MEMOIR

OF

MRS ELIZA FOX.

TO WHICH EXTRACTS ARE ADDED FROM THE JOURNALS
AND LETTERS OF HER HUSBAND, THE LATE

W. J. FOX
M.P. FOR OLDHAM.

EDITED BY FRANKLIN FOX.

LONDON:
N. TRÜBNER & CO., 69, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1869.
With the Editor's compliments

5th June 156
MRS ELIZA FOX,

FROM A DRAWING BY C. MARTIN, 1859.
Note by the Editor.

The following Memoir, composed of Selections from the Journals, correspondence, and papers of Mrs Eliza Fox and her husband William Johnson Fox, is published by her children in accordance with her wish, and they here dedicate it to her memory.

Rensselaer, 1860.
MEMOIR

OF

MRS ELIZA FOX.

TO WHICH EXTRACTS ARE ADDED FROM THE JOURNALS AND LETTERS OF HER HUSBAND, THE LATE

W. J. FOX
M.P. FOR OLDHAM.

EDITED BY FRANKLIN FOX.

LONDON:
N. TRÜBNER & CO., 69, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1869.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAP.</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. Early Life and Recollections.—1793 to 1811</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. Letters from Miss Florance to her friends, Miss F— and Miss M—. Journal of the Rev. W. J. Fox, 1812-14. Birthday Verses</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. Letters from Miss Florance to her Father, Brother, the Rev. W. J. Fox; and Extracts from her Journal of a Visit to the Isle of Wight, 1815</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Extract from the Journal of the Rev. W. J. Fox, and Birthday Lines, 1815</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. Letters from the Rev. W. J. Fox to Miss Florance, and from Miss Florance to Rev. W. J. Fox. Birthday Verses, 1816</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Letters from the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London, to Miss Florance, at Chichester; and from Miss Florance to Rev. W. J. Fox, 1817</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. Letters from the same to the same, and Birthday Lines, 1817</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. Letters from the same to the same, with Birthday Lines, 1818</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. Letters from the same to the same, and Birthday Lines, 1819</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. Letters from the same to the same. Marriage. Birthday Verses, 1820, 1821. Conclusion</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MEMOIR
OF
MRS ELIZA FOX.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS,—1793 to 1811.

Eliza Fox was born at Chichester, where her father, Mr. James Florance, a barrister, resided at the time. She was the eldest of thirteen children. The traditions and reminiscences of her infancy are thus related by herself.

It was during the severe frost of 1793, when icicles hung from the eaves and pippins froze in the chimney corner, that my mother gave birth to a daughter, which being the firstling of the fold, was welcomed into the world with unbounded delight by both mother and father.

Whether it was the coldness of the season, or from what cause it is not recorded, the babe pined and refused its food from the breast, and great was the anxiety on that account.

"No, this child will never thrive," said the old nurse, looking down with pity on the five-days'-old, tiny, blue-eyed babe on her lap.
"Why not?" asked grandmamma, who sat with her knitting on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"No, I tell ye, some'ut ails the child; my 'pinion is that it never got enough of what it craved for afore it come into the world; maybe Missus 'longed' for something."

"It is possible, nurse," rejoined a feeble voice from within the curtains. "Eat as many oysters as I could, I was not satisfied."

"That's just what it is," replied nurse; "she shall have some oysters, the little dear, that it shall."

Horrible as the idea may seem at this time of day, it was no uncommon thing to feed a newly-born baby with some luscious condiment to stimulate the appetite, and I have known instances when a baby within a month of its birth had been fed with the flesh of suckling pig. Well, oysters, the best that Emsworth could produce, were obtained without delay, some half-dozen of which, it is said, the child took with a relish. At three years old I took small-pox naturally, they said; and at sixteen, during the time I was a pupil in a London school (at Miss Russell's, Dalby Terrace, City Road), I got a chill in going over St Paul's Cathedral, which occasioned a fever, from the effects of which I was six months in recovering. But we must not anticipate events. As a child I was active, joyous, abounding in health and spirits, the delight of father and mother; the firstborn of a large family, I was caressed and made a sort of pet, by both uncles and aunts; and with seven brothers in succession (after me, five of whom lived to grow up) I became a sort of idealized playmate, sharing in their sports and joining with them in games of cricket, trap-ball, and even marbles, which they played more gently when sister joined in their sports.
From being early accustomed to out-door exercise, I became strong, active, and fearless; no hill too steep, no walk too long, no weather too cold, no sport too daring, to keep me from going out with the boys on their half-holiday excursions. Hence my frame was braced and my natural energies strengthened for after-years of quiet sedentary occupation.

One of my earliest recollections is that of the city illumination on the first of May, in the year 1802, for the Peace of Amiens, a note of which I find in my father's journal as follows: 30th March, 1802, "This morning news of the signing of the definitive treaty of Peace reached Chichester."—Saturday, May 1st, "The town was illuminated in consequence of the Proclamation of Peace having been read to-day." From the leads on the top of our house, in West-street, I could see the Cross in the centre of the city: the four main streets branch off from this point, North, South, East, and West. The building looked very beautiful with the glittering lamps, showing the arches and flying buttresses from base to summit; and the houses had candles in rows in all the windows from top to bottom. The bells from all the churches rung out merrily, and the townspeople, all bustle and excitement, appeared very gay and jolly. After the long war and heavy taxes no wonder the thought of peace was hailed with joy and satisfaction; but, alas! the blessed truce was but of short duration: ere the year was out the war was renewed, and the whole of Europe again rang with the clamour of arms.

In the year 1805 there was the Battle of Trafalgar, Nelson's great renown, and the print-shop was full of grand pictures of the fierce battle, which I stood with
wondering eyes to gaze at on my way home from school. Again the city was illuminated, and guns were fired, and public demonstrations spoke to the mind of a child of great national exultation and triumph.

The songs of the time sung in the streets by old weather-beaten tars, lately returned from the wars, have left a vivid recollection; the words come back upon me, though 'tis sixty years since last I heard them sung.

"Twas in the good ship Rover, I sailed the world around,
And for six years and over I ne'er touch'd British ground," &c.

This war time brings to mind the Red-coats. One can never forget the cheers of the boys when a regiment marched through the city, nor the drums and fifes in the early morning playing "The girl I left behind me," and the waving farewells of the damsels as the smart blades marched off on their way to Portsmouth for embarkation to meet the foreign foe.

I was six years old when I was baptized. Sixty years ago there was no law to enforce this needful act, and it was not uncommon for parents to neglect it altogether. My father's excuse was, that the children came so fast that he would wait and have a batch christened together. And it came to pass that four of us were baptized at the same time (myself, Eliza Florance, James, Edward, and William Florance), by the Rev. James Watson, Presbyterian minister, recently come from Bath, to take the charge of the members of the Unitarian congregation assembling for worship in Baffin's Lane Meeting-House, Chichester. Some of the members were Arian, others Unitarian, the minister called himself Presbyterian; under that name were ranged men of various shades of religious opinion, from Sabellianism to modern Unitarianism.
MEMOIR OF MRS ELIZA FOX.

The Rev. James Watson performed the ceremony of baptism, sprinkling us all round, the baby in long clothes and me Eliza Florance, a merry, sparkling, curly-haired girl six or seven years old. I stood with brothers in front, and father by my side, and mother holding baby in her arms.

My mother’s family were Quakers, and my mother, with pretty face and good temper, won the affections of the young lawyer, my father, who at the time of his marriage was tutor in Rev. Hay’s school; he also received pupils at home, with whom he read the classics and mathematics.

My mother at this period still wore the Quaker’s garb, and attended Friends’ Meeting-House with her own father and mother, and to satisfy them I was registered at the time of my birth in Friends’ General Register at Brighton.

Till the period of my grandmother’s death I went regularly to meeting on a Sunday with the dear old lady. She was very handsome. There is a painting, by Duhmman, of grandmamma, in Quaker costume, so delicately fair and neat, in drab silk gown, folded kerchief, prim stiff cap, and white silk mittens on her dainty white hands, a perfect pattern of order and propriety. I can almost see myself walking by her side, she holding me by the hand, and saying as we go to meeting,

“Sit thee quiet, dear.”

“I can’t sit still, gran’ma, I don’t know what to do.”

“Say thy little hymns, dear.”

Indeed I did try to sit still. Sometimes in vain. Then I would stand close by her side, and wait as patiently as my restless feet would let me. Those quiet
hours at Friends' Meeting were good for me. I was seldom checked or chided at home, and there I learnt the first lessons of patient obedience. And the first quiet sense of religious duty crept into my young heart when I lifted up my thoughts to our Heavenly Father in the blessed words of our Lord's Prayer, or in the gentle hisping accents of my "Little Hymns."

When I was about seven years of age my father said it was quite time I went to school, and "learnt to behave like a 'young lady.'" "It was proper I should leave off being a 'Tom-boy,'" mamma remarked; then a consultation was held which of the two seminaries should have the honour of sewing the first seeds of knowledge in my young mind. There was Miss R--'s at the end of South-street, said to be a first-class school, where the children of the "County gentry" were educated, to which my father inclined; but he yielded to mamma in this matter, as I was to be a Day-pupil, and she said the distance was long for a child to go to and from twice a day in all weathers. The other school for young ladies, R--'s, West-street, not far from our own house, was kept by two ladies held in high repute on account of the very exemplary manners of the young ladies under their care; and the senior was said to be a woman of superior education, and better qualified to convey instruction to her pupils than many governesses with more lofty pretensions. And to this lady, in the spring of 1800, I was introduced by my father, who, after some preliminary conversation, patted me on the head and kissed me, remarking that "I was shy"—at being left with the strange lady alone, I suppose. She seemed very formal and precise. Well,—taking me by the hand, she led me to the school-room, where about
30 juveniles, and two lady teachers, were assiduously occupied either in acquiring or imparting the rudiments of their mother tongue. At that period, sixty years ago, very rarely anything beyond the simplest elements, such as writing, reading, and the first three rules in arithmetic, was taught. French, music, and dancing were charged extra, and taught by masters. Such accomplishments were taught only in tip-top schools. A French lady teacher was seldom to be found in any country establishment.

Having placed me on a form near her own table, I took a survey of the room and the young ladies, some of whom appeared intent on their lessons, others reading aloud, some standing in classes answering questions, and the smaller children were on the same form with my own little self, hemming and sewing, learning the use of the needle. My mother had put a bit of work in my pocket, which, as I was glad to have something in hand, I produced, and set about doing very demurely. These little ones each in their turn were had up to the table to "say their lessons," and to read some portion of Scripture or Bible stories, in the morning; in the afternoon miscellaneous subjects, selected from history, poetry, or biography. The older girls had their special lessons for each day in the week: for a Monday, History (Magnall's Questions); Tuesday, Geography (Goldsmith's); Wednesday, Grammar (Lindley Murray); Thursday, Spelling (Mayo's Dictionary); Friday, Writing and Ciphering, with a master; Saturday, Repetition, Catechism and Collect, as in use in the Church of England for the following Sunday.

The next day I repeated a dozen words and their
meanings which I committed to memory, read some little lesson, and in the afternoon did plain hemming, and said "my poetry," as it was called, beginning, "Spacious firmament on High," &c.

I was falling into the routine of school duties very pleasantly till Saturday, when I was told to repeat the "Collect." From some cause or other this lesson troubled me more than any other. I could not understand the meaning of the words. It was beyond the powers of my memory, and so I said. My governess threatened punishment if I were not more perfect next week. Then came the "Church Catechism!" How the whole school turned their open eyes upon me when I said, "Please, ma'am, I never say catechism!"

What! not know who gave me my name? I, who had been so merely "sprinkled," how should I know what god-fathers and god-mothers had promised? or that I should "renounce the devil and all his works?" never before having any thought about such things. I was perplexed with these difficulties. I wished to do the same as the other pupils, but Collect and Catechism my young rebellions spirit refused, and I made an appeal to my father, telling him other lessons were easy; I had tried very hard, but "I could not learn Collect. Did he think it was necessary?" "No! certainly not," my father wrote, saying, he begged that I might be excused "saying Collect," the family being Dissenters. Still, on the Saturday, my teacher persisted in pressing on my infant mind the necessity of knowing "Catechism," and in many ways this became an annoyance. The children of the school looked askance at me, and asked questions, such as, "What church did I go to on a
Sunday? and did we say Catechism and the Belief?"

Protesting against this sort of persecution, my father removed me, and I was placed as day-boarder in the large school in South-street, where a greater freedom of opinion was tolerated, and a wider range of studies offered ample scope for competition among the young ladies of the establishment.

There were as many as 50 pupils and 10 lady boarders, or rather parlour boarders. These attended classes with the young ladies, and they had the privilege, by paying £10 10s. per annum extra, of being in the drawing-rooms of an evening, and sharing in the society of visitors when Miss R— received company. This was thought by country parents to be an advantage. It gave tone to their manners, and took away that want of ease, that "mauvaise honte," so common in young ladies who had been reared in a farm-house, far removed from fashionable society; and when it was so desired by their friends, young ladies of the school might, under the protection of the governess, attend public balls, concerts, and lectures.

The school made a goodly appearance on a Sunday in the Cathedral. There was a large range of seats in the choir over the "Corporation Seat," appropriated to the young ladies, and space afforded below, when the gallery was filled, as sometimes happened when the whole number of boarders assembled. Many of the ladies, or parlour boarders, were handsome young women. At this period Sussex was remarkable for the beauty of its damsels —fair Saxou complexions, blue eyes, and graceful forms. Chichester, especially, was celebrated for beautiful girls. The gay bevy of laughing bright eyes from the Corpora-
tion pew attracted many a side glance from the gentlemen, and many a signal was given and exchanged unknown to the matronly gouvernante in attendance, which was followed by "stolen walks through moonlight shades," or promises to meet at public ball or concert, and once upon a time an elopement, to the scandal of Miss R——'s "well-regulated" establishment, occurred.

The house was a large red-brick mansion, with spacious airy rooms and wide entrance-hall and staircase—one might drive an old coach within the hall and up the stairs; large garden at the rear; extensive buildings for domestic use, laundry, stable, out-houses; with dining-room and school-room built off to receive the large number of pupils. These were presided over by seven teachers, and the old lady, Miss R——, made her appearance in the school-room for an hour in the morning and afternoon. She had a class of juveniles to herself, of which class I was one. She was a venerable gray-haired lady, held in high esteem by the leading people in the city and county, many of whom visited the dancing-class, on dress occasions, to witness the graceful movements of the pupils in the Minuet de la Cour, and the "Garland Dance," which was considered a wonderful display of graceful action: twelve damsels with garlands performed various evolutions prescribed by the master. This dance was greatly admired by the visitors, and the girls liked the twisting and twining, and the picturesque attitudes it evolved. My father had a notion that to have a good carriage the dancing-master must be called in to instruct the limbs how to move and the body how to comport itself. The consequence was that I took dancing lessons the whole number of years that I was at school, nine or ten years. Now, when I thought I
could dance well enough, I proposed to my father to allow me to take lessons of the French teacher and give up dancing, the yearly cost of tuition for either being the same (four pounds per annum).

"No," said my respected parent, "you can teach yourself by the aid of French dictionary and grammar, but dancing is only to be acquired by exercising in the presence of a master."

So poor little me strived in vain to accomplish the accent of the French language, in which from that day to this superficial knowledge only has been attained. My father was a self-taught scholar, understood Latin, Mathematics, French (could not speak French), read the best authors, and was considered an educated man. When I look back and remember his thirst for knowledge and his persevering endeavours to provide education for his children, I am surprised that he did not adopt a different method. Evidently amongst the class of gentlefolks with whom he associated the knowledge of French and German were not deemed essential elements of a girl's education.

The school-house which Miss R— occupied till she was upwards of ninety was purchased shortly after her death, and dedicated to the service of science, and is called "The Museum." The theatre when I was young stood within a hundred yards of the school-house. The company performed three or four months in each year, alternating between Chichester, Bath, and I think Portsmouth. The manager's name was Kelly, with several daughters; one distinguished herself on the London stage, and I have heard my husband say she played Juliet better than any lady he ever saw in that character, a pure
impulsive girl, animated by the genius of her art to embody the true ideal of Shakespeare's heroine. I witnessed her performance at the Haymarket Theatre in the year 1823 or 1824; since then she has disappeared from the theatrical world.

As a school-girl I was often allowed an evening at the theatre. I heard Bannister and Incledon. I remember the latter singing the "Heaving of the Lead," "For England when with favouring gale our gallant ship up channel steer'd," a mighty favourite song during the war, "Black-eyed Susan," "The Bay of Biscay O," also a celebrated song in the "Castle of Andalusia," "The Wolf," by Shield. These were the kind of songs sung to the galleries which drew down the loudest plaudits. The scenery of the Chichester Theatre was said to be very good, having been painted for the private theatricals at Richmond House, and presented by the Duke of Richmond to the Corporation, who owned the premises. On one occasion George Frederick Cooke played the part of Shylock, and also Sir Archy McSarcasm (in 1809, I think). The company excelled in gentle comedy—Sheridan's plays, and Tobin's, especially the "Honeymoon," with the lady whose "rustling silks made proud the wearer," excited my admiration and won my approval, preferring them to any of the melodramatic representations. There was a strong Quaker infusion in my veins, which made me like the seeming real rather than pure ideal fiction, and yet at this period I regularly invested a penny a week in the purchase of a story book, "Cinderella and the glass slipper," "Beauty and the Beast," were held in high repute, and fostered a taste for narrative. My brothers and myself indulged nightly in
relating adventures or telling a story, inventing the incidents, sometimes blending facts and fiction, till the wearied listeners drowsily closed their eyes in slumber, and darkness crept around our beds.

About this period I took lessons on the harpsichord of the organist of Baffin’s Lane Chapel. This young man had recently been a pupil of Mazzinghi; his mother kept a china shop very near to my father’s residence, their back windows looking into the Cathedral precincts, sufficiently near for me to go in and out unattended to receive my hour’s instruction of an evening twice a week. For this I paid at the rate of fourpence a lesson. It was not first-rate teaching, certainly, but I acquired sufficient to make me desire higher and better instruction, and then I wanted a good piano. I could play “In my Cottage,” “Paul and Virginia,” “See from Ocean rising,” and “How sweet in the Woodlands,” taking part with my brother in the duet; but with our large family and provision at war prices, to spend money on any unnecessary article required consideration; yet still I begged to have a piano. Well do I remember my father’s answer: the price of a quarter loaf ranged from 2s. to 1s. 6d., and the family required for daily consumption from six to eight loaves, which were duly delivered every morning.

“Well, my girl, as soon as bread is a shilling a loaf you shall have a piano,” said my father. How anxiously I waited and longed for the war to be over, and that the “Corsican ogre,” “He who made the quarter loaf and Luddites rise,” might be defeated, can easily be imagined. Though I had many years to wait, the desired instrument came at last. I had left school, taken lessons of Knivett, and played as well as most young ladies, and
in 1814 peace was proclaimed, and the allied sovereigns passed through the city on their way to a banquet at Goodwood; that year or the next my father made good his promise, and I was the happy owner of a good pianoforte. Up in the morning early did I awake the echoes, and practised most diligently during the year and half I had the advantage of my London master. It was in 1809 my father took me to Londen and placed me with a Miss R—, no connection of the old governess at Chichester, an accomplished lady who received six pupils; a very pleasant old lady (the mother) presided over the ménage. There were two lady teachers, masters for drawing, writing, music, and dancing, all of whom did me the honour of bowing and scraping and teaching the half-formed “ideas how to shoot.” In school-girl lore I was behind many a younger lass. In arithmetic I was especially deficient. Imagine a girl at sixteen ignorant of compound addition! but so it was, and my good old teacher (author of many excellent school manuals) put me in the way of overcoming the difficulty, and I soon was on a par with my school companions; indeed, in History, Chronology, and Geography I took the lead in the classes, and carried off the “Card of Merit” at the end of the second half-year. Those subjects had been always my special favourites; Dr Guthrie’s thick volume, “Grammar of Geography,” I pored over ere I was twelve years old, and was fond of puzzling my brothers with problems on the globes or questions of situation and distance of obscure places, or of remarkable events as to time and date. Boys at Grammar-school, taught Latin and Greek, despise the simpler paths of learning, and are generally ignorant of really useful matters of fact, about which a girl is much better informed.
At my father's house, when I was quite too young to understand the proceedings, there assembled the members of a debating society, a sort of Club, such as was springing up in some large provincial towns, and consisting of the most enlightened men of the neighbourhood, who met at each other's houses once a month. At Bristol, Birmingham, and Liverpool, at the close of the eighteenth century, the most distinguished philosophers were wont to gather themselves into coteries, and discuss matters affecting science, political and social questions.

Amongst whom, in the different localities to which they belonged, the names of Roseae, Dr. Boddowes, Dr. Priestley, and others, were associated in monthly intercourse, enlivening by their presence and enlightening by their knowledge; and the Cathedral City, though not foremost, caught up the embers of distant societies, and kindling anew at the old shrine, set up her light, and by the taper's gleam many enrolled themselves in emulation of that great "Lunae Society," then in full operation in Warwickshire, at Soho, near Birmingham, where Boulton, and Darwin, and Watt, and Priestley, and Wedgewood, &c., met so frequently and held such delightful intercourse.

Well, at our Chichester monthly meetings, my father and some few others* formed themselves into a society;

* John Barton, brother of Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. His sister, Maria Back, author of many useful works for young people, was one of the Chichester coterie. Rev. William Venaut, at that period minister of the Unitarian congregation at Chichester. He resigned the ministry in 1812, and became partner with Mr. Beeche, veterinary surgeon in London, and wrote a treatise on the Horse, &c., &c., Mr. George Long, barrister, member of the Inner Temple, and for many years police magistrate of the parish of Marylebone. Mr. James Powell, collector of customs at Chichester, afterwards at Portsmouth. Joseph Proctor, man of property and of influence in the city, member of Unitarian congrega-
and as our large drawing-room was convenient for the purpose, they assembled more frequently at our house than at any other. On these occasions my aunt (Richard Dally's wife) presided at the tea-table with me by her side. I was allowed to stay in the room during the readings and discussions; in this way I very early was led to take an interest in subjects beyond my years. On other occasions when my father had friends I would sit quietly to listen to their talk, whether it were political or social. I was now sixteen years of age, young and untrained as a colt, with high spirits, up to all sorts of tricks taught me by the boys, with whom I went birds' nesting before breakfast, out in the fields miles from home, in the summer time. At other seasons I was out with the children gathering violets in the sheltered hedge banks, or making cowslip balls and daisy chains, an active healthy life free and unrestrained out of school, a bright and happy girlhood which for propriety's sake must be chastened, and the girl no longer be a Tom-boy, as it was the pleasure of the maiden ladies to address me. She must be sent away, and be taught how to conduct herself, like other young ladies bursting into womanhood. Slim and good-looking, young as I was there were youths in the town who needed but little encouragement to become lovers. Fit that I should be brought under some kind of discipline, and the high-spirited laughing girl was removed from the country school to the society of more accomplished ladies in London. At first I own the quiet, dull

Richard Dally, solicitor, friend of William Hayley, a poet himself in a small way, author of a conclusion to Collins' "Ode on the Passions," "Love" having been omitted by Collina. Charles Dundy, the banker; also Mr Charles Wilford;—were amongst the gentlemen at these monthly gatherings, at which recitations from Shakespeare and the poets were introduced.
routine of the house was oppressive. I felt lonely; even at my lessons the tear would trickle down on to the page as I thought of home, and the liberty of doing as I liked.

Within a week this sadness wore away. With occupation my old cheerfulness returned, and emulation sprang up to make me work with a will, to equal if not rival the ladies on the same form with myself. Miss R— was a personal friend of Mr and Mrs Few, of St James-street, afterwards of Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, solicitor, at whose suggestion it was that my father placed me with Miss R—. One of my first visits was to their house. I had indeed been their guest on my arrival for a few days previously to going to Dalby Terrace, and Miss R— would take me with her to call on Mrs Few after school hours. I had called with my father on Dr John Evans, the well-known author of “Sketch of the Three Denominations,” in Pullen’s Row, Islington, and also on the Misses Knowles, who resided in Camming’s Place, Pentonville. These ladies being Unitarian Baptists, as was also Dr John Evans, I attended at Worship-street, where Dr Evans was minister. Dr and Mrs Evans took me with them in their coach on Sunday morning, and I generally returned to dine with them after service. The week following my appearance at chapel one of the wealthy families belonging to the congregation, to whom I was introduced by Mrs Evans, the Treachers, Mrs and two daughters, called on my governess, Miss R—, to invite me to visit them, “if it might be allowed?” “They would be glad to see me every other Sunday. The carriage passed Dalby Terrace on its way to Worship-street, and I could go with the family to chapel, return to Highgate Hill to dine and sleep, and (old) Mr Treacher would
bring me to school early on the Monday morning in his chaise on his way to the city." The alternate Sunday I was expected to pass with Dr and Mrs Evans and family. My father had been written to for leave to visit these new friends, the Treachers. Very pleasant kind-hearted people I found them, three daughters and three sons; and our Sunday afternoons at Highgate brought me into intercourse with many agreeable city merchants, and becoming a favourite, there was scarcely a ball or concert given to which the Treachers had access but I was invited to accompany them. In this way I saw a little of life, and Mr Treacher being a member of Common Council, I went with the young people to the Easter Ball at the Mansion House, and also to concerts at the Hanover-square Rooms, and thus I was launched into society at the same time that I was pursuing the path of school-girl knowledge, which was to fit me for taking the lead in my father's house at home when I returned. My dear good mother, laden with domestic duties, was glad to be rid of the trouble of morning visitors, and bade me receive and return calls to relieve her. But I was not idle after I left school; I took upon me the charge of teaching my three sisters, and daily from nine till noon, and again an hour after dinner, I occupied myself with imparting to them the rudiments of such things as they were able to learn. Other portions of the day I went on with my own readings, taking care to make notes of such works as were useful and instructive. In that way I mastered "Russell's Modern Europe," "Mitford's Greece," and many other standard authors, besides indulging in the poets—Gray, Collins, Thomson, Pope, Ossian—having a rich library to turn to for any of the best authors my
fancy might incline to, besides our own private library; one of the rooms in our house my father had given for the use of the "Library Society," which, with Dr Landen as president, my father had inaugurated in the year 1792, and he still continued honorary secretary, and by the assistance of one of my father's clerks, the business of the society was conducted, the books ordered and placed in the library for circulation. It was a great day when the parcel arrived from Arch's,* the London publisher, and I was permitted to cut the pages of the monthlies, and cover the new books, glancing at their contents; and sometimes, when the parcel arrived on Saturday night, to run through a new poem of Sir Walter Scott's before eleven o'clock on Monday morning.

At this period my brother James and I began to read the "Edinburgh Review," and actually invested five shillings of our pocket money, quarterly, to possess it. "Herbert on Bees" revealed a world of interesting details never to be forgotten. My eldest brother went to Grammar School, then conducted by Mr Bliss, an Oxford man. Chieflly Latin was taught there. When our minister, Rev. William Youatt, opened a school my three brothers, James, Edward, and William, were placed under his care. A wider range was opened to the pupils, Ancient and Modern History, French, Drawing, Arithmetic, Geography, Composition, and such subjects as were adapted to qualify the boys for active business in after years. Whatever the boys learnt I tried to learn also. In that way mental activity was incited. "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues" was a favourite book. Mr Youatt delivered lectures on scientific subjects which the Dialogues helped

* Arthur Arch, Quaker bookseller, Cornhill.
us to understand, and which, in a series of experimental
discourses on Galvanism, Electricity, and Chemistry,
opened to our young minds glimpses of science, then,
like us children, in its infancy, more wondrous and en-
chanting than fairy legend or Arabian tale. I need not
recount the steps by which we crept up the ladder and
scrambled to gather the fruit as yet unripe for us. The
seed was sown that years hence would ripen and bring
forth fruit.

This year Mr W. became agent to the Lion Insurance
Office, and mounted a large red lion over his door. This
drew forth the following lines from Richard Dally (my
uncle), a wag and a small poet.

"When a man to a town for a show brings a lion,
'Tis usual at the sign-post a monkey to tie on;
But near to our Cross a contrast is seen,
For the lion's without and the monkey's within."

