaning cannot be found in the translation. I do not deny that the rude meaning of Homer might be learnt from Clarke's translation, as for instance that Achilles slew Hector, or even enough to show that the Iliad is the most sublime production the world ever saw. I deny that the exact, full & just meaning can be learnt from a translation. In works of art *41 poco piu e il poco meno'* constitute the merit. If a sheet of paper were carefully glued over a statue, or if the thickness of a sheet of paper were uniformly scraped off the surface, enough might remain to prove it an admirable work, yet the

delicate, the exquisite, the 'Phidiacum' would perish, or even if they survived, the most delicate, the most exquisite, the 'Phidiacissimuv' would be no more. So with languages: the Translator attends to general effect and is sometimes careless. Suppose him most diligent in every particular, the Latin demands an attention to style. Suppose it literal. It must at least be grammatical. The difference of idiom interposes, but the Lexicon exchanges one word at a time for another. But even suppose an intelligible translation as literal as the Lexicon, and a small point only is gained.

In the Lexicon we see the origin & composition of the word in what passages of the same author and what other authors it is used in the same or in a different sense, & also all cognate words. We meet the individual not once in public but behold him in the bosom of his family, with his parents & kindred who eagerly enumerate his various talents, his services, & when & where he distinguished himself; thus we form an intimacy not with one solitary being, but with a numerous, powerful and closely-united clan.

I shall be glad to hear from you soon on these & other subjects. I expect impatiently Peacock's Judgment in the matter of Aristotle's Poetics.

I think you said della caccia had removed to Paddington; tell me his address that I may call upon him. Altho' I differ from his theory of versification, there are few two legged animals without feathers in whose society I have more pleasure.

We boast of our superiority to the antients in morality & refinement of feeling, but their writings are full of passages which shew this boast to be vain. I will transcribe one of marvellous eloquence from the end of Cic. oration pro C. Rabirio & pregnant with proof if proof be necessary

'Itaque cum multis aliis de caussis [sic]

virorum bonorum mentes &c. . . . relinquemus'.

No date, but probably about 30th September, '17'.

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Hampstead Nov: 14 1817.

Dear Hogg.

I don't exactly understand you: You are in an illhumour & displeased. Very well. I shall be happy to call on you when I can be assured *chel chel ragge cena*. I dare say I'm very provoking; I ought not to make appointments & not keep them; & if the punishment had borne any proportion to the offence, I should have been eager to have sworn never to deserve it any more. God knows how I should have kept my oath. But indeed you are in too great a passion.

Always truly yours P. B. S.

Jefferson Hogg Esq. No. 1 Garden Court Temple

(By hand.)

From P. B. Shelley to T.J. Hogg

Marlow Jan 22nd, 1818.

Dear Hogg,

A return of the Ophthalmia obliges me to use an amanuensis; it visited me again tonight. But I trust that /Esculapius will drive out the rascal before the morning—or Apollo, whose statue I will duly honour with prayers to that effect.

I trouble you with the enclosed parcel for I have no other friend in London whom I can trust; will you oblige me by forwarding it as soon as is convenient to you by the Edinburgh mail, 8c paying the carriage.

The Hymns go on, but this disease will suspend them if
Homer intercede not in my behalf

Sincerely yours Percy B Shelley

Pray favour me with the earliest accounts concerning the
interesting Scapula.

T Jefferson Hogg Esq

Be so kind as to send the letter to the 2nd. post.

Sealed in scarlet wax with the Godwin seal.

57

From Leigh Hunt to T. J. Hogg

13. Lisson Grove North

22. Jan. 1818.

My dear Hogg.

Thanks for good news from Mariow. I shall be extremely happy to see you on Sunday, or any other day; but on Sunday I shall certainly be at home, or on Saturday, Monday, & Wednesday. I hope you paid your devotions as usual to the Religio Loci, and hung up an evergreen. If you all go on so, there will be a hope some day that old Vansittart & others will be struck with a Panic Terror, and that a voice will be heard along the water saying 'The great God Pan is alive again,'—upon which the villagers will leave off starving, and singing profane hymns, and fall to dancing again.—I have not been very well myself for these two or three weeks past, but am getting better again. The rest of us, great and small are quite hearty; & the little ones do nothing, but dance & sing from morning to night.

Yours, my dear Hogg, very truly

Leigh Hunt.

From T. J. Hogg to J. F. Newton

London Feb. 25th. 1818.

My Dear Sir

I send you with pleasure the anonymous Poem, being fully persuaded that a lover of the Classics must be delighted with the elegant Paganism of Rhododaphne; the author is in London & desires me to transmit his best wishes for your happiness, & that a time may come when persons so approximate in Taste may be in habitation less remote.

The narrative of your convivialities at the jocund D'Arvilles' is truly grateful; no mistake is so great as that of living in the wilderness, (*not even the eating of locusts with wild honey*) human being are formed for society, & those who associate most with their fellows are supreme in intellect, manners & morals; so thought the Greeks who surpassed us in everything, so think the French who excell in good breeding, & so thinks P. B. Shelley, Esq., who is not lightly to be contemned. This 'ingenioso hidalgo' has lately parted with his house at Marlow for an advantageous price & with his opinion gratis that a wise man can only benefit his species by dwelling upon a wold in the midst of a morass or on the highest summit of a mountain.

He is now in Town arrayed in purple and fine linen, in a blue coat & white waistcoat; for three weeks he has been a punctual attendant at the Opera; he condescends to admire Madame Fodor & Mademoiselle Milanie & to haunt Exhibitions, Concerts & Theatres. In a short time he intends to go abroad to visit Paris & perhaps Italy; it seems unjust to leave our native country where only we can be of great utility, & such being his sentiments, his absence will not I believe be very long, but he will return to reside in the vicinity of London.

These are his schemes but as he has not received any official communications from the Fates, they may be frustrated. Be that as it may he sends you many friendly regards.

The novel which you returned has afforded an opportunity for conjecture; when you guess that the name of the author is Shelley you guess rightly, but when you would prefix the words Percy Bysshe the infirmity of our nature interposes between you & the truth which whispers Mary. In plain terms *Frankenstein* is written by Mrs. Shelley & is therefore estimable not for its own sake alone but as a present pledge of future excellence. That this is a profound secret & no more to be divulged without dread than the name of D-m-g-r-g-on I need not press upon your attention: your favorite studies must forcibly suggest the fatal consequences of an indiscreet disclosure. If any traces of the companion of grave retirement yet remain uneffaced by gaiety & novelty I will thank you to give them a few deepening touches, & to
Believe me always, My Dear Sir with great esteem yours
sincerely

T. J. H.

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From T. L. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

Mariow, March 20, 1818.

My dear Hogg,

I have been here since Monday, as lonely as a cloud, and as melancholy as a gib cat. Your letter was most welcome to my eremitical perceptions. Shelley left town on Wednesday, the 11th, at 5 in the morning. We had a farewell supper in Russell Street, with Mr. & Mrs. Hunt, on Tuesday night after the Opera. I stayed three or four days in pure dread of facing the associations of this scenery, and I did not venture

abroad for two or three days more after my return. However, I have been forth into the woods, and broken the spell in some measure, and now think of passing the summer where I am. But of this I am still deliberating, and shall be able to speak with more certainty when I next write to you. Your septuagint is very orthodox with its four pipes of port *Vinum Opimianum Octo*. I am sorry I have so heretical a taste on this subject, and see through a glass darkly.

This is a 'divine day', a western wind and a cloudless sky. Sunshine and flowers are something still. I have been gathering primroses under the fisherman's cliff. My geraniums and auriculars are putting forth their flower bud, and some of the buds of the Camellia have stood the winter and are on the point of opening.

I have filled my shelves with a portion of Shelley's books. I intend to pass the interval between Easter & Christmas—longum inter vallum—in writing a novel of which the scene will be in London. If you pick up a quiz in your travels, pray sketch off his outline, and send it to me to fill up. When I have finished the novel, I shall write another Pagan poem. If I remain here all the summer, I shall be very social with the Greek poets, & shall pass a day occasionally with Plato and Plutarch. You have promised me a week in June. I hope you will have your hands in good order for the towing line, your feet for Virginia & Pangbourne, & your ears for that conceited clerke Homere. The piano is in the parlour, a melancholy object in its soundlessness, though you will not join with me in saying: 'Here's the harp she used to touch. Oh! how that touch enchanted!' But 'Mon Dieu!' as Voltaire said of D'Alambert, 'Les hommes sont bien fous a commencer par les sages.' I do not pretend to be σοφος but only φιλοσοφος and Διονυσος, and Αφροδιση run away with too large a portion of the Φιλια whi (Σοφια aims more exclusively in some better ordered intellect.

I see I am becoming very absurd and stupid, and shall therefore hasten to conclude, with wishing you well through your share of the briefs and the port wine, and with an earnest wish to hear from you again very soon.

Most sincerely yours,

T. L. Peacock.

T. J. Hogg Esqr. Norton, near Stockton-upon-Tees.

Sealed in scarlet wax with Peacock's crest, a peacock's head erased.

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From J. F. Newton to T. J. Hogg

My dear Sir

We are no longer inhabitants of the wilderness. Among the gayest buildings of a watering place I have taken a house under the immediate influence of one of the great principles of nature who roars day and night against the gravel walk which almost Touches our walls. This change from the tranquillity of Burgate is not a little welcome to the children, & we all hope it will not be very long before your physician (no, I will not be careless enough to say that) but rather your inclination may urge you to the sea-side. Near us is Portland Island and also some other places that deserve to be visited. Hitherto the weather has scarcely permitted these pleasures. I thank you and the Author heartily for the perusal of Rhododaphne. Ere now probably you want your book again. If so, I will send it up immediately. Were I a critic, I should indeed have much to say in favour of this elegant poem. Is Nightmare Abbey out yet? Our young Baronet is I conclude already on the confines of 'il bel page che l'apennin parte'. At his time of life (well do I recollect it) the thirst for travelling is not easily controllable, and one cannot perhaps do better, if otherwise disengaged, than give way to

it. From these delights and fatigues you, my very good friend, are at present debarred or exempted by your professional labours, and you have my ardent wishes that you may soon bring together a considerable fortune. How were you satisfied with the northern circuit? Will the Dorchester Assizes be likely ever to draw you in the direction of Weymouth? That county town is eight miles from us. My children have already got a french and a music master. As to all instruction we are well provided here. Coals are at a reasonable price, vegetables abundant, the air delightful, the bathing perhaps the best in England. All this talkative little circle desire to be kindly remembered to Mr Jefferson, who will have the goodness to present my best wishes to my old acquaintances who are good enough sometimes to speak of me, and not fail to believe that I ever am most sincerely his

John Frank Newton.

Weymouth April 25 1818.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg Esqr. No. 1 Garden Court
Temple London

Sealed in scarlet wax with the impression of a female head.

From T. I. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

[Undated, but postmarked 28 April, 1818.]

My dear Hogg,

I shall be very glad to see you at Whitsuntide. I suppose you will come down Saturday. We shall have plenty of water for navigation, as at present the whole country is inundated.

I do not feel that the act of termination is melancholy. That which is pleasing I miss when it is gone; but while its absence is only a matter of prospective knowledge, and not

of actual feeling, it does not oppress me with any intolerable weight. In literary pursuits I always feel glad to finish anything, whether in reading or writing, & to begin something new.

Shelley has left behind him some volumes of Plato, but he has taken with him the 1st. and 10th., and the Symposium is in the latter. I have not heard a word of Shelley since his departure.

Have you seen 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia'? It did not please everyone. To me it was delightful. I never heard music speak so intelligibly and with so much of the *vis comica*.