I had been at London school only eighteen months when
my father removed me, for, as I have before said, I was
wanted at home to superintend domestic matters, and to
relieve my mother from the pressure which the claims
of a large family entailed. Active and useful I must have
been of a morning; up early to put in order the drawing-
room, dust the delicate china ornaments, see that the vase
was filled with fresh flowers, look to the children—the
three young sisters—that they were neat, and hair nicely
arranged, for breakfast at eight o'clock. By that hour
my small duties were completed, and, with one or two of
the young ones by the hand, my own hair in full curl,
white dimity dress edged with fine cambric plaited down
the front, we met our visitors at the breakfast-table, as
if we had walked from the hands of a tirewoman, and had
never soiled our hands with duster or broom. Frequently, with visitors in the house, I have been down by six in the morning to make pastry-custard, and prepare other dainties, especially on the day when our week's batch of bread was in the oven, and old Goody came to lend a hand at the baking. Once I remember a sister of Dr Hooper was staying with us, and while I was sweeping the drawing-room she came into the room. I had on a small white jacket, tidy enough, but not attired for the day. It was early on a beautiful summer morning—windows open—fresh, airy. I was warbling forth a strain from the "Irish Melodies," thinking of nothing, blithe as a bird. "Good morning to the merry housemaid at work in the morning early," said our visitor. With my brush in my hand, we fell into talk about Wordsworth, whose poems we had read the previous evening—"Lyrical Ballads." After a short gossip, Miss Hooper said, "Well, I will not detain thee now; but I must say I don't often meet with a housemaid so ladylike and intelligent." Thus, amid the social harmony of a large happy family, the season of youth rolled on, with books, and work, and healthful play.

In after years, when I became a wife and mother, the exigencies of housekeeping were thus made easy to me.
CHAPTER II.

LETTERS FROM MISS FLORENCE TO HER FRIENDS, MISS ——
AND MISS ——. JOURNAL OF W. J. FOX, 1812-14.—
BIRTHDAY VERSES.

March 9, 1812.

I have been endeavouring to make an excuse for my negligence in not answering your agreeable letter, but I find my offence so much beyond the power of apology, that it wants no less than your goodness to excuse it. I trust, however, you will forgive me, and therefore proceed with my scribbling. No doubt you passed a very agreeable evening at Willis's Rooms, and I only wish I had been of the party, to have danced with you. Our balls are past and over, which does not much concern me, as I have not attended many of them this season. A short time since I passed a very pleasant evening at a concert, where Miss Farrow, from Covent Garden, warbled most delightfully. After the concert there was a ball, and I had plenty of dancing, for I was in every dance, and kept it up till nearly three in the morning. We are about to lose our pastor, Mr Y——, who preached on Sunday for the last time. We are all much concerned at his leaving us; and, indeed, we shall long have to regret his loss, as we can hardly expect ever to have so excellent a minister; besides, his loss will be
more felt by us, as he was one of my papa's most particular friends. Mr Fox, from Fareham, succeeds him, who, although a very sensible man, is far inferior to Mr Youatt, at least in the pulpit. Your time, I suppose, has been fully employed in showing your sister the beauties and gay scenes of the metropolis. If she is fond of the fine arts, or indeed whatever may be her taste, if it at all resembles mine, London will afford her an ample treat; but, *apropos*, talking of resemblance puts me in mind of what Mr G— said of her being like me. Pray tell me in your next if you agree with him in that opinion. Present my best remembrances to all your family. Pray write the first opportunity to your affectionate friend,

E. F.

---

**My Dear M—**

No date.

I have at length gained papa's consent to visit you in the summer, which I think I need not tell you I am delighted with; indeed the idea has occupied my whole thoughts both sleeping and waking; last night I could dream of nothing but delightful excursions or rambling into groves with you, another time climbing a precipice that overhung the sea, my feet (apparently) slipped, and tumbling headlong I was preserved by some fortunate occurrence or other by your gallant friend H. C. B.—whose good qualities you have described in such glowing colours as to make me quite long to see him. *Apresous*, you seem to think he is just suited for me: how that may be I am unable to judge—for you know the
picture that appears most beautiful at a distance, is, on closer examination, frequently a mere daub—I don’t mean by this to make any allusion to your friend, who I hope you will not induce, by any argument, to keep himself disengaged on my account. Notwithstanding Mr B., who I mentioned to you some time ago, is since dead, and left me once more disengaged, I am at present very little inclined for another amoretto as yet; add to that I think there are ten chances against one that I should not exactly suit him, however your partiality may induce you to think otherwise—but a truce to ideal subjects. I am happy to perceive you write in such excellent spirits, and are so happy and comfortable in your snug retreat.

Miss S—, who has been staying at my aunt R. D.—’s for some time past, is now, at mamma’s request, with us; she thinks of leaving very shortly, at least I hope so, for you know she is not one of my particular favourites. I assure you I sympathized with you when you told me Miss H— was staying with you, for what is more disagreeable than to have people about one we cannot love, to be obliged, as it were, to appear happy in their society, when in our hearts we would spurn them from us with reproach. Aunt has been extremely kind and attentive to me of late; I generally take my work and pass the evening with her while uncle reads to us, which passes the time very pleasantly, and compensates, in a great degree, the loss of our Mr F., who left us about a month since for Norwich on account of his ill health, and who is not expected home this fortnight: you must naturally suppose (unless you think us all stoics) that, so constantly as he is with us, by this time we are all very much attached to him, and feel not a little regret at his absence.
Your mother is well, and no less delighted than myself to think that I am to be so soon with you (for three or four months will soon slip away), when she hopes you will allow C—to return with me.—I do not state particulars respecting the time I hope to be with you, as I expect to hear from you many times before June.—So many things have occurred since I last wrote that I could easily fill another sheet with my idle chit-chat; but thinking you must be nearly tired of reading, as my pen is with writing, for I find it is getting bad, will conclude, anticipating the time when I shall enjoy a tête-à-tête face to face, and by a shake of the hand tell you I am still your affectionate

Eliza

---

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF W. J. FOX.

Aug. 26th, 1812. Sketched plan of a sermon for Sunday on sympathy, and an essay for the Norwich Society on the comparative advantages arising from classical and mathematical studies—giving the palm to the former. Read (for the first time) Hobbes on "Human Nature," and "Liberty and Necessity,"—found, in the latter treatise especially, much clear and sound reasoning. From tea till supper played chess and backgammon. After supper read Shakespeare's delicious tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

27th. Baptized Parker's (shoemaker) little boy. An awkward ceremony. Would it not be desirable to purify and adopt the church form?—

Wrote to Plinio. Finished D'Avenant's Gondibert, which certainly has many poetical beauties of a very high
order. Transcribed some verses, and should more had not Dr Aikin selected the same. Endeavoured in vain to fix on another subject for Sunday. Resolved to deliver speedily a course of sermons in the forenoon. Met D— in the evening at Florance's.

Aug. 28. Wrote a sermon on Sympathy. Finished the First Century in Mosheim—a mere brick and mortar historian. The facts in this Century very scanty. He mentions Ebionites, but says that they were not a distinct body till the Second Century. Cerinthus is ranked with the Gnostics—he appears to have denied the miraculous conception and the superiority of Jesus, prior to his baptism. Mosheim gives immersion as the mode of baptism in this Century. Read Michaelis on the Hebrew original of Matthew's Gospel; he assigns very strong grounds of inspiration with regard to the initial chapters of Matthew—they must be abandoned. Walked in the evening. After supper read Shakespeare's King John.

Aug. 29. Sermonized. Read Monthly Review for June. An Arian article on Belsham's "Calm Inquiry"—very liberal. A curious passage quoted from Justin Martyr, Ed. Third, p. 333; who declares that the annunciation from heaven at the baptism of Christ, was not such as it is recorded in our Gospels, but a repetition of Ps. ii. 7, "Thou art my son," &c., which seems to imply that Jesus was divinely begotten when he was consecrated to his high office. Justin Martyr here quotes the "Memoirs of the Apostles," an authentic work in his time. Played chess at Florance's and saw young Betty in "Douglas," he will probably be a good second-rate performer.

31st. Employed an hour on my Norwich essay, read
15 pages of Herodotus—a good, simple, gossiping style.
Looked through Tupper on sensation in vegetables; he
infers it chiefly from analogies in their motive, generative,
and nutritive powers to those of animals. Looked over
Cowley, Waller, and Denham; found nothing which in-
terested me enough to copy it, save Waller's song "Go,
lovely rose." Cowley's Pindarics and Imitations of
Anacreon, his best productions. Met Mr and Mrs D—
at Florance's.

Sept. 7. Read 2nd Century in Mosheim. This Century
distinguished by the rapid spread of the new Platonism
and its union with Christianity: his account of the senti-
ments of the heretics, wild and disgusting. It is probably
very much exaggerated. That Jesus was the son of
Joseph and Mary, and became Christ by an union of some
Divine Spirit at his baptism, seems to have been a very
prevalent opinion.

Sept. 9. Herodotus to p. 113. Mosheim's 4th Cen-
tury. He acknowledges the arts of the prevailing party
in the Church, the pride and inattention to truth, but
speaks of it much too coolly. The Arian controversy
commenced by an offensive statement of Trinitarian sen-
timents by Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, where Arius
was a Presbyter. The personality of the Spirit not very
much discussed, but it appears to have been rejected by
great numbers.

Sept. 29. My pursuits have been sadly interrupted
by removing, and my books are not yet arranged: in this
interval I have read no Greek, no Mosheim.

Miss Edgeworth's "Vivian" has, I hope, done some-
ting towards destroying an indecision and dependence on
others, which I am apt to indulge; especially in little concerns, more perhaps in trifles than in affairs of moment. Several of my “Noes” have been emphatic and final which but for her would soon have retired before victorious “Ayes.” As an exercise of decision, to my own feelings by no means trifling, I have resolved for one month never to enter Mr Florance’s house but when I am asked. This was adopted yesterday so’night (Monday 21 Sept.) in consequence of being told by ** in the fulness of prattling, I believe, and without any object, that my frequent visits there had been noticed by many. Such notice may not be pleasant to them; it is not desirable for myself, ’tis best that I should not feel dependent on any family for society, however friendly, and it is a fair and proper opportunity for strengthening a disposition for which I am by no means remarkable: hitherto I have adhered bravely to my resolve. After feeling immediately subsequent to such a communication that some step of this sort was proper, I left the house, I believe to their surprise, without staying supper, and have since only been there once, when James brought a particular invitation from his father.

On Saturday T— and M— brought £78 from P—, which closes the Fareham account, to my great joy. Seriously indeed will I consider before ever again I am concerned in dividing congregations and building chapels.

1813, Jan. 12.* My mother is a widow and we are fatherless. God of mercy, be thou our protector and our portion. Oh, my father, my debt of gratitude to thee is now unpaid for ever. One parent remains, whom I should

* Mr Fox’s father died at Norwich, where his mother and family then resided.
support and cherish; brothers and sisters whom I should instruct and aid—but how? I see not as yet—yet the searcher of hearts knows 'tis not for want of readiness to such a duty.

* * * *

Mar. 28. The rare circumstance of being disengaged on a Sunday morning, gives me an opportunity of reserving something of my present self for the amusement or benefit of my future self. With my journal I am very much dissatisfied. It has degenerated into a mere catalogue of books read. It ought to be a record of opinions and feelings. Adventures, I have few to chronicle.

The blank days from the 23rd must be filled up with Hugh Trevor, second vol., Mitford, an evening party at F.—'s, dinner with D. S., and sermonizing. Yesterday I was so unwell as to be unable to compose more than one, and not being satisfied with any old sermon I have actually delivered one of Enfield's on "Avoiding Extremes:" this is the first time of indulging in so lazy a trick, and I hope will be the last.

What an useless life I am leading. How much good my Sunday labours do God only knows! they have not made—devout, nor—humble, nor—leave off swearing; nor—intelligent. Shall I say, Oh! that it were with me as in months past, when the candle of orthodoxy shone upon me? Shall I call up the times when listening crowds heard with visible emotion, when trickling tears proclaimed the vividness of the feelings, the pathos of my eloquence, the power of grace? Shall I think of the Old Meeting, the Tabernacle, Ashford, Southampton, Southend, Fareham? Avant, ye spectres! haunt me not! Oh! popularity, thou hidest thy features in a lovely mask, but I have
torn it off and seen thy silly countenance. Ye orthodox
orators, whose praise is in all the Churches of Calvin,
I know what clouds of incense ye burn in Folly's temple.
The time must come when argument, simplicity, rationality
will be acceptable. Go on Bell, Bell and Lancaster! Ye
are the pioneers of our Hartleys, Lindseys, Priestleys,
Belshams and Asplands.

Till then, till the public ear is accessible to our yet
hated doctrines, we must be content to labour in the
sphere which Providence has granted.

If I form but a humble estimate of my Sunday's use-
fulness, what shall I say of the rest of the week? That
five or six hours are occupied in preparing sermons, that
two or three evenings are spent in visiting, that I read a
little Greek, a volume of history, and a dozen volumes of
novel and romance.—Oh! horrible, most horrible to live
for this.—Far more worth to society is my landlord who
makes coats and breeches; of far more utility is the
sexton, whose bell tells the labourer when to go and
when to return from work, who tells the day, the month,
and keeps the clock in order! It shall not continue—
yet to resolve a thing is with me no more a pledge of its
not being done, and—I had better not—

Shall I take scholars? where shall I get them and
what shall I teach them? I know not. Classics?—
they learn them better at school. Mathematics? who
wants to study them?

Shall I print sermons on polemics. Who'll buy?
who'll buy? Half a dozen people; and I may keep the
rest to pay the printer's bill.

Shall I write something of a popular nature? Ay, a
tragedy, and act it myself at my private theatre in West-
street. Or a novel?—If I had wit enough to sketch a tale. No! not then, for I could not fill it up.

Why talk I of public good? Have I not private obligations—a mother, brothers, and sisters—fatherless? Yes, and a stripling supports them while I foolishly get into debt, and neither help them nor vindicate my own independence.

The thought is horrible. It haunts me as the image of his victim does the alarmed murderer. I cannot fly from it. I cannot escape in daylight reveries or nightly visions.

Yet what can I do?

Mar. 29. I have done to-day—ay, what? Why, I have—oh! glorious achievement! I have nearly read the Novice of St. Dominick!! Amazing deed of industry and talent!

* * * * *

May 13. Idled away last week. Went to Portsmouth on Friday. Preached there twice on Sunday, at Fareham in the evening, about sixty hearers; being detained on Tuesday by the rain, lectured again with a very short notice to between thirty and forty. Reached Chichester last night, June 1. F—called to talk on two subjects, 1st. * * * * *

2nd. A reputed connection of mine against which he assigned prudential reasons—no reasons were necessary.

* * * * *

And who is this reputed object of my passion? She is about 19, her form is good, her features pretty, her eyes blue, her hair brown, nobody will call her beautiful, all will allow her to be a fine girl. She is not destitute of feeling, delicacy, talent, information, or goodness.Yet
not particularly sensible, refined, clever, intelligent, nor capable probably of any very exalted virtue. Her greatest fault is vanity, her greatest charm is an apparent frankness. She will never excite an enthusiastic passion, yet she may be very well loved. She will never charm, she belongs not to the H. P. class, yet she will generally please, and that, though lower and more common praise, is not a very slight commendation.

* * * * *

June 13. Last Monday morning I had an explanatory conversation with * * * on her late manifest coldness. Mamma angry, she vexed and—jealous at my attentions. "So so, is it so?" they are improper for the future, and, my lassie, you shall not have them, for I come not into thy presence unmasked.

Two interpretations of her conduct offer themselves. Says vanity, she conceives you love her, she likes the notion, she wants a direct avowal, kindness has failed to produce it, perhaps coldness and jealousy may succeed better. Try them, lassie, try them. Says humility, 'tis no such thing: she thinks a bird in the hand worth a better in the bush. She will take one who is not all she wishes, for want of a better. You are really in the way, and she cares not how, if she can manage to cut. It may be so. Futurity may perhaps decide between these expositions, and if not n'importe.

June 18. Humility was quite wrong. I am fully reinstated with * * *, her mamma is notwithstanding too rude to be tolerated.

June 29. Set out for Brighton—dined at Worthing. F—e F—r, W. C—, T. C. L—.

June 30. Preached at Brighton. A comparison of the
Unitarian and Calvinist systems, as to their tendency in promoting love to God. Morris took the devotional part. Bennett reading the hymns. The printing moved by T. C.—. About forty-three at dinner; a very pleasant afternoon, and not the less so from the profusion of compliments which I was doomed to receive. Morris preached in the evening.

July 1. Returned here.

July 5. Last Friday afternoon * * * To triumph! Every day confirms the truth of this, and more, but more must not be. No, must not, fate forbids, or misery is our lot. Oh! my foolish heart, why wilt thou play around a flame that will consume thee.

July 29. Preached at Portsmouth last Sunday; the Farehamites too busy for a week meeting. Stopped at Emsworth on Monday, and went to Portsdown fair with * * * and a party. Walked with * * * on Tuesday morning; my interest seems fair. Yet she likes not platonism. What a nondescript connection is ours! what a melange of love and friendship! what affection, what folly, what vanity, what weakness, what inconsistency on both sides! She gives notice now, that I may not think Emsworth has changed her, that on her return, imperious mamma must be minded, and in the same breath promises to return my own * * *!

What a fool am I to flutter round this blaze and find amusement in burning myself. It must not be. Yet the dear delight of loving and being loved. How much, how great a relief to the heartless life I lead here. But it must not be.

Sept. 6. At Fareham; to-night reached Chichester; wrote to-day to A,—, announcing my coming next
week to Dr S—, to B—, and to F—; to-morrow for London!

Sept. 18. Went to the old college (Homerton). Received with great cordiality, spent a pleasant afternoon and evening chiefly in theological discussion.

Monday went to Fareham, stayed till Thursday; went to Portsmouth, and home on Friday.

Nov. 4. Breakfast interrupted by P— and D—, announcing the grand defeat of Buonaparte by the allies.

Nov. 30. Unwell, Dr S— orders not to go out. Read Dallaway's History of Sussex (as far as published) lent by D—, lent him by the Bishop. We had once an heretical Bishop, Dr Pecocke, made Bishop of Asaph, 1444, Chichester, 1450. He preached the necessity of a reformation of manners and doctrine; he denied several articles of the Apostles' Creed (which not mentioned); he composed a popular distich against the Divinity of Christ.

"Wilt hath wondres that reason can ni shyn
How a mader is a mayd, and God is man."

He was obliged to recant and degraded.

Dec. 1. Had yesterday from the library, Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons, and Sebaldus Nothanker, a translation from the German, in which the orthodox churchmen and enthusiasts are roughly handled. They are vastly like our good people, the Moravians and Methodists, perfect facsimiles. The hymns are amusing, e. g.

"Will ye persist in evil?
And not believe! why then
You must go to the devil
And rest in hell.—Amen."

The author states as a fact, that, at Berlin, several clergymen, at different times, preached in verse, with
great approbation. Such attempts were at length pro-
hibited by the Supreme Court of Consistory.
17th. Idle morning. Evening at F—'s. * * * birthday.

TO ELIZA.  
17 Dec., 1813.

1 The year has told, in rapid flight,
   Its twentieth circle round the earth,
   Since first thine eyes beheld the light,
   And ruptured parents hail'd thy birth:
   O then stood fond Affection by,
   And Hope with visious bright and gay,
   And Gratitude with upcast eye
   First bless'd Eliza's natal day.

2 And now what Heavenly powers appear
   Their varied bounties to impart!
   Love, foremost of the train, is there,
   With timorous eye, but glowing heart;
   And Virtue with majestic mien,
   And Thought sedate, and Laughter gay,
   And Friendship too, with smile serene
   Now bless Eliza's natal day.

3 Thy years roll on: some happy youth
   Ere long shall love, nor love in vain;
   His spotless worth and changeless truth
   Shall charm thy heart, thy hand shall gain:
   Thy Husband then, in glowing song,
   Thy charms and virtues shall display;
   And lovely babe, with lisping tongue,
   Shall bless Eliza's natal day.
Jan. 22, 1814. Visits this week—Monday, tea and supper at T. D.'s. Tuesday, dinner at Dr S—'s. Wednesday, tea and supper, and Thursday supper, at F—'s. S— came on Friday, and returned this morning: reported in Farcham that I was much worse—dead; hence E. G.—writes a letter of inquiry, and Mrs M—exclaims "The Lord's will be done, He knows best." Read Diderot's Natural Son—horrible. Finished Rousseau's Confessions. Wrote one sermon. Unwell yet—but better.

Mar. 1. To-day I complete my 28th year, and to what purpose have I lived? To learn and to unlearn!—To do and to undo!—To study and forget mathematics! To make and unmake Calvinists.

As to my prospects they were fair—brilliant; but

"Oh, mortal joyance, what art thou in truth? The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

My world of happiness is balanced on a needle's point.

28th. My Norwich visit has terminated, and pleasant it has been.

Apr. 14. What mighty political events! Buonaparte dethroned! Louis the Eighteenth invited to the throne! A free constitution established in France. So ends the French revolution, and happily for France and the world. May the darkness of its progress be forgotten in its glorious termination.

18th. Spent much time with F— and D—. Yesterday met G. L— and brother, and Watts at J. F—'s. What a strange creature this Watts. He has not read a newspaper for 15 years, nor will begin till the state of Europe is tolerably settled, as all is to him unintelligible. With the new epoch he thinks of commencing some attention to public affairs.
19th. Preached two sermons yesterday. One half extemporaneous.

25th. Continued early rising with exemplary constancy. Dined with the Mayor at the Council Chamber on Thursday. * * has been at Bognor about a fortnight, and returns to-day. Mamma has roused papa to speak to her for being too civil to me—absurd being. Resolved not to meet her and mamma together when possible to avoid it.

Oct. 3.—The last four months not very eventful. D—'s comfortable lie-a-bed habits have resumed their force. M—ge has been with me a few days. A meeting to be held next Sunday to consider the raising of my salary; if not done, I leave.

Recollections of reading: Irving's Lives of the Scottish Poets, 2 vols. (abridged); Malthus on Population, 4 vols.; Belsham's Geo. III.; Boswell's Life of Johnson; Laura and Jacqueline; Wordsworth's Excursion; several vols. of Swift's works; one vol. of Rabelais, of whose wit I grew very tired; Brown's Essays on Shaftesbury (second time); Miss Aikins's Lorimer; Scott's Waverley; part of Du Bartas's poems; Baudouin's Materials for Thinking; Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine, 4 vols.; Memoirs of Captain Carleton; Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo; Mansfield Park, 3 vols.; and about a score volumes more of plays and novels, and a volume of pamphlets on the Corn Laws.

24th.—P— not going to Southampton, but offers me the old horse and gig. Cogitated on sermon, but to no purpose.

26th.—Journeyed.

27th.—Preached in the morning; T— in the evening.
38 dined, ladies included; the day one of great enjoyment. The meeting filled in the morning and thronged in the evening. The printing of my sermon pressed so flatteringly and urgently, that I have half assented against my own judgment and feeling.

28th.—Returned to Chichester.

Dec. 18th.—Saw E ** *; gave her some lines on her birth-day (yesterday).

17th Decr., 1814.

Comes the day on in brightness and sunshine array’d,
   Or drizzling with rain, and with clouds overcast?
Let it come as it may, it is welcome, dear maid,
   For 'tis sacred to thee, and in joy be it past!

Cold and dark though the season, Eliza, remember
   Hope is bright, and Affection glows warm at the heart:
And to these, not the glooms and the frosts of December
   Their darkness or coldness can ever impart.

For Hope and Affection are flowers of the soul,
   Uninjured by winter, by summer unaided:
The seasons, all changing, may over them roll;
   They find them in blossom—they leave them unfaded.

Thy youth’s gladdening promise that Hope still shall
   nourish,
That Affection be strengthen’d by kindness and worth:
   Thro’ storma and thro’ sunshine, oh! long shall they
flourish—
Long twine a fair wreath for the day of thy birth.

F.
Dec. 26.—I can trace, during the year, the reading of upwards of 180 volumes, of which about half are novels—too large a proportion, perhaps—yet they have been frequently a substitute for society and the various amusements to which others have access.

Of the rest, 20 are poetry, including Lord Byron's Tales, Wordsworth's Excursion. In history, I have chiefly studied the present reign, in Belsham's Memoirs, of which 6 vols. are abridged.

In biography, Captain Carleton, M. Angelo, A. Sidney, and Irving's Scottish Poets, have not been unprofitable.

In science, architecture—Sir James Hall Milner; Encyclopaedia Britannica; Political Economy, in Malthus' great work; and pamphlets on the present much-agitated subject of the Corn Laws.

If craniology be a science, it may be added, as I have mastered and abridged an account of Dr Gall's notions.

In Theology I have not done very much; some of Dr Priestley's writings and publications of the day, and Cogan's, have been the chief. I have made 57 Sermons. Several Sundays in the early part of the year I did not preach; the remaining deficiency is to be accounted for, by the repetition of old ones; of these about two are partly borrowed from Balfield. Several of them are worth printing—at least in my own estimation, and in the professed opinions of Dr S—and Dr P. I have abridged Milner's Gothic Architecture, Irving's Scottish Poets, Malthus on Population, Gall's Craniology, Belsham's Geo. III., increased my MS. collection of poetry, and very nearly filled a Red Book of Gleanings, containing a variety of amusing extracts from Books not
Two of these books are filled also with extracts from Massinger and Ford. It was my intention to go through all the old Dramatic Poets in this way. In original composition, except Sermons and Letters, I have done nothing, save indeed a few verses, and an Election Squib against H— signed Candidus.

With this retrospect I am not decidedly dissatisfied; recollecting that several weeks I was ill, and absent, it does not appear that I have been very idle. The following improvements suggest themselves for the ensuing year:

1. To substitute History and Biography, partially at least, for novels, in afternoon and evening reading.

2. To introduce more classical reading; in this I have done but little, though in the last few weeks it has not been wholly neglected. I should like to have to record next year that I have read through Cicero, and Livy, with some of Euripides, and Herodotus.

3. To pursue Gothic Architecture and Political Economy, review Botany, go through Hany's Natural Philosophy, and take in course other sciences.

4. To institute a Scriptural course of reading in Greek and Hebrew with remarks.

5. To write more—perhaps correspond with the M. R., and Asplund's new Magazine, contribute to the Norwich Phil. Society, and undertake something to publish,—a work on the final happiness of all men, for instance.

These and other resolutions may the good God enable me to adhere to, that I may not live in vain!

My moral retrospect is not so favourable, passion has blinded and misled; like Dr J—, I may complain of a mind clouded by sensuality, habit—habit, how mighty thy power! this let me take every means to check.
have done, I fear, but little good, though the latter part of the year has been better than the former. What distinguished mercies have I to acknowledge! how dissipated the horrid gloom of the early months! Oh! what gratitude should I feel! how comfortable my present situation! Let it rouse me from the guilty sluggishness in religious matters which I have so long indulged. Let me perfect and pursue the plan I have sketched to T—; he will well second. Oh! for more purity, consistency, energy. Resolved to be more regular and long in devotion.
CHAPTER III.

LETTER FROM MISS FLORANCE TO HER FRIEND MISS X— TO HER BROTHER JAMES FLORANCE, JUN., ESQ.—TO HER FATHER JAMES FLORANCE, ESQ.—TO THE REV. W. J. FOX., AT LAVANT, NEAR CHICHESTER—ALSO EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL DURING A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT, 1815.

Chichester, July, 1814.

My dear Miss Y— has not I hope been so ceremonious as to have deferred writing merely because she wrote last; should that have been really the case, as I understand from papa it is, I believe in point of etiquette you are wrong, for it is generally expected after a visit, that a letter is to be the forerunner of future communication; but a trace to formality, and should you have thought me the aggressor, I hope this will convince you it was unintentional. I have long been expecting to hear from you, but concluded from your long silence that you were either too much occupied with gaiety to think of me, or that you were absent from home; however, notwithstanding "all that and all that," I really long to see you again, and have as usual a thousand things to tell you. The races are to be on the 20th instanta, and allows me the pleasure of anticipating your company for a short time. I say a short time, for it would be presumption in me to expect you to make a long visit, unless I could con-
trive to cut one of your wings first, for yours you know are generally returned flying. Chichester has been very gay of late with the illuminations, &c., &c., of which I suppose you have already heard a full account; you will also say it is becoming a fashionable resort when I tell you Sir Francis Burdett paid it a visit the other day. Mr R—, who had some conversation with him, was very polite—on Sir Francis saying the Great Men were to pass through, he made answer he felt more pleasure in seeing him, than all the emperors and heroes in the world, and shaking him by the hand, said, "For in you, sir, I see the defender of English liberty."