I have been considering the question of marriage and divorce, and have read everything I can get on the subject, including the strange tissue of chin-dras, the 'Empire of the Nairs'. I rather incline still to the orthodox side; but I shall write when I have leisure a dialogue on the subject, to get a clearer view of my own notions. My London novel I postpone till next winter, when I shall take sketches on the spot. At present I am writing a comic romance with a title of 'Nightmare Abbey', and amusing myself with the darkness and misanthropy of modern literature, from the lantern jaws of which I shall endeavour to elicit a laugh.

I had written thus far almost immediately after receiving your letter, and postponed concluding from day to day, in the hope of being able to give you some intelligence of Shelley, from whom at length I have received a letter dated Milan. He seems in excellent health and spirits, and is full of sanguine expectations of finding paradise on the banks of the Lake of Como. Write soon, and believe me to remain most sincerely yours

T. L. Peacock

Hor: Sat: I. 2. 31, seq.

T. J. Hogg Esq 1 Garden Court Temple London

Sealed in scarlet wax with Peacock's crest, a peacock's head erased,

From Leigh Hunt to T. J. Hogg

Lisson Grove.

Sunday June [*date omitted*] 1818.

My dear Hogg,

Though I tell you that your notes are unnecessary to usher in the pleasure of your visit, I do not mean to deprive myself of them in future, whenever you are in the humour for writing one; and indeed they may in one respect be as well for you, as they ascertain whether I shall be at home or not. I shall be so this evening; I am almost invariably so on Sundays as well as every other day when there is no call on me at the theatre; & I need not repeat I shall always be happy to be favoured with your society. I remember the pensive hedgehog; but I deny the attempt to prove that Pope's versification was 'jarring & discordant'. Did I ever say that to be sickened with honey was to be torn asunder with horses? Answer me that, you rogue. Will you be with us at 5, & take a walk into the *dulcia arva*?

Ever yours

Leigh Hunt.

To T. J. Hogg Esqre -Garden Court Temple.

From T. L. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

My dear Hogg

I have just learned that Hampton Races are next week which will mar all accommodation from Chertsey to Twickenham. And London is not very inviting in this intensely hot

weather. Therefore suppose we change our schemes and that you come down here as soon as possible, and go up the river to Oxford with me next week. If you could get down to-morrow night I should be glad, but come as soon as you can, and bring with you the Cobbets from No. 19 and if you could by any means lay your hands on a map of Oxfordshire it would be a great acquisition.

Yours most sincerely
T. L. Peacock.

June 12, 1818.

T. J. Hogg Esq. 1 Garden Court Temple London

Sealed in scarlet wax with Peacock's crest.

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From T. L. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

Marlow Sept, 7, 1818.

My dear Hogg

It gave me great pleasure to hear of you again after so long an interval, and had not the improba Siren Desidia, the pilotess of The Idle Lake, seated herself too pertinaciously at the helm of The Vaga, I should have rescribed redeunte posito. I began to think that the heat of the courts had resolved you into a dew, and that I should meet your 618coAov some evening floating an uncooled fog-smoke on the surface of the river between the church and the abbey of Bisham. I can only attribute your preservation to the idurescent and antisolvent qualities of the Attic salt with which you are so well seasoned, and which will make you a second *Bacon*. I have not yet had an opportunity of thanking you for El Ingenioso Hidalgo. I cannot yet command enough in conjunction of leisure and energy, to encounter him in the enchanted

armores [?] of his original language; but I have gone through Jarvis's translation with great delight. I have lately read through the Thebais of Statius, which is well worth reading, though too much upon stilts on occasion. However, it has very many beauties, and the narration is interesting and well combined. I read Nonnus occasionally, but my progress was interrupted by a *catalogus Amcuss*; which extends nearly through two books. This is rather too much, though there is much saving grace and sound piety in his invoking Homer at the outset.

Οὐ γὰρ ἔγω τοσα Φύλα δεκά γλῶσσησιν ἄεισω
Οὐδὲ δεκά στοματεσσι Χέων Χαλκοθροὺν ἦχῳ,
Οἷηοσα βακχος ἀγειρε δορυσσοῦς, ἄλλα λιγαινῶν
Ἡγεμόνας καί, Ὀμηρὸν ἀοσσητήρα καλέσσω
Εὐέπτης ὅλον ὄρμον, ἔπει πλωτῆρες ἄληται
Πλαγκτοσύνης καλεούτιν ἀρηγόνα κνανοχαίτην.

L. XIII.

Your comparison of Rabelais to the court fool is most correct: he is indeed the court fool of Olympus, the chief jester of Jupiter, a genuine incarnation of Mornus.

From the exiles I have had two letters, both from Lucca, but at the date of the last, Aug. 16, they were preparing to leave that place for Florence, Shelley says he wishes the wings of imagination could have enabled him to join our walks, of which I gave him an account. He had seen nothing in Italy so beautiful as Virginia Water,

I think there can be little in the '*bel paes*' to compensate the trouble of visiting it: still less the expense: least of all the loss of Greek incurred in travelling from inn to inn, and hearing bad Italian spoken by ugly and filthy people. I have myself aspirations that way, and had rather sail the Vaga over Pont-y-casylly than spur up my flea-bitten over the Appennines.

I shall look forward with pleasure even to November, as it will bring you back to the south, when I hope I shall see your Homeric physiognomy in this gelid valley which we have consecrated to the only true gods, to whom I hope you continue to pour Libations and sing Dithyrambics. Write soon, and in the meantime *beuvezjrais*. Farewell.

In the name of Pan, Yours most sincerely, T, L. Peacock.

T. J. Hogg Esqr. Norton near Stockton-upon-Tees.

Sealed in scarlet wax with Peacock's crest, a peacock's head erased.

From Leigh Hunt to T. J. Hogg

13. October 1818.

8. York Buildings

My dear Hogg,

I sit down with your letter before me, at last, to answer it, & dare only catch the date by glimpses. You let your French lady's maxim apply, I hope, to answers of letters, as well as the letters themselves; for upon this principle I should double the virtue of self-denial, and say that I had two reasons for not bearing to think of friends, who are delightful correspondents as well as companions. But seriously speaking I beg your pardon for not having sooner acknowledged your unexpected & voluntary kindness, which has given me *additional* wishes to have you back again. Business is but a bad excuse on such occasions, or as Sir Philip Sydney says of a merely contemplative life 'only a laborious title to idleness'. Such as it is however, I may plead it, having never been so much occupied, I think, since I got into my studious or chrysalis state, & had a brain to spin wrapping fancies out of. You see

what Platonic vanities you have put into my head with your quotation. I have been writing verse, and prose, & I believe neither one thing not t'other, all of which you shall see on your return. Above all, you will be pleased to hear that I have been looking into Plato himself, and that I am going to get his works. I have been long yearning after him at intervals, & your quotation sent me on the wing. What a truly Divine Writer! What a manner at once lofty & unpretending, enthusiastic & placid, oracular & sympathetic! He seems to me to write what others have not only in general *not* united, but what they fancied should be kept asunder,—the dignified & conscious superiority of the sage, with an intense relish of the beauties all about him;—or rather, he affects no superiority; he does not even speak in his own person; he would elevate himself no doubt, but then it is in company with humanity. He talks with such an air & tones of deep & beautiful consciousness in his imagination, that he appears to have a power from Nature to dispense with proofs & with logic. He communes with us like a spirit in love. He seems to give a meaning and an utterance to the whispers of evening winds & to the earnest look of the stars.—But where am I getting:—I shall be writing an essay to you, instead of a letter. I agree with the whole philosophy of yours, general, & particular,—not excepting your Northern Lights. You must not ever talk of Nature's having denied us grapes, for she not only, according to credible historiuncles, gave them to our modern cyder countries some centuries ago, but what is better, they have abounded in all our common stalls & baskets this month past, — Your nest in the garden is truly delightful,—eye, nose, ear, and mind all in a state of enjoyment. So this is the way you *divide* your time, is it? and manage to be a studious lawyer? You return every year from the black spirits of Westminster Hall to your ripening apples, & ripened eyes, as Adonis did from Acheron to Venus ;—

Παρ μὲν οἱ ὠρία κεῖται ὅσα δρυὸς ἀκρὰ φέροντι,
Παρ δ' ἀπαλοὶ καπνοὶ
Ὅτι δὲ τὲ κωροὶ ὑπερπίττονται ἑρώτες

It is lucky my new house has been blossoming into curtains & carpets, or I should not know how to receive you out of your world of luxuries. We must make the Lares suffice instead of the Dryads. We are pretty well settled, & the place really puts on a little bit of a graceful as well as comfortable air. To give you portrait for portrait, I am now writing in the back-drawing room with candle and fire, my table covered with poets & philosophers of all sorts, Greek & *English* (there is a clever people of that name), & my face (*mirabile visu*) almost running into that of a lady, which happens however, luckily, to be made of plaister. It is a bust of Isis, who, you know", represented Nature, & is the loveliest, I think, I ever saw,—overlooking & intellectual about the eyes, breathing & genial about the mouth. Two thick locks hanging on each side to the neck, and the hair running up on the forehead into a kind of diadem & apex, give her a goddess-like & worshipful look without taking away the natural beauty. It is to go over my study-door, on the top of which is already inscribed out of Davenant 'To study quiet Nature's pleasant law'. You, who have perhaps only Greek friends, will say that the inscription should have been in Greek; but I who have friends that *love* Greek, I may say, *without knowing* it (which Sir Thos Brown in other matters justly thinks the highest kind of faith) ought not to make them sensible that they do not know it;—& you will think so I am sure. The attraction of my study window has hindered the room from being finished yet, but I trust it will all be furnished & inhabited this week. The garden also has been waiting for the autumn, before the new trees could be planted; but the gardener is prepared, & *this* too, I trust, will be completed at the same time. In the garden however, at best, I can

promise you but little; but in the study, I hope & believe, we shall pass many a snug, quiet, & happy winter evening, over a little wine, less tea, & a few divine old books. Believe me most sincerely expectantly yours,

Leigh Hunt.

I have been writing to-day to Thomas Moore, to-day [*sic*] who is coming to see me in November. You will like him much,—as you would naturally conclude.

To Thomas Jefferson Hogg Esqre Norton near Stockton
upc>n Tees, Durham.

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From T. L. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

My dear Hogg

I shall be most exceedingly glad to see you. I should have written before, but I purposed to write a *long* letter, in which the gods always frustrated my designs, and I was on the point of writing laconically to entreat you to come down, when your letter very agreeably anticipated my purpose. You will find on your arrival here shoals of news from Shelley. Adieu till Saturday, when I shall listen for the wheels of the *heavy*, while the tea-kettle sings on the hob.

Yours ever truly,
T. L. Peacock.

Mariow—Dec. 15—1818

Bring the next Saturday's Cobbet with you. I have had all the others.

T. J. Hogg Esqr. 1 Garden Court Temple London.

Sealed in black wax with Peacock's crest.

From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Black Swan Inn,

York 29th April 1819.

My Dear Peacock,

Extended on my back on a hard Sofa in an indifferent Inn, with but one picture in the room, & that represents Britannia staring at the King, in the dull city of York, where I know but one man, & he is a Banker, how can I deny that there are many shapes of little Demons, that πολλὰ δ' ἁελλπτῶς κραινοῦσι θεοί? I had left home with the expectation of being in London ere this, & had reached this place, when a Rheumatic Cold again seized me & still imprisons me most unwilling, feeding on boiled rice, quaffing 'the Mixture as before', occupied in lying still & seeking amusement in any other tense of the verb live, than the present.