I have nothing now to communicate, for my time has been passed in much the same manner as usual since you left, except that we have had a Mr H— from London staying with us for this last fortnight; he left us this morning. You will see papa on Monday when you receive this, with whom I wish you to fix when I may expect to see you at Chichester; let it be as early a period as possible. Present my love and remembrances to your mother and brothers, and accept the same from your affectionate

Eliza.

Letter from Miss Florence to her brother, James
Florence, Junr., Esq., Chichester.

Emsworth, August, 1814.

My dear James,

I think of returning home on Monday next, if it will be convenient for you to fetch me on that day; by
that time I think to have fulfilled all my engagements that I have hitherto made, and nearly tired myself of gaiety, for although I have passed my time very pleasantly since I left Chichester, I assure you I once more long for the retirement of home, which to me appears, after having been deprived of its pleasures for a time, to have double attractions. Captain D. called last evening, to fix some day for me to dine with him, before I leave, but I was out (which I am very sorry for), and therefore did not see him. I should like to drink tea with him on Monday evening if you will take me.

I have been introduced to Miss H— the lovely young Quaker, whom you may remember having heard me speak of; she has quite charmed me, and I long to introduce her to you, if papa will allow me to invite her to pass a few days with me, before she leaves this part of the world for London. I was not so much delighted with her beauty as I expected to be, from the description I heard of it from Mr Fox, yet her appearance is certainly very interesting, and as prepossessing as her conversation; but what I am most pleased with is her unaffected and amiable manners, united with good sense, and unattended by either austerity or coldness, which so often disgusts, and deters one from forming an acquaintance with many of her sect. She has given me some original poetry of Miss E—'s, with whom she is intimately acquainted (the author of the "Tender Heart, &c.") a piece on the Slave Trade, I think you will be very much pleased with.

I have not seen Jane B——, who has been in London ever since I have been here, but expect that pleasure tomorrow, as she is expected home this evening. I under-
stand from Y—she did not give you credit for having written the whole of that sweet valentine yourself, but supposed John Blogden assisted you, (a flattering compliment?) I shall certainly undeceive her. We are going this evening to drink tea at Havant, at Mrs B—'s where I expect to pass a delightful evening. Miss H—will be of the party, who with Mrs B—myself, and one or two others, generally contrive to form a coterie among ourselves, and enjoy the delights of each other's conversation, without being annoyed with cards. I think I must nearly have tired you with my Emsworth chit-chat, therefore lest I should quite exhaust your patience, I will conclude with love to Mamma and Papa, and all I love (I have not room to insert names), and accept the united regards of Y—

Your affectionate

Eliza.

Should papa object to Miss H—'s staying with me a day or two, write by return of post; as I have partly invited her, therefore should wish to undeceive her at once, if it does not meet with his approbation. Do not tell Mr Fox she is coming (should papa consent), for I wish to surprise him. Write as soon as possible.

Extract from the Journal of Eliza Florence.

Tuesday, the 25th July, 1815, left Chichester for Portsmouth; dined and tea'd at Tom D—'s; heard T—n (from Poole) preach at Mr Price's meeting in St Thomas' street in the evening, with whom I was highly delighted.

July 26. Sailed from Portsmouth to Ryde, took the
stage to Newport, where I met H—who was in waiting to convey me to Yarmouth. Mr Fox took me with him to call on Mrs H—at Newport, with whom I was much pleased. Mr Fox accompanied H—and T—to Yarmouth but left us in the evening. We strolled about Newport for an hour. It is a neat town, the scenery around it extremely beautiful. Situated in a valley, the hills around it were covered with the richest foliage.

The view of Carisbrook Castle, which is a mile from Newport, is one of the most interesting: our time being short and being in haste to reach Yarmouth we did not visit it then. The ride to Yarmouth was delightful, for the first six miles the views exceeding any I have ever seen in beauty: their more particular charm appears to be _minuteness_, something like "Camera Obscura" views, forming a complete landscape on so small a scale that the eye may examine every object without being fatigued. Swanston House, the seat of Sir J. Barrington, which we passed on our way, is Goodwood in miniature, except that here the landscape boasts of water both near and at a distance (the only thing which is wanting to make the latter complete).

The last four miles of the roads were so bad that I could not attend to the beauty of the country, through being completely engaged in self-preservation. The entrance into Yarmouth is very fine, having an extensive and beautiful view of the channel and the coast of Hampshire, as far as the eye can extend itself. Lymington, which is but a few miles across the water, forms a beautiful picture, being so near that on a fine day you can distinguish the objects there.
Letter from Miss Florence to her Father, James Florence Esq., Chichester.

My dear Papa,

If you still intend visiting the Island the latter end of this week, as was arranged at Portsmouth, I wish to alter the plan (should it meet with your approbation), in regard to my returning with you: my reason for wishing it is chiefly to oblige H—, whose birth-day is on the 12th of this month, on which day he hopes to have the two children christened, and requests me to stand God-mamma, which he would consider a high compliment conferred both on them and him. I am very comfortable here, much more so than I expected to be. H— is particularly kind and attentive, indeed both Marian and he seem to make my amusements their chief study: they will not allow me to think of returning home, they say, till the end of the summer; but that is all a joke, for however much they may wish it, unless I can arrange it conveniently to reach Chichester within a week after the time stated above, I should prefer returning with you; but that I believe we need be under little apprehension about, as Mr Fox purposes fetching me, should you have no objection, and H— is kind enough to say, he will escort me to any part of the island that is most convenient for him to meet me at. Should you approve of these little alterations, he so good as to show them to Mr Fox, that he may be enabled to settle his own plans accordingly.

If you visit Cowes, my dear Papa, during my stay here, I should be pleased if you would send me a line to
that intent: we have planned to visit that place, and
should prefer doing so the day you are there, as Marian
and H— wish very much to see you, and we could
then settle how you wish me to return.

The town of Yarmouth is a miserable place, there not
being twenty good houses in it, and its inhabitants, if I
may judge from appearances, for I have not exchanged a
dozen words with a single individual, appear not to feel
the loss of such luxuries, while they can enjoy their bottle
in an inn-yard or pot-house. But the country around
it in all directions is delightful. The entrance into the
town from Newport is, I think, the finest view of the kind
I ever saw, having on the right an extensive and beauti-
ful view of the Channel and coast of Hants as far as the
eye can reach, and on the left the Isle of Wight, Downs,
Fresh-water Lake, and village, with a rich and highly-
cultivated country in the valley below; and a bird’s-eye
view of Lymington across the water, which appears like a
picture, being so near that on a fine day you may distin-
guish the objects there. I have seen the Needles’ rocks
at a distance; they are about five miles from hence, not
sufficiently near to examine them. We are going to
Fresh-water Gate in a few days, when we intend to ex-
tend our journey as far as them, and Allum Bay. Lyming-
ton I have also visited, and was rather disappointed when
I saw H—’s father and family; they appear an ungentled
set, and live in a strange uncomfortable manner. As for
the place, it is a pleasant and well-built town. You have
been there yourself; therefore I need not tire you with a
description of it.

I wish to hear from you or Jas. very shortly. H—
begs me to say with his best regards that he shall be glad
to see him, while I am here, if he can conveniently spare the time for such a jaunt.

Love and remembrances to all at home.

Believe me to remain yours affectionately,

Aug. 1st, 1815.                     Eliza ———.

Marian and II — seem to wish Caroline to return with me. If you think it practicable let me know? I fear not.

Letter from Miss Florence to the Rev. W. J. Fox, at Lavant, near Chichester.

Yarmouth, Aug. 8th, 1815.

My dearest Friend,

If you are not too much engaged to spare the time for a second excursion to the Island, I wish you to arrange your plans, so as to meet me at the beginning of next week either at Yarmouth or Newport: I prefer the former place, which will be equally convenient to yourself, if you take the packet to Cowes (instead of Ryde), as II — offers to meet you there with a boat, for the purpose of conveying you here, should you have no objection to visit this place again. You need be under no apprehension as to your not being comfortable, for the short time you will be here we shall be rambling about the country, therefore the school, which might otherwise be an inconvenience, will in this case be avoided. I do not wish you to stay at Yarmouth more than one day, when I purpose sailing round the Needles as far as Fresh-water Gate. II — has a delightful boat for such an excursion, should
we then have a day to spare on our return, we may
devote it to some jaunt beyond Newport as you and our
fancy may dictate.

I visited Fresh-water Gate on Saturday last, and had
a delightful view of the cavern and cliffs which surround
it, but was disappointed of a view from the light-house
(on the top of the High Down), which we were attempt-
ing to reach, when it began raining, and instead of a peep
at the rocks below we were obliged to be satisfied with
observing the sublime effects of a storm on the valley, sea,
and ourselves, which though it would have been a treat
to M. A. F—'s romantic mind, I have so bad a taste, as
to assure you I could with pleasure have dispensed with.

The ill effects which it produced on me I have felt
ever since, a cold having settled in my back. Almost
every other place in the neighbourhood that is worth
seeing I have visited, and will give you a full account
of their different beauties when I see you, which, should
it not be both convenient and agreeable to do before
I reach Chichester, you must not hesitate to inform
me. I shall take the "will for the deed," and can at
all events apply to Jas. for an escort, who will have no
objection, I dare say, to such an office, for the sake of the
trip.

I wrote to Papa about a week since stating that I
wished to return with you, but have received no answer.
I therefore conclude he approves of the plan. When you
see him, present my love to him, and all at home, and
accept the unalterable esteem of,

Your affectionate

Eliza —
P.S. I wish you to answer this by return of post, as I am rather anxious about when and how I am to return. Should you not be able to fetch me yourself, be so good as to direct Jas. as to his best mode of travelling; he had best come by Cowes, where H— will meet him or you.

I am aware that there are many little inaccuracies in this letter, which if they offend your eye, be so good as to take your pen and correct them yourself, as I have not time. Adieu! adieu!!

Extract from the Journal of Eliza Florence, continued.

Aug. 14, 1815. About ten o'clock this evening, was surprised just as we were going to bed by the sight of Mr Fox, who had walked from Ryde that day, and who had come to fetch me home. Mr Fox walked from Lavant, where he had lodgings, to Chichester; there he took the coach to Portsmouth, and crossed over to Ryde. At Ryde he missed the coach for Newport, and finding no conveyance, walked to that place, and then courageously on to Yarmouth, having worn his stockings through. He reckoned he had walked twenty-one miles that day, and was not a little proud of the achievement.

15th. H——, Mr Fox, and I went to Fresh-water, but the weather proving unfavourable, I could not take him to the Needles as I had arranged (if he came for me), nor show him half the beauties in that part of the Island as I had hoped to have done.

16th. I bade adieu to Yarmouth, and started Mr Fox and myself in a post-chaise for Blackgang and St Catherine's, where we dined, very comfortably. After dinner to
Miracles, where is the beautiful cottage of Mrs A—. This spot exceeds in beauty anything I ever saw of the kind. We returned to Newport to tea, having passed a most delightful day, and seen more of the real beauties of the Island than during the whole of my stay at Yarmouth, or than many of its inhabitants who have resided in it for years.

17th. Mr Fox came for me directly after breakfast from Mr C—'s, where he had slept, and took me to see Carisbrook Castle, where we rambled about till it was time to return.
CHAPTER IV.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF W. J. FOX, AND BIRTHDAY LINES, 1815.

Sunday night, 10 Sept., 1815. To-morrow I set off—and to this little book shall I nightly tell my tale, and thus hold fancied communion with my heart’s best love, the constant companion of my thoughts. Let’s sketch last week for a preface.

On Sunday, caught a last glimpse through the vestry window. James was present in the afternoon, therefore supposed that Papa himself conducted the transportation to Bognor. Met Mrs K—in the evening at S—’s; was surprised, and, with a mind at ease, should have been delighted with her talent and information, which are really very considerable. She has been over every nook of St Helena, and gave a very interesting description.

Preached on Tuesday night at Fareham, and Wednesday night at Portsmouth, to crowded congregations. Had a debate with T—in the committee, but he stood alone—everything settled my own way. Lectures to be immediately established at Portsea and Gosport. The committee postponed them for a week that they may both be opened by myself. Don’t smile at the vanity of writing this.—When can one indulge vanity, if not by one’s own self and other self. Supped and slept at J.
C—'s. Miss C— there, who overwhelmed me with compliments, but I did not ask her to sing in return. Miss K— was at the meeting and gave me messages to three persons in Birmingham, whose names I have forgotten!

On Thursday the coach stopped at D—'s house, and he got off the top. I had not seen him before, he looked well, asked after the Florances, and I put on a hypocritical face and replied cheerfully: everybody asks me after them, as if they meant to tease me.

Saturday. Got Hogg's Pilgrims to re-read on my journey. Rambled about in the evening, and a certain star inspired a Scotch song, which I give just as it came of itself. Perhaps Hogg made me just then think "gloamin" a sweeter word than evening.

O! when ye ken the gloamin star,
Then, hussie, think on me;
For be I near, or be I far,
I then shall think on thee.

Perhaps that star, so bright and clear,
Now meets thy lovely eye;
And glitters thro' the starting tear
That tells thou thinkst on me.

O! wipe away the starting tear
That dimns thy lovely eye;
And let that star so bright and clear
Now whisper hope to thee.

For by its pure and heavenly ray
Now beaming on my eye;
I swear that star shall pass away
Ere I be false to thee.

And by its pure and heavenly ray
Now beaming on my eye;
I think that star shall pass away
Ere then be false to me.

Then hail, my love, the gloamin star:
It tells, I think, on thee;
And be thou near, or be thou far,
Then think, my love, on me.
This morning, as I passed the Meeting gate, saw some ladies peeping about. As I entered the Vestry door, one had stepped back to observe me, and I heard her say, "It is he."

Very soon came to me Mr C— of Hackney, his wife, and two (not too) lovely daughters. They are on their route from Wales to London. He told me that in going over some gentleman's grounds (somewhere in the West) a stranger joined their party, in whose conversation they soon became much interested. They found he was a Unitarian. He expressed a longing to hear me at Birmingham. Mr C— wished me to make his and family's remembrances to him should we meet. I asked his name —E— C—. The very person whose house I am invited to make my home! I expect to be much pleased with him, as his first impression on them was so very favourable.

Take £15. Pretty well if I spend it all. The theatres are open I see, but no advertisement of Kean or O'Neill; they had better play this week, or else—

Eleven o'clock—now to packing—then to bed—then to coach—then to London—and so forth. Good girl, good night!

Monday. Packed up with five more insides. Very insipid company, and a head-a-chy journey. Thought of you on Hazlemere Hill. When do I not think of you? In London about 7 o'clock; took a coach directly to T—'s, to set him to work on the sermons. In an agony to get to Plaistow, and found only A— T— at home, who stammers abominably. What a misery, when every moment is precious, to listen to one who st-t-t-t-utters a word out in five minutes. At length escaped. Just saved the last stage, and then—Oh! such a full overflow of
heart welcome. We sat conversing after supper till half-
past two.

Tuesday. B— has given me a sketch of Lord Byron, 
the very sketch which was engraved from. He is to come 
soon to Lavant, and bring his gun to shoot wild-fowl at 
the Needles.

This day, a day of sweet and calm delight. Oh! that it 
could have been multiplied by being shared!

Wednesday. Left Plaistow. Mrs B— walked some 
way with me. Dined with P— T—, a younger brother 
of R— T—, and who is just married; his lady I had 
ever seen before. She is a very interesting woman. 
They removed from Norwich to Bromley, only about two 
months ago. J— T— (another brother) drove over with 
me to A—ds in the evening. Had much interesting 
thetical talk. Some political, as thus: A. How are 
politics at Chichester? F. The high party very strong, 
but we have some liberal men. A. Have you any Na-
 polesonites? F. Yes a few, and those very clever men. 
A. Ain't you a Napoleonite? F. With certain reserva-
tions, &c.

Thursday. In London. What a treat I have had. I 
have seen David's two famous paintings of Buonaparte. In 
the first he is on horseback, crossing the Alps. Beneath 
are the troops dragging up cannon; the thunder seems 
rolling over; the sky thick, black, and lowering, with a 
mucky flash of lightning. His mantle is floating in the 
wind, his eye fixt eagerly on the higher summit which he 
is endeavouring to gain. One hand pointing to it, the other 
encouraging his horse, which is a striking likeness of his 
favourite white charger. On the rock below are carved 
the names of Annibal, Carolus Magnus (Charlemagne),
and Buonaparte; the latter fresh as if just inscribed; the other faint, the first almost worn out.

In the other painting, Buonaparte is in his study. It is daybreak, the clock at four. One candle just burnt out, and the other expiring; his famous code of laws on the table; his pen just laid down. He is standing; a countenance full of thought and benevolence, as if enjoying self-approbation for the wisdom and utility of the laws he has been framing. His sword is lying by, ready to brace on. The countenance is older and fatter than the other, corresponding with the difference of time in the scenes they represent.

The execution of both is wonderful; they will bear standing directly by them; to persuade yourself that all this is coloured canvas, is scarcely possible. I could have looked for days. Even his bitterness enemies love and admire for a moment.

They will be exhibited no longer than this week. I am fortunate in this, though not in theatricals: neither Kean nor O’Neill in town yet.

In the morning at R— T—‘s, who is just returned from a tour through Holland and Belgium; his route was from Ostend to Brussels. We were occupied from 6 o’clock to past 9, with reading his notes and conversation arising out of them.

Take a fact or two:—

The cathedral at Antwerp is about the size of St Paul’s; on each side of the middle aisle are three rows of clustered Gothic pillars, which seem like a grove of stone trees; the effect is very fine.

Near Rotterdam is a village inhabited wholly by the sect of Moravians, a kind of Quaker-Methodists. Most of
their property is a common stock. The society manages almost all the concerns of individual members. Marriages for instance. At certain ages, they decide that such and such young persons shall wed. The parties thus to be joined have, however, a Veto, but this Veto can only be used three times; using it the third time, by male or female, condemns to "single blessedness" for life. The state of a female is known by the colour of the ribbon with which her bonnet is tied. Under 18 years of age it is of a certain colour; of another colour if above that age and unmarried; of a different colour when married; and varied again in widowhood.

The Protestants in Holland are very liberal and intelligent. In Flanders they are all Catholics, and intolerant and ignorant, resembling our Methodists.

At Waterloo, arms, accouterments, caps, &c., torn and bloody, yet show relics of a recent battle. T— went over the ground with La Coste, the farmer who was employed as guide to Buonaparte during that action: he said that when the Prussians appeared in the evening, Buonaparte, on being told who they were, turned pale "comment ça," (pointing to the table-cloth). When the rout began, he said "Sauveons." La Coste complains that Marshal Bertrand only gave him a Napoleon (20 francs) although he had been employed more than twenty-four hours, and was then nineteen miles from home: he says, "It was just a franc per mile, and one to drink with."

I wrote this at the Globe, where I sleep to-night, just after supping on stewed oysters: to-morrow at five in the afternoon I start for Birmingham, and am to be there at two on Saturday noon. Good night, dearest.

On Friday corrected proof-sheet of the Salisbury
Sermon. Went over the printing-office, dined with R. T—, and at five o'clock got into the coach with two cockneys, two Irish sailors, and a Yorkshireman.

Two characteristic incidents occurred: one of the Irish sailors rode some way, by choice, on the outside, suddenly he rejoined us in a great passion; he was asked "what was the matter?"

"Oh, there are two Marines on the roof. D'ye think I'll ride in the same berth with a Marine? No! D— me, I'll not degrade myself so, neither."

In Warwickshire the coach was followed (as is usual) by a number of children for halfpence; they were (as is not usual) headed by a pretty little girl with a large nose-gay in her hand, which she very dexterously threw in at the coach window. It was prettily done; the sailors and even the cits threw out coppers liberally, the Yorkshireman gave nothing, but took possession of the flowers!

I slept very well, and awoke after two or three hours' repose, just as we got into ground over which I had not travelled before. Entered Oxford about six o'clock. A street half made up of large Gothic buildings, halls, colleges, and churches, is of course very splendid; the neighbouring country very flat—Chichesterish. We passed in succession through Woodstock (where half the houses are glovers' shops), and by the seats of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Beaufort, Lord Westmoreland, Lord Clonmel, and some others, whose I could not learn. The country improves very much on entering Warwickshire; many snug cottage scenes, and some very wide prospects, a beautiful variety, but generally wanting water.

Saw Stratford on the direction-posts, and read it like
any other word; as we came up to it saw a "soft-flowing river" winding before a green, on which stands part of the town, and immediately felt such a thrill,—why this is Stratford upon Avon! Shakespeare's birthplace! All in a moment it became consecrated ground. I shall re-visit it to see the house where he first saw the light.

Arrived in Birmingham at six o'clock. I had unluckily stumbled upon the slowest coach on the road. Very tired. Went to Mr C—'s, who received me very heartily, and began talking confidentially within half an hour. Mr K— came and engaged me to preach morning as well as afternoon.

Sunday. Large congregations. Bothered all day to remain over next Sunday; have resisted yet, and shall.

In the afternoon the place was crowded, twelve hundred people there, and six hundred children, all belonging to the Sunday School of the meeting. Oh! they were the sight; they sang delightfully! It was too much for me. They were well placed in the front gallery, and front seats of the side-galleries, all neatly dressed; and when they rose and the sound of so many infantile voices thrill'd on the ear, it was irresistibly affecting: I felt the tears start into my eyes repeatedly. The collection at the doors was £72, the largest for many years. Messages in two ways from S—, he will be here to-morrow; how I have been longing for him while occupied with company here. I met three parties to-day—dinner, tea, supper; all bothering me to stay: some were intelligent men, but my great comfort was in seeing L—, S—'s friend, who has given up preaching, and belongs to this congregation.

Almost twelve o'clock. I am so tired with yester-
day's long ride and to-day's services. You are asleep. Oh! dream of me.

Monday. No S— to-day. I,— says that something must have happened or he would have been here. He was very anxious to see me. Met three different parties to-day, at breakfast, dinner, tea and supper: persuaded all the day to stay, but firmness triumphed. An invitation is obviously at my command, and a word will procure it, but I decidedly check it and announced my flight to-morrow evening. I have seen to-day:

1st, The Lancastrian School, of 400 boys, which is admirably conducted.

2nd, A manufactory of plated goods, in which the whole process was exhibited of silvering metals to form plated candlesticks, &c.

3rd, The Old Arian Meeting. Where is the monument of Robert Robinson, of Cambridge?

4th, The Public Library, which was founded by Dr Priestley, and is now pretty large, with a small subscription, but not at all select either in books or members.

Good night.

Early on Tuesday morning in popped S—, just the same as ever, only rather more corpulent. He came on Monday afternoon, got wet through, and in consequence stayed at his old lodgings (to which he always goes first) till this morning. Went to a large breakfast-party; found him witty, eloquent, brilliant as ever. After breakfast visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Mr Braidwood, whose grandfather was the first instructor, in England, of those interesting unfortunates: found his pupils very intelligent—about twelve boys, and as many girls. I conversed with most of them both by signs and
words: they seem to make great progress. Got rid of
the rest of the party, and went, with S— only to see
Haydon's celebrated picture of the Judgment of Solomon,
which we should probably have liked very well if we had
never heard so much of its superlative merit; thence to
L—'s, where we dined.

Received from the Birminghamites £12 for my ex-
penses (handsome); and went off with S— in a post-
chaise for Stratford, to see the house of Shakespeare's
birth, and have an evening to ourselves: arrived too late
for the first purpose, so delayed it of necessity till the
morning. Had a good supper, a bottle of wine each, and
a long night's chat of old scenes and all sorts of things.

Wednesday. After breakfast S— and I went to the
famed house. Its appearance is miserable in the extreme
—the front a butcher's shop. We were shown the chair
in which he usually sat; his dressing-box, which was a
present from some noble Spanish family; his sword; a
portrait, taken in his lifetime, which had been torn in
pieces and recently put together; pieces of his bedstead;
his drinking-glass (now broken); and one or two other
relics.

The room of his birth is completely covered, sides
and ceiling, with names of persons who have visited the
spot, written by themselves. Among them were Lucien
Buonaparte; Sir F. Burdett; Lord Cochran; the Prince
Regent, and several royal dukes; lords in abundance;
Joel Barlow, the American poet; Cooke, the actor; Mrs
Jordan; Matthews, and other eminent performers; many
persons of my acquaintance, as Dr Rees, Mr Christie, Dr
Thomson, &c. A large quarto book also is filled with
names since last year; S— and I added ours, of course.
Here are two verses which I copied from the wall in that room with a certain silver pen—one in the hand of Lucien Buonaparte, and his composition; the other by a gentleman just married, containing a beautiful compliment to his wife.

**BY LUCIEN BUONAPARTE.**

"The eye of Genius glitters to admire
How memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre;
One tear I'll shed, to form a crystal shrine
Of all that's grand, immortal, and divine."

**JOHN AND SOPHIA CRAWFORD, 24 AUGUST, 1814.**

*(Married on that day.)*

"Immortal spirit, in thy natal place,
A Desdemona's mind, and Juliet's grace
Bend to thy shrine, receive the homage due,
From sweeter virtues than thy fancy drew."

After the higher interest of seeing what belonged to Shakespeare was gratified, we found no small delight in contemplating this accumulation of tributary names, containing many foreigners, especially Americans—many of high rank, eminent talent, wide-spread fame, and a considerable number whom we knew.

Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton visited the place, and their names were written together, but obliterated after his death by her own hand, and her own alone substituted; we saw the traces.

After a gratifying morning, S— and I parted—he back again, I for Oxford, where I arrived about 5 o'clock. Have looked about, and resolved to go on to-night. I am in the inn, waiting for the coach, and a harper is serenading at the door; he has just played "When in Death" delightfully.

Thursday forenoon, at R. T—'s.
I would have seen more of Oxford, but found a complete investigation of all its buildings and curiosities was impossible, and therefore resolved to manage coaches so as to have a few hours of daylight there, and take merely an external view of its architectural grandeur. This I accomplished very well, and gazed on abundance of turrets, arches, pillars, &c. Took the mail about 11 o'clock at night; slept four or five hours, and arrived here a little after seven. Corrected the first proof-sheets of the Bristol Sermon, and found that I had overlooked an important blunder in the Salisbury, which will, I fear, make it necessary to reprint a part of it. Bought a snuff-box of the same sort as the other, but rather smaller, with Joan of Arc on the lid; bought also an eighteen-penny engraving of Napoleon, which is a good likeness of the face in David's second painting. My morning's ramble is done.

Had a pleasant tête-à-tête dinner and confab with R. T—, and went afterwards to Drury-lane Theatre to see Sheridan's comic opera, "The Duenna," with the favourite new piece of "the Magpie; or the Maid of Palaidan." Munden was irresistibly ludicrous in both pieces; Mrs Dickons sung charmingly in the opera, but her acting is not pleasing. A new performer (T. Cooke), was encored in "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," and deserved it. The afterpiece is very interesting: a village tale, full of pathos, simplicity, and humour, some of it not quite probable enough. The house was well filled, and looked beautifully.

On Friday went with R. T— to call on Hunter, the successor to Johnson, in St Paul's Churchyard, to arrange about the sermons; then called on Belsham, and spent
a very pleasant hour. Peeped in at a panorama of the interior of Paris. Secured a place by the coach, and set off with R. T— for Stratford, to meet a dinner-party at J. T—'s.

Among this party, which was large, intelligent, and Napoleonic, was a Mr A—n, a young man preparing for the bar, of very strong and original mind. "Who is he?" said I afterwards to R. T—. "He is likely to be our brother-in-law," replied my frank friend. Ah! M—e (thought I), thou art a false prophet in predicting that the triumphs of Sally T— were at an end.

Went to bed between one and two, rose at five, started at six. Saw G— at Godalming, and I—t, who took the coach there, and amused me all the way to Lavant. And here I am once again, but where art thou? that must to-morrow show. Where'er thou art thy spirit is with me; it has shed a glimmering of comfort on my wanderings by imaginary participation. Let it bless me still with visions of anticipated delight; and thine, present or absent, be the first and fondest wishes of my heart.—

Farewell.
TO E. F.

17 Decr. 1813.

Again thy laureate hails the day
'That calls his willing muse to pay
'Th' accustomed homage of a lay.

The burden of his song is old;
It tells the wish, so often told,
That peace, and love, and joy may rest
The constant inmates of thy breast.
Yet though no longer new, 'tis sweet
Thou should'st accept, and I repeat
Strains of affection and of truth
Breathed in our friendship's early youth:
'Tis sweet, that we unchanged appear
Through each successive changing year.

What strange vicissitudes have been,
What shiftings of this earthly scene,
Since last I bade my votive verse
Thy prospects and my hopes rehearse!
Earth in confusion has been lost;
Monarchs their diadems have lost;
The varying fortunes of the fight
Have humbled conquerors to flight;
Fickle has been the vulgar crowd;
While mighty ones to death have bow'd,
Or, exiled, gone to climates strange;
In thee alone I see no change.
Thus, when the year began its round,
Unchanged I wish'd thee to be found,
That, when it closed, I might proclaim
Thy laureate's heart was still the same.

Long may such feelings greet the day
That calls my willing muse to pay
The annual tribute of a lay!

W. J. F.
CHAPTER V.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. W. J. FOX TO MISS FLORENCE, CHURCHYARD, CHICHESTER; AND FROM MISS FLORENCE TO THE REV.
W. J. FOX, AT NORWICH.—BIRTH-DAY VERSES, 1816.

Ipswich, 13 May, 1816.

Dear Eliza,

Have you forgot the first part of my letter? Shall I repeat it? It was tolerably correct, as far as it went, and had you permitted me to use my gift of prophecy I should infallibly have given the whole history, by anticipation, of my journey. On one point, however, it must be confessed there was sad blundering. The weather has been wretchedly bad, and the faint sunshine now gleaming on my paper is, I fear, only transient and illusory. I had one walk at Witham, and but one, and then Mrs P— and myself were fairly caught in a pelting shower. Now in telling of this walk, first, I am like an epic poet rushing at once into the middle of the action, when I ought like a good historian to begin at the beginning. Well then, know that I paused not even to take breath in London, but was out as soon as in, and reached Plaistow to tea about seven o'clock. We had a comfortable time till two in the morning. The next evening saw me at Witham, where every soul I met began with telling me two things, that I was grown very fat, and took...
great deal of snuff. After this I was puzzled on my arrival here to hear that I was growing thinner, till I recollected that it was three years since I was at Witham, and only two since P— saw me. The P—'s were all attention and affection, and I never, even there, passed a visit of such high and unmingled gratification. They consulted my wish for not missing calls and visits by assembling on one day all my friends there to dinner, including Mr and Mrs T— from Maldon. This arrange-
ment left me at perfect liberty the rest of the time, which, as Mr P— was very much in his office, was chiefly passed in tête-à-tête with Mrs P—, the subjects of our conver-
sations you shall know in due time. Now if I write stupidly pray forgive me. The scene of writing is P—'s parlour—just opposite sits Ann C—, the authoress of certain beautiful lines, which you probably remember my reading when I came from Norwich. She is engaged, like me, in writing a letter, and laughing at the supposition that when we have both finished and doubled up our epistles, they should be changed, and I direct hers, and she mine.
On the other side of the room is one of Mrs P—'s pupils taking a lesson of her music-mistress and thrumming away as vigorously as Miss H—. I have made a bad be-
inning as to the economy of my journey, having travelled inside from Chichester to Witham, and on Saturday being amused at hearing from three successive coaches "Full, sir, full—outside and in." The consequence was that I was obliged to post-chaise it here, but was lucky enough to find a companion in the very same predicament. This Ann will not let me write in comfort. If I do not smile, she protests I am writing something very saucy about her, for which she will be revenged by abusing me heartily
in her own letter. I preached here twice yesterday: in the morning to about 30 people in a place which would seat 1100 comfortably—how cold and cheerless! My cough is considerably better, but it troubled me a little in speaking. The persons of our scene are now increased by Mr P—, who is waiting for me, to try if we can catch a walk about Ipswich and its environs, which are said to be very beautiful, and his daughter, little Emily, who is the merriest and most active little creature that can be imagined. She comes into my bed-room every morning to call me up. What an historical letter have I been penning; all plain matter of fact from beginning to end. It seems as if I sat down merely to pay my wager—by-the-by, who won that wager? If I mistake not it rained on Monday, and certainly it has been raining ever since, and will till Wednesday, when I move for Norwich, when all wagers and other debts must be paid at No. 40, P— street, St Augustine’s. My letter must not conclude without giving Mrs P—’s love to you a place in it—this omission would have been an unpardonable offence. There was a small party to supper here last night, and amongst them a Mrs H—, a very pretty woman, but the perfect fac-simile of Mrs H—, her voice alike too. I must go. I hope all are well.

Yours affectionately,

W. J. Fox.
Letter from Miss Florence to the Rev. W. J. Fox, No. 40, Pitt-street, St Augustine's, Norwich.

My dearest Friend,

I need not tell you with what delight I broke the seal and read your letter when I reminded you 'twas from you, and the first. It was very kind, and reached me at a time which doubled the pleasure, being ill in bed nursing a bad cold; which I hoped you left behind, though now think I caught it attending on mamma, who has been ill almost ever since you left, but is now much better. Miss K— came as was expected; her first exclamation was, Oh! how unfortunate I am in coming in Mr F—'s absence, I am such a Foxite. I stared and said nothing, but thought you vice versa. She is just the same as usual, without any improvements or additions, save a greater share of egotism, which in her, who is past that interesting age when (if ever) volubility is excusable, is "dull, stale, and insipid." Her friend, Mr B—, has not paid us a visit (in the parlour) since she came, at which she feels piqued; we met him the other evening at Mrs W—'s, on leaving the shop I said good night Mr B—, meaning, you need not escort us; he took the hint; she immediately said, in her fidgety way, what? what did you say? I repeated it and walked on, nothing more passed on the subject, but she did not like it.

I had such a treat the other morning, Mr M— called on business to papa, he was engaged and Johnny was shown into the parlour; he was with me a full hour, chatting in his most amusing manner; he inquired after you. The same evening he took tea with us, and he and
I became quite social. Do not say, "a tinge of vanity, Eliza." I may be indulged when talking to you. I am longing to see you back again, it really appears an age since you left. I missed you very much, particularly so the first week at your usual hours of calling, when I felt uneasy till I recollected you could not come; also in my walks, which continually remind me of some joke or some turn in the conversations we have enjoyed together. I do not check it, 'tis a pleasing remembrance. You will not, I am sure, laugh at this candid confession; 'tis a whisper, and not to be mentioned in the gay world.

I almost envy you your visit to the P—'s, it must have been very gratifying, and especially the manner of assembling all your friends; the plan is peculiarly hers. I don't understand how it happens that Mrs P—'s love is enclosed for me, unless you have been drawing, for her amusement, some of your finished sketches of character again. Apropos, I have at length heard the beautiful and interesting Mr R—d; he exceeds, in my estimation, everything you told me of him. I will not say what I think of him till I have seen him again; were I to, you would deem it extravagant. He left immediately after the afternoon service, with a friend of his, who came to Chichester for the purpose of hearing you, and was, of course, surprised to see his friend in your pulpit. His preaching and beautiful style of reading, I understand, was very much admired; he dined with us, and has promised to do the same next time he comes. I have a thousand other things to tell you, but have not time, therefore must defer it till your return. Your goodness will excuse errors and slips of the pen, when I tell you Miss K— keeps chatting so that it is impossible to write.
in comfort; however, such as it is, if it affords you one pleasing recollection, or half the gratification yours did me, it amply fulfils the intention of

Your affectionate friend,

Eliza.

Churchyard, May 26, 1816.

If you are pleased at my having written, you will return the kindness by giving me a proof of it; the most convincing will be the pleasure of breaking the seal of a second letter from you. Do you ever see the "gloaming star?" I have not forgotten it.

"For be you near, or be you far,
I then shall think of thee,"

Letter from the Rev. W. J. Fox to Miss Florence, Churchyard, Chichester.

My dear Eliza,

I expected confidently that yesterday's post would bring me a letter, and I was not disappointed. Your cold could not be mine, as that remained with me, and was very troublesome; it must, therefore, have been the effect of sympathy, and if so, you are not suffering from it now, for I have nearly recovered. My journey from Ipswich to Norwich was very short and pleasant, for I fell sound asleep about 30 miles off, and was astonished on being awoke by a sudden jerk of the coach to find myself already within the gates. Everybody here that I am interested about is well except W. S—, whose health has long been very bad. I came just in
time to enjoy a little *mollery.* Suffolk and Norfolk are in a dreadful state. The poor, irritated by the rise of corn and scarcity of work, have in many places burnt down barns, houses, &c. In the neighbourhood of Bury, on Saturday, six houses were blazing at once. On the evening of my arrival here (17th), fireballs were thrown about; lamps, windows, &c., broken. On the Friday the mob was much more formidable. The new mills, a large building across the river, were taken by storm; quantities of flour were carried off, or thrown into the river, and much damage done to many houses. On Saturday evening the appearance of the city strongly reminded me of the descriptions of Paris at the commencement of the Revolution. Two proclamations had been issued by the magistrates in the course of the day, and a large body of respectable citizens had associated to act as constables for the preservation of order. I scarcely remember a more impressive scene than that of this dreaded evening. The market cleared of its usual crowd of country people at an early hour; most of the shops shut up; the Town Hall, which the mob had attempted to fire, garrisoned by troops, their arms glittering through its Gothic windows; near twenty parish bells tolling dully to summon the associated parishioners to assemble and take their posts for the night; every here and there the visible traces of the last night's outrages; a body of dragoons drawn up in the market-place, with every preparation for action; large patrols of inhabitants encountering you at every step; parties of cavalry riding furiously about, and scouring the streets in all directions; groups of desperate-looking people scattered about—here attempting resistance to the troops,
and there, flying before them, and mingling yells and cries for bread with the trampling of horses and the tolling bells. Owing to the formidable precautions, however, nothing of any consequence was done. About 20 of the most active were apprehended, and we have since been quiet, although not without some dread of fires, as 'tis known that two or three attempts have been made to burn the new mills and other obnoxious places. Only think what is lost by living in such a stupid little city as yours! I have seen Sally T—, but "oh, how changed!" from the extreme of display and flirtation—from all that was dazzling, attractive, and imposing, she has become the most demure, reserved, and decorous creature in existence. Mr A— has wrought miracles, for which he is blessed by the ladies and cursed by the gentlemen, and wondered at by all. The majority say 'tis unnatural, and cannot last. Some abuse the weakness which makes her, they say, the complete slave of her lover; others praise the strength of mind by which she so totally transformed her manners and habits. M——, of course, takes the unfavourable side: that mortal is off to London, and has left his congregation dependent on my charity. He is as mad as ever about Wordsworth; but almost blushed at my reminding him, in company, of "boarding-school misses." Mrs Opie excites almost as much tea-table talk as Sally T—. She has become a regular attendant at the Quakers' meeting; and we have to discuss whether she is really to be metamorphosed into a Friend, or only goes there to study manners and characters for a new novel. T— is not yet arrived at Diss, but is daily expected: he has been staying, I believe, in London: I hope to see him in Norwich before I leave.
So you were not disappointed in Mr R.? Well, I should have been disappointed if you had. You always, I suspect, deduct a little from my characters, thinking that all my geese are swans—or rather, that my swans are geese. Now, to give a proof of my impartiality, I painted half-a-dozen characters for Mrs P——, and she did not pick yours out: to be honest, I did not intend she should. You see that your conjecture was right; you are already a person of some consequence between her and me. Mind, I shall expect to hear next week, and a letter is two days travelling from Chichester to Norwich. Farewell. Yours affectionately,

W. J. Fox.

Norwich, 23 May, 1816.

Letter from Miss Florence to the Rev. W. J. Fox,
Pitt-street, St Augustine's, Norwich.

My dearest Friend,

Chichester is, indeed, a stupid little city, compared with the great and populous Norwich. True, it cannot boast a comparison with the capital of revolutionary France; of trophies flying, the emblems of blood; of cavalry scouring the streets; of warriors' arms glittering through the Gothic windows of a Hall of Justice; or of vesper bells tolling for any other purpose than the assembling of its parishioners to the quiet offices of devotion. Dull and quiet as it is, the friends of peace there, I imagine, would gladly exchange the riot and confusion of the one for the tranquillity of the other, and not
consider themselves very great losers; 'tis all a matter of taste. Are you really surprised that Sally T— is changed? to me it seems perfectly natural, if she is attached to Mr A—. Can you suppose, because she is beautiful, he will be contented with a partial share of her talents? &c. No, 'tis impossible, unless he be less or more than man: they must be his, and devoted to him alone, or he cannot, he will not, be satisfied. Flirtation and display may be pleasing, and gain admirers, but when the heart is touched 'tis sickening and disgusting. I fancy you smile. It will not be prudent to venture a comparison between words and actions—so a truce to the subject. Mr B— dined with us on Sunday, and took two walks with me. I found his conversation amusing and intelligent; he certainly improves very much on acquaintance. S— talks of leaving Fareham for Alcester in Warwickshire (a town which he passed through on his way to Birmingham), where he preached both going and returning, and pleased the congregation so much that they wish him to settle among them. Mr B— seems inclined to think he will accept the invitation. Mrs S— has lost her youngest child since you left. So M— is as great a Wordsworthian as ever. We have been reading the “White Doe of Rylstone,” but cannot understand more than half of it. Do ask him to explain what is meant by “the dinness of heart-agony,” and “daughter of the eternal Prince;” 'tis too sublime for our narrow capacities to comprehend—to him 'tis doubtless very simple. Southery, I find, has been writing again; if 'tis worth reading, bring it down with you for the library; it will be two or three months before we see it at Chichester—the “Pilgrimage to Waterloo,” I mean. Mr B—, who
is just returned from town, tells us he heard you were to
preach there, for J. B—, he thinks. I do not credit it;
you are not so limited; however, at all events I shall
expect to see you on the Saturday after next. I hope
you will see Kean and Miss O'Neil before you leave
town; I long to know what you think of them. Miss
K— is still with us, and 'tis uncertain when she will
leave; she seems to feel herself quite at home.

You say nothing of your mamma or sisters; I should
like to be remembered to them, particularly the former,
though unknown, if you have no great objection. Ten
days will soon slip away, which I am anticipating very
anxiously; this nearly prevented me from writing, think-
ing it quite unnecessary: 'tis complying with your re-
quest, however; and though trifling, I hope my letter
will please; you are requested to accept it with the best
wishes of

Your affectionate

Churchyard, May 28th. 1816.

Excuse haste. They are waiting tea for me, and
Jas. is inquiring if he shall finish for me.
TO E. F.

When Rome great Caesar's sway allow'd,
And nations to the Hero bow'd
In flattery and in fear,
He strove in science, as in fight,
To make his fame for ever bright,
And hence the Julian Year.

When idols from their temples hurl'd,
Left Christianity a world
They could no longer sway,
A grateful superstition gave
Each holy saint, or martyr brave,
His consecrated day.

When thrones and altars France o'erthrew,
The circling months were named anew
From nature's varied store,
From their glad sunshine, or their showers,
Their laughing vines, or blushing flowers,
Or the rich fruits they bore.

And let the passing year proclaim
The Hero's, sage's, martyr's name;
Time should their honours tell:
And let us chronicle the day
By falling leaf, or budding spray,
They mark its progress well.
I love that every morn and night
Should thus improve, affect, delight.
To me, may youthful spring,
And summer gay, and autumn sere,
And winter, social though severe,
Recorded treasures bring.

But there is yet a nobler story
Than martyr's death, or warrior's glory,
Told by the fleeting year;
It is a dearer, sweeter tale,
Than nature's quires, in wood or vale,
Chanted in poetic ear.

The recollections of the soul
On with our days successive roll,
Nor fly, as they depart:
The friendships reappear of youth;
All we have known of love and truth—
The annals of the heart.

Time has a tablet in my breast,
With cherish'd records deep impress
In characters divine;
Thence but with life shall they remove;
It is my Calendar of Love,
And there this day is thine.

W. J. F.

17th December, 1816.
CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS FROM REV. W. J. FOX, IN LONDON, TO MISS FLORENCE, CHICHESTER AND TANGMERK; AND FROM MISS FLORENCE TO REV. W. J. FOX. 1817.

My Dear Eliza,

Here I am, housed for the present under brother G——’s roof. The great day is over, and it passed with much eclat. The chapel was crowded yesterday morning to overflowing. All the ministers engaged exerted themselves, and with considerable effect. We afterwards dined to the number of 90 or more. It was deemed necessary that I should take the chair, with Dr Rees and Mr Aspland for my supporters. This required of me great exertion in the speech-making way, and gained me abundance of applause. My own health was given by Aspland in a style of brilliant eulogy. We had a succession of able speeches from Dr Rees, Aspland, Little, T. Rees, Gilchrist, Christie, Ben Flower, and others. The afternoon was universally said to have afforded one of the richest feasts of oratory ever witnessed. There was a strong political dash in many of the speeches, and much bold indignant language that would have terrified Chichester ears. Talking of politics, I hear that at the berry bush meeting, D. E. and myself sat between the two
Evanses, who are now in the Tower for treason. Our Irish fiddler, who sung "croppies rise up," is also taken care of I suppose. You will see this month Southey's juvenile Jacobin poem of Wat Tyler. I bought a copy in the street for twopence; at which price forty thousand have been sold, independently of vast numbers of the threepenny, shilling, and three shilling editions. It was printed complete as the 5th number of a weekly paper called The Republican. I long to know whether Mr Hickey accepts the invitation. You will be amused to hear that at York he gained the prize for Elocution. Aspland is but poorly; the multiplicity of his avocations has injured his health. Of some of them he will soon get rid. His academy will be superseded by one on a larger scale, if the efforts now making for that purpose be successful. He has recommended to me, if I resolve to live in town, a boarding-house in Cannon-street, which I intend looking at to-day or to-morrow. And now, my dear girl, to revert to something more interesting, I must express the gratification I feel at looking back to your noble behaviour through Sunday, and on Monday morning. Had you failed I should soon have been overcome, for it was chiefly admiring you that kept up my spirits. It was brave, and showed such a degree of united feeling and firmness as I shall never forget. Long as I have studied your character I still did not know you well enough to anticipate all that you then showed yourself capable of accomplishing. Let me know very soon all about yourself—your ways and works. If you write before Wednesday, direct to me at A—', Durham House, Hackney Road. Indeed, that address will be the best at any time till I write again. I invest you with a dis-
creionary power over remembrances, &c., to make them in my name to whomsoever you please. And now I must leave you for a dish of etymology that would delight your father’s heart, a ramble to and in town, tea with David Eatou, and Little’s lecture. Farewell.

Yours affectionately and faithfully,

W. J. Fox.

---

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev.

W. J. Fox, in London.

Churchyard, March 31st, 1817.

My dearest Friend,

You told me to fill my letters with daily incidents, I take your advice, and begin the very first evening of your absence. This day one might imagine was doomed for me to be alone, for papa is on a commission, James gone to Stonington, Alfred to Bognor, and mamma to D—’s; at the latter place I think they might have given me the option of going, it would have been felt as a kindness, though I should certainly have declined, my spirits not yet being at visiting pitch, but more composed this evening than I could possibly expect. I sent to the library for Aikin, it was out; therefore, in order to keep a semblance of my promise, I got Russell’s 5th vol. by way of refreshing my memory; it seems more dull and heavy than that kind of reading used to do, perhaps because I am unaccustomed to it of late. I attempted drawing this morning, my eyes and head prevented. When you
have read thus far, you will give me credit for having braved the storm, and excuse the weakness which was betrayed in the morning; this short coze has done me almost as much good as your all-inspired presence would have effected. Good night.

April 3rd. I called at Wilmsham's to-day, where I picked up lots of information relative to Mr H—- I think the silence of Dr S— on Sunday is now to be accounted for; it seems he proposed at a vestry meeting to raise the salary to £200, provided Mr H— would continue with us, to assist in raising which, he offered to increase his subscription £4; this was seconded by R— and G—, who determined to do the same. Now we know very well, that some years ago, when it was proposed to advance the subscriptions for you, the Doctor strenuously opposed it, no wonder then that he avoided the subject.

The disaffected are in a great rage at these proceedings, and say (as an excuse for venting their spleen, and drawing their purse-strings) that it is an ill compliment to you to offer Mr H— more than was raised for you. 'Tis very well for D. F— to say so, but surely it cannot be a personal question, though I was inclined to think it was when it was first told me. I am glad to find they still possess spirit and energy; yet regret it was not exerted before. It will be some consolation to you that your preaching has not been wholly in vain. To return to Mr H—, the deputies who waited on him to offer the terms mentioned above, were Dr S—, Wm R—, and F—; he neither accepted nor rejected, saying he must go to Exeter before he could determine; he thought he should prefer that place because nearer home, and that there was a good opening
for a school; he has had the promise of fifteen pupils if he settles there. I hope he will, there may be then a chance of having I— here. I think you have said he would not object if the salary were £200. B— it passed through Chichester this morning; he will not now, of course, preach for Mr S—, therefore we must shut up. H— should be apprized of it, that he might prepare a dose of orthodoxy. I tell you these little things as they happen, they may not be uninteresting; yet I must add to that I have not been able to read with sufficient attention to enable me to amuse you with my remarks, therefore you must be satisfied. I thought of you yesterday, and longed to take a peep at you, it must have been a glorious day. I consider it as the commencement of a new era in your life.

I fancied A—d in high spirits, in all his glory, making remarks on purpose for you to refute, or making a speech full of allusions to you, that he might have the pleasure of saying that thy hour is come. And M— looking in good humour and appearing pleased, yet in his heart envying every sound that whispered your praise.

April 6th. This day how different from last Sunday, it was a day of sweet, though melancholy joy. You praise me for my firmness, and say that to me you were indebted for what you then displayed. These feelings were mutual, and I must echo back that praise on yourself; 'twas impossible to act with more propriety, delicacy, and kindness; had it been otherwise I should have been mortified. I expected it, from your consistency through the winter; you could not have had that hope in me, as I was continually subject to fits of despondency and little weaknesses. The trial is now over, and I can (generally)
look back with complacency and forward with hope; the effort was great, yet I have conquered, and expect very soon to be as cheerful as usual; I endeavour to be constantly employed if it be but with trifles. Excuse this egotism; I reverted to the subject I believe because you set me the example. Your letter was exceedingly interesting; it was kind to write so soon. The exertions of your friends is highly gratifying, you seem the bond of union of all parties, the high and low Arians, the rich Belshamites, and poor Baptists, seem with one consent to welcome your arrival. Belsham himself was only wanted to make the coalition complete. I have before recurred to the great day, but did not anticipate your being placed in the chair; it was rather unexpected, was it not? I thought your station as visitor would have been on the chairman's right. W— wished very much to have been present. I dined at his house on Good Friday; I declined at first, but they insisted, on the plea of a promise I made (as you may recollect) the night we kept it up so late at the B—s. Mrs and Mr B— were there; the former says she would dispense with a new bonnet a year, in order to increase the subscriptions, if she could but see you back again. Your health was drank after dinner; I wished I could make a speech. I shall send this packet by James B—, who goes to town some day this week; 'tis uncertain what day; so I will conclude, that it may be ready. Write soon and give me a full account of what you're doing, and where going, and where you have been.

Yours affectionately,

Eliza Florence.
Tuesday evening, 10 o'clock.

My spirits are so much better since Sunday, that as this packet goes free, I cannot refrain from adding another half-sheet to tell you so, and also where I have been to-day, which will surprise you,—to dear Lavant.—After breakfast Alfred and I started for Miss C—'s, where I passed the day. She called last week to invite me, but being poorly I declined. This morning was so inviting I availed myself of it, thinking a little change might be of service. It has had the desired effect, and I have really spent a very pleasant day. The village and scenery revived sweet sensations, and I longed for the time when I shall again enjoy a stroll there with you; but knowing wishes were vain, I looked at the bright side of the picture, and thought of the many happy days we had passed together, and of the many more in store for us. But I have forgotten Miss C—, she appears an amiable, well-informed young woman; and her mother, a motherly good sort of body. They were very anxious for me to go and see them, to make some return for my kindness, as they termed it. I have been, and perhaps there our acquaintance may terminate.

This fine weather will make you long for the country. I suppose you are at Plaistow, enjoying a comfortable ease with Mrs B—. Lavant reminded me of her husband's promise to bring his gun to shoot wild fowl at the Needles; and on Wednesday I shall fancy you at A—'s in the evening at the conference. Tell me if I anticipate your movements very much amiss? How does London agree with your health? you must take care of that you know for my sake, as well as for the good of the cause. If business will not prevent, I should advise you
to live out of the smoke. There seems to be every prospect of a hot summer; and that is particularly unhealthy for London.

Talking of the country, mamma and papa went yesterday to Tungmere, to look at the house they were talking of before you left. They seemed pleased with it, indeed papa talks of taking a lease of it, and of having a law library there. The plan is for mamma and the children, with William as Caleb Quotum (for he is to be school-master, gardener, errand-boy, and all), to live at this cottage entirely, and that I am to be housekeeper at home. This will be all very pleasant if 'tis put in practice. I don’t think I should like the situation, though I have not seen it. James is to sleep there constantly. I tell you their determinations, it will enable you to judge of the probability of its taking place. I am tired of the subject, it has been so long sur le topic.

I have attempted to learn whether Mr. H— intends accepting the Chichester invitation, but in vain, no person that I am acquainted with knows anything more than I have before told you. I hope we shall not have to shut up again; if we do for any length of time I must beg of you to send me some of your old sermons, for I cannot go to Hunt’s and St John’s as the rest do.

I think after all this chat and gossip, I am entitled to a double letter from you; if you make haste you will be in time for the book parcel, I know papa has not yet written. I have desired J. B— to leave this at D. E—’s for you, there is no objection against it I hope. You told me you were going to live in Cannon-street, pray where is that? it may be in Westminster, or the Borough, near St Paul’s, or the Tower, but which I know not.
This has remained unsealed a long time at papa's request, for him to add a few lines; if it were to wait for him you would not have it this summer. He now says he has not time to write this time, he is so busy. Therefore I am to enclose his compliments, &c., and accept also my best love and wishes.

Eliza


Thursday, 17th April.

Dearest,

I have half an hour for thee before dinner, and I like your journalized letter so well that I shall follow the example, and make a beginning now, though when I shall end is uncertain, as I preach to-night at Worship-street, expect my books to unpack to-morrow morning, and have a lecture to write for Sunday evening. Yours did not reach me till Tuesday night. James B— left it at E---'s on Monday, enclosed in a note, promising to see me at chapel on Sunday. By-the-by, the paper joining your two seals was torn, this might be accident, but I think the common mode of sealing less liable to accident. I am this morning housed. My address is No. 15, Great Cambridge-street, Hackney Road. My host is Mr L—. This is a pleasant circumstance, and the situation is good. It is a street running from the main road into the fields, and more airy than Newtown: about eight minutes walk from A---'s, 20 from Parliament Court, 2½ miles across
the fields from Newington Green, and between four and five miles from Plaistow, of which not half is road. I have had brilliant congregations both Sundays, and begin to feel my spirit stirred up to exertion. On Tuesday last I was at the annual meeting of the London Unitarian Book Society. The service was at Essex-street, where R— preached rather a dull sermon. After dinner I was called up for a speech immediately after B— and A—, and this I find is to be always my destiny. One evening last week I and G— took tea with Mrs Barbauld. She is a handsome old lady, of small stature, and most intelligent countenance. At first I felt, as usual on being introduced to any celebrated body, a little uncomfortable; this was succeeded by disappointment at her not being more extraordinary, but as the conversation became more regular and interesting, all disappointment vanished, and she appeared fully equal to all my expectations. She touched on various literary topics with ease and elegance. Moore, she told us, was in the neighbourhood, at Hornsey, finishing his large poem. On my asking if she did not admire the melody of his versification, she replied, very ladyly, that she did in all that she had read of his, which was only a few stray songs that had fallen in her way. Of Lord Byron, the third canto especially, she spoke with fervent admiration; and in quoting a part of the breaking up at Brussels, her face kindled with all the glow of poetic enthusiasm. Her recitation is rather musical than natural, and she actually beats time to the verse with her foot. Two days last week I spent very sweetly at Plaistow. This morning I breakfasted at A—d's with F—. He drove up from Diss yesterday, and drives back to-morrow, apparently merely for the plea-
sure of driving. He is in health and spirits, and made all proper inquiries and remembrances. I suspect he is almost tired of Diss. If H— should not come, perhaps there may yet be a little chance of him; but this is all my own guess only. A— has engaged me to dine with him every Wednesday, and assist at conference, unless when I can better employ myself. You may tell papa that the article given in the papers as an extract of a letter from young W— is fictitious. His destiny is America, but he is not yet there. He was in Newgate-street a month ago, but is now at sea, and his escape was as admirably managed as that of Lavalette.