I contrast my now lifeless life with what it was, when those verdant walks clustered round us at divers periods, with that winter at Bishopsgate, which was a mere Atticism, for we revelled in Greek with the many folds encompassing The velvet bottom with our well-earned sleep at the Jolly Cricketers, with the brightness of Virginia Water to one emerging from the Shades of the Belvedere; when I think of these the most splendid hours of my existence (except some few glowing lights amidst boundless shadows, when I was young enough to be in love) I trust that I shall find a road, which will lead back again to these good things and that some God will be to me a giver of them. After dinner fill your glass somewhat fuller than usual for my sake & drink it off to absorb whatever anger any of the Gods may yet have against me & do this without fear, as in your body such anger will be vain: and, if you would do me another favour, call

at my Chambers in your walk to the City & tell my Clerk to say to all, who may ask for me, that I am unwell & at York, but will be in town in a day, or two. There are no incidents here except that a stranger sometimes, having opened the door & gazed around, says 'I beg pardon' & withdraws; last night a fat lady looked into the room & said, 'I beg pardon, Sir, I mistook the door/ as, at all times, especially in sickness, we should have the simple & beautiful language of scripture on our lips, I answered immediately from my sofa with some animation in the words of the Lamb, Madam, 'I am the Door, enter into the sheepfold thro' me'. She fled in dismay; surely these comfortable words cannot be so appalling?

Conjuring you to remember me kindly to the rustic of the Road and to his shepherdess, I will conclude & lay down my head in search of consolation from a scene or two of **ΑΛΚΗΣΤΙΣ**.

With best compliments to Mrs* P. & Miss L. I am truly yours

T. Jefferson Hogg.

T. L. Peacock Esq 5; York Street Covent Garden London.

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From Leigh Hunt to T. J. Hogg

York Buildings

Wednesday Afternoon

My dear Hogg,

I am sorry I happened to be out the other evening when you called. I was at home not long afterwards. You will find me here as usual Saturday, Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, & as usual truly happy to see you. I shall write to Shelley immediately about his unfortunate loss. It is, luckily, not the

worst loss a man can have; but it must be terrible, like all real losses, especially if the poor little fellow suffered. Pray come soon, when you do come, & let me have a long chat with you.

Most sincerely Yours,
Leigh Hunt.

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From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Norton Sept. 26th 1819.

My Dear Peacock

When I assure you that every day for two months I have determined to write to you, you will wonder that you receive any rather than so late a letter; how many thousand things have you resolved to do every day these last thousand days, & how many myriads of them will remain undone at the great day of Nisi Prius, when Hermes shall come with his golden wand to coerce your reluctant shade?

My employments, if not of much profit, have at least been constant, & I cannot remember one idle hour since we parted. I will give you some account of them, & will ask in return the same from you.

Of the circuit & sessions I will only remark that the heat of the courts was hardly to be borne, lest you should in revenge write with diplomatic fluency at length of men with barbarous names, & of their still more barbarous actions, but now if you play fair you can only say that Leadenhall Street was orientally hot. Some long walks have cultivated my legs, & ἡ κυνηγεσία περδικοκτόνος occupies them in pervading stubbles, transgressing hedges, and struggling with bushes. Our exertions in keeping pace with the indefatigable Coulson are not forgotten. I often wish that I could join your

Sunday walks, & I live in hopes that when I return your pedestrianism will still flourish, for the winter, as we have experienced, is hardly less propitious than the summer, & if we start at ten we shall, with the intervention of Tea, describe a good circumference, nor shall we avail ourselves of our dinner which at that season is doubly welcome, with diminished alacrity.

I have read Hecuba & those books of the Odyssey after the return of Ulisses to Ithaca; they are not sufficiently known or admired; the gradual increase of the ragged begar's *[sic]* influence & powers, though less bright, are not less faithful than some scenes reflected in beauteous mirrors.

I long sought for some one who had read Plato's Republic, & who could therefore give me some account of it, but in vain, & I thought at last that it would be much easier to read it through than to discover any one who had done so. I accordingly set to work. I am at present just half way; whatever is most remarkable seems to have been borrowed freely from the Institutions of Lycurgus, & without any acknowledgment, at least as far as I have read. I have found many fine passages, some Unintelligible; nothing very striking in the matter; the manner uniformly excellent. The Greeks are as much superior in Dialogues as in all other compositions. I was surprized to find that Plato has attracted the attention of the Quarterly reviewers. I read the long article at the beginning of the last number; it is sufficiently perverse. According to those ingenious gentlemen, Aristophanes wrote the Comedy of the Clouds because there were no such Universities at Athens as there are in England, & that we have no reason to suppose that such an inimitable & untranslatable piece will be written in England, so long as we have two such Almae matres, or by any mother's son of them. You will hardly believe this, but if you will take up the review you will find it stands thus. After speaking of Music & Gymnastic exercises, & observing

that the Attic boys learnt to fiddle & to box, & that, unlike our commoners & fellow commoners, since there were no colleges & halls in which their understandings, their morality, & especially their piety might be carefully laid by & so preserved from injury, viz. from wear & tear, for rust is, academically speaking, no injury. They were not content with these accomplishments. We are told that the Sophists came to teach them, thus discontented, something worse than nothing, (the art of teaching nothing, Universities being then unknown,) and thereby offended Aristophanes, who in this Comedy attacked them.

The Universities therefore secure to us the blessings of a Quarterly Review, & guarantee us against a second Aristophanes. Our friend *Shelley*, who is an Oxonian, and thinks *Aristophanes* coarse, must rejoice at this.

I have lately read Grotius de Veritate Religionis Christianae. It is the only Gentlemanlike book I ever met with on that subject, & for that reason & for many others, & also because it is the shortest, I like it best. It is a learned work. The style is that of an advocate who thinks that he has but a bad cause, but must make the best of it, & who seems to feel that if he fails it will be allowed that he has only done his duty as rationally & as earnestly as is consistent with the rules of good-breeding. It often reminded me of Cicero when he is writing against his own opinion, which is a thing by no means uncommon with him, & which he could do, as he well knew, better than any man.

I have partaken largely of Botanical works, & books on other branches of Natural History. They make the country more agreeable, & add to the pleasures of a walk, & help to form a habit of observing things with minute attention, a habit as valuable as it is rare. Things are but little observed in these days, & consequently words are in due proportion misunderstood & misapplied.

Pray write soon; tell me what you know of S[helley], H[unt] and C[oulson]. Tell H[unt] I will write to him in a day or two, & that I am most grateful for the E[xaminer]. Remember me very kindly to C[oulson], and with compliments to Mrs. P[eacock] believe me yours sincerely

T. J. H.

T. L. Peacock Esq East India House London.

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From T. L. Peacock to T. J. Hogg

India House. October 2, 1819.

My dear Hogg,

I much marvelled what was become of you. It will give me much pleasure to hail the first day of Michaelmas term when you will cease to pursue the flying nymphs of the north and find yourself temptingly nipped in the fleshy part of the arm by the non-fugient damsels that celebrate the pervigilium Veneris under the classic arch of Temple Bar. I anticipate much pleasure and profitable Sunday pedestrianism during the corroborating gales of December and the valid frosts of January when we shall prognosticate our locality in the categories of time and place about an house beyond the setting sun when our old altars will be fuming with much odor of roast beef. If your κυνηγεσία περιδικοκτόνου should meet with the propitious leading of Artemis you may bring up a leash or two in the name of Mahershalalhashbaz, which Voltaire translates Partagez vite les deponibles.

I have been very busy here and I have read through at home the first volume of Mill's India, which with some articles in the Quarterly and one or two fashionable books, which everybody reads and the Examiner and, ὕστερος προτερος,

Cobbett, constitutes all my unofficial lections. Mill has accompanied me in many Sunday excursions and now that the days close in, we walk together every day from 4 till 6 which keeps us in health. Tomorrow the steamboat [*illegible*] for the season and I shall take my last view of Richmondbridge till the reseration [*sic*; resurrection] of Favonius unless some splendid frosty sunshine should tempt us so far.

I have had several letters from Shelley who is still at Livorno. I have not seen Hunt since the first Wednesday in August. Coulson is rusticating in the West of England. This letter is not a fair return for yours: but there are at present so few nooks of my brain untenanted by reminders [3 11. *largely destroyed through removal of seal and attached paper.*]

Yours ever faithfully

T. L. Peacock,

T. J. Hogg Esqr. Norton Stockton-upon-Tees

From Leigh Hunt to T J. Hogg

York Buildings New [*illegible*]

Oct. 26. 1819

My dear Hogg,

I am quite ashamed at not having answered your letter sooner, and at writing you so shabby a one after all. I felt impelled, I assure you, more than usual, to write you a long & a grateful one; but the greatest fatigue & hurry, not unaccompanied with illness, prevented me; for the difficulties of which you have heard too true an account, have so worried & saddened me, that among various other speculations how to get rid of them, I have set up another little weekly publication,—not political, though two-penny trash. It is a sort of

chit-chat with the reader upon matters of taste, fiction etc. and you will be happy to hear, promises excellently well. Three numbers will have appeared by to-morrow; but I do not send them to you, as they are not stamped like newspapers, & so will not go free.—My dear Hogg, I am most extremely sensible of your great kindness in writing to me as you have done about my difficulties, especially as the sympathy in this particular instance, from you, brings with it a certain preventing generosity, which is very rare. The least justice I can do myself however, is to say, that I have always supposed you possessed of these feelings, or I could not have allowed even my false shame to remain silent towards you so long upon the subject of that obligation you helped me with, —a trifling one, I am aware, to your spirit, but not to your bachelorship nor to my wants at the time. My broken promises on that head have galled me many & many a time: but I trust they will not remain broken very long. If I used to be negligent in money-matters formerly, my half-bruised brains will bear witness for me that I am not so any longer. —^Yet I am not downcast, seeing how my friends bear with me. My prospects, thank Heaven, were never better, than just now; whatever my immediate pressure is. A little while, & a good hard struggle, and my wings, I trust, will be as free as ever,—You will find my new papers at your chambers when you return. I hope to meet you at Peacock's tomorrow week.

Believe me, My dear Hogg,

Your ever-remembering friend,

Leigh Hunt.

What an exquisite joke about the Riot Act, & how told! I made Watson ready to die with it in the street, by Whitehall,

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Pisa July 1 1820

My dear Friend,

The object of this letter is to ask you to negotiate a settlement for me with the creditors whose claim I annex. I am afraid that *professionally* you can do nothing, but you can employ an attorney & recommend the affair to his particular attention.

The state of the case is this, I furnished the Marlow House certainly not expecting that it would amount to the sum charged [*tear in the paper*] ago, with the promise that I would pay half the [*tear*] amount in 3 years & the rest at my father's demise. I spent about L.800 more in repairs upon that House, & sold it at [*tear*] together with the furniture for L.1000. Now, I am unable to fulfil the promise; no bond has been granted, & my object is to induce *them* to submit to some equitable settlement of their fatuous claims. I have no recollection of ever having offered them the enormous profits demanded in the enclosed letter. Ready money I have none. You would do me a great favour if you could in any manner [*tear*] Longdill has acted in the most [*tear*] the money which he had in [*tear*] of paying my debts; [*tear; whether?*] it is sufficient to pay his own bill, those debts having been paid, I do not know.

I ought to say that my agreement with these people, was that the expense should not exceed 800, & that if any orders were likely to exceed that sum, I should be made acquainted with it. They have also inserted in my [*word omitted*] the Stamp for a Post Obit & expenses which I by no means ordered, 8c charge interest, a thing quite unusual in a tradesman's bill. As the profit of these people was probably enormous, I am the less unwilling that they should wait.

They threaten, in a former letter, certain violent processes. [tear] I cannot conceive what they mean. Is it [tear] abroad, or what is the effect [tear]

I never hear from Peacock.

[Signature cut out]

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqr. No. 1 Garden Court Temple
London Angleterre

Postmarked LIVORNO JUL 15 1820. *Sealed in scarlet wax; impression missing.*

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From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

York March 18th 1821.

My Dear Peacock,

I write to inform you, that, if next Sunday be as fine as this day, I hope to have the pleasure of taking a walk with you; I believe even the most rigid of your theories admit of a walk in March & I hope Mr. Mill's feet will permit him to accompany us; Coulson is indefatigable, and the Ajax of our Iliad.

I have been on the circuit since I saw you last; I shall finish my career at York without going to Lancaster this Spring, &, as I have no reason for passing the long interval between this time & the Sessions in the country, & many for returning to London, I will get into the Mail, or some other coach, at the end of the week, &, if Hermes be propitious, I shall be in the Temple on Saturday & in Stamford Street on Sunday morning, at 8 oclock A.M., with a

UU- -U|-||UU- -U|-

or some such stave, not unheard or incanorous as far as St. Patrick's Charity.

I will if **possible contrive to remain until after Easter** in
N.S.L.—9

the Southern latitudes, that I may co-operate in the Mario-
vian schemes,

I have read Iphigenia in Tauris, Cyclops, & Bacchae; and
I am now reading Rhesus: I cannot remember anything else
that I have done interesting to an Athenian; I will therefore
desire you to remember me to Mrs Peacock & my friends, if
any occur to you before Sunday, & praying to Mercury for
all due pomp, pomposity & pompousness in our future con-
duct and countenance.

I am ever your's faithfully
T. Jefferson Hogg.

T. L. Peacock Esq.
East India House Leadenhall Street. London.

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From Leigh Hunt to T. J. Hogg

Hampstead,
Thursday 14. June 1821

My dear Hogg,

As I am compelled, very much against my inclination, to
go to town tomorrow on business which will occupy me in
various parts of it the whole day, I am compelled, still more
against my inclination to put off the pleasure of seeing you
till the Friday following unless some fine day should tempt
you to walk out meantime.—Mr Horace Smith, who is at
present at No 26 Spring Gardens, goes on Tuesday to
Florence, and will be happy to take any letters to Shelley,
should you have leisure to pack up a few 'risus et amoenitates'
for him.

Ever truly yours,
Leigh Hunt.

To T. J. Hogg Esqre 2. Garden Court Temple.

From P. B. Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Bagni de Pisa Oct: 20th. 1821.

My dear Friend

Horace Smith has just sent me your letter from Paris, where his wife has persuaded a physician to assure her that the climate of Italy would destroy her. You have perhaps already heard of my iniquity in seducing Hunt over to Italy: he is coming with all his children to Pisa. What pleasure it would give me & him & all of us if you could follow his example. But law,—that disease inherited from generation to generation,—that canker in the birthright of our nation, that sieve through which our thoughts flow as fast as we pour them in, pens you in London at least for the greater part of the year.

I addict myself but little to walks of any length,—but wander about the edges of the hills some times with my book, and live in a total intellectual solitude. I knew a very interesting Italian lady last winter, but she is now married; which, to quote our friend Peacock, is you know, the same as being dead.

I have employed Greek in large doses, & I consider it the only sure remedy for diseases of the mind. I read the tragedians, Homer, & Plato perpetually, & have translated the Symposium, the Ion, & part of the Phaedon. I selected the first piece on account of the surpassing graces of the composition, but I have no intention of publishing it. The Gorgias is now open before me, and I shall read it with double interest from the views which you suggest about it. Do you know the ΤΙΘΑΙΤΕΙΟC & especially the sixth book of it? His speculations on civil society are surely the foundations of the politics, & if ever the world is to be arranged upon another System

than that of the several members of it destroying & tormenting one another for the sake of the pleasures of sense, or from the force of habit & imitation; it must start from some such principles.

I congratulate you on your demosthenic energy—to me the feat appears to require the onuos of an entire *crOevos*—I have tried a philippic; I find it horribly difficult,—but I shall gather up my courage & assail him again.

I receive with delight your Milkwort—It reposes between the leaves of a folio Plato, whose incredible contractions & abominable inaccuracy torment me to death, as I have only 3 vols, of my own edition as yet here. I send you a flower which grows on the mountain 'perche i Pisani veder Lucca non ponne', & which when alive is very beautiful. I shall herborize myself, & will send you as I find them whatever plants are rarest or peculiar to this country. I saw a great number of the *Cryptogamia* genus the other day which I had never remarked in England—ferns especially. There are also curious fleshy flowers, & one that has blood & that the peasants say is alive.—

You see the Gisbornes of course.—I read Goethe's *Faust* with Mr. G.—I advise you to read it—it has passages of surpassing excellence, though there are some scenes, which the fastidiousness of our taste would wish erased.—As to Botany how much more profitable & innocent an occupation is it than that absurd & unphilosophical diversion of killing birds, besides the ill taste of giving pain to sensitive & beautiful animals; this amusement of shooting familiarises people with the society of inferiors & the gross and harsh habits belonging to this sort of pursuits.

How much I envy your walks—though I fear my health would scarcely allow me to share in them. I am glad to hear that you do not neglect the rites of the true religion. Your letter awakened my sleeping devotion, & the same evening I

ascended alone the high mountain behind my house, & suspended a garland, & raised a small turf altar to the mountain-walking Pan [παν ὄρειβατης].

My health, in the main, is much better than when I left England, but I am weak & with much nervous irritability. My spirits also are by no means good & I feel sensibly *La roja e l' assanno della passata vita*—I have some thoughts, if I could get a respectable appointment, of going to India, or any where where I might be compelled to active exertion, & at the same time enter into an entirely new sphere of action. But this I dare say is a mere dream; I shall probably have no opportunity of making it a reality, but finish as I have begun.

Have you seen a poem I wrote on the death of Keats, a young Writer of bad taste, but wonderful power & promise. It is called *Adonais*—when you pass Ollier's you may tell him I desired you to call for one. It is perhaps the least imperfect of my pieces.

I do not write to Peacock, who has something better to do than read scrawls, in the persuasion that you will tell him my news, & be so kind as to say, he would oblige me very much in dispatching instantly all my books to me, to the care of Messrs. Guebhard & Co. Leghorn. Gisborne will [*word omitted*; tell?] him how to send them, if he finds any difficulty. Of course, if you or he should wish to retain any of them they are much at your service.

Shall I see you ever in Italy? With what pleasure I should welcome you here I need not say, but both you & Peacock are bound to the oar—not like me by the chains of your sins.

Ever most sincerely yours P. B. Shelley.

Jefferson Hogg Esqr. No. i Garden Court Temple London

Sealed with a wafer, and stamped 'Pisa'. Marked in ink with the postal charge, 1111.

From T. J. Hogg to T. I. Peacock

Norton October 23d 1821

My Dear Peacock,

I have intended to write to you almost every day for some weeks, but for some cause, or other, I have always neglected it; I am afraid that idleness was the chief cause, but it has not been altogether without excuse, if idleness can ever be excused.

Soon after my leaving London I had the misfortune to lose my youngest brother; this is one of the few losses that are irreparable. I believe you have seen letters from him, & can therefore discern, that on account of his acquaintance with Greek, & for his other acquirements he was not inestimable; I can assure you, that his modesty and singular goodness of temper conciliated the favor of all, who associated with him, &, when you consider that we were brought up together, that our pursuits were exactly similar, that I had witnessed him wasting away with a Consumption and dying at eighteen, just when he was beginning to live &, if, moreover, you are so unfortunate as to have experienced how unsatisfactory the observances of society are to a reasonable person on such occasions, I am sure you will excuse me, If I was incapable of being either useful, or agreeable for some time after so cruel a separation.

I have been a good deal occupied with Assizes & Sessions, but I am happy to say that all legal impediments to my return are removed & that on Monday or Tuesday I hope to set off & to reach London on the Wednesday or Thursday, so that, I hope, to get up a walk on Sunday week.

I had a pair of Latitudinarians made on Coulson's extended plan before I left town, they now repose *with my Umbrella* in

Garden Court, & will I trust soon be called into action. When I revolve all our walks in my mind, I think that those performed in last Michaelmas term were among the most pleasant & I rely upon a renewal of the same generous zeal that then animated us.

I will reserve all remarks upon what I have seen or read for the Bull & Bush, &, I will only observe that I looked through the small part of vol. 5 part 1 of the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, that is not overrun, or overlaid, by the dull, dry dissertation of that old child, & childish old man, Dugald Stewart, for the signature (F.F.); I was for sometime afraid, that the Cheesemongers had prevented any liberal pursuits, but at the end of the book I found one Article on Jurisprudence, which I read with pleasure & meekly attempted to comprehend, & I was not altogether unsuccessful.

I have been airing my Carshalton Jacket for sometime; but partridges are scarce this season. I can only find small coveys of small birds. I sent you three as a specimen, I wish they had been better.

Remember me kindly to your wife & mother, to our good friends & pleasant companions Mill, Coulson & Hunt & to my other acquaintance.

You know how eagerly I desire to return to town, & that I am ever with sincere regard

Your's truly
T. J. Hogg.

T. L. Peacock Esq. East India House London.

From J. Gisborne to T. J. Hogg

My Dear Sir,

As Friday Evening next will be perfectly agreeable to us, we shall expect the pleasure of seeing you.

We are just returned from a visit to the Blue Coat School. Some very matronly *Zdtelle* whom we saw there and who remembered Hunt expressed much pleasure in hearing that he had left the Country. They called him blasphemous and scurrilous. Of George Dyer and Coleridge they spoke with much kindness. The latter, they told us, is reformed. Lamb they say is mischievous and vulgar.

Your's most sincerely

J. Gisborne

Monday Afternoon

Jefferson Hogg Esqre No. 1 Garden Court Temple

From J. Gisborne to T. J. Hogg

London 12th. Augt. 1822

My dear Sir,

The fatal news was communicated to J. Hunt in a letter from his Brother, of which the article in *The Examiner* is an abstract. Another letter was received at the same time by Miss Kent from Hunt which contained some further particulars. Miss Kent immediately sent the letter to you at your Chambers and by mistake of the bearer it put [*sic*] into your box. I think it probable that Peacock may have succeeded in recovering that letter, as I find a new article in the *Morning*

Chronicle of this morning, which I think could only have been taken from that letter. It mentions that they left Leghorn at about 8 o'clock of the morning of the 8th. with fine weather, that a storm rose, which must have been uncommonly violent. At about 5 in the afternoon in the midst of this tempest, a fisherman saw their boat, and in a moment looked again and saw it no more. He had observed a boy, who was with them, aloft, attempting to furl the sail. This it appears was off Via Reggio, and their boat must have foundered. The bodies were washed ashore a few days afterwards. Our poor friend had been reading the last Volume of the works of Keats. It was found in his pocket, doubled back, and thrust open into his pocket. The writer of the account observes that something fatal was to be expected from the over daring of S. and his friend Williams.

I have received a short letter from Hunt and Peacock has a dreadful one from Mary. Peacock has written to you. I understand you are named executor in an altered will in lieu of Lord Byron, which I should think most fortunate. The altered will I witnessed about three years ago: but Mary has not yet succeeded in finding it among the papers.

I find no words to express what I feel on this fearful occasion. A week has already passed and the impression remains as vividly fixed on our minds as it was on the first moment of our hearing the tragical event.

Time softens all things, even our greatest sorrows: but wounds inflicted by such griefs as these must, so long as we exist, often [*illegible*; spring?] afresh.

Mrs. G. and Henry beg to offer you the assurances of their kindness and unalterable regards.

Most sincerely your's

J. Gisborne.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esqre. Norton near Stockton on Tees.

Sealed in scarlet wax with the arms of Gisborne.

From T. J. Hogg to Mr. Revile

When you write to Mary say

'H, desires me to tell you that he wd. write to you himself, but he cannot find it in his heart. He is most anxious that you should ask Ld. Byron to beg Ld. Holland (or some such person, but Ld. H. will be the best) to suggest to Sir T. S. the propriety of making a proper allowance to support the honor of his family & to the maintaince. of a child who may be the successr. to his title because Sir T., who is sufficiently liberal in money mrs. is prejudiced strongly in favor of men of rank, & as strongly against Mr. Godwin for political reasons, & because nothing ever was arranged or ever will be by a conference between two attornies.