Saturday night. I have finished work, and take advantage of this opportunity to get my letter so forward, that if James B— should leave town on Monday I may give it him to-morrow. My journal is rather irregular, and one most extraordinary fact is omitted, viz. that on Monday last I walked at least 15 miles. G—and I went out between 11 and 12 for a stroll before dinner, and the day was so fine, and the country so tempting, that we went on till it was too late to return in time, when I proposed that we should ramble till we were hungry, order a chop at some public-house, and return in the evening. Accordingly, with the exception of about half-an-hour’s bait, and occasional restings on stiles and benches, we were walking till near eight in the evening. Our perambulations were about Horsley-wood and village, Muswell Hill, Highgate, Crouch End, &c.; we had some noble prospects, and much more real country than I could have believed was to be found so near London. A similar ramble is resolved upon for some saint Monday before the summer be far advanced, when we
shall probably be accompanied by I—. A— was here last night to smoke a pipe, and with him the handsome George H—, who is not going back to Scotland, but has accepted an invitation to Liverpool. One reason for this (but I suppose not the only reason, nor the strongest) is that, after having figured in London as a delegate from the reformers, he could not go to Greenock without soon having lodgings provided for him by the magistrates. G— is expecting that his book will come to a second edition. Dr C— has replied to it in a pamphlet, and given him some cutting jokes, fair arguments, and at least one strong compliment, which altogether have been of service by making the book sell. I am glad of this, for his publications have been expensive, and it is a pity he should be a martyr to the holy cause of Etymology.

I met Mrs S— and Mrs R— on the stairs at Essex-street on Tuesday, and glad enough they appeared at seeing me. They are to be at Parliament Court to-morrow morning. Mr S— has sent an account of the Southern Fund meetings to the Repository, which is so full of superlative compliment to myself, that A— agrees with me in thinking it right to clip it. I rejoice to find that they had a pretty full meeting. B— goes to Poole in June, and a Mr W— is going to the Newport, so that the south will not be quite destitute of preachers. What a string of anecdotes and intelligence I am giving! this is not my old and regular way of writing letters, but I presume some of them will not be without interest, and it is only by telling you all about how, where, and with whom I am, what I am hearing and doing, that I can prepare you to think and feel with me. If this should not go on Monday, I will, if possible, enclose it in another sheet;
if not, you shall have a letter soon, and so shall I, I hope. Farewell.

Love and kind wishes be with you.

W. J. Fox.

Monday morning. B— goes on Wednesday morning. I have therefore cut open my letter, and shall go on prattling a wee while longer. I preached the lecture last night at the West-end of the town (Hanover-street), and had amongst my hearers the Rev. Mr Manning of Exeter. He went to Parliament-Court to hear and pay his respects to me, and finding I was at Hanover-street, immediately left the chapel, took coach, and arrived in time for the sermon. This is the way that old parsons spoil young ones. He is a very amiable old gentleman. Mr H—, on his first arrival at Exeter, appeared to have made up his mind to accept the Chichester invitation; he has since seemed to relax from this decision, so much at least as to induce them to resolve on inviting him also, which of course they would not do without some hopes, and he accordingly awaits there their formal application, which is to take place on Sunday next. This mode of managing two congregations by pitting the one against the other is altogether the most mercenary and paltry thing I ever heard of in our profession. The congregations at the Unitarian Lectures have fallen off considerably with the advance of spring, but I have had the two best that have been obtained since November, even including M—’s, who was very much inclined to boast.

Tuesday morning. I intended a longer letter, but have been prevented by several unavoidables: and am now
obliged to set off for a day in town. Since writing I have made an arrangement with L— for Covent Garden on Thursday night, to see Miss O'Neil in Mrs Hallor in "The Stranger." We expect an interesting conference tomorrow evening at Hackney. Subject is that which L—and I have debated in the Repository, and of course we are both expected to speak. My reply to his last article will stand over till next month; I have been too busy to make squibs. I forgot to mention that Mr H—is expected to marry as soon as he settles, having been long engaged; this is in favour of Exeter, as there he can have a school. You have heard perhaps of a prosecution for blasphemy at Liverpool against Mr W—, a Unitarian lecturer, who is said to have denied the Trinity and a future state! This is not the missionary W—, but his brother. We are all in high glee about it, as they cannot hurt him, and we expect he will be able to make the magistrates pay for their officiousness. At any rate 'twill make a bustle.

But I must close this newspaper. Again farewell.

Ever thine,

F.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fae, in London.

Monday, April 28, 1817. 10 o'clock.

Dear F——,

Our packets seem doomed to be delayed, for, from illness or some other cause, B— did not leave town till Saturday, and yours of course did not reach me till
the evening of that day. The pleasure it afforded amply compensated for the suspense; to tell the truth I was very uneasy for several days before, though I could not reconcile myself to charge you with forgetfulness. I made all kinds of excuses for you; and, among the rest, the very one that occasioned it. I have been prevented journalizing as I ought, except on one or two evenings, when I wrote a sheet full of remarks on what I had been reading, on purpose for you; I will send them when I have an opportunity: they are no further interesting than to show you how I employ part of my idle time. I will endeavour to make up for it now by telling you all that has happened in our circle. I take it for granted that papa told you Mr H— does not come, and that we have been shut up ever since he left till yesterday, when Josh. B— preached in his usual prosaic style—yet all very good, and all very true. He tells me that Mr R— has lost his eldest child, and is in great trouble at the loss; it must be very afflicting, and a severe trial for Mrs R—, for you know the youngest is infirm, and they centred all their hopes in the dear little girl. I wish you or Aspland could contrive to employ him; he might be made of great use to the cause: 'tis a pity he should continue where he is (buried alive, as it were), for he is really too good to be lost. B— dined with us; I had not much chat with him: papa took him in the morning to the G—s, and in the evening the B—s and W—s took tea with us. Josh. B— gave us a charming account of you and your congregation. You are now in your proper element. I shan't care if, in becoming a public man, you still retain your good, sociable, domestic qualities; I have great hopes you will (for all A—'s bad example): the
family you are now with appears eminently suited to cherish such feelings. 'Tis a subject of rejoicing that you are so comfortably and pleasantly situated, in every respect exactly as I could wish. I don't know how it is, but I am become quite a stay-at-home lately, without feeling the least inclination to gad about. I hear you say, "You have not the opportunity." No such thing: I have had repeated invitations from all my friends, who make a point of asking me, I believe, because you are gone. You would have been amused to have seen them all the first week after you left, with their long faces, put on upon the occasion, expecting to find me moping. 'Twas very kind, and all that, yet I may laugh now. Mrs D— asked me to dinner, and the P—s to tea, last week; I declined. Do not fancy from this that I am dull, or have given up walking; quite the contrary—I never felt better: my spirits are neither boisterous nor low, but just as you'd like me to be—comfortable to myself and cheerful with my friends. After the business of the morning is over I usually take a walk round the long way, without the trouble of dressing, for nobody sees me, and there end my out-goings for the day. Francis D— sent the other day to ask me to accompany him for a walk; if so he would call at 8 o'clock. I was surprised, for I have not spoken to him since you left. I of course declined. Was it not strange! I wonder if it was at his own or his mother's instigation. There was an odd circumstance happened the other day, I must tell you; I had been walking very deliberately under that pleasant shady hedge round the long way, and was so completely lost in thought, that till I was going to get over the stile I did not notice there were two persons behind me, who
accosted me by offering to assist me. Seeing they were gentlemen, I thanked them and walked on; but, to my great surprise, I had not gone many paces before they overtook me, and began remarking on the beauty of the weather. I took no notice, thinking they were impertinently intruding. They repeated it. I replied, "The day is fine enough," and paused for them to go on, but to no purpose; they continued to bore me with their questions about the country and cathedral (they were strangers), the distance of two long fields. Finding they did not seem inclined to leave me, I made a dead stop. They took the hint, and at last walked off, evidently out of their direction. I was very much alarmed, and trembled dreadfully, which they perceived I believe, for they apologized for intruding when they left. It spoiled my dinner as well as my walk. They laughed heartily at me (when I got home and told them) for being so foolish as to be frightened. I did not say so, but 'twas owing to the terrible and horrid tales you used to plague me with. What a lot of rigmarole nonsense I am talking—pray excuse it; but you see I do as you, in one sense, and tell you things just as they occur in my mind. If I were in such a city as London, I might, perhaps, be able to amuse you better. A truce to apologies, or I would say excuse writing as well—my pen is wretched. I have read "Wat Tyler," 'tis rather a spirited production, and infinitely superior to any of his Laureateship pieces; yet I was disappointed on the whole. If there had not been such a stir made about it I don't think it would have reached two editions. I have also read "Armata:" that you'll be surprised at. I opened it at first, 'tis true, from motives of curiosity; but it led me so gradually into the
subject, till I became interested, that I could not refrain from going through it, which I did at two sittings, and highly pleased I was. It throws some new light and information on many subjects that I was in total darkness and ignorance of before. I should have liked to have had a talk with you on many of the subjects hinted at in it, which require too much investigation for me ever fully to understand. I am pleased with the sketches of the characters of Fox and Pitt; they are beautifully, and I think correctly, drawn. The most prominent occurrences in the latter periods of English history are treated and traced in a very new and able manner. Papa and James both began reading it, but neither of them got half or quarter through it. I tell them they did not read enough of it to understand it. I recommended papa to read it very strongly, but in vain. I thought it would be a great treat to him; I conclude it was to you. I don’t see the necessity of its being in the style of a romance. Persons who would feel interested in his remarks, would quite as soon have them in another and a common way; in the last case, perhaps, it would not attract such an one as me, or so many stray readers: there is something in that. I shall be engaged to-morrow and Wednesday with a work-woman, therefore I shall conclude this to-night. I shall not be able to commence journalizing till Thursday, when I will make up for the dulness of this hasty scrawl. I told you an hour ago that I should wait till papa had received yours before I sent this, forgetting at the time that papa is at Worthing, and does not return till Thursday; besides, that is unnecessary; it would then be so long before it reached you, and lengthen the time before I hear from you, which I
hope will be very soon, and then I will very soon answer it. Accept the love and best wishes of your affectionate

Eliza ——.


Dear E—,

B— goes to-morrow, and I must therefore make you amends as much as possible for the delay by increasing the quantity. We had a famous conference last night, though A— was obliged to absent himself to attend to some urgent fund business. The subject, I think, I have before mentioned: “Whether the final restoration of the wicked be plainly foretold in the Scriptures?” Mr R— took the chair. The first speaker was T—, a young man of whom you have heard me speak; he came from Reading, is educating for the bar, and was the author of an elegy on Vidler in the Repository some months ago, as also of several papers on poetical scepticism. He took my side of the question, and made a very flowery speech, stuffed with all the imagery of all the poets. L— replied to him without a single figure, but with much solid sense and good argument. I followed, and hit him some hard blows. Mr W—, who is going to Newport at midsummer, replied to me in a speech distinguished by criticism and broad Scotch. He was succeeded by Thos. R— on the same side. The chairman then gave an able summary of the different arguments, and expressed his
own opinion on the same side with myself, and we went home to supper. It was thought the most interesting conference this year; of the six who spoke four were ministers, and the other two practised speakers.

I have yet told you nothing of the family I am with, except of Mr L. He has several children, but only three at home; Miss L is, I suppose, about 20, very plain, steady, and notable; the next is Charles, a lively four-year-old, who hates his book, but is a very shrewd and clever child; the other is an infant of two months. Mrs L is an interesting woman, very sensible, with a good deal of experience of life, and much improved both in mind and head by the vicissitudes they have undergone; both she and Mr L have a large share of good principle and correct feeling. They are truly sympathetic and benevolent without any sentimental cant. I uniformly take my breakfast alone, with the newspaper of the morning before me, for which I pay 6d. per week, and the other meals with the family, though I seldom sit with them except at a game of chess after dinner, and a chat after supper. A and I are projecting the formation of a kind of literary theological society, to meet once a month for the production of original essays, to be followed by free discussion; the essays, when the subject will admit, to be afterwards printed in the Repository. We have not yet matured our design, but the persons we look to as members are our ministerial brethren, and the most intelligent laymen we can pick up, keeping a strict check by ballot that we may not be encumbered with noodles, nor admit any before whom we cannot use the greatest freedom of speech. Should it succeed, it promises I think to be a very pleasant and useful thing. I have
heard nothing of the Sunday Review since I came to town, nor does there seem to be any interest among our friends about it, so that I have done nothing, nor probably shall, but wait for some better opportunity. A fair chance may, I think, perhaps occur in a few months for having something to do with some periodical work, which you know is a kind of employment that I have a hankering after, and when it does occur I shall certainly embrace it. Will you tell Edward that I inquire after his geometry, and want to know whether I may have hopes of him. Tell papa too, as a piece of legal information, that the magistrates of Liverpool have convicted John W—in the full penalty of £50, for preaching in an unlicensed room, although satisfactory evidence was produced and admitted of its having been licensed some years ago, on the ground that this license was not obtained by John W—or his congregation, but by a different congregation, and therefore he was not protected by it. If this be law, 49 dissenting chapels out of 50 are not licensed, but we shall have another trial for it, as 'twill be carried into the Court of King's Bench.

You see I write things just as they arise in my mind at the moment. You will do the same. Your journal is by this time large enough to send, and double or treble let me have it by post, and soon. You will now, I think, pretty well understand how I am setting off, and imagine me full of bustle and business; my mind on the stretch, and my body tolerably exercised, for on the average I walk considerably more than usual. I have been only twice in a hackney-coach, and then of necessity, to remove my trunk from London to G—'s, and afterwards here. I was at a royal supper on Tues-
day night with the stowards of my dinner, who then met as usual, after such transactions, to settle their accounts. I was chairman, and had the hardest task that I have yet encountered, viz. to cut up a duck. The chapel affairs go on bravely, and applications for sittings are made every Sunday. To-night I see Miss O'Neill, and you shall have the critique in my next. Again farewell.

W. J. Fox.


My dear Eliza,

I shall again disobey you about Arch's parcel, partly because it is so very uncertain as to time, partly because I prefer sending by Mr L—, although he stays at Esher to see his little girl, and will therefore be two days on the road; and besides this (a good reason you know generally comes at last with a "besides" after several insufficient ones), besides this, I say, I have no parcel to send, but merely a short coxing letter. Well, I have seen Miss O'Neill, and am rather sorry for it, because before I could go to Drury with an undivided heart, and think there was nobody in the world but Kean that understood the perfection of acting. We saw "The Stranger," a play low in morality and poor in dialogue, but which, nevertheless, tells well in the performance. The house was excessively full. Kemble played the stranger for the last time, and was greeted with loud plaudits and cheering. He was very great, the greatness of con-
summate art; but O'Neill was nature itself: at first she disappointed me, she was tame, very tame, and I thought that she was a lovely creature, and therefore people set her down for a good actress, but I soon found she was only reserving herself for the impassioned passages. She threw her whole heart and soul into the character. I was near enough to see that the feelings of Mrs Haller became her own, to be certain of the shiftings of her colour, and to mark real tears flowing profusely down her cheeks. Some scenes were oppressively painful; the whole house was frequently in the most profound stillness; frequently there was deep and general emotion—not the thrilling horror, or ungovernable admiration, that Kean produces, but a tender and irresistible pathos. She has one great advantage over Kean in the kind of feeling she excites; 'tis of a gentler and more sympathetic nature.—My critique has been interrupted;—I believe I was only going to add an inferiority to balance this last advantage over my stage hero. O'Neill's voice is deep-toned and tragic, 'tis admirably adapted to blank verse; but I missed the quick, sharp, easy, natural speaking of Kean. One of her attitudes is of heavenly loveliness—when in deep sorrow she gives the stage the front face with clapsed hands and eyes thrown upwards; she then is inferior to not even the finest Magdalenes of the finest painters.

Thursday morning, May 1st. Have just been shocked as I read the papers at breakfast, by glancing at the deaths and seeing that the first name on the list was that of an old acquaintance, Ben. T.—. It can scarcely be lamented, indeed, in such a case as his, and there had been for some time no hope of his recovery; still the final close of life, even when its prolongation is undesirable,
gives us a mournful chill. It happened on Sunday last. I shall procure Mrs T—'s address and write to her in a day or two.

Your remarks interest me exceedingly, and your favourite Wolfe is very happily selected. The direction of his talents to military affairs was, I imagine, the result altogether of education; he was intended by nature for something gentler than a soldier. But his father was a veteran of some renown, who had served under the great Marlborough, and probably the tales of the old hero by his fire-side made a young hero in petticoats. Wolfe was in the army and in active service while yet a mere boy, and rose rapidly by his merit only; this last fact accounts, I think, for the inconsistency you charge upon him. He fought not merely to accomplish this or that military or patriotic object, but to raise himself from comparative obscurity to fame and perhaps rank. It was from daring and successful enterprise that he expected elevation, and failures, though justifiable and not fatal to the interests of his country, would prevent his rising. Hence the high schemes he planned, and hence the anxiety he felt; much might be at stake in them as to his country, but his own all depended on success. You will think I am vindicating him from one accusation by another, and that in accounting for the feelings of the man I make him less of a hero. But the sentiments of the world have long allowed the pursuit of fame and honour by the exertion of military talent a place among fair and honourable occupations, and Wolfe probably saw none of the moral deficiency which I think that sentiment implies; nor, had his own country not needed his services, would he, I imagine, have scrupled to serve in some foreign army.
and cut his way to fame and fortune. Most great commanders have felt thus, and considered war as a science, profession, or employment, in which it was honourable to excel, without at all adverting to the justice of the business. In Wolfe the patriot was united with the hero, and he loved the cause for which he fought, but "twas not the patriot, but the military adventurer, that had those nervous apprehensions of defeat,—thus at least it appears to me at the moment.

I am sorry for Mrs B—'s suffering, and if, when you see her, any condolatory message from me will do her spirits any good, pray assure her of my sincere sympathy. Your piece of family good news gave me real pleasure, as it must add to your comfort. By your saying nothing of Tungmere, I suppose that scheme does not go on. Your fright has not, I hope, kept you within-doors, as walking is absolutely necessary for your health. The terror you felt was certainly more than the occasion deserved, but it was a great piece of impertinence. As to books, I have not read Armina, and did not intend, but after what you say I think I must. Hunter tells me that he is about to publish a volume of comic dramas by Miss Edgeworth, full of satire, wit, and humour. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, applied to him for a sight of the manuscript, and has had, instead, the proofsheets sent him from the printing office, as Hunter thinks, for the purpose of bringing out one of them. Miss B— wrote a play in early life, but it was rejected by the theatres, much, I suspect, to their loss and that of the public, as in consequence she wrote for the stage no more. These have never been offered to the stage. Had the managers of that day been wiser, what comedies we might have had
from her. So seeing the evil of checking genius in the 
bud, I shall not crush you by the severity of criticism. 
In truth, my own Eliza, your letters delight me, and 
they make me delighted with the writer. You are just 
what I wish, and all I wish. A full satisfaction and a 
confidence have taken possession of my mind, and enable 
my heart to rest on you in peace, though longing and 
restlessness of absence will sometimes haunt me; but they 
subside into a fixed, admiring, approving affection which 
makes a certainty of hope, and disposes me to dwell on 
what I gain as well as what I lose by absence; for how 
without it could I have known all your worth, firmness, 
and affection. But I must conclude. If Mr L— return 
next week to town let me have a letter by him and say 
how he is liked. You will not see enough of him to ap-
preciate his real merit. Should he not return early write 
by post. You will think of me for the next fortnight as 
labouring on the annual sermon for the Fund meeting. I 
have not yet begun it, but must speedily. Farewell.

Yours ever,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev.
W. J. Fox, in London.

My Dear,

Thursday, May 1st, 1817.

I am this moment come from the Guildhall, 
where I left Joseph L— lecturing on the old subject. Being 
rather poorly, and finding the place very cold, I made an
excuse to slip away, and here I am about to enjoy a wee coze with you before the rest of the family returns. My last packet breathed nothing but light-heartedness and joy; and now, if I write as my spirits alone dictate, this will be little else but gloom and despondency, and make you as dull as I am myself; thus, how variable are our feelings, even after having made the greatest efforts to subdue them, owing to illness, or other accidental causes. You see I am making use of you now medicinally—it has already had the desired effect; indeed, were I not allowed to hold converse with thee at all times and in all humours, I should value but lightly that privilege, which is at present one of the greatest sources of enjoyment.

Saturday, 3rd.—I was about to tell you something of Joseph L— the other evening, when the return of the family, with him and Mr H— to supper, interrupted me. I am doubtful if you know him, therefore shall venture: he is a very fat man, and of middle stature, with a benevolent and intelligent countenance, perfectly the gentleman in his manners, the very opposite to many celebrated persons, who frighten one to silence; easy himself, he at once makes others feel easy with him; having mingled so much with the world at large, he has worn off all the stiffness and formality of the Quaker, although he retains their mode of dress and principles, and appears to have acquired such nice discrimination of character as to know at once the conversation best adapted to each individual. You know he has been disowned—because he was poor, he told me. He is, indeed, very different from that cold-hearted, stiff-necked tribe. He seems particularly fond of children. Amelia and
Matilda delighted him; but most the former, whom he took to his lecture. He passed two days with us, and I found him a very pleasant and amusing companion, having a fund of anecdote, which he relates, generally, by way of illustrating either the character or the subject in question. He told me a very fair pan, made by Lewis W— on Dr Bell;—a church bell, which had on the place where the maker’s name is usually inscribed, Lancaster me fuit: he says he shall adopt it as his coat-of-arms.

Yet, with all his powers of pleasing in private, I was sadly disappointed in him as a lecturer. He has neither eloquence nor sound argument to recommend him; if it were not for the benevolence and liberality of his intentions such numbers would never run to hear him. He intends lecturing on Monday in Hunt’s Chapel. I don’t think I shall be induced to follow him; although I lost, he said, the cream of the last. He is writing his own life, which will be published very shortly; part of it is in the press. So much for that subject; I am fearful you’ll be tired; but the next shall be more amusing.

Monday, 5th.—L— has just told me he leaves tomorrow morning for Esher, whence he returns on Friday, to be in readiness for next Sunday, as he does duty here on that day. I shall send this by him, as he tells me he can enclose it in a parcel which he has to forward to you. I had formed a high opinion of L— before he came, although you seemed to wish us to suppress our expectations, under the plea that he would improve on acquaintance. ’Twas prudent in you, but unnecessary, I think; for he had not been with us an hour before he began to shine, and take a share in the conversation. After supper papa mounted his etymological hobby in
good spirits, and very soon induced L— to join him. We
had much amusing talk on that and other subjects con-
ected with it till a late hour, when he left us till next
day at dinner. I was sorry we could not offer him a bed;
but as it has been the means of bringing J. F— to our
table again, I am glad of it. F— joined us on Saturday
and was invited to dine on the Sunday; he came to tea.
This may produce cordiality in that quarter again; I have
great hopes it will. The general opinion of L—’s preach-
ing is favourable, I am inclined to think, though his
appearance is against him: this wears off on acquain-
tance. His sermons were excellent; and his discourses at
the Communion (in which he stated the reasons why it
was instituted, and the notions that ought to influence us on
assembling there) solemn and impressive. Sunday evening,
papa and he got on the subject of Philosophical Necessity,
which was argued well on both sides of the question, if I
am capable of judging: L— had the advantage. After
supper, the conversation changed to politics. He and
F— had it their own way completely, and said many
severe things against Buonaparte, &c. Papa maintained
a total silence, thinking, I suppose, that two against one
was too much. I am telling these things just as they
occurred. You will be enabled more easily to place
yourself among us, and judge of the impression he made.
I need not say your presence was much missed in the
discussions, &c., by all parties; you would have thrown
them in the shade, as L— says you did all the speech-
makers at your dinner. I am much obliged by your
noticing my remarks; it shows they were not wholly
devoid of interest. You shall have some more for it,
when I meet with any thing or person sufficiently stimu-
lating. By the way, I don't like giving up Wolfe as a military adventurer, yet there is a deal of truth in your observations. I did not place his character in that light before. You have not read Armata, you say; tell me, when you have, what you think of it—perhaps 'tis too temporising. My remarks on the work were not made from a conviction of their correctness, but merely to draw forth your opinions; besides, I don't write to be praised, dearly as I love it from you, but to be corrected in what you see amiss. Do not be afraid of crushing me (though, by-the-by, I am pleased with the implied compliment); you know too well how to temper criticism. Papa wrote for the books to-day, and ordered Miss Edgworth's dramas: I expect a treat. L— and he are gone to dine with F—; this is as I could wish. Mrs B— is better, though still confined to her chamber. My company is not much desired there, as Miss R— is staying with her at present. By your telling me that you shall be at work on the Fund sermon for the next fortnight, I conclude you wish to be absolved from letter-writing during that time. I formally grant absolution, if 'tis necessary; but, mark me, if idle half-hours after supper, or any other time, he unemployed in the great work, you are no longer acquitted: I don't forget that 'twas partly written at Chichester. Hoping it will not be a very long time ere I recognize your well-known hand, I conclude with the best wishes for your success.

From your own affectionate

Eliza ——.

Hackney Road, 7 May, 1817.