Mr. Hogg Garden Court Temple

[Written across the above] Mr. Revile Salopian Coffee Ho.
Charing Cross

From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Friend

I am truly obliged for the message that you sent me through Mrs. Williams 'you have not the heart to write to me'—no wonder! Miserable wreck as I am—left from the destruction of the noblest fabric of humanity to tell of it—to mourn over it—& mark its ruin—who can visit me even in thought without a shudder—who can communicate with me without being shadowed by the misery which penetrates me. Our divine Shelley has left me, my dear Jefferson, your fellow collegiate,

one who always loved you the best—but to you I need not praise him.

I do not write to you merely to pour forth the bitterness of my spirit. Although our connexion was marked by storms, & circumstances led me often into erroneous conduct with regard to you, yet now bereft of all, I willingly turn to my Shelley's earliest friend, & to one whom I am persuaded, notwithstanding all, thinks kindly of me. I write to ask your advice. I believe you know my character sufficiently to be aware how deeply it is tinged with irresolution & an incapacity of action. Hitherto I have had little to do with forming any mode of action, even in the common occurrences of life. If I have interfered in the legislative, I have had nothing to do with the executive part of our little government—I am aghast when I have anything *to do*—but a crisis must come, & I must determine on something. You have some knowledge of my lost Shelley's family; you will neither be actuated by prejudice or the contrary, I wish therefore to discuss my affairs with you. Will you not lend me your best intelligence to aid me—for indeed I am a poor hand in these matters.

When Jane returned to England I had at first determined to accompany her, thinking it necessary for my interests to be on the spot—& that when in London any application to Sir T. S. would be more effectual than while I was abroad. Lord Byron dissuaded me from this; his arguments were shortly these:—that I spent all my money in a journey; that I had none or a very miserable home to receive me—& that all arrangements with my father-in-law could be managed as well in my absence from England. Attached from a thousand reasons to this divine country, dismayed at the prospect of wretchedness that awaited me in London, I readily acquiesced. Lord B was executor—he promised to take the most active part in fulfilling the duties of an office he accepted. He had every right to advise me. So I came to Genoa & have resided

under the roof of the Hunts, husbanding my means, & awaiting the result of the negotiations made for me.

First (at my father's request) Lord B. wrote to his Solicitor Hanson to communicate with Whitton concerning me. The result might be guessed—Sir T. S. would give no reply, Lord B then wrote to Sir T. S. himself, a letter which had my approbation. An answer arrived the other day. After reprobating my conduct, saying that he *suspects* me of having estranged his son's mind from the respect due to Lady S. & himself (you know the parties & are aware what canting nonsense it) he refuses to interfere in any of my concerns. As for my boy, if I bring him to England, and will place him under the care of such a person as he will approve, he will afford him a suitable, tho limited maintenance.

Now this is my situation, & what shall I do? This letter found me leading a most solitary life, immersed in study, occupied by no external circumstances except the care of my darling boy—and having found in this mode of life the only balm I can conceive for the miseries I have endured. At present living with the Hunts, I spend little. I have still some money remaining from the sum I possessed on my arrival in Genoa, I have received some money from the Liberal, & if that publication continues, shall continue regularly to receive more. Such are the benefits attendant on the continuance of my present situation. Peace & solitude. But again L. B. now offers to provide means for my return to England. We may be scattered. L ' B. will probably leave this part of the world—the Liberal may die. I cannot burden the Hunts. I am without resource—and the future, I own, terrifies me.

Shall I then come to England?—You may guess that I do not make it a question whether I will part with my boy. He is my all. My other children I have lost, & the pangs I endured when those events happened were so terrible, that even now, inured as I am to mental pain—I look back with affright to

those periods of agony. My tree of life is felled & I live only in the little sprout that shadows greenly its fearful ruin. I could not live a day without my boy. Let them persuade me that my existence is detrimental to his future prospects and I will not burthen the earth any longer—but go to Rome & die. But I live persuaded that his delicate frame requires maternal solicitude, & that in my affection & attention he will pass a childhood of happiness, whatever evils may afterwards befall him. That L. B. should have counselled my acquiescence does not surprize me. But the very idea of such a doubt threw me for several days into a state of agitation I cannot describe. If I go to England will they not try to force him from me? It would require force indeed, I would die in the struggle—but one cannot look forward to such contests with equanimity. But other ideas suggest themselves. Lord B. will (as you suggest) write to Lord Holland to interest himself for me.—If on my arrival in England Sir T. S. finds me protected by people whose rank he respects, he may consider me a fitting person to have the charge of my infant, I wish his childhood to be prosperous. Italian skies of themselves shed prosperity—but looking towards England we cannot find that, except in the mansions of the rich—and one wishes that he should be properly recognized & protected by his father's family. They will of course be much more prejudiced against me than they are, if I, young & tieless, reside abroad—out of their English pale—the sanctuary of virtue & propriety. They will look on me indeed as a black, black sheep if I do not hasten to place myself beneath all the benefits of their clouded atmosphere & foggy virtue. I shall be *la paragonare* with the Queen alone.

I love Italy—its sky canopies the tombs of my lost treasures—its sun—its vegetation—the solitude I can here enjoy—the easy life one can lead—my habits now of five years growth—all & everything endears Italy to me beyond expression.

The thought of leaving it fills me with painful tumults—tears come into my eyes. I prognosticate all evils. Yet if I stay, how very desolate I may become. The Hunts are very kind—but they are poor. Hunt in his generous nature is delighted to be of use to me—& I am not too proud to accept an obligation; gratitude is to me a pleasing feeling; but I shrink from linking my fate too closely—& then I would not for worlds burthen them. If I should be left alone—without the means of proceeding to England—. I thought that I ought to follow Lord B's advice in staying, ought I not follow it in going? though his idea that I ought to part with mine own Shelley's babe invalidates his advice. Could I ever cease to find my sole comfort in having him perpetually with me—watching the dawns of his mind, inspiring him with due respect for his unequalled father, & spreading joy over his infant years?

What! shall I proclaim myself unworthy to have the care of my boy?—Never—even if I could live & do it, I would not, & if I were persuaded that I ought, then I should die.

If you are at all acquainted with the entail of my Shelley's property you best know what confidence I may put in his will. If that will stands, I shall be rich one day, & the present moment alone is to be provided for. If that stands, my boy's future will depend on me, & I become in every way his fitting guardian.

Again—I arrive in England poor to nothingness—I reside (even if that can be) in my father's house—poverty & misery around me—anxious care—but that must be mine wherever I am.

Yet my present life is a peaceful one. I see little even of those with whom I live—that is not their fault, but mine. I study—I write—I think even to madness & torture of the past—I look forward to the grave with hope—but in exerting my intellect—in forcing myself to real study—I find an opiate

which at least adds nothing to the pain of regret that must necessarily be mine for ever.

Thus, my dear Jefferson, I send you a true picture of my situation. You can shew it to Mrs. Williams, and she may help you to understand it. Again I appeal to you for counsel—What shall I do? Consider that my child's interest in the question to be solved—I would do all, sacrifice all for him. What is best for him, is best for me. Let that consideration guide you. All sacrifice will be light to me, made for his benefit. Study, tranquillity, Italy and all its tranquil airs may go to the winds, if that they should, be best for him—care, poverty, & the ills of England will be welcome to me if they conduce to his benefit. I will do all but part with him—though if that should be necessary (but it is not) I would die—but what child could be benefited by the death of a mother whose life hangs upon his?

Pardon me that I have thus troubled you. Pardon me that I recall to your memory & force your attention to a hapless being, who since she last saw you has been tamed by every misery under the sun; and who, hopeless & wishless of any good in this life, prays daily for death when her life is no longer useful to the only tie that remains for her.

Sorrow came upon me in my youth—& now still young—I have lost all even to wishing for. My only relief is in the exercise of my mind, the improvement of my understanding, & the acquirement of knowledge. I fear & fly society—my child is my sole companion—I wish only for this grave like tranquillity, if it be consistent with his prospects—& if indeed it can in any way continue under the present circumstances.

If I return to England I shall see you, & in talking to you of your lost friend I shall find one of the very few consolations that I can expect to find in that country. I do not think that you will find me what I was, but tamed to submission to my hard fate, grateful for kindness & as full of affection as one

devoted to the past, & future beyond life—& looking on the present as a dark passage that must be gone through—tolerant—fearful—easily agitated but still reserved & diffident—what more?

I have talked long enough of myself—if you see me again you will judge for yourself—if not, still think with kindness of the selected & chosen one of your friend, his constant companion & truest, perpetual mourner.

As one whom I believe to have been most singularly attached to him—as the spectator of the first years I spent with him, I must ever turn to you as a true friend

Most sincerely yours Mary Shelley

Albaro—Near Genoa Febry 28th.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. 1 Garden Court Temple London
Londres Inghilterra

Postmarked GENOVA MR 13 1823, and marked with the postage, 95l ' Sealed in black wax with the Godwin seal, ' The Judgment of Paris', which she gave to Shelley, and is now in the Bodleian, attached to Shelley's watch-chain, together with his other seals.

From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Jefferson,

In this sunless country the exercise of the affections can alone awaken one from lethargy, I never clung to my friends (vide to 1 or 2 human beings) as much as now. All is so desolate—streets, mud, cockneyism, ballad singers, one's hackney coaches, lodgings, cheerless solitude—what a compound! let me turn from it.

Am I, Jefferson, the same that you once knew? I seem to myself a dream—Italy was reality—a strange phantasmagoria

painted on this clouded sky. You know how very few friends we ever had in England—yourself & Peacock were the extent of the catalogue. Peacock has not yet been to see me; your letter was a great pleasure to me. Thro' some accident I never received your answer to my last winter's letter; consequently I half feared to find you cold & careless. Your letter relieved me from this dread, & was a great delight.

I shall expect to see you when you arrive. I have seen the Gisbornes a few times (they are immoveable—& rain, dirt are no great aiders of friendly intercourse.) I often see my dear best Jane; she has so affectionate an heart that it is impossible not to love her tenderly for her own sake; and bound up with the *reality* of my lost life she is as dear to me as any creature that exists.

You will be glad to see my little Italian, he is a fine boy.

Adieu, I am always at home of a morning; generally of an evening.

Your's Mary W. Shelley

34 Speldhurst Street Brunswick Square Oct: 18th. [1823]

From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Jefferson

I trust that you hold yourself engaged to accompany Jane & I to the theatre on Friday—be with me by six—I saw Jane today—Dina is convalescent.

How can you empty the mighty vessels of your fearful wrath on so frail a plant as woman? Do—that's a good child, fell in love & you will become more tender hearted when instead of a weeder of those bending flowers you are turned

into a prop—nicely painted green & tied to one by a piece of matting.

Yours in all friendship
Mary Shelley

Nov. n th [but postmarked 11 FE. 1824]

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. &c. &c. &c. 1 Garden Court Temple

From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[Undated; 1824?]

Dear Jeff

Have you the works of Cicero ? I am getting ashamed of my neglect of latin & wish to rub it up—I want to read the orations, letters, etc. of Cicero—if you would lend them me, or tell me how & where I could get a loan of them, you would oblige me infinitely

Yr. truly M. S.

T. J. Hogg Esq.

Folded into a cocked hat.

84

From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Jefferson,

I am happy to say that/ou have some reason to complain of heat, which atmosphere is to my feelings genial and delightful. Court cannot be the best place to enjoy it, and you describe the pains of circuit so vividly that I own while I had the wherewithal to buy bread & cheese I would never submit to them. As to the argument, *one must do something*, I own I should think myself very *silly* if I could not find occupation

My dear Jefferson
I am happy to say at last that you have some times a
wonder of what this letter means is to my feelings & it is a
delightful one. I would be the best place to enjoy it - and you know
the pains of content is only that I am whole I had been so heartily
by heart & these I shall never submit to - as to the request
don't do something, I wish I should think myself myself very well
I could not find occupation more profitable to mind & body than
this alone. I think that getting a female to return being cut out by
nature to make use of you. I wish to be in your company, and
with heart & mind to you that - I think I shall never be cut out
by nature -
I think you for your representation in the great letter
you should be in. In such matters we have patience still
we quickly write - and a little good & having finished the paper
have your vision in your letter which interests me beyond words
I am not a little with the time of Montagu's letter & the letter that
is a just portrait of our - his harmonious style his grace and
simplicity make me think of the same kind account of our & the
matter, but while his subject is worthy his style, his way alone would
with the greatest of all - it is my morning paper & my evening paper
the most part of it with you for someone even if I am not
like in his place I am a boy, sometimes gay sometimes serious
always with always from last letter appeared to annoy the
and used to touch on this subject, especially as I did not see your letter
but I am sure that she, the great friend of human nature

Facsimile of part of letter from
Mary Shelley to Hogg (see letter 84)

you never have heard you by offering that she was not, & I think
with your great understanding you might continue to please instead of
fearing to give me - It's much the same much instead of peace. But
you have a common sense, you are different to the multitude
fear & if you will submit what has happened. However I do not wish
to trouble you. I would your world to see you James happy - if you
can make her happy now - if not - but I will, I entreat you not to
hesitate.

It's a difficult tribulation however to which you were exposed
this week and one of my friends - it should a stormy year, &
a long winter, & I think, we cannot do with them off our big sister
sorrowing - After James I had an idea of my father's contribution
to the cause of England - I was very glad to see
you in a friend - and you as you were, & I think it better to see
you to fulfill them with I don't see to such time that to leave
you I don't talk of it & not myself - I don't see how I can say I that
will please you if you are sometimes I would tell you that she's
in better health, & I think you will be - but with an indirect
reference, I think very much to the fact of her mother, I can only
say that she is very good, you had told I was glad she was all her
kindness, we heard the kind speech of her devotion to Brown
& the happiness which she devoted to him - he was not then in
the world - she had not a good fault - she was all the more
different.

She is the best friend, & now in town and I have seen her
many times. I think as well as I did I was very anxious to obtain an
account of her & her friends. She was very kind & attended to her

Facsimile of part of letter from
Mary Shelley to Hogg (see letter 84)

more profitable to mind & body than Bell versus Jenkins. But being a female & not being cut out by nature to make one of your black-stoled & bewigged company, my word will hardly appear to you law, & besides Fetter Lane is not my terrestrial Paradise.

I thank you for your congratulations on the good turn fortune seems about to do me. In such matters I am patience itself. I live quietly, write, read a *little* Greek, & having finished the *Furioso* have begun la *Divina Comedia* which interests me beyond measure. I am reading besides North's trans, of Plutarch's *Lives* & the *Æneid*. Virgil is a great favourite of mine—his harmonious style, his grace and majesty make interesting an otherwise dull account of war & diplomatics, but where his subject is worthy his style, he may claim rivalry with the greatest Poets. So my mornings pass & my evenings are for the most part spent with Jane. You ask me news of her. There she dwells in her flower adorned bower, sometimes gay, sometimes sorrowful, always gentle, always dear. Your last letter appeared to annoy her. I do not wish to touch on this subject, especially as I did not see your letter, but I am sure that she, the most open hearted of human beings, can never have deceived you by appearing what she was not, & I think with your great understanding you might contrive to please instead of to annoy' the fair one', and to make her smile instead of frown. . But I fear the *se manca una cosa*, You are indifferent to her smiles or frowns, & if so you will expect what has happened. However I do not wish to turn precheuse. I would give worlds to see dear Janey happy—so—if not—so—but do not, I entreat you, add to her annoyances. It is a slippery & turbulent eminence to which you every now and then exalt some one of us woman-kind—we inhabit a stormy region, & as a king with golden chains, we cannot at will throw off our Hogg-bestowed sovereignty. Before I came I had an idea of my fall, & that

contributed to render the thought of England less painful, for I am glad, very glad to see you as a friend—and you as far as you understand its duties or are willing to fulfil them, will I doubt not be such to me. But to please you I must talk of J, & not myself; yet what can I say of J. that will please you? If you were disinterested I would tell you that she is in better healthy *alquanto piu contentina* Jorse—but without an interest in life, without being animated by the god of her existence, Love, J. can only live half a life. You did not know her when she possessed all her heart desired, nor beheld the lovely spectacle of her devotion to Edward & her happiness while thus devoted to him. She was not then monitress or pre-chause—she did not scold or find fault—she was all benevolence, all cheerfulness.

The G.'s brother, Count Gamba, is now in town, and I have seen him several times. Knowing L. B. as well as I did,, I was very anxious to obtain an account of his last moments. They were peaceful, attended neither by pain or fear ' His end was like the closing of a flower at sunset—e cosa era da lui.

Medwin is going to publish his account of him & many confidential conversations that L. B. (when tipsy) had with him. I have done all I can to prevent our circle from being named & he has promised not to mention me. Dear S. will be there however, & that is sufficiently annoying. All the world will be there, & M. will make many enemies & do no one any good, least himself—unless the yellow coin he receive for it is to *[word omitted; be?]* considered a good. If he thinks to gain honour by 'I and Lord B' he is mistaken; the world soon divines the secret of such intimacies.

I have heard from poor Claire, who is still at Moscow. I hope that she will return to Vienna, for there she has friends, but Russia & its inhabitants do not seem habitation or companionship for anything superior to a bear. The climate hurts

her health, & the brutality of her associates her spirits. P. is in the country; when he returns in Sept. & W. shall have seen Sir T., my affairs, will, I suppose, commence their snail's progress; at present they are as quiet as stones. From Hunt I have not heard—of him I hear that M. is still *[tear in the paper]*—what would each give, he & I, to change countries at this mom *[tear]* *patienza!* I hope to see the sun of Italy next year.

Percy & Jane's children also are quite well, and I more attached than ever to the green fields & blue fields of Kentish Town. The green fields of earth which are entombed by houses—the blue fields of sky which are veiled by smoke in London. I hope you return as well in health, wiser & gentler than you went out—and more accomodating to me; for tho ' I thank you sincerely for the letters you have lent me, I entreat you not to deny me a loan of the former ones. Have I so many pleasures that you can bestow a great one on me & who call yourself my friend, should deny it me?

Adieu, my dear Jefferson, I am yours ever

Mary Shelley

Kentish Town. August 30th. [1824]

The Gisbornes I have seen twice. She is, as usual, very amiable & nice.

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. Norton—near Stockton on Tees
Durham

Sealed in black wax with the Godwin seal.

From Mary Shellej to T. J. Hogg

Kentish Town Oct: 3rd. [1824]

You were very good, my dear Jefferson, to thank me for my last letter, as I confess that I wrote it under the influence

of that ill temper which you say is peculiar to women, and not to your species, putting yourself forward as the *ecce signum* of your theory. I was cross first because you annoyed Jane—the account which you give of the cause of her annoyance differs materially from hers, & I own it amused me,—it put me in mind of the beginning of Gay's fable of the 'Goat without a beard'—And then more over you insulted my Greek. Do you think that I would exchange the gentle (courtesies of life for a smattering of a language of which I shall never be mistress. My defect of verbal memory will prevent me ever attaining proficiency in it—and my character makes me too sensitive (in every sense of the word *too*) of the demeanour of others, and causes me to cling with childish pleasure to the spirit of politeness. It is not for amusement but for the final improvement of my mind that I grub at Greek roots—if I have any intercourse with others it is necessary to the getting any relief from my usual & too well-caused despondency to be treated with forbearance & attention—if after losing those who gave me their affections, I cannot obtain the courtesy of your species, I will cut their acquaintance for ever.

Jane & I lead our usual monotonous life, and the approach of winter, rain, & mud render us more eager each day for a return to our beloved adopted country. We do not here enjoy the pleasures to which we were accustomed under the benign sky of Italy, & our situation prevents us from enjoying your English pleasures. Poor & protectorless, what have we to do here? We meet almost every evening, & make visits to our common friends—we have been several times to the Gibernes. She is my delight; her gentleness, toleration, & understanding, & not the least of her attractions, her affection for me, render her dear to me. If during the last twenty years she had cultivated her mind while living with a person superior to herself, what would she not have become?—

petty cares & deference to the judgment of one so entirely her inferior, have narrowed many of her views; still she is a charming personage, & her humility sheds infinite grace over all her proceedings. I have been very little out elsewhere since I saw you, except my visits to the Strand. I must except a few evenings at the Opera, where I enjoyed an unexpected pleasure in Madme. Pasta. I saw her in Romeo. Joined to a graceful form, intellectual beauty of countenance, eyes of deep meaning, and irresistible sweetness, she possesses a fine voice & a talent for tragic acting which affected me as much as the Sir G. O. of Kean. She is not perhaps so great; I cannot entirely judge as I saw her only once, but though you may think this strange, her singing added to the pathos of her representation. She produced an electrical effect in the house & haunted my thoughts—even my dreams for several days—then Jane & I went two or three times to Der Freischutz. We liked the music, & the incantation scene would have made Shelley scream with delight, flapping owls, ravens, hopping toads, queer reptiles, fiery serpents, skeleton huntsmen, burning bushes; and a chorus made up of strange concords & discords produced a fine effect in the, but for the stage, entirely darkened house.

So much for pleasure. For business; I am so patient that I do not complain, though nothing is done. Whitton has been to the North. He is now, I believe, at Field Place, where he promises to arrange all satisfactorily—he may waste time, but not eternity, since before the end of that Sir Tim or I will be in kingdom come, where the acres of the S. estate will probably be of little value—& I am tolerable proof against delay; while I have bread & potatoes, what is the rest? The happiness I enjoyed and the sufferings I endured in Italy make present pleasures & annoyances appear like the changes of a mask—I can sometimes for a while enter into the spirit of the game, but my affections are in the past, &

my imagination is not much exalted by a representation mean & puerile, when compared to the real delight of my intercourse with my exalted Shelley, the frank hearted and affectionate Edward, and others then of less note, but remembered now with [*a tear in the paper here*] as having made part of the Elect.

I suppose that we shall see you in the course of this month. You will find us still at Kentish Town, where we intend to spend the last winter, I trust, that we shall remain in England. Sometime, in spite of mud, rain and cold, you will stray from your beau-ideal, Fetter Lane, to this ill-favoured [?] village. We shall be almost entirely confined here, for Jane will not risk her health nor I my comfort by long peregrinations to your dreary town. Even in winter the country is most delightful, & during its fine days its uplands, naked woods, open sky & green meadows transcend the dirt & gloom of streets.

Percy is well. Adieu, my dear Jefferson.

I am Yours ever Mary Shelley

T. Jefferson Hogg Esq Norton Stockton-upon-Tees Durham

Sealed in black wax with the Godwin seal, the 'Judgment of Paris', and marked with the postal charge 1/2.

From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Norton October 30th 1824.

Dear Peacock,

I write to you to save my credit, because I promised to write, although I have nothing to say worth committing to paper, 8c I hope to see you again very shortly. The Sessions were unusually late this year, 8c I consented to remain a week

afterwards in **order** to settle some accounts, which will not be settled, so that my return to London will be later than I had expected; but I mean to push off on Monday, to arrive in Garden Court on Wednesday, &, unless you shew cause, I will pay you a visit on Friday evening, which, I believe, is the most convenient for you.

I hope that your residence at Sunbury was agreeable to yourself & beneficial to your second-self, whose health I hope has improved.

We have had unusual floods, but I think they did not accrue until after your term in the cottage, over which the swans would swim proudly, had expired; so that not yourself but Shillitoe would be up to the chin in water, when standing on the back of a chair upon the highest house-top: a 'Sparrow on the housetop'; 'my mother delighted in the situation, for, when the waters had considerably abated, she kept Ducks in the Attic & the Ducklings used to take the water from the window', a circumstance equalling, but not surpassing, the romantic walks along the Roman road.