My Love,

I strictly obey you to the very letter of your command, and as 'tis not quite bed time, and after Conference, where I have been presiding, I am not very fit for sermonizing, you shall have the interval. This is the last conference, and it has been a very interesting one, though I much wished that A— had been well enough to attend, and take the chair, instead of myself. We have had a speech of poetic eloquence from T—, and one of philosophic eloquence from G—. The latter made by far the deepest impression. Your letter awaited my return home. It was accompanied by one from L—, in which he expresses himself highly gratified at his reception at Chichester. It enclosed one from Dr S— also, who speaks highly of L—. You may tell papa that, though I have no authority to assert, nor can absolutely say that it will be so, yet I have reason to think that F— will accept an invitation if offered him. Of the two I think you will know which offers the best prospect of continued acceptability and usefulness, but it gives a choice, and either is infinitely better than Yorkism. I am surprised at what you say of L—'s anti-Buonapartism. I never talked with him directly on that subject, but we agree so completely on all English questions, and he is so decided a friend to liberty, that I felt no hesitation in giving him a good political character. Did you see the Monthly Review? Dr P—'s sermon has a little niche there, they
have only bestowed about two sentences upon it, but short and sweet. I have now to introduce you to a fresh admirer of my eloquence, and one who has bestowed upon me as strong compliments as anybody, and this is—now rub your eyes and read it twice—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex!! Now don't tremble lest my vanity should upset my republicanism, and you shall hear all about it. John W—, the solicitor, who, though his connections are orthodox, is a liberal man and mixes much with all parties, was at A—'s congregational dinner in November, and pleased with my speech there. I afterwards dined with him, and had not seen him since. Last Friday night I received from him a bill announcing the anniversary of the City-road School, which educates 1000 boys on the Lancastrian system, for which a sermon was to be preached by Rowland Hill, before the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor, Lord Darnley, &c., who were then to proceed to the school to distribute prize medals to the children, and afterwards to dinner. The packet also contained a ticket for the dinner, tickets of admission for four persons to the ceremony at the school, and a written request, in the name of the Lord Mayor and committee, for my "eloquent support." I did not attend the sermon, but went at the appointed time to the school-room. The boys were drawn up in the area, and within were near a thousand persons, a large proportion ladies, waiting anxiously for the ceremony. W— (who is secretary to the school) soon came and led me to an elevated platform at the upper end of the room, where were about half-a-dozen persons who had to take part in the business. After a short interval we heard loud cheering in the street. The great door was thrown open; the whole company
rose, and, amid reiterated shouts, clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, &c., entered the Duke of Sussex, leading the Lady Mayoress, and followed by the Lord Mayor, his daughters, Lord and Lady Darnley, and several other distinguished persons. The Duke immediately took the chair in the centre of the platform; there was a double row of chairs on each side, and I was about the fifth on his left. He is tall and stout with a fine open countenance and most hearty and popular manners; he was drest in plain clothes with no ornament but the star and insignia of the Garter. His voice is rather shrill, but very strong. The boys were called in, read, and exhibited their books; he inquired the name of each before they approached him, and called them by it, accompanying the gift of each medal with some joke, praise, or advice. After this came on the business, which (when the report was read) consisted of a variety of motions and resolutions, which the secretary had previously written out, and handed to different persons on the platform for them to propose with a speech. The one assigned to me was to propose a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor. The subject suited me; I felt that the supposition of my possessing talent was the only reason for my being there; my feelings were interested by the spectacle, and I made a speech, which you will forgive the vanity of my saying was more loudly applauded than any other. I offered no incense to royalty except its wisdom in aiding to destroy that ignorance in the population which might be fatal to itself; which, like the fabled Upas-tree, not only blasted with its poisonous atmosphere the animal that sought its shade below, but brought down the eagle from its towering flight above. I professed a change of opinion on one point. That I had doubted the
permanence of the Lancastrian system, but from the display I there saw of its supporters and wide diffusion I must believe its permanency; and of the reasons for believing it could not fall, one at least was the character of its founder (the Lord Mayor), &c. Many persons spoke, and amongst the rest Rowland Hill, who had been preaching for them; his speech and mine had a very complimentary notice from the Duke in his concluding address—and no others. Away we all went to the Albion Tavern. W—told me that a place was secured for me, and this I found at the upper table next his own; he and I sat opposite the Duke of Sussex and Lord Darnley, who was on the left of the chair, the Lord Mayor on the right. At dinner W— and myself jointly were (after Lord Darnley) the first persons challenged to wine by the Duke and Lord Mayor. They repeatedly addressed themselves to me across the table; this was chiefly dinner-conversation, as thus for a specimen—Duke: “Mr Fox, you have been treating me and the meeting with many great things, I have something great here for you” (a large pudding before him). I replied, “A British dish, your Royal Highness, and therefore always welcome to me.” He was in high spirits, joined heartily and musically in the choruses to the songs, and when the band was playing any superior piece, frequently echoed the finest parts in an under-tone. I will give a pun of his in exchange for Lancaster’s. The Lord Mayor presented £600 to the school from an unknown Lady. This of course occasioned much joking. The Duke, in proposing her health, said he was sorry he could not say whose health he was giving, she was an invisible girl, a mere name, a substantive; if she were a verb, one might hope to conjugate her. After
the three or four customary toasts, W— was requesting me to propose a sentiment on universal Education, when he was interrupted by the Duke with, "Stop, sir, I shall introduce that toast myself, and let me alone for taking care Mr Fox shall not escape. I'll secure his speech." Accordingly, after some general observations, he talked of my forcible and brilliant oratory, congratulating the school on the accession of a host in me, &c., till my cheeks tingled gloriously. I rose, of course, and on sitting down received again his compliments across the table, and of course his princely example was followed on all sides till I had enough of sweetmeat. He then began conversing with me on some of the topics of my speech, and said that he must differ on one point; he agreed with me that mankind advanced generally in knowledge, but thought there was a time when there was more knowledge in the world than at present, though 'twas confined to fewer persons. I inquired to what period he referred; he said the Egyptians, whose priests, by employing a multitude of agents in particular departments to collect facts and make observations, had, he imagined, amassed larger stores of science than any philosophers since, who had no such resources. The notion, he said, was his own. Did I not think it original? at least was not his application of it new? We conversed on this till the business of the day called off his attention. He speaks well, with no ornament, but expressing strong and just sentiments in plain and good language, sometimes with point. His speeches were very liberal and democratic. He referred to his own rank, as given him by the people on condition of his discharging its duties, and being active in their cause. He pronounced all governments and institutions
bad that rested on the ignorance of the people or opposed
the progress of the human mind, and said the sooner
they were destroyed the better. He alluded, in conversa-
tion, to the debate expected that night in the House of
Commons on Canning's embassy to Lisbon, and said he
expected Brougham would cut up Canning well, for he
bad recently dined with Brougham and remarked his
abstaining from wine, which was always a symptom of his
labouring with a great speech. The Lord Mayor spoke,
but he is no orator. W— was eloquent, and bestowed
some well-turned sentences on the subject that interests
you. We had also a very interesting speech from old
Dr Hamilton, and a funny little one from Rowland Hill.
For all this royalty rigmarole you shall pay postage. I
have told you many trifles, but the scene was new to me,
though the jolly-hearted Duke made me from the first
feel at ease. From W— I received particular attention
through the day, for which I could not thank him without
his over-thanking me for my "intellectual contribution."
G— was at the school, though not (unavoidably) at the
dinner; he told me last night ("tis now Thursday morning)
that his hands were yet very sore with clapping.

The commencement of your letter much alarmed me,
though I was glad to find it going on in a pleasanter tone.
But at last you tell me of illness; my dear girl, take care
of yourself. I have made a hole in my morning more to
amuse you than gratify my own vanity, and whenever
you are unwell you shall be excused with short notes
(unless you are disposed to write), and I will give you
long letters in return; this is all I can do for you. Adieu,
dearest. Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.
Letter from Miss Florance, at Chichester, to the Rev.
W. J. Fox, in London.

Friday, May 9th, 1817.

My dear,

I have half an hour for thee, love, before L— is expected, to thank you for the kind letter I received this morning. I call it so emphatically, because I think you were induced to write sooner than intended, fearing that I was poorly, and therefore it would be more acceptable. This was very considerate, and 'twas duly appreciated. I have been, 'tis true, very unwell, but am much better since I read your amusing account of the Lancastrian gala day, when you appear to have been in all your glory. It must have been highly gratifying to you at finding yourself noticed by those great people merely on account of your talents. I was indeed surprised at finding you in company, and admired by lords and dukes, yet still not altogether delighted, except with the conduct of Mr W—, and with your éclat, to which there seems no end; for you must know I always tremble when I hear of any one's being intimate with the Duke of K—, although you describe him to be such a merry-hearted soul. I can't help associating his name with that of Dr C— and J. L—, and you must admit they have no reason to rejoice at his acquaintance. I do not mean by this to insinuate danger in your case; you're a different being, and not likely for the sake of indulging vanity to be led into the same predicaments. You will laugh at these absurd ideas crossing my mind, if you like, but I could not refrain from telling you, inconsistent as they appear. When
you tell me of little gratifying circumstances you meet with on those public occasions, I wish you would not term it vanity; with all your philosophy, it must occupy some share in your thoughts and feelings, and why may not I participate, especially as you must know what heartfelt delight it affords; besides, with whom may you indulge that strain unless with me? If you were here you would talk thus, and why not write in the same unreserved way without charging yourself with vanity? it is a wrong use of the word, and I will not have anything, any exchange of sentiment, between ourselves called by it.

I must again recur to the liberal invitation and kind attentions of Mr W—, who seems to have behaved so handsomely; his bringing you forward and noticing you in this public manner will tend very much to increase your popularity, and more particularly as it was seconded by the jolly-hearted Duke Scrub, as I think him. I can't agree with him that there is less knowledge at the present time than at the period he referred to; it is a fair question for argument. If I had time, and did not wish to send this by L—, who leaves on Monday, I should like to discuss it. I am charmed with your allusion to the fabled Upas, and its application; 'tis very happy. L— dines with the doctor to-day; he is not at Freemantle's, for Miss G— has taken possession of his apartment, but at your old lodgings, where he sleeps and takes his breakfast; the remainder of the day he would be with us, unless elsewhere invited. What do you think of Southey's letter to William Smith? I have read it, and think he states his sentiments with spirit and fairness, he gives the honourable gentleman some hard blows. I should have enjoyed it more if I had read Mr S—'s speech first. I went to the
library last evening (it is now Saturday) to find you out in the Monthly Review: it is little, and good indeed. I think you must be nearly surfeited with sweets; you have had so much of it lately from all quarters, that a sober dish would be a treat as well as a rarity. Have you heard or seen anything of M——? we are surprised at not having heard you mention him in any way. I have this moment been requested by papa, before I fill my letter with any more gossip, to make a few inquiries for him, respecting congregational business, as he is fearful he shall not have time to do so himself; when would he ever get through such long gossiping ones as you and I write? I told you that Mr L—— was on the whole generally approved as a preacher; since then I learn some few objections have been started that will, I fear, prevent his being invited. The principal is on the grounds of his Anti-Paedo baptism; another made by Mrs S—— and the fastidious ones, on the badness of his voice; the former is the most ostensible, and will be stated (if any reasons are assigned) as the one that prevents his being asked to fill our pulpit. This I am very sorry for, but 'tis useless to contend with the powers that be. To prevent the appearance of an ill compliment to L——, 'tis determined to make this a point when L—— is asked whether he objects to baptize infants. Therefore 'tis desirable to know before any communications take place between him and the congregation what his sentiments really are on this most momentous subject; on this point 'tis likely you can satisfy them; if so papa says I am to request a letter as early after you have received this as possible. I imagine he wishes to write to Diss before next Sunday. If you know of any minister who would like an excursion
into the country for a month or two, papa thinks it would be a desirable acquisition for us, till they have fully determined whom to invite: besides, that is not the only reason, let me tell you; they think it would be less expensive than constantly having to pay journeys to and from London every week or fortnight. For him to occupy Kingston's lodgings, and for them to provide for the worthy, whoever he may be, in the same manner they did for you: this will be more pleasant for the minister, and create less jealousies in the congregation, than any other mode that could be adopted. On my reading this part of the letter to papa, he desires me to add, that the two guineas, as you had, applies only to an occasional minister, such as Mr L——, to whom they intend giving two guineas for each Sunday, and pay all his expenses, trusting that will be deemed sufficient; but that in case of a gentleman's continuing any length of time they should offer him the same in proportion as a regular minister. I believe I have now told you all that is necessary, and was requested by papa, and now for a word extra none. I am not surprised myself at L——'s not being invited: his appearance is very much against him, and his irregular mode of pronouncing many words, such as Goopel, Goud, &c., are very grating to the ear, and you know with many would be inexcusable. When I heard Wilmshurst so state this as an objection, I said this may be easily corrected, for even you had many similar pronunciations when you first came. He argued then that L—— was too old to submit to innovations or corrections, so 'twas useless to attempt to change him. There seems, I think, a hankering after R——; J. G——, J. P——, and one or two others always inquire after him at the vestry
meetings, by way of sounding the members, I suppose. I should prefer F— to him, I think. I am very sorry that L— is not to be invited; I had great hopes at first he would, for every one seemed to admire his sermons. You know my partiality to F— is very great, yet still for a permanency I should prefer L—; he is better adapted, in my humble opinion, for our congregation, his depth of thought and solid acquirements are not to be mentioned in comparison; he reminds me strongly of poor Dr Powell's way of thinking. L— proposed to me to send for you into the country after the fund dinner; by that time, I suppose, you will begin to think of your Norwich friends. I thought it would be of service to A—, if his health continues in so bad a state as you represent it. I am really very sorry for him, although I neglected to say so before. As for yourself, you would be always welcome here, but that is out of the question. I shall only wish to see you when you can make it convenient to come, a wish I must suppress till autumn.

Yours and yours only,

Eliza——.


Ma chère Elise,

Thou art quite even with me now, for a blunder I made some time since in reading a letter of thine from Yarmouth. How could you confound the Duke of K—, who has been two years on the Continent, and will remain there till his debts are liquidated, with my friend (as Collyer says) the Duke of Sussex, and make the latter
responsible for all the scrubbory of the former? He is a man of much greater talent, and stands higher in public estimation, than the other did when most popular: however, enough of him. He has done some good, I believe, for they say that we have had, and shall have, some extra hearers, in consequence of the exhibition of that day. A— continues very unwell, and will not be permitted to preach yet. He has not yet been out; and I very much fear we shall not have him at the Fund, which will cast a sad damp on the pleasure of the day. His coming to Chichester is quite impossible. He would not be able to preach, and, besides, would of course prefer (should he go into the country) going amongst old acquaintances. As to M—, the fact is, I have not yet beheld his beauteous; he left town on the Parliament Court dinner day. I had sent him a ticket by post the day before, and he came to the tavern, had A— called out into another room, and would have sent for me, but A— prevented him, rightly judging that just then (as I was entering on my chairmanship duties) it would have been very unseasonable. He has been returned some time, I believe; but the distance is so great, that not having had occasion to go near, I have not called on him, and he probably is ignorant of my residence. Nothing of any interest has occurred since I wrote last. I have been confining myself to the Fund sermon, which has given me a good deal of trouble, and will occupy me still for some part of next week. On the Sunday so'night after that, I shall have a school charity sermon to preach at the Gravel Pit, so that they will keep me at work, and A— is begging for help in the repository. W— told me on the grand day that I must preach before long for the City-road School. Their next preacher is
the Bishop of Clonyne. If this should happen, and you particularly wish the Duke of Sussex reformed, I shall have the opportunity of preaching a few things at his conscience. Last night, at supper, I was amused by some talk about patience, leading L— to tell us how he had been trying a lady’s patience lately, and then repeating what you mentioned about Southampton. Poor Elizabeth looked shocked, and called out, “Why, father!” and Mrs L—, with a look between fright and anger, ejaculated, “My love!” Being in previous possession of the story, I enjoyed the whole heartily. Will you be surprised at my saying that probably you will soon give me information about new books, rather than I you. I have access to the institutions, and the command of all the works in a pretty good society of which A— is secretary, but my appetite for new and light reading is fast diminishing. This is attributable to my having full occupation for the mind on subjects of deeper interest and importance. There is now so much more for me to say, do, and think of, that my chief relaxation will soon become writing to you. Mr II— has just been with me for instructions about his journey to-morrow. Unless he be met at the coach, I have told him to deliver this immediately, and ask a guide to Kingston’s. He will stay over Monday to see the place, having never been at Chichester before. He is reckoned the cleverest of A—’s students, and ’tis also said that he is himself decidedly of that opinion. Probably he would have done very well for Chichester, and at the time of my resignation he might have been obtained, but he is now absolutely engaged for Lewes; not for M—’s place there, but to succeed W. J—. By his return I suppose I shall know
what you are going to do. I wish L— had made more
impression, as you will not be better suited than with him.
I had great hopes when I received a favourable account
of him from the doctor. His wife and daughter would not
have interested you much: they are very good folks, but
not intellectual. Elizabeth has as much romance in her
head, and as little of it in her feelings and conduct, as
any girl I ever saw. She is very plain in face, and rather
conventional in manners; very uncultivated, with not
much that can be called character, and is very fond of
getting poems or novels by herself to read. Mrs L—
is rather a vulgar copy, in appearance and manners, of
Mrs W—, with more native sense, however, and ex-
perience, good-hearted, open, and unaffected. She has
frequently an entrée tone or phrase, picked up in Scotland,
Birmingham, or elsewhere, that makes her talk (to me)
frequently amusing and piquant. She is in a great bustle
with me now because I have a little cold, caught or in-
creased by the intense heat of the chapel on Sunday
evening. Hot wine at night by my bedside, eggs beat
up in the forenoon, &c., enough to cure a dying man.
P—'s family took sittings at P. C. on Sunday, where,
indeed, they have scarcely missed attending since I came.
They do not leave A—, but belong to both, and several
of his hearers are doing the same. G— is hard at work,
but not for speedy publication. He has requested me to
take his manuscripts, and blot out freely. This you need
not mention to anybody from town, as I am the only
person to be intrusted with these papers, or that yet is
acquainted with their existence. I find him a most
stimulating companion; his conversation keeps the facul-
ties always upon the stretch. We have incessant debates
upon one subject—he is an inveterate enemy to fiction in every shape; to plays, novels, and romances in the lump—even the best of them. When a boy he threw away "Robinson Crusoe" in a pet, because he discovered that it was not true. From this sweeping condemnation Shakespeare alone is excepted; but Shakespeare, he says, was a deep philosopher of the human mind. He prefers the historical plays, and would like the whole better if taken out of dramatic form and made into essays upon character. After all, I am afraid he reads him chiefly by the index of words. L— made an odd blunder at Chichester. Before his coming down was thought of, it was mentioned one day that G—'s first literary project, after he left Scotland, was publishing an edition of "Barnes turned into English" (!) I observed that it was like an acquaintance of mine, who set about turning "Hudibras" into prose! (which was one of D—'s ingenious experiments, you know, some time ago). L— jumbled these together, and told your father that G— had turned "Hudibras" into prose. Luckily, D— was not present. I hope my next letter will be more interesting than this, which is really scarce worth sending. Tell me all about how your health is, whether you walk, how you are employed, when you visit, &c. &c. Tell papa that no long supplies can be had till midsummer, when *will be vacation with the students, and schools of country ministers, who then run away from home, and then perhaps some idle hands may be picked up; they will fix, I hope, before then. Farewell.

Yours affectionately,

W. J. Fox.

Hackney Road, 16th May, 1817.
Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Thursday, May 15th, 1817.

Again, my love, I shall devote a short time to thee. One might imagine that writing to you was become a necessary part of my existence; so it really seems, for if I am told a bit of news, meet a friend, or read a book, the first thing that occurs to me is, I must tell F—that. This is evidently the force of habit, to trace it to no higher source, as, while you were among us, whatever happened, whether of a trifling or serious nature, you, of course, were the first person to whom it was related, and so 'tis now; and by thus associating you with every incident, though absent, you are present, and, in imagination, taking part in all the little occurrences in the day; so that you still retain the double capacity of monitor and friend: besides, there is another point of view in which it may be placed without objection; the bare idea of reciprocation, if 'tis but imaginary, tends much to cherish a lively interest in the concerns of another, and without it, perhaps, such feelings might languish. I will not have this termed romance nor "sentimental cant," but the feelings of sober truth and seriousness. The coldest philosopher or the most rigid ascetic must have felt thus, though they might not have acknowledged it, if they ever parted with a valued friend and companion. Do not imagine that I shall allow myself to descend on this subject; rest assured I will not; yet you must excuse me if I sometimes inadvertently recur to it. I really did not intend this strain when I made up my mind to prattle a wee
while with you this evening; 'tis one of the evils of writing without premeditation. I believe I meant to relate some of the gossip of the day, and which now occupies a principal place in the newsmonger's budget. J. B.—has given up business! and sold the concern. This has been the source of much wonderment and conjecture. 'Tis said he means to leave this place entirely, and reside in London. It will be more pleasant for his wife, I imagine, who never liked Chichester. Do you remember P—, a conceited foppish clergyman, who often annoyed you at the reading-rooms; well, he married last week, to the surprise of all his friends, a Miss T—, and received fifteen thousand pounds with her. I know not whether the lady be young, handsome, or accomplished, but 'tis true he has the lady's money, and expects more at her mother's death. Little B— is likely to be as fortunate, if he does not stand in his own light. He left Chichester the same week as you did, for Devonshire, where he was invited to be present at a matrimonial fête. On his way thither he stopped at a friend's, Mr F—'s (who went with him thus far on his road to Cornwall), where a young lady of good and independent fortune has taken a fancy for him, and wishes him to say, 'Will you wed, wed, wed?' Poor Miss K—, what will she say? There's a dose of trash for you. This is running from one extreme to another, indeed. You'll be quite as much surprised, and more pleased, with what I am about to tell you. Papa told me this morning that he intended going to London in a few weeks, and he shall be present at the Fund dinner, if I can possibly persuade him to go soon enough. I have succeeded in another quarter. Mr W. told me yesterday that he intended going to town tomorrow, and
return in a week. I immediately put my veto against that plan, and told him of the 28th, which soon determined him to defer it till then. He supped with us last night, and from what he then said, it seems he is more favourably inclined towards Mr L—, wisely concluding with the doctor that, although his voice is very bad, it may be a very long time before we meet with another of the same solid acquirements. 'Tis a little singular that the persons who object to L— on account of his voice and northern pronunciations, were the warmest admirers of H—: a distorted countenance, it would seem, is to them more agreeable than a hoarse voice; the one is lasting to be sure, the other will wear off with warm weather. Mrs W. has given up going to town till the autumn. P— goes to-morrow, and offers to take anything for me: I shall not send by him, as there will be several opportunities of sending next week. Papa has this moment brought D— in to supper; so, for the present, good-bye.

Sunday, 18th.—The stupid booby you intrusted with my letter was so frightened at coming among strangers, or some other cause, as to forget that he had one in his pocket till nearly supper-time, when he produced it, with an apology. I must own I thought it strange at first, but on consideration concluded you objected sending by him: I need not say this temporary disappointment heightened the pleasure. Mr H— must have been fiercely attacked by Cupid, or the blind god has never even wantonly thrown his shafts at him, to have acted thus; therefore 'twas either a master-stroke of art, or utter ignorance of the case; I suspect the latter. Simple
soul! he is not worth the trouble of catching. I conclude 'tis incumbent on me to say what I think of him. He passed the evening (Saturday) with us. D— met him, and asked him to dine with them to-day, which was of course accepted, for 'twas previously arranged for him either to be at D—'s or F—'s. His sermon this morning, on the Omnipresence of God, was very fair for a student and a mere boy, and he promises in a few years to be a decent preacher. You say he is clever—may be so; I have not yet discovered it by his conversation: to tell the truth, I have not exchanged many sentences with him, therefore am not a competent judge. I shall meet him this evening at D—'s, when I hope he will give me a more favourable specimen of his talents. What a blunder! I was actually so confident, when I read your letter, that you had written Kent instead of Sussex, as to ruminate retaliating on you, till I thought I'd just refer to the letter—where, to my confusion, 'tis Sussex plain enough. 'Tis a little surprising that I must have read this letter at least a dozen times, and yet not have discovered the blunder; the mistake must have originated in my mind, at having heard the name of the Duke of Kent repeatedly mentioned by L—. The Duke of Sussex, you must know, is an old friend and favourite of mine; for when I was in London Class, few used to talk continually of his old friend, the Duke of Sussex, and was for ever relating some anecdote or other of him, so that he and I were quite familiarized. Therefore I should have rejoiced, if I had not confused names, rather than lamented, his rising partiality for you; he is certainly the best of a bad set. My head aches so violently, and my hand shakes, and my ideas are so confused, that I really must give up
writing till to-morrow. I have a deal more to say, therefore shall not conclude, although papa bids me. I rather think I ought to add, for fear of being mistaken, that I have no desire to learn that my friends rank among the friends of princes; in most cases they do as well, if not better, without them, for in general they spoil the good and ruin the bad. Yet I am not so far tainted with your political creed as to be a republican—only just so far democratic as to hate princes. I dare say you'll say with a sneer, "Because they are out of your reach." The "proof of the pudding is in the eating," to be sure, but it would soon surfeit me—I don't relish high dishes. It may disagree with you, so take but sparingly of it.
CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, AND BIRTHDAY LINES, 1817.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Tungmere, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Tungmere, 13th August, 1817.

My Love,

I have at last secured a bed-room for you, through the kindness of the good woman at the parsonage, who offers to give up her own chamber rather than you should have to walk to Hampnet of a night. She says, "it would not be civil, or treating the gentleman as he ought to be treated, to send him out of the village of a night all in the rain seeking a bed." This good creature is not a native of this place, but comes from a "far country." I don't exactly know where; her manners and tout ensemble reminded me very much of the description we meet with of warm-hearted Irish women, and are more reserved and delicate than are usually found among persons in her situation in life; the way in which she called and offered these pieces of civility interested me exceedingly, so much so that I could not refrain from introducing her to you before you became acquainted, like a good novel writer, who sketches his
characters at the opening of the work, in order that you may wish to know them better; or of a lover in a play, who describes his mistress as a being so perfect and loveable, that we are actually in love ourselves without having seen her,—like a great many other things,—but you were not disappointed on Monday, I hope? I should have written at the beginning of the week, as I promised, could I have obtained information respecting lodgings. Your receipt for low spirits amused me, and, to be honest, 'tis what I often resort to in extreme cases; was I really low-spirited when I wrote last? I don't think 'twas anything more than cold. I own I felt a little reluctant at leaving C—r last time, I know not how to account for it (for I love Tangmere as well as ever), unless 'twas the many dear, and painful, and pleasurable associations which it brought to my recollection, but surely there can be nothing wonderful in all this; do you not feel the same on leaving Norwich? Every one must who visits his native place after even a short absence. I know you do, or you would not extol it in the way you do. The sight of friends, whom you may not for a long time have seen, the sight of well-known faces, the sound of well-known voices, all tend to revive a thousand nameless reflections and feelings which you can describe better than I can write; such a subject, indeed, seems inexhaustible, and which I should avoid touching on, lest it may appear like affected sensibility on sentiment; call it what you please. I have seen no one from C—r since I wrote till last evening, when, just as we were seating ourselves for tea, in walked papa, and presently after I was surprised by John M—walking in, who told me he had strolled this way, knowing I was at Tangmere. He called to take tea with me, so
they accordingly both stopped with me till near nine o'clock, and afforded me a pleasant evening between them. While papa was with the workmen Johnny and I had a wee chat about country-life, the delight of retirement, and all that, till at length we changed the subject, by my inquiring the reason why Buonaparte had been worked on his horse-cloth, and not introduced in the coat of arms which was painted on his carriage? This question I have asked four or five different persons, all professing to be well-informed men, but from none can I obtain a satisfactory answer; perhaps you, who in my opinion are better informed than all of them, can tell me. So congregational business is likely to be settled as we could wish after all. R— has declined the invitation, but papa says if he were pressed to accept it, he has no doubt he would change his mind, that is, if the members were to offer the defraying his expenses in moving, but that is now quite out of the question, as they seem to be very little lasted at his refusal. Generally speaking the members are glad of it; 'tis a little strange, with regard to what you say, of the Doctor's application to J. C— for R—'s address, as 'twas but a few weeks since that he requested papa to write Mr B— for it; however, be that as it may, I'll forgive him, for he has actually proposed inviting your friend, Mr H— of Preston, not from any remark of yours, though, but from the favourable account A— gave of him in a letter to the Doctor lately. He is, or is to be, asked to preach as a candidate, and papa thinks he will be unanimously chosen; so you see there is great hope we shall be comfortably settled, and soon, perhaps. You will stare and rub your eyes when I tell you who is to fill the pulpit next Sunday. Why papa! he intends reading a
sermon of Dr Jebb's, and a prayer of Wellbeloved's. I heard the news from rather doubtful authority, master Ned, who is a bit of a blunderer; but I cross-examined him, and I verily believe 'tis true. If it should be known much at C—r, the novelty of the thing there will fill the place. I think I must go and hear him; but I must say farewell, love, till to-morrow, or I shall be wholly unintelligible with my bad pen to-night.