One fine day in August I rode by the side of Ulleswater from Pooley Bridge to Patterdale; the Lake is as lovely as ever, & the Trout & Potted Char are still capable of creating an intense interest. I have not read much save the Courier; except that I tried on the Turkish Spy, but it would not fit; people boast much of it, but I found it unreadable: not so the Jewish Spy, 'les lettres Juives', which is a strong attack upon the Jews & is very amusing; as may be proved to demonstration from the account given of its author in a Biographical Dictionary 'Argens, John Baptist, de Boyer, Marquis d', one of those writers who contributed to the general dissolution of government, religion & morals,' etc.

Remember me kindly to your ladies, & to my male friends. I feel the less remorse at having so long delayed writing to you, as you would hear of me thro' Mill, whom I requested

to make an unreasonable demand, the effect of which upon your gizzard I have yet to learn.

Your's sincerely,

T. J. Hogg.

T. L. Peacock Esq. East India House, London.

87

From Leigh Hunt to T. J. Hogg

Florence. Dec. 17. 1824

Dear Hogg,

You will have been surprised at not hearing from me before. I have been surprised at it myself, but I was disconcerted in the first instance by some gossip you sent over to Italy about Mrs Gliddon & me; and afterwards when about to write, I heard that you were grown rich; which was an awful thing to a man about to make pecuniary apologies. Had you continued no richer than you were, I should not have minded speaking to you again about that twenty pounds, albeit you dashed me by your silence about it when I wrote to you on the subject before leaving England. All that I shall therefore say at present (for alas! it is all that I can say) is, that I have not forgotten it, & that I shall not mention the word money again, till I can mention it as I wish. I do not wonder at your dislike of alluding to that dreadful calamity. The least disservice it did me, individually, was to prolong the period at which I could turn myself round in these matters, & render the interval (at least till now) a horrible struggle. I have now an engagement with Colburn for the Monthly Magazine, & shall labour with less melancholy & with less fear. I always think the best of your friendship, but did not know how to construe your manner. As to Mrs

Gliddon, you did her an injustice in speaking so unkindly of her. She has not always the most discreet of ways, and was not to be mended by prudery; but she has one of the best of hearts, will sit up all night with sisters & nieces, & do every body all the service she can; & you are greatly mistaken, if you think my conscience is not perfectly clear on her account. I was with the Gliddons as much as I was partly because I liked the people, & partly because they were the only acquaintances I had in a quarter to which I was led twice every week, on Tuesday by the Indicator, and on Saturday by the Examiner. The way in which I understood you mentioned my being there, vexed me, because it seemed to have a tendency to set me in an ill light in the eyes of Shelley, which was the disservice of all others I could least bear even in imagination, for he was no more when I first heard of it, & my wife had set him right on the matter. How came you to take such a fit of sympathy into your head with appearances & one's *wife*! This uxoriousness on your part very much astonished me. I never thanked you for your articles in the Liberal, which I do very sincerely, but a passage in one of them hardly suited the moral lecturer. You recognized your joke at the beginning of the article entitled Rhyme & Reason. I made dear S. laugh so at it, when I first saw him in Leghorn, that he was obliged to lean against the passage of the Hotel, & beg me to desist.

And now having vented my spleen & my thanks both, how do you do, my dear Hogg? If you are kind enough to write to me again, I will answer with proper speed. I had a real friendship for you in England (if it will give you any pleasure to hear me say so) and you were also a friend of my friend of friends, and one I know that he had a great regard for. Why cannot I take these walks with you again over the Hampstead meadows? I often think of them, & of our snug little meals in the cottage, and our quips, & our caps, & the Horace you gave

me, which has lain ever since in my desk. But I suppose now that you have grown rich, you are looking more & more every day to other riches & honours, and think little of us romantic fellows, who succeed only in all sorts of non-success. Have a care, for you are one of us, whatsoever you may pretend, non-success only excepted; and will not except that, if you do not stick to your romance also: for what will signify your judgment-seat itself, if you do not take your Greek with you, & still wish to sit at home in a good flowing Athenian gown? You see I forget nothing of ail your vagaries, not even your going to sleep between two ladies,—I do not mean immorally, but at supper. How is 'Peaky with his Greeky?' I delight to live in all, that past state of things, for then *every body is living*, and I get out of this dreary country, where I have suffered nothing but torture. A glimpse of better health makes me hope I shall get a little comfort at last; but trust nobody who tells you that Italy is a contrast to England in point of climate. My hands are this minute aching with the cold. They have the same way here as with us, of saying every winter that there never *was* such a winter. But the fact seems to be, that there is never any other. November was drenched with cold fogs, & December is almost as foggy. Only the case is, that at intervals come two or three warm days certainly very like summer; & it is upon the strength of these, that foreigners as well as natives live on from week to week. The spring they say is fine. The last was not so. The summer is very hot. We lead a very monotonous solitary life here, at Maiano, two miles from the city, dreadfully in want of books & old friends. I long for you many times while taking my lonely walk among the olive trees, from one to three, I *cannot* like the olive trees, that's flat, albeit both Greek & Italian; or I should rather say, I cannot bear them as substitutes for every other species of tree, elm, oak, & all my other noble old arboraceous English friends. As to the natives, they

are the best people in the world, naturally, & the worst, lying, wordly set of rogues that priestcraft & a bad education can make them.

Dear Hogg, believe me ever your affectionate friend

Leigh Hunt.

[4 11. *crossed out.*]

All this was a joke not worth the inserting. Remember me to Mrs. Peacock, to Mrs. Coulson, and to Mrs. Williams, who I hope has not given up her intention of returning to Italy. Mrs. Shelley says nothing about it in her last letter.

Thomas Jefferson Hogg Esqre
Garden Court Temple London England
Inghilterra via Francia.

From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

York March 27th 1825.

Dear Peacock,

The day is so fine, that I wish more than ever to recommence our Sunday walks: the 20th of April is the first day of term, when I hope to be in London & on the Sunday following, this day month, I trust that *we* (I do not know whether *you* are to be included in that pronoun) shall march in goodly array from Queen's Square.

I have been continually on the circuit since I left town except a short time that I spent at home, where I mean to return on Wednesday, or Thursday, to remain for about ten days; the interval between the circuit & Sessions, which this year, on account of the early Easter, is so conveniently short, as to save me a journey to Middlesex 8c back again to Durham.

The weather has been beautiful nearly all the time of my pilgrimage, & the country begins to shew signs of spring; if the season continues as fine as it promises, I shall not find the residence of a few days at my place unpleasant.

My home is situated in an agreeable district, with some natural & artificial advantages, but for the want of society, other than squires & parsons, it might deserve commendation, as I think you & Mill will acknowledge, when you come to see me, at that time, at least, the want of which I have complained, will not be felt.

Whenever you will agree to devote a part of your vacation to this pious purpose, I will suggest some method, by which the apparently great distance will be overcome with more facility, than you imagine, &, without promising much, I will venture to undertake to convey you with more ease to my proper Lar, than you ever transported me to the presidency of that genius, who treads the chalk between the Beacon Hill & the Wendover Hill, of which I forget the name.

Do you mean to undertake any high emprise at Easter; if you do I regret that I shall not be able to join in it: at Whitsuntide I shall be ready for any deed of legs that may be propounded.

We have not had much business this circuit at any place. These perambulations are a considerable bore; but most other things are liable to the same accusation; the great comfort of life is to enjoy tolerably good society, we certainly have that advantage on the circuit, so that a social animal ought not to complain, and we toil on in the hope of getting something, or other, at some time, or other.

I have a sister staying here with whom I have been obliged to go to public places & to drink the last drop of balls, of which the first drop is sufficiently bitter. To sit all day in the Courts by way of business is tolerable enough, but to sit all night at concerts & assemblies by way of pleasure is misery

with cruel mockery super-added; surely, if our serious institutions need reform, our amusements are more affected with that need: would that our recreations were radically amended or dissolved for ever; that a Cromwell would spring up amongst the masters of the ceremonies to pull our Comus out of his chair & take away that bauble, his wand. Whatever turmoil, trouble, or fatigue the fates, or venerable goddess, have in store, I hope, at least, that they reserve no pleasures for me. I have not had time [*several words missing owing to a tear in the paper*] to read anything except King GEdipus on my way from London: I began Orestes, but I have only got through the prologue. Mill would shew you, I have no doubt, an article, which I sent him, in the very article of posting, that 'shews up', to borrow a word from Harriette Wilson, Mr. Mitchell, as some will think in a worse spirit, than even that lady shews up; I am however inclined to think that you will not disapprove of it. I wish you would draw your sword in the good cause; you must not pretend occupation, for the Spartan virtue of Mill, being equally occupied with yourself, whether in Indian affairs, or in procreation, finds time to perstringe most perstringingly the perstringible. I must except indeed your carpentry: but we will subscribe to pay whatever portion of your carpenter's bill is saved by your own exertions, if you will allow us to direct your hammer, gimblet, file, &c. against unns of our own choosing. A good workman is known by his chips, if your mighty arm begins to plane the guilty to a just level, 'ad amussim & ad normam criticam', you will make the shavings fly about the world in a Style that will make the Demiurgus himself stare. I hope that your wife is recovering her strength; remember me kindly to her and to your mother, & give my best wishes to Coulson & Mill, whom I desire greatly to see again.

I continue to feed my imagination with the hopes of seeing Switzerland & perhaps even Italy next autumn; whether

Cloth & Co. will permit me I cannot pretend to foretell; at present I see no impediment.

Yours ever faithfully

δ ύς.

T. L. Peacock Esq. East India House London

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From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Rome November 29th, 1825.

My dear Peacock,

I am very much afraid that you look upon me as a very black monster for not having written to you before; but I am sure, when you consider how much I have been engaged, that you will excuse me; the whole of every day since I left England having been passed in journeys & in some kind of carriage, more or less barbarous, except my days of rest; & what I call a day of rest is eight or ten hours, of incessant walking, without repose, or refreshment, to see sights, 8c the evening, which is the most cruel blow of all, is passed in society. I never worked so hard in my life, but I stand it very well 8c, although I am sometimes tired to death, I have never lost my appetite, & this I believe is the great criterion of over-fatigue; on the contrary, I am proud to say, I have been taken for an Abbot. About a month since, a 'Vetturino' came to bargain with me, when I was at dinner; it was at Genoa, on the Lord's day, 8c I had paid my maker the little compliment of wearing my best coat, which is black, 8c having walked for nine hours, looking at streets, pictures 8c palaces, I was discussing with great ability a fine fresh John-Doree, &, by repeated interrogations with a spoon, I was rapidly bringing him, in the true Socratic method, as exemplified by Plato

& Xenophon, to this manifest absurdity, how can you call yourself a fish, who are but bones? The man came & bargained with me, and afterwards, when my companions, who were Germans, asked him, what manner of man the fourth was to be, he said 'un alto Signore', he did not exactly know what, but he believed an 'Abbate', that is not merely an 'Abbe', but the jolly abbot of some rich abbey: a cisalpine Friar Tuck. The Germans as they informed me, in the simplicity of their hearts, for some time believed that I was an Italian & an abbot. I have been about ten days in Rome; in a day, or two, I shall set off for Naples, which, with its environs, it is said, may be despatched in ten days; I shall then return, at a quiet steady pace, to England, making however the 'detour' of Venice; & I shall not remain longer on the road than is absolutely necessary, for rest & to see whatever is interesting.