Thursday afternoon. I have just time before post starts to finish this rough letter. I have been thinking over your housekeeping scheme, and am doubtful whether I am sufficiently acquainted with your reasons for and against it to give an opinion; I should have preferred talking it over, but, lest my silence might appear like indifference to your affairs, which can never be, I will state what appears to me the principal objection, in your view of it. Furniture seems the only obstacle; now, I think that is one of the least: chairs and tables are easily purchased, but can you as easily meet with a steady, respectable body to whom the regulating and arranging all the little et ceteras connected with it, which are necessary, and on which the comfort of your house would wholly depend? if so, all difficulties vanish, and I would recommend your trying how you like being master, at all events you could but take lodgings again if it failed pleasing you. I am exceedingly interested in your account of your new friend Bowring, who must be a charming companion. What a treat it would be to me if I could but be present at your tête-à-tête with him, and peep in at your Non-Con Clubs; indeed, I shall quite enjoy an intellectual coze again, not having had one to my taste since you left, except a wee
one with L—, whom I should so like seeing before he goes to G—. By the way, I am a little angry with your London gentlemen for not inviting ladies to some of your parties; are you afraid, like the freemasons, of their telling the world that you are but as other men, and have, in fact, no secrets worth knowing, not that I mean to intimate your discussions are not worth hearing; it would be sad indeed if much of it were not composed of sterling stuff, but perhaps you may think, and wisely too, that, like Rousseau's "Confessions," which would have been more to his credit if part had never been written, there is no need to blazon your foibles, when 'tis to be prevented. You'll say, this is like M—, who railed at your proceedings, and would not allow their merit, because not permitted to share them; but a truce to railing. I must have you read "Harrington," and the "Ormonds," before you come, and prepare for a critical examination of their merits and defects. I will not say which you'll like best, nor tell you which of the two is my favourite, but one of the characters of "Ormond," King Corny, glorious King Corny, who is the darling of the first volume, I must insist on your honouring and paying homage due. I actually felt as if I had lost an old and good friend when he died, and literally shed real tears at his death: he is not a being, either, with whom a female would be particularly interested, or desire to be intimate; but with all his failings there is so much genuine goodness and hospitality and generosity mixed, that I could not but love him; but I had determined not to give my opinion of the work till I saw you. How is our dear Mrs P—? I was shocked at hearing so sad an account of her; and your cold, love, I hope is gone. Pray take care of yourself, and wrap up
warm on coming out of meeting on evenings; you know how apt you are to take cold on those occasions.

Thine affectionately and truly,

Eliza.

---


H. Road, 18th August, 1817.

My Love,

One week—one little week—or rather one long, long week, and I shall be with you. The anticipation makes me restless and feverish. I would most willingly "annihilate space and time," at least the space between us and the time of this week! Oh! we will be so happy. I reckon upon your best looks and sweetest kiss. These clouds are expending all their showers that we may have none but fine autumnal days. I am prepared to like my landlady that is to be, but I don’t intend to see much of her, nor of anybody but thee. I shall come into the kitchen, mornings, and help you cook sooner than lose sight of you. Papa I shall enjoy too there sometimes of an evening. Oh that stupid slow C—r coach, how abominable that they can’t drive 12 miles an hour at least, especially on such an occasion. But horses and coachmen have no feeling for us. I am going to dinner today almost to Islington; you shall therefore have a very short letter, and my next communication shall be sealed at Tangmere. Our dear Mrs P—is thought something better, but she is in a sad way; so very feeble, de-
pressed, and nervous. She goes this week to Southend to try sea air, &c. My last week was not one of incident, nor am I disposed to be narrative now. Mr Blood goes on Thursday to Ireland for a month. The Scotts are again in town, I have seen them once, and expect Mr S— to breakfast with me this week. Frielagor passed through without making any stay, but dropped me a note with the intelligence that they had been earnestly pressing him to take charge of the Newport congregation, and asking my advice, which will certainly be, Go! Go! Go!!! It is at present, I believe, only a private negotiation, but there is in my opinion the place in the world in which he will be most useful. Mr Scott is eager for his going. I met Major on Thursday at Mr Abbott's, the late treasurer at P. Court, who is now coming back to us full of zeal. Major amused us by playing some of the most difficult of Mozart's pieces, with variations, and without book, with a handkerchief stretched over the keys. On Sunday evening we had, for the first time, the chapel lit up with gas, and very brilliant indeed it is. But I cannot write of these things now; there is but one interesting subject: I met a man the other day who spent some time in endeavouring to fly, and made himself a glorious pair of wings about 16 feet long each. I wish he would perfect his machine this week, and lend it me; I would soon be over the hills and far away from all but Tangmer. There comes a shower again: pour away! "ye cutquets and hurricanes spont!" for this week, and then rest a while. Well, now dream of me every night till Monday, it will pass the time away. Am not I writing nonsense? Be it so. To whom should I write nonsense but to you, who have had so much sense
from me at sundry times? Oh, this watch of mine, how
fast 'tis driving on. I shall break off and let you have this
wee bit of a scrawl. When you hear from me next
you'll see me. Fare thee well, dearest, for a week, and
then—Monday, Monday, Monday.

Thine ever, love,

W. J. Fox.

From the Rev. W. J. Fox, at Plaisow, to Miss Florence,
at Tymoree.

My dearest Eliza,

Plaisow, 23rd Sept., 1817.

Our holiday is over, and we must return again
to our work or school, whichever it may be called. It
has been a sweet one; I never remember to have en-
joyed a season of pleasure with so little alloy. Society
and solitude, and shade and sunshine, seem all to have
conspired for our comfort. Though we are again
separated, yet that separation seems not so formidable,
now that we have met. If we feel depressed, here is a
delightful recollection to dwell upon—a bright sunny
spot on the desert of absence. You are returned com-
pletely, I hope, to old habits and occupations, and allowing
only little intervals of musing when your thoughts will
be rather cheerful than gloomy, and more disposed to
rejoice that we have met than to grieve that we are again
parted. Almost immediately after I was on the road I
felt a little afraid that in our mode of parting I had con-
sulted my own feelings more than yours, and perhaps a little chilled you. I allude to my checking your going out of the house with me when I was about to get into the coach. The fact is, I have a notion of my own about parting which I know not whether you exactly coincide with. I love a last word, last look, last kiss, for memory to dwell upon; and not that sort of bustling, indefinite, uncomfortable separation which takes place in a road, with passengers staring, coachmen hurrying, &c., &c. Parting with you is a thing which I would do by itself, unmixed with any of the manner and mechanical businesses of travelling; and I would sacrifice having the last look two minutes later to have that last look such as the memory will treasure with a sorrowful delight. This is a subject on which I do not recollect that we ever had any conversation. I should like to know what you think of it, and I fully expect that your ideas will coincide with mine. Probably you feel a little surprised at the place from which I date this letter. My visit here is rather a mournful one, in consequence of a note which I found waiting for me, from my dear Mrs B—. Her husband is a noble generous fellow, but he has not a particle of prudence. Nature never intended him for an engraver with only as much money to spend as he could earn; his proper place would have been an independent property of ten thousand a year, though even that he would probably have given away unless restricted. He has now been in Ireland several weeks, and his affairs are sadly involved. What will be the consequence I know not; but Mrs B— is in a most trying situation, as from her secluded life she has no friend within reach but myself, nor any one living except her sister, in whom she repose equal confidence.
I felt it a duty to come over immediately. She is an admirable woman; her life has been a succession of troubles, which have only served to display her solid worth of character.

My journey was as bearable as a journey from you could be. The day was very fine, but I did not get outside, as there were too many passengers for me to have a comfortable place; there was a school girl inside, about 15 or 16, whose name was Ibbetson; her uncle was outside, whose face I recollect. Is there anybody of that name about Chichester, or Havant, or Emsworth? She was very unconvexs, except in the quizzing way, and this she expended very largely upon an odd youth who rode a few miles with us, and seemed from his dress and manner to be either a strolling player, half-pay officer, or gentleman's servant, we could not settle which. I slept on Saturday night at Hitchins. Wooller came to supper and sat till half-past 12, when I left him and went to bed. He dined there on Sunday, so that I saw plenty of him. When taken out of politics he is not destitute of information, but his conversation is most amusing when confined to his own sphere of thinking and acting. We had very good congregations on Sunday as a sort of greeting on my return. They have been rather thin during my absence, especially last Sunday son'night in the evening, as H— thoroughly tried them all in the morning. He has left town, so that I did not see him. B— was twice at meeting on Sunday. There was also young Copland, the youngest brother of Mrs Perry, who finds farming to be a bad thing, and is come to town to seek his fortune. He is interesting, with as little money, as little experience, and about as little prospect as Gil Blas, when
he set out upon his travels. Major supped with us in the evening, and particularly inquired after your mother, and whether she had sent him any loving message. I believe he will never forget her offering him a bed when he was going to Portsmouth, and forgetting it when he returned. I expect to get settled in Cambridge-street again on Saturday, but not before. The L—s are all in a bustle, not having yet finished packing. They will set off about Saturday or Monday. On my way yesterday I saw Aspland, who is looking remarkably well. He wanted to know how many books I had reviewed for him while in the country. He was full of questions about what I had been doing, how I had been received, &c., at Chichester, to which I had a very satisfactory set of answers. A gentleman connected with Norwich, whom I met on Sunday, tells me that M— is again making a noise. He travelled lately on the same coach from Yarmouth to Norwich with Mr H—, the late mayor of Norwich, whom he had pronounced a hired informer of the government. This being the first time they had met since that circumstance, H— was inclined to show that he could call names as well as M—, and accordingly poured out a most copious torrent of abuse, which went flowing on mile after mile with undiminished fury, strengthened and ornamented by a great variety of the choicest oaths. M— bore the whole with Christian patience, and replied not a word, till H— wrought himself into such a passion, that he fairly collared M—, and seemed about to finish up his reasoning with a certain convincing argument called knocking-down, when M— reminded him that a Unitarian minister was not below the law, nor an ex-mayor above it. This a little cooled him,
but he has gone far enough to be liable to a prosecution, which, though there is no intention of instituting, is talked of just to frighten him and turn the tables on his party for having kept M—in hot water. From Mrs B—I hear a very, very sad account of our dear Mrs P—; she is in a deplorable state; her stay at Southend, use of the baths, &c., has produced no good effect: her colour, appetite, spirits, are totally gone. A most alarming debility of body and even of mind seems to be gaining upon her. She has given up reading, except light works, which are read to her. Her nerves seem quite unstrung and shattered. I almost fear lest, should you ever see her, it will be only the affecting remnant of the glorious and heavenly creature she once was. Judge of what my friend by me must be suffering with this in addition to her other sorrows. But this subject is too melancholy to enlarge upon. It prevents my writing to you in such spirits as I could wish, and sadly clouds over the calm, comfortable feeling with which I have so often sat in this room, and enjoyed what is really a fine prospect from the window before. I call it fine, but there are some Londonish marks upon it; 'tis not like a certain little snug scene, where a village spire rises above the trees, and a cottage with mossy thatch peeps over the garden hedge. Farewell, love; say whether my next shall come by Chichester or Halkaker. My love to Mathilde. She deserves it, and I hope has cheered you.

Thine ever and truly,

W. J. Fox.
From Miss Florence, at Tangmere, to the Rev. W. J. Fox.

Tangmere, Sept. 21st, 1817.

My Love,

I told you I would write on Sunday, and so I will if it be but to journalize the feelings of yesterday. It was a dreary day with us; Tangmere never appeared so gloomy, for everything reminded us you were gone. The great charm before you came was in anticipating what you would say and think of our retreat, with a mixture of pride, longing to display the pomp and dignity of managing. These feelings are now vanished with the cause which produced them, and the only consolation left is in looking back on that month which was so anxiously anticipated. Well, we have not been disappointed, for it has glided sweetly by; 'tis true, to look back upon it seems like a dream, yet it has left behind traces which can never be effaced from my recollection, and which will be gratifying to both of us, when we remember the kindness and attentions of our friends, whose chief aim seemed to be how they could render us comfortable, and increase our enjoyments. I am a little better this afternoon. It may amuse you if I trace the cause. Well then, knowing from experience that employment was the best mode of dissipating ennui, I once more determined on trying it; so accordingly immediately after breakfast I summoned the children to hear a sermon of Dr Enfield's (on Content), which, with a portion of Scripture, I attempted to explain, aiming at making it intelligible to their capacities. This slight effort had the desired effect, and has not only made me feel more composed, but enabled me to write thus
much of my letter. I am wholly alone to-day, and 'tis miserably cold, so do excuse me if I say I am growing fitful, and shall therefore try what good a turn in the garden will do. I have not even May to talk with; she and Alfred are gone to tea with Miss K—. I am fearful I shall never enjoy Tangmere again; your absence has cast such a dreary feeling on everything connected with it, that I shall certainly run away from it if I do not recover my spirits. Its solitude is dreadful. But I said I was better a few moments ago. I must leave off, or I shall make you as dull as I am myself.

Wednesday. I received your ever welcome letter this morning at Boxgrove. Pa and the children took a walk for it before breakfast, and I, who was too impatient to wait their return, went thus far to meet them. You will perceive that part of its contents were anticipated, though I cannot yet feel and talk of it with equal composure as yourself; however, Time, you know, that great strengthener and cooler of affection, will effect a cure. Allow me to dwell a moment longer on this subject, and then I'll dismiss it, or I am fearful I shall lose all claim to the praise you so sweetly bestowed on me in the spring; well, then, 'tis to promise that I will check all gloomy thoughts and rejoice, as you would have me, that we have met, instead of grieving that we are parted. I use your words, because I cannot better express myself. May I add, by way of extenuation, that every exertion has been used to check such feelings, but, alas! the attempt has been almost fruitless. I had hoped to see you come and depart without much emotion; that is not yet possible. 'Tis true, the thought did not trouble me when you were here,
but being left wholly alone in this quiet spot, without a soul to converse with, or an incident to attract the attention, 'tis not very surprising that I feel a wee bit more melancholy than when I had the amusements of your society. Tay, you know, has been a close prisoner lately, so hearing that mamma expected to have the P—s on Monday, I gave her a holiday. She deserved it. I could not refrain from giving her this treat, though I wished her with me. Mamma and papa brought her home on Tuesday, and stopped all day with us. This was unexpected, and much enlivened me, though I need not feel indebted for the visit; if the horse had not been restive, and thrown mamma from the gig (she very fortunately escaped being seriously hurt), I should not have been favoured with their company. This incident has given me a more favourable opinion of peddlers and gypsies than you would perhaps approve. Some of these good people, who have fixed their tent in the lane, on seeing mamma fall, immediately rushed to her assistance, and was of great service in assisting papa to bring home the chaise, horse, &c. &c. I gave them a hasty dinner, and paid them for their trouble. So having once more made my peace with that tribe, I feel secure, doubly secure, at night. We had some conversation about going to church, respecting which papa does not object, provided I can find somebody in the village to take charge of the house in my absence. I shall not determine yet how it will be, unless I grow more nervous and low; in that case I shall certainly pack off: it will not, I trust, be necessary. I am better since I received yours. Poor Mrs B—, how would she feel, and smile at me, were she to compare her real sorrows to my imaginary grievances. I am sincerely
sorry for her, and wish I lived near enough to render her assistance if it were but sympathetic. 'Tis very kind of you to be with her in her distress, and I love you for it. Poor Mrs P— too, I am very grieved to hear so sad an account of. And sad indeed for her sister to be thus depressed with both worldly and friendly sorrows; but you will, I know, comfort her. It has just crossed my mind that, in case Mrs B—’s affairs become more involved, and she would leave London for a time, and retire into the country, snug lodgings might be procured at Tangmere: although personally unknown, I would endeavour to make her as comfortable as her situation would admit, by every little attention in my power. It may appear wild and unnatural, the bare supposition that strangers could be endured at such a time. I am aware it may so appear, but your hinting her having but few friends led me to imagine that if she left London it might be a matter of indifference where she went, and the thought of being able to render her a service was a delightful one. I agree with you in every particular respecting parting scenes: there is a feeling attached to them too sacred to be associated with the worldly, noisy bustle of a stage-coach. I should have preferred leaving you at Tangmere if I had consulted my feelings alone, but could not bear the thought of your walking so far alone. In reference to my following you to the coach, it was done inadvertently, not knowing at the moment what I did. I should have recovered myself before we reached the garden gate if you had not checked me, for I saw and felt all your reasons in an instant, though nothing passed on the subject.

It was a tedious walk back. The beauty of the morning enlivened it a little at intervals, and helped to cheer us
on our way. I know nothing of your coach companions; never recollect hearing the name. I have an invitation to P—t's, at W. Gate, this evening, where I ought to be instead of writing to you; but I am not yet inclined for parties. A.coze with a dear friend would be a treat. Since I have been writing I have received a note from Mrs D—t, requesting my company to-morrow and on Friday, to join them in a party to the sea-side. I do not know whether I shall accept it; perhaps the sea air may be of service, for I have really been quite ill with head-aches ever since you left. I would send this letter to Plaistow if I knew how to direct it, but for fear of being delayed at the Post-office, I'll e'en send as usual, only do not complain if you don't get it till Saturday, it will not be my fault that you don't get it before.

I shall expect to hear the beginning of the week, not later than Wednesday, before if you can find time. With love to those you love,

Believe me to be your own

Eliza ——.

24th Sept., 1817.

My Love,

A wee coze before bed, for a minute or two, by way of telling you how I am going on. Full of business, as usual; in fact, I have been so fully occupied since you left that I have scarcely had time to reflect on the last week, sweet and fleeting as it was; a dear little holiday.
To look upon it seems to remind me of a scene in fairyland, where all is enchantment and bliss, than to resemble anything like reality, or I may liken it to a flower budding in the winter, foretelling approach of spring, and promising, with kindly skies and genial influence, to blossom and come to maturity. As such I shall cherish it, to enliven the winter of absence; but the sight of you has done me so much good, that I scarcely need cheering; it has not only made me more cheerful, but has invigorated me with fresh life and spirits, and supplied new motives for activity; now, instead of sitting down and grieving that you are gone, I am dwelling with delight on our meeting, and living, as it were, the last week over again, and with all the eagerness of hope anticipating February without so much as thinking on the dreary months between. Did you think me cold at parting? I am fearful it appeared so; in truth, love, 'twas but in appearance; the thought was painful at first, but after a momentary struggle I resolved to spare you any uneasiness and be the woman for once. To be honest, it needed no effort worth speaking of compared to that which called forth my firmness and your praise in the spring. Seeing Saturday before me all week, and knowing you must go, I was prepared for the event before it came. I never recollect feeling your presence more endearing, yet, strange as it may seem, I never parted with so little reluctance. You who taught me philosophy also enjoined me to be honest; I shall therefore leave it to you to reconcile these feelings at your leisure. So it is. By this time you are recovered from the fatigues of travelling, and I dare say have almost forgotten how sweetly one or two of the evenings were passed in love and social cou-
verse, except perhaps after the labours of the day, when you would be glad with my shoulder and my chat to en-
line you. See how selfish I would represent you, and resolve all our best feelings into cold interested selfishness, but it is not so; I know better, though I talk at random;
what, though business and the more active concerns of life may engross our principal attention, 'tis but to ren-
der us more alive to the endeavours of affection. But to
tell you how I am going on; since you left I have not extended my steps beyond the garden. The chaise came for me on Sunday, but I sent the girls instead. I find they
were disappointed at my not going, so intend trotting in the first convenient day, for I have not been to C—r this month, and 'tis enough to make them marvel; besides, I
wish them to be well rid of their whimsies before I see them, as I intend mentioning it to papa, at home, expressing
my sorrow at their very unnecessary uneasiness, and to prevent a repetition of those feelings, hope that he will allow me to be at C—r the next time you come. I had
intended to let the subject pass in silence, but I wish to have papa's real feeling about the matter, and act ac-
cordingly. You will agree with me, I hope, that this will be the better way of treating it, than what we determined on. I have an invitation to B— to-morrow, which I shall not accept. You know one of my reasons: K— is there.
I advance rapidly with Belsham, am past the meeting of the general congress at Philadelphia, by which the Americans announced the greatness and energy they were capable of. Well might Lord Chatham say that in the master-states of the world he knew not the people, or the senate, who, in such complicated circumstances, could stand in preference to the delegates there assembled.
Do you remember his speech soon after on the withdrawing the troops from Boston, what a flow of eloquence he displayed in it, 'tis scarcely credible it could be resisted. I cannot imagine anything finer than seeing him stand, at the close of his life, as it were, in a crowded house, making this last great effort to avert the impending calamity. No speaker on the opposite side was worthy to be his antagonist; 'tis curious that Boscawen has not inserted one speech, not even by way of fact, which can be said fairly to oppose or evade his arguments. I have been introduced to Burke, and was amused by noticing the contrast of his haughty, supercilious deportment, compared with the simple, unaffected manners of his patron, Lord Rockingham. If I were asked what I thought of his speeches, I could say they were very ingenious, and describe them in his own words as resembling a piece of "diversified mosaic, or tessellated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone, there a bit of white;" but I am fearful of tiring you by my remarks.

Be kind to them, and recollect I have no society but books, and no conversation to amuse you with but what arises from the children's prattle. The above are the most interesting occurrences I have yet met with, and I notice them by way of showing how I am getting on. There is no fear of my stopping now till the end of the American war; but I must leave the remainder of the sheet for anything I may have to reply to in yours to-morrow, so good-night, love; past twelve o'clock, I declare, and neither nervous nor fearful. I have not been disturbed once in the night since you left.

Wednesday evening. I am glad you wrote as you did, I
should have been so disappointed if you had not. Fred surprised me with it before I was dressed this morning, and I enjoyed it over my breakfast, shabby little letter, as you call it. I will not contradict you; it would be rude. I have certainly received more interesting ones, but you have my sincere pardon, hoping that you will extend yours to me as graciously when I stand in need of it, which is very likely to happen soon; in fact, you deserve some praise for writing as well as you have, with such stupefying evils as raking and rheumatism. By-the-by, what business have you with the latter complaint? I thought that had been wholly mine. I would not advise you to claim a share in all my infirmities; if you do, they will very soon be thick upon you, I have so many to dispense with; but seriously, love, you must nurse yourself. It requires the greatest care, and the least cold will bring on symptoms of a return if you once allow it to be serious. I hope this rheumatism was not taken at Tanguere; I am so fearful it originated here. I have one comfort, that you are in good hands, and that Mrs J—r will do everything that's needful. I am amused by your new retaliating plan. Be careful how you exercise it, or I'll read Mandevelle in spite of you, and every novel that comes out, on purpose to crow over you. If Jenny Gilchrist is for cutting your squad he will be sure to hear of the lots of cuts you had at him on Monday; it would make him cut you all in good earnest. Are you still apprehensive about my safety at night; will it dissipate it to know that James talks of sleeping here? I have expected him every night since Sunday, and Fred has continued in C—r till eight o'clock every evening, thinking to remain there, but has been sent as frequently back with an excuse. We
shall see in time if it ends in more than talk, but don't be uneasy, I am doing very well.

Thine ever,

Eliza Florence.


H. Read, 15th Dec., 1817.

Dearest,

You must of course send to the Post-office on Wednesday morning, and I shall therefore prefer sending you a double letter for that day, to two single one's on successive mornings. Your letter was very sweet, and kind, and cheerful. I did feel that I needed your forgiveness for such a foolish little letter, though I could not do better at the time. Of course I cannot but feel satisfied with your security now, for that James sits at C—r, and talks of coming, must be such a powerful protection that there cannot remain the least room for apprehension, except in the most unreasonable beings. That this talking also keeps Fred away from you every evening till later than usual is an additional safeguard, I suppose. Seriously and solemnly, if things go on thus I will not be alone in danger, but will take measures for my own safety by walking alone to town every night at eleven o'clock, and back again, and loitering half an hour in Shoreditch by the way. I will stay the last at all parties, forswear all coaches, quarrel with all companions; and when I am knocked on the head my ghost shall walk.
every night at Tangmere in a great pair of clouted shoes, rearing the dog, alarming the house, and killing you with fright, that your ghost may walk with mine. If we must perish (as the berry bush people say), let us die gloriously! We should be as famous as Giles Scroggins and Molly Brown, and have ballads written upon us to be sung by Pulp P—i. Mind, I won't have this subject slip out of notice, but shall expect to know whether anything be done or not. You are quite right in the change of plan about the nonsense which seemed likely to interrupt our comfort. It is desirable to know whether papa really does give in to such absurdities. My rheumatism need not alarm you, it was only a little pain or two, of which I have felt nothing since. On Wednesday I called at Rawlin's to see Dally, but he was gone out; he is returned by this time, I imagine. Should you see him, you may tell him I have been reviewing his friend's book about the punishment of the wicked, for the Repository. Whether the article will be in the next number, or the following, I cannot tell, as it depends on Aspland's stock in hand. I chiefly wrote it that I might send back, with better grace, a lot of stupid books which A— had sent me to review, but with which I had done nothing. I put as a motto upon this returned parcel, Matthew xxv. 41. The conclusion of M—'s sermon for Charlotte was reckoned very fine, and printed in the Norwich papers. It had, as usual, some little bits of thieving in it. And one from a sermon of Aspland's, who means to reprint it in the Reformer or Repository, and mark that passage with inverted commas, by way of broad hint to brother M—. On Saturday I amused myself with writing some remarks on the O. U—'s pamphlet. Have you seen it
yet? I am not sure that I shall print them. I shall be
compelled to print a sermon next May or June (for the
Eastern Society), and may then bestow a note upon him.
He is read by nobody. Wilke's told me at A—'s dinner of
a funny notion that some people had got, that I wrote
the O. U—'s letter to the Repository for the sake of
writing the brilliant answer to it! This would have been
as good as Herne Tooke and Junius, supposing them the
same person. We had a glorious squeeze at Bowring's on
Thursday night. Of the persons known to you by name,
there were Mr and Mrs Aspland, Mr and Mrs Young,
Miss Pomery, her sister, Mrs Wakefield and husband,
Talfourd, and three Miss Rutts, R. Taylor, Mr and Mrs
Kennedy (the beauty with whom I dined in November),
&c. there were not less than sixty persons present, prob-
ably more, with a rich display of Hackney (not hack-
neyed) beauty. One room for dancing, four or five whist
tables, chess, &c. &c. Poor Talfourd I pitied; by some
bad management he got fixed at a card-table with
Aspland, while Miss Rutts was off to the dancers. Imagine
how unmercifully A— plagued him. T. A—'s purse made
its début here. I was lucky, and lined it, with which
lining it will, I expect, pay its own way through the win-
ter. In this crowd, the youthful appearance of our host
and hostess was very interesting. Mrs B— has a very
young look, full of modesty and simplicity; at first sight
you would look about for her mother or elder sister, but a
second glance discovered something of manner that in-
dicated the mistress of the house. With B— you would
have been irretrievably in love. Looking divinely, ex-
changing a bit of French or Italian with ladies who
wanted to show off; criticizing the last new poem with
Talfoord; talking politics with A--; hand out ladies to the dancing-room, arranging a succession of whist parties; conversing in Spanish with a Spanish patriot, who left his country in consequence of having written against the Inquisition, and who speaks little or no English; and all this and much more, without the least appearance of bustle or effort. You could not have resisted it. I have been reading Manoeuvre, but cannot recommend it; it will fully justify the punning mode of pronouncing the name—Man-devil. There is no originality, the subject is hatred, and 'tis imitated very closely from Miss Baillie's tragedy of Monfort, but far inferior. There is little character and less incident. We are kept close to the hero, who does nothing but reflect, and actually reflects himself into madness by the hatred of one who has accidentally outshone him, and obstructed his promotion, but instead of murdering him, as in the tragedy, he receives from him a dreadful wound by a saber-cut down the side of the face; and this is the catastrophe. So that the last picture formed in the imagination is that of a man with one eye, a deep scar down his cheek, twisting his features on one side, three-quarters raving-mad, grinning involuntarily, and making faces! I had sooner visit Bedlam than read the book again. 'Tis horrid, disgusting, and ridiculous. With some powerful declamation, but overcharged. Pray go on with your comments on Belsham: they interest me exceedingly. You have well discriminated between the eloquence of Chatham and of Burke, though your opinion of the latter is too low, but it will rise as you proceed. He had a miraculous imagination, but he wanted the eloquence of passion; and when he had passion it was furious and
feeble, unlike the rushing torrent which Chatham poured forth, bearing everything before it. Burke was too metaphysical to be a popular orator, yet on topics that do not deeply interest I am not sure that he would not please and fascinate more than the other. Chatham’s fancy, and figures, and arguments were all burning with passion, and produced effect from that circumstance; they frequently had no intrinsic beauty, and would not bear transplanting; while Burke’s metaphors are beautiful in themselves; his speeches are a storehouse of imagery with which a man might set up speaker and have a good stock through life, without adding one from his own invention. He introduces you, in his speeches, into a cabinet where you see stones and metals all arranged, curious, glittering, and ornamental. But Chatham, like Vesuvius, vomits out his stones and metals, in the lava state, blazing, boiling, burning, and annihilating every obstacle in their career. To amuse a party I would play like Burke; but to carry a point I would thunder like Chatham.