I was much pleased with Germany & with the Germans; the banks of the Rhine satisfy my ideas of Paradise, & Rhenish of Nectar. With respect to Switzerland I was rather foreign than English in my feelings: the English admire that scenery extravagantly; foreigners, & T. J. H., look upon it as a frightful wilderness: parts are certainly lovely, but the greater portion deserves no better name: some places had an extraordinary effect on my nerves & imagination, & it seems to be a strange insensibility, which is not affected in a like manner. I experienced a dread & dismay, of which I could have had no notion, when I was in those horrible regions, where vegetation has ceased, & where there is nothing but bare unchanging rock, perpetual snow & everlasting ice: I cannot describe the satisfaction I used to feel, when I descended to flowers & vines & fruit trees & felt a genial air, & saw the clouds in their proper places, above my head, & not beneath my feet. The fatigue of ascending to these abodes of the damned is beyond all conception, & the recollection of it

adds to my dislike of the Alpine passes; the Simplon is bad enough, but St. Bernard, & especially St. Gotthard, will always be remembered with pain and terror. I used to think of you when I was on the mountains & to wonder, if you also would be a worshipper of Switzerland; one thing you would have admired, which is very striking, the 'scaturieny' of the country, that supplies Europe with water; from every rock, from every crevice, such copious streams of pure crystal pour forth, and in such wild profusion, that the effect is magical.

In Italy the landscape is picturesque, the mountains are finely formed & of reasonable dimensions; but there is a total want of green fields & a scarcity of large trees: the rivers are mere torrents, dry, except for a few hours after rain, save the Arno & the Tiber, which pour forth a little muddy water.

The cities are majestic, & are indeed cities; & the interior of some churches is the perfection of loveliness, & surpasses everything the imagination can fancy: in an immense building not one spot of pavement, roof, or walls, or any hole, or corner, can be found, which is not as bright & beautiful, as art, labour, colours, cost & gems can make it; I had no notion what a Temple made with hands may be. It is strange what erroneous notions of things one *[gets]*; it appears to me that the first person, who writes a book of travels, does not visit the countries he describes, & that others follow his book & not their own eyes. I had always read, that Florence was a gay cheerful place, & was surprised to find that the Old Bailey & Newgate St. must be the favourite haunts of dimpled mirth, & that laughter might be found holding both his sides in Warwick Lane, rather than in the gloomy Tuscan capital.

At Rome I expected to feel like a worm crawling about a skull, & that it would be impossible to turn the corner of a Street, or to look out of the window without bursting into tears; but I found that the city upon seven hills has much of the bright smart aspect of Bath and Cheltenham; I suppose

by reflecting upon this theme that Romulus & St. Gregory the Great, & many others, who used to reside here, are now dead, the mind may be attuned to sorrow, but, when left to itself, I do not think that the aspect of the place would make it sad: there are ruins in plenty, to be sure, but they are white & handsome, & not of a mournful countenance. I shall in future distrust all books of travels, &, if I find either Vesuvius, or the Sea, at Naples, I shall wonder by what accident describers have guessed right.

I have assisted for I know not how many years at the demolition of your Turkey on Xtnas day; this year I must beg to be excused: probably I shall dine with the two Foscari at Venice on that day. Remember me most kindly to Mill and Coulson. I do not deny that much future improvement is to be derived from travelling, but, for present pleasure, I maintain that it is to be found in ordinary occupations & in the society of old friends. I hope that your family are all well. I will not ask you to write to me, partly because I do not know where I shall be, & partly because, if I did, I am not quite sure that you would. I have many things to tell you, & should still have many, if I had written three quires of paper: I hope soon to find you well; & to talk you asleep & awake & asleep again.

Yr's sincerely.

T. J. H.

T. L. Peacock Esq., East India House London. Inghilterra-Angleterre.

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From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Norton October 22d 1826

Dear Peacock,

If I were disposed to avail myself of it, I could make up a plausible excuse, for not having written to you, about my

ignorance of the duration of your holidays and so forth, but I think it is better to confess frankly that I have no great taste for writing letters, to throw myself upon your mercy, and to trust to the sympathies of one, who never writes to anybody.

I make no doubt that you have passed many pleasant days on your narrow territories in an angle of the Thames agreeable to all, but especially to a person so amorous of rivers as yourself; but where Coulson and myself were treated with such real unkindness, and instead of being hardened against the shocks of adversity by blows and abstinence, we were pampered with luxurious meats and drinks, and rendered too soft, to resist the aggressions of hostile fortune. I have spent my time here in great comfort; and in this neighbourhood and in rural pursuits, except the usual forensic routine. My principal occupation was writing a long article for the Westminster Review concerning the Athenians and the Quarterly Reviewers, upon which I expended as much time and labour, as upon the defence of a client accused of High Treason. Having satisfied myself after the manner of authors, that it was meritorious, I, at last, concluded it and despatched it with great joy to the Editor about a fortnight ago, and restored to their shelves the books, with which I had surrounded my chair. A little bird once told me, that you had some thoughts of giving an article to that Review exagitative of Francis Jeffray and his discourses on poetry, it would be a most welcome essay; pray set seriously about teaching the many, who wish to learn, what poetry really is, and especially what it is not. 'The well of the Bobbing Friar.' I was happy to learn from an advertisement of Mr. Colburn's that you had re-commenced authorship; it said, this exquisite little poem is from the pen of Mr. Peacock; as this gentleman has a lucrative and arduous situation in the India House, he has but little time to bestow upon his compositions, they will therefore be more valuable; or words to that effect: I was

pleased with the candour of the publisher, for in proportion as little time is bestowed on a work is it likely to suit the taste of the age, and to be more valuable and saleable. The New Monthly Magazine does not flourish in these northern latitudes, I have not yet seen the poem; I shall be glad to read it; yet I would that the subject were less obscene, than that deep well, in which Friars love best to dive, and with the name of which our walls are inscribed; 'hominum Divumque voluptas:' the joy of laymen & of diving Divines.

I receive frequent *proofs* of my travels, which they are now printing; I presume therefore that they will soon be published *en masse*: I am compelled to think that they will make an amusing work, not so much because my friends have assured me, but because I once saw a stranger, a dry-looking fellow, in the Reading Room at Newcastle with a Magazine in his hand, laughing so immoderately as to justify the remark of a Spanish King to Cervantes, either that man is mad, or he is reading your Don Quixote: modesty compels me to believe that the man, who was diverted with a portion of my journal, was not a good judge of the ludicrous; but nevertheless it is extremely difficult to avoid giving a most undue influence to whatever tends to augment the preponderating weight of man's good opinion of himself, I therefore upon unwarrantable ground venture to predict that good judges will be entertained. I am rejoiced to learn from occasional notices in the Newspapers, that the London University is prospering, and I have no doubt, although you sometimes show your ingenuity by arguing against that institution, that you are equally glad. I wish I could find one hundred pounds, that I might demonstrate my good will by a subscription. Why do you not go hat in hand to the Directors and canvass for the professorship of Greek, or of Roman Antiquities or of some such lore? Under the name of Archaeology you might teach your pupils whatever you pleased: you would get much

money, infinite glory, and, as you have no Circuits to take you out of town, your Indian engagements might be arranged: he who could become popular with his audience might adjust everything, but actual absence from the spot. Remember me kindly to Mill and Coulson, whom I desire to see again, and to my other friends. I hope to be in the Temple on 1st November, or soon after, and to resume the Sunday walks. With compliments to your ladies

I am ever truly Your's

T. J. H.

T. L. Peacock, Esq. East India House London.

From T. J. Hogg to T. L. Peacock

Dear Pekoe,

I have had the English edition of the Cholera, a large paper copy, & I cannot undertake to walk far yet, & next after your harmless & instructive pleasantries, the walk being the great delight, I would name *next Sunday fortnight*, if convenient, & we will attend, weather permitting.

Truly yours

T. J. Hogg

12Maida Place, Edgware Road

Seen & approved

Walter Coulson

T. L. Peacock, Esq. East India House

Undated, but postmarked CHANCERY LANE, NOON, NOV. 18, 1831.

From W. S. Landor to T. J. Hogg

My dear Sir,

Your very kind and valuable present was brought to me at twelve last night, on my return from dinner at Lady Paul's. In a quarter of an hour I am leaving London, and am glad to carry with me the certainty that a friend so estimable is preparing, both for me and others, the most important stores of instruction and delight. I read little; but if anything should fall under my eye at all conducive to your great and very necessary undertaking, I will communicate it.

Gibbon had at best a petty mind. Constantinople, I doubt not, still contains inestimable stores for the philosophical historian, which his industry ought to have searched after, and his scepticism to have disclosed. Those who knew less brought out more knowledge—for instance Petrarch and Boccaccio.

I am called to the coach, so adieu. Believe me Your very obliged

W. S. Landor.

T. J. Hogg Esq. i, Garden Court, Temple.

Undated, but postmarked NOON, 23 MAY, 1832. Sealed in scarlet wax with a design of Mercury.

From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

[Undated; probably 1838?]

Dear Jefferson

Thanks for the trouble you have taken. I beg your pardon for giving you so much; you need not fear more.

You seem to forget that on my legal title, imperfect as it is, to what I am hereafter to inherit under Shelley's will, I have existed all this time. Sir Tim has given me nothing except as dependent on that, & I should have starved had I not availed myself of it. The reasons for making use of such title as I have to the copyrights is far more obvious, since in a very few years they will expire & so much property be entirely lost without advantage to anyone.

I should not sign any paper the prudence of which is problematic. I cannot tell how this affair may end—but if it ends as I wish, I shall be able to have a house of my own a few miles from town, & I think that that will be a more *suitable* & *modest* style of life than the lodgings to which I have hitherto been doomed.

With many thanks for your good wishes—which accept on my part for you & yours

Yrs. truly

M W Shelley

Sunday evg.

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From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

My dear Jefferson

I hope you will not consider me indiscreet in asking your opinion & aid in a point very material to me. Moxon has offered me L.500 for the copyright of Shelley's poems. Till the will is proved my claim to them is not established—so Moxon wanted Peacock to sign the agreement also as Shelley's Executor. Peacock said he could not without incurring indefinite risks. So I agreed that in the agreement I should pledge myself to indemnify Mr. Moxon if any one else claimed the copyright as inheriting it from Shelley. Percy could be

the only person. In the agreement however it is mentioned that I am to indemnify him for any expences incurred in resisting piracies—which is out of the question—for Moxon is aware, having years ago taken an opinion that till the will is proved I cannot get an injunction from Chancery.

I enclose you my letter to him dissenting from this clause. Would you very kindly look over the agreement & see if any other objection arises. Mr. Proctor is Mr. Moxon's legal adviser—perhaps it would be best to see him—but I must not give you too much trouble. Let me know what you think as soon as you can. Gregson would not I think refuse to see Moxon's adviser & tell him that I am the personal representative of Shelley when the will is proved, & that Percy is such until then.

I am dear Jeff Yrs. truly M W Shelley

41 d Park St 12 Jany/39.

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From Mary Shelley to T. J. Hogg

Dear Jeff—

We hear that poor Sir Tim is falling from the stalk like an overblown flower—free from pain—quite comfortable, Helen says. He has gradually lost strength, appetite, sight & hearing & speech—breath only now remains.

I should be sorry to [*? do*] any thing imprudent. Of course we wish to be *proper* to Lady S. and *just* to John; but *he* I am sure, perhaps she, will take every possible advantage.

But I conclude there is nothing to be done in the *very* first instance. Gregson has all our papers—every one gives him a high character, & he has always shewn himself friendly.

But if you think any thing ought to be done, tell me. A

solicitor from Horsham yesterday called with an introduction from Mr. Beauclerk—who could give us every information—but I did not think it proper to ask any questions. It is likely enough that the Same country Whitton [*illeg: won't?*] do for us & John.

All I mean by this letter is, that if there is any thing you think we ought to do, that you will be so kind as to let me know.

Yr. truly Mary Shelley '

Putney 24 April [1844]

Written on all eight sides of two double sheets of very small writing-paper, 2 ins. by 3 ins. The envelope is missing.