Tuesday morning. To-morrow, dearest, is thy natal day. I resolved to reserve the subject for this morning, for now I seem to approach nearest to actually talking with you and uttering my wishes and congratulations in person. Sweet be your recollections and your hopes. May peace and pleasure be your inmates for the day, and promise a long abode in your breast. May Fancy paint futurity in his brightest colours, and Time change the vision into reality. Nor let me be shut out, either from remembrance or anticipation. In the first, may Kindness give her partial colouring to everything in which I have
not been all you wish; and in the second, may holy confidence in my affection give assurance of all that I can procure or increase of happiness. This is the first of your birthdays, at least since 1813, that we have not seen each other. I am not sure that I knew the day in 1812, but in all probability I was with you then. You were certainly at home; it was on the day following that I received the melancholy tidings which called me on that night to set out for Norwich. I particularly remember, though you perhaps have forgotten, being in your parlour in the afternoon waiting to take the evening coach, when a funeral passed up the churchyard, and you, without saying a word, closed the blinds and sent the children from the window. Oh, how I felt it! On the following year you had a party, and then received my first birthday odc. The D—s and P—s were there. Immediately before supper I was out of the room. D— had given you some music, and you were returning thanks as I came in, when you blushed and began giving me an explanation, as if I had anything to do with the matter. The next year I was at D— (1814), and not upon visiting terms with a certain lady who had been very rude. We had a comfortable frosty walk together, frosty as to the weather, not as to our feelings, which were warm as spring just glowing into summer. In 1815 your birthday fell on a Sunday, and I was at your house. On the evening of this day I preached one of those sermons which laid the foundation of O. U—'s antipathy. It was from John viii. 32, to prove the difference between Unitarians and Calvinists not merely speculative. It was written in consequence of my attention being turned to that subject by conversations with him; this was preached in the following sum-
mer at Newport, when I went with Aspland to the Southern Society. 1816, being leap-year (of which I do not remember that you took any advantage), threw the day from Sunday to Tuesday. I came in the morning for you to consult the calendar. This chronicle is something like Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Times. Well, love, next year I hope we shall be together again. I should have preferred this week for my little trip, and had thought of it, but not only was I alarmed about your health and spirits, but I had an opportunity for clearing a week of engagements which would not occur so easily again. Indeed, it would have been scarcely possible this week, had it been put off with that view. You shall have blank verse this year, which I am now almost afraid you are not partial to; but I wish your collection to have as much variety as possible, and twenty years hence it may serve as a complete collection of all the measures of which English versification is capable. Had it occurred to me before, you should have dictated the kind of verse, leaving the subject to me, of course, that you might not anticipate too much. I hope you will be pleased with the lines, but remember that as a poet I have no right to improve; what have Doctors in Divinity to do with making verses, especially love verses upon country girls? Quite out of character. Ah, well! even Hercules left his labours to take a distaff and spin. Do you pass the whole of tomorrow at Tangmere? I am enjoying to think, or hope, that you will enjoy my letter. What I have written today you should by rights read first, and then have the tattle to amuse you afterwards; however, I suppose the other sheet claims your first attention; then if it should not please you, and you should begin this poutingly, and cry
pish at my long tales about Bowring and the rest, yet you will smile again before you get to the end. The day is gloomy, dearest, and so I fear will be to-morrow. The brightness must be in your eyes and your heart; pray let them be very sunny. Again and again, all comforts, blessings, and hopes be with my dearest only love. Farewell. Thine ever,

Faithfully and fondly,

W. J. Fox.

16th Dec., 1817.

To E. F., Dec. 17, 1817.

It is my destiny to gaze on scenes
Unhallow’d by those forms of loveliness
That melt the soul in ecstasy; nor wrapt
In towering grandeur, that with wonder strikes,
Or thrills with horror: here—oh how unlike,
Beautiful isle! to thy sweet wildness, where
The Giant Cliff rears his black beetling brow
Enwreath’d with field-flowers and the golden grain.
Here all things are of man. I cannot look
But where he first has trod, and traces left
Of power or weakness, misery or pride,
Marring creation; till from his own works
Their omnipresent Author seems excluded,
And from his dimm’d and darken’d heavens the sun
Looks sickly down upon a mangled world.
Yes, I would fly: but not, oh, not to thee,
Beautiful isle! there is a dearer spot,
Though not in loveliness like thine; it smiles,
Though not in majesty, like thine, it frowns;
There is a dearer spot where my heart rests,
And all my soul is treasured. There, how sweet
On summer eve, beneath the fruit-tree's shade,
To look around on fields and cottages,
To mark the rustic hut, with mossy roof,
The trees that shade, not hide, the village church,
Whose spire ascends but like the lowly heart
That tends to heaven, and yet not seems the earth.
I see them all: I see the little pool,
And lesser rill that murmurs cross the path,
And hear the villagers that homeward bear
Their harvest load, and carol merrily,
While my flush'd cheek reflects the western blaze—
The radiant softness of the setting sun.
And oh, that scene in winter has its charms,
For here I am alone, but there my looks
Would meet with looks responsive; to my voice
A voice would answer, and would speak of love.
A hand would meet my hand with pressure sweet,
Thrilling through every nerve; my very soul
Would melt and mingle with a kindred soul.
O let me hear that voice and feel that hand,
And gaze upon those eyes, where Love enshrined
Darts his keen glances through a gathering tear,
And beams the brighter for his dewy veil.
I grasp that form, and hear, in softer'd tone,
The tale that ne'er to mortal ear is told
Save that of lover in his favour'd hour.
'Tis all illusion: nor is this the day
That Love holds holiest in his calendar.
And yet it comes; the day that gave to earth
Her, without whom my heart had wither’d been,
And sunk in apathy. Her, for whose sake
All wealth is welcome, and all honour prized,
All joys delicious, and all hopes are bright.
On that blest morning, tho’ to me it rise
In loneliness; and on that rustic spot,
Tho’ I am by “the populous city pent,”
That dearest one this tribute shall receive,
And kindly fold it to a faithful heart.

W. J. F.
CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, AND BIRTHDAY
LINES, 1818.

Hackney Road, 31st March, 1818.

Love,

To-morrow is the anniversary of my leaving Chichester. The whirligig of a year has spun round; its events have been so new, rapid, and bustling, as, on recollection, almost to produce the giddiness one feels on looking steadily at such a circling motion as I have alluded to. How unlike the even flow of our lives when walking or not walking made the principal diversity, and one week was distinguished from another chiefly by the play or tale which we read in it; but you were not then a matron, nor I a Londoner. There are some particulars in which we seem both of us almost to have assumed different characters, and yet we are bound to each other as firmly as ever: that bond has triumphed over change of plan, circumstance, and habit, and time has paid it the homage of another year—a year of absence; a pledge this of an enduring nature. But you are thinking of my health all this time: well, then, I got through yesterday, on the whole, well, though the evening service tried me. I resolutely resisted dining out, by which means several hours of quiet were secured between the services, which
were eminently useful to me. I have still need of caution; and the prohibition of wine, beer, and meat (rather an awkward one for public dinners), continues for the present. You were mistaken as to my not suffering real pain; I have seldom, unless in tooth-drawing, suffered so acutely. It brought me more than once to the very verge of fainting from agony, and subjected me to plentiful splashing of sal volatile; this was at the very worst of the disorder. I had nothing of the sort last week. Some little degree of fever occasionally, and a head-ache now and then, such as I have had when well, are the chief remains at present, which I hope will not molest me after this week, though I cannot expect to be wholly rid of them immediately. At Portsmouth I only went out of doors on the Wednesday, to the two services and the dinner; although, after all, it was more of a public visit than of an "en famille" one. Bennett and T. Cooke, sen., were also guests at the Scotts; all the other Cookes were there occasionally, and I was overwhelmed with invitations to the island to recover me. II— made himself very absurd, and disgusted everybody. He was worse than they had ever seen him. He gave me notice in the morning that he had got a sermon in his pocket, provided I should not feel well enough to preach in the morning! His speech about York I should have known to have been precomposed, had I not had previous information on the subject. I had some fun with him. Papa spoke well on the legal questions now agitating about Unitarianism. Jas. Carter was in the chair, myself on his right, then papa, then Pulignar, so that we had a snug party for interlude talk between the public business, and of course I heard all about the vestry meeting at Chichester. Great fuss was
made about my being the father of the Fund—what a promising child, large family, &c.—till the joke was worn threadbare. Indeed, excepting they want more preachers, the Fund does seem to be in a flourishing state; and I am rather proud of having left such a monument of my having once lived in the South. The Unitarian Book Society is to meet at Chichester the third week in July, and Fullagar is to be the morning preacher. Their committee has applied to me for the evening; and though 'tis rather farcical to have the same pair of preachers in the same neighbourhood in the same year, I am not sure that this will be a fatal objection. This will be the fourth time in six years that I have preached for the Southern Society, an unprecedented circumstance, I imagine, in the history of such societies. It will also make the fourth public occasion for which I am engaged this year. The O. U. has at least not diminished my popularity as a preacher. Our congregational dinner, on Thursday, is the next public exertion before me, except the Non Cons., postponed from last Monday till to-night, and for that I must nurse myself in the mean time; they have, in fixing it, adhered strictly to the day on which I made my début. Fullagar is expected to preach the lecture at Thomas-street next Sunday; but 'tis not quite certain, as he seems to wish to get home. He has christened M—by a very good name—Love-and-Glory; it suits him very happily—he has an abundant thirst for both, such as they are, not of the best sort, perhaps. The family in which H. T.—is governess grew tired of his interruption, and thought their girls likely to be neglected; he is therefore limited to once in six weeks. This is keeping him upon short commons, cou-
sidering that the distance is, I believe, not quite 30 miles. Perhaps it may have a good effect upon him; he will, like ourselves, not be in danger of satiety. Sophia S— is, I find, of age, since I was there: this has solved a puzzle I have often felt about her age, which I have often overrated. She is much improved by her Manchester journey, and seeing more of the world. I just saw Mary D— at chapel. She was looking excessively well—for a sick week. This is a good sheetful of history: I have, too, written more and longer than for some time, which is a strong symptom of amendment. 'Tis a selfish letter still; but let me have one in return equally selfish and in good spirits. The beginning of your last was really doleful; and after having braved the winter, to feel so in the spring! This must not be; you are surely unwell. Write soon, and tell me all about it.

Farewell, dearest. Thine ever,

W. J. F.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Tungmore, to the Rev.
W. J. Fox, in London.

Tungmore, 3rd April, 1818.

My Love,

The year has indeed whirled as rapidly as the scene in which we have been placed were new and diversified: to thee it has been one of activity and exertion; to me one of quiet and retirement; and yet, though placed in situations apparently varying, the effect on our minds has not been very dissimilar: we have
acquired more consistency and decision of character, more firmness of heart and mind, amid this convulsion of feeling and interest. Your heart, you say, is still the same, still points to the same object. May this be ever our united boast; while this hope animates us it cannot be otherwise than a source of felicity; but time, that destructive power, marring all it rests upon, will that pause in its progress ere it touches us? Mightier than we it has made desolate, and what though the thought may cause a tremor, it will not hurt us, if, by increased confidence in each other, we walk firmly on in the good cause of love, truth, and honesty, then we shall be invulnerable, bearing a charmed heart which nought can harm. In reviewing the last year I cannot refrain from reverting to myself in particular, the contrast is so strikingly different, from what I was at its commencement. The change, though great in both, is, I think, more discernible in me, because I am younger, and perhaps more liable to receive impressions from external circumstances than you, whose character is more fixed and formed. To see me, then, a love-sick girl, blushing with timidity, resting all my hopes and fears on thee, scarcely venturing an opinion unless you seconded it; guided in all things by thy influence, and to be amiable in thy sight the highest of my ambition; mark me, now, self-supported, acquiring that self-sufficiency which commands respect while yielding affection; placed alone, and hence compelled to act, guided by my own views of right, alike desirous of securing the love and esteem of all with whom acquainted; yet the same, she who still loves thee faithfully and fondly. Unhesitatingly do I acknowledge it, because you are deserving, hence there
can be found no change. But I promised an account of my Chichester visit, where I continued till Wednesday, and have been a little busy since, or you would have heard to-day: it was a gay week and a merry one, out every evening to card-parties, dances, or routs, and yet I scarcely know which even to select as being the most worthy of comment. The concert went off well: a Miss Corlin was the principal interest. She sung well and played exquisitely on the piano. Her voice is more powerful than Miss Goodall’s, but wants occasionally that expression and tenderness which the latter so eminently possesses. I left the party I went with, who stayed for the ball, before the concert was over, to sup with Chas. Few, at D——’s. He was going to visit the Duke of Norfolk (his client), and by mistake took the Chichester instead of the Arundel coach. In the course of conversation he mentioned having dined with Belsham and sister a day or two previous, where the schism among Unitarians became the subject of discussion. Belsham warmly defended the O. U., and on the ground of his letter not being personal, said it ought not to have been replied to by name. This is a poor argument, even if it were not contradicted by facts; for who else could be the young heretical minister, and how else came the Chichester people so soon to recognize him? Besides, this has nothing to do now, I imagine, with the point at issue. Did you know Belsham’s sentiments on the subject? I was rather surprised, though it might have been expected that he would advocate the old cause. Mamma was here four days of my absence, and left me in possession of the great house. We talk of exchanging a month. I have not yet determined whether I can leave so long. I like the change occasionally, but
a week is at any time sufficient to make me wish myself
back. I had three invitations when I returned, but
defered them awhile. I must go in again on Thursday.
Mamma gives a dance. Miss R. and the H—s, &c.,
are to be there, and I must open it. Are you not tired
of all this? Not scolding, I hope, at a return of my
gay days. You need not fear me, dearest; I have had
you constantly before me, and I assure you that, gay
and lively as I have been, there has not escaped a thought
or a wish in which you might not have heartily par-
ticipated. No; I would not trifle with thee, even in
thought. I need not apologize for having danced, be-
because I think you do not object, and have often
laughed at my scruples; they are, however, as strong as
ever, but 'tis sometimes necessary to bend to circum-
stances; for instance, having danced on the first evening,
I could not well excuse myself at my aunt's, and having
joined these parties, it would be mean not to return them.
Therefore there is no alternative but wearing a smiling
face and laughing it off; but seriously, if you dislike it,
I will desist; feign illness, and stay at Tangmere, rather
than you should be uneasy. Of the new acquaintances
I have made 'tis scarcely necessary to tell you; they
are entire strangers to you, and probably I may never
see them again; and though on the whole very pleasant,
pretty girls, there is very little to distinguish them from
the ordinary race of well-behaved, genteel females. They
amused me and I amused them, I believe, for they con-
trived to have me with them part of every day, but
nothing more. The meeting in July, and that you are
to preach, is already the common topic of conversation.
I stared to hear it announced as a certainty when you
yourself seemed doubtful, but II—, immediately on his return, gave it out as a settled thing, and your friends are exulting; this indeed facing the enemy, and driving him from his strongholds. I am glad Fullagar is to preach. I expect to find him improved. Good as I always thought his discourses, he was but then feeling his way: he won’t ask me to criticize his sermon, as he then did, being literally apprehensive and doubtful as to the impression it made on his hearers. This was humble for him, but it should be recollected that it was the opinion of a lady he was consulting, and therefore it behoved him to be modest. D— is delighted, and says he must have the party at his house, and was calculating how many beds he could make up on the occasion. Papa told you of the glorious three that are appointed as a committee! What a farce those vestry meetings are. We clearly see now who are “Satan’s with angels’ faces.” Chas. D— has also shown his cloven foot. You suspected him last summer. I then thought you wrong. I am not sorry now that it happened as it did, about calling and speaking of him. Do you know one of the Treasurers have been staying at his house? I fortunately escaped seeing him. It was a narrow one, for the evening I was asked to the B—s’, and declined, he called and passed the greater part of the evening with them. I should have felt rather uncomfortable. This racketing week has done me good, and I am returned in better health and spirits than when I went in. And how are you, dearest? Not quite recovered, I fear. I can’t help feeling uneasy about you; I wish I could see quite well in the tenor of your letters again; pray be careful. I am afraid to recommend what I think would be of most service to you—change of air; but I
should be glad to hear you were taking it, even if it were in the south, at Norwich, or anywhere, so that you were out of the smoke of London. How is Aspland? Better, I hope, as you have said nothing of him lately. Give me a full account of the dinner when you write. Do you remember that this day last year you wrote me the first London letter; a cheering one it was, and a gratifying one, full of an account of your entrée, and the débat attending it. Oh how I trembled for you as you entered on these new scenes! They were fraught with interest and anxiety, but you passed through them admirably. But I must bid farewell; dinner is waiting, and I shall take this to Halneker myself in the afternoon.

Thine ever, with unceasing affection,

Eliza.

---

Letter from Miss Florence, at Tangmere, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Tangmere, 19th June, 1818.

My Love,

You have been, and are gone: I can scarcely believe it. But a few days since you were here in this very room, sitting by this very table, and listening or conversing, as suited the mood. How soon absence seems an age; only a week ago that we were strolling arm-in-arm in Goodwood Park. We went reluctantly, 'tis true, but we made it pleasant, and, save your poor leg, all went off well. There were some little occurrences that reminded me strongly of old times: one, in particular, was your leading me away from the party to ramble,
like, as you may recollect, the day we went to Bognor; but our sentiments are more matured and fixed than at that time. I can almost feel you now leaning on my arm, or pausing for a moment when I was a little overcome by the sweetness of the evening or something else, and begging me to rest on thee. These are moments which repay years of absence. Are these child-like feelings? I should tell you that I am writing by twilight, after a solitary ramble. 'Tis a sweet evening: the sun is going down in beauty, tinging with his rays of gold the fine dark elms which I see from the window. Now, nature is assuming a more sombre hue, and presently all will be lost in shade. So vanish the dreams of youth. How suited such an hour for reflection! and yet not wholly so; thoughts crowd on the mind too rapidly and unconnectedly to trace their bearing at the time; indeed, the idea of arrangement would at once dispel illusion. Methinks on such a night as this I see you welcoming pale twilight, and musing like any other mortal on things which "whisper hope;" and I, too, on such a night, have wept, and thought of thee, like Dido waving her love to come again to Carthage; but no, we must attend other summonses than those of the heart. Yet let me linger a moment longer to tell how bravely, though painfully, I have struggled with your absence. It required, indeed, all my efforts; but I am myself again now, and can think and talk of it without pain. Do not think me very weak for having indulged a few regrets; indeed, you seem to have felt it a wee bit this time yourself. I could not help it. After having had you with me, and been almost identified as one and the same, to be left thus alone again is so cheerless; I will not think of it, but
carry my hopes forward to other days. So you think I am a better nurse in some cases than Mrs J.— Are you wickedly laughing at me now, or writing in sober truth and seriousness? Well, I'll e'en take the last sense, hoping that I improved; you knew you thought me sadly awkward at first. I am glad that the country has benefited your health. This poor leg is now all that need make us uneasy, and that will soon be well, I hope. Your visit has not been less beneficial to me; you have inspired me with fresh spirit and energies, and I have returned to my duties, and taken up Belsham with an increased desire and determination to attend to both, and not be resolvable into that mere thing of dought and dictation which you so abhor. I have been very diligent, you will say, when I tell that I have despatched the business of three administrations—ephemeral ones, 'tis true—the Rockingham, Shelburn, and that most monstrous of all coalitions, Fox and North. I stared aghast to see these men in alliance—Fox and North. I could not assimilate their names, much less their sentiments, without the ghost of Charles's speeches staring me in the face and rising up in judgment against him. I am not deep enough in political history to understand this inconsistency, this dereliction of principle, without feeling indignant with the man, however high he previously reached in my estimation, and however it may be deemed politically expedient. Will you vindicate him? Do, pray, if you can. I don't well like even to censure his conduct, much less to give up; I have still a lurking fondness for him. I only want to be convinced that all is right, and that he has not acted from the low motives of revenge or ambition. Shelburn is a favourite with me, but he did
not act openly and honourably when he neglected his colleagues and came into office. This, I imagine, piqued Fox, hence his joining North; but this is no excuse for him. One can be but amused, though disgusted, to contrast the language of Fox and Burke with what it was when opposition men; then breathing nought but vengeance on this "state criminal," whom they would pursue even to the scaffold, and now holding out the right hand of fellowship, because, forsooth, 'twas the wish of their hearts to bury all resentment, and that their friendship should never die; but great allowances ought doubtless to be made for the warmth and ardour of patriotic zeal; so it is that John Bull, good easy soul, is deluded and led to believe all the raving and ranting of mad politicians. Your Jemima is very wise—impertinently so; I blushed for her: it would have been more delicate to have kept her knowledge to herself, and been satisfied with general inquiries. I recollect the time when I had known you much longer than she has, that I should have hesitated in speaking of Mrs P—in such direct broad terms. Such is the difference between city and country girls, and yet I was never remarkable for diffidence. G— behaves shabbily and absurdly in the extreme; the least he can do is to write an apology. I would not mince the matter with him, but either cut him or bring him to his senses. I don't see what he has done to entitle him to play civil or sulky airs with impunity more than any other man. What you tell me about F— is pretty much as I expected: he will surely come. When a man hesitates, he only wants to be persuaded, and that shall be done. The little Baptist chapel was open on Sunday. Joseph Brent preached: I did not go in to hear
him. I have not seen papa, nor any one from Chichester, since Saturday, when he staid the day with us. I was engaged after breakfast, and finding him unsettled for work, because the bees would not swarm, I offered to amuse him, so sat him down with the children, to hear and examine them through a fortnight's lessons. This usually is done weekly, but I omitted it the preceding Saturday, and he got through the task with more patience than I expected. Emma is a bit of a geographer, and so is he, and he expressed himself pleased with the progress she had made. It would have amused you to have seen her poring over the great maps with him, and pointing out places of which he had half forgotten the situations. To-morrow I expect Miss Cutheby to dine, and shall have no time for writing: she is coming soon after breakfast. I shall therefore put the finishing stroke to-night. Mind, this is a Tangmere twilight letter; so, if it be not quite in unison with the broad glare of Hackney Road (that is, if you find aught amiss), I expect you will tell me, and I will improve on it next week: you seemed to long for one, and therefore I have indulged you. Let it answer you, dearest, and if it should contain more of heart than head, think not the less kindly of it. I use this expression here, because it cannot be misconstrued, mind; henceforth there is nothing unpleasant connected with the use of it. Farewell.

Thine ever,

Firmly and affectionately,

Eliza.

Friday Evening, 12 June, 1818.

My Love,

You are a very good girl to let me have a letter to-day, and such a letter too. By way of reward you shall have one on Sunday, or rather on Monday perhaps, for I guess that the Sunday will be spent in C—r. This coming down of Fullagar's, wife and all, is a most unexpected freak. It is the best way, however, as he cannot make up his mind without it, and now I trust he will put a speedy termination to the suspense. I should like to witness, unseen, his interview with Dr S—-. It must be funny to a looker-on. Your letter popped upon me just after dinner, quite unexpectedly, some time after the general delivery. It seems that the elections cause such an immense addition to the post-office business, that they could not get all the letters sorted by the regular time, and therefore to-day we had a double delivery, and yours came in the second. 'Tis one of your sweetest letters, and makes me regret the many twilight ones which I have not been permitted to see. Pray don't keep back any more of them; there was head as well heart in it, and no discredit to either. You feel like a good Englishwoman about the Fox and North coalition, and I certainly shall not try to soften your indignation, it was very disgraceful to both parties, but most so to Fox. It was the sacrifice of principle to power. There is one argument for that and every other coalition, for it applies to all, which has some plausibility. Suppose there are two political parties out
of office at the same time, neither of which alone is able to turn out the ministry, but who may effect that object if they unite. Suppose each of these parties wants to carry three great political measures. An offer is made on both sides to let two pass without opposition, or even to support them, if the third be abandoned. Thus an honest but blundering member may say, "I have benefited my country by coalescing and coming into power, for I have carried two good measures out of three, and otherwise I should have lost them all." Forgetting that to carry these he has consented to two bad ones, and destroyed all confidence in public men besides. Fox never completely recovered the coalition, and the popularity it procured for Pitt remained long after he would otherwise have lost it. Fox's second coalition with Grenville in 1805 was something similar, though not so bad, and may illustrate what I mean. Fox's party wished to carry the abolition of the Slave Trade, and Parliamentary Reform. Grenville's party were hostile to Reform, and many of them to the abolition, which they had long prevented. They joined, came into office, the abolition passed almost without opposition, and the question of reform was abandoned. Friends of Reform upheld corruption, and friends of the Slave Trade voted for its abolition! Great as Fox certainly was, I am afraid his lax morality approved of thus doing evil that good may come. The Whig party never recovered this last coalition; it destroyed the popularity which they had gained in fighting the battles of the people through all the years of the French Revolution, and raised Burdett from a subordinate station under the banner of Fox, to be the head of the Reformers' party. There was no revenge about the North
coalition; Fox was incapable of that passion; it was partly ambition and partly expediency. You may judge of the general and lasting disgust produced by that union when I tell you that W. Smith, so late as 1802, when making his first speech to the Norwich Electors, thought it worth while to say that though he had generally acted with Mr. Fox, yet on that occasion he voted against him. You see that I can ride as much as ever, though not walk, but you helped me up on the hobby, and must not complain if I gallop off full speed. Walking will soon be safe again I hope. My leg is going on well, though slowly; to-day is an era in its progress, as the wound is once more covered with a skin, though but thin. My praise of your nursing was in good earnest. Mrs J— does her best, but it is certainly not her forte. I am ordered back now to cold poultices again. There is an appropriate accompaniment to my political remarks on the passing scene; while I was writing, on lifting up my head occasionally, coaches were passing laden with voters for the contested places in the county, their hats covered with the colours of their candidate. On Tuesday the fun begins in town. I was surprised yesterday morning on opening a large packet by twopenny post, at a number of cards falling out, which I saw to be Alderman Wood's canvassing cards; then I found a little book containing the names of London voters, living about Hackney, &c., and last, a letter from the Alderman himself, setting forth that he was educated a dissenter, had supported every measure favourable to religious liberty, &c., and hoping that I would explain this to my friends among the Livery, and begging, not very active efforts, which he seemed to feel I should not think consistent with my profession, but my
private recommendation and support. How the prophecy of such an application would have startled and amused us, when Wood's lord mayoralty merits were the subject of talk two years ago. You have seen nothing of Aspland I suppose; if he and F—r were to meet at C—r, it would be odd. He comes home on Monday; two of his children are very ill. You say nothing of the "Fudge Family," or have you not had it yet. I thought papa brought it on Saturday, and fully expected a critique. I have a curious novel in hand, which you may read if you like, when you have a mind to be made nervous, "Women, or Pour et Centre," by the author of "Bertram." There is a kind of vulgar Irish Meg Merrilies in it, the hero is of the Waverley class, and mortally in love at the same time with a dashling actress and a rigid Methodist, who form a very fine contrast, and are both well drawn, though overcharged, as all his characters are. I must work next week at getting my sermon ready for the press, before I leave town. I am, as usual, very much puzzled about the merits of this sermon; 12 months hence, not having looked at it in the mean time, I may take it up, read it, and form an opinion. This is the way in which I served the Fund sermon, of which I never saw a copy for several months after the printing—it then interested me; the best thing would be, if one could become totally unconscious, so as to read it as the production of a stranger, and write a review before the discovery. There goes the Norwich night-coach by, under a celestial canopy of blue and white cockades. How proud I felt when first my young head was so bedizened, and the old Jacobins patted my back as a promising liberty-boy.

Saturday. My leg is going on well, but it will yet be
some time before I may venture on any great exertion in the walking way. How intensely hot it is. My mind seems melted; it seems as if even bare existence required too much exertion. If the summer gets on at this rate, surely it will bring autumn sooner than usual; so much the better. I start on Monday se’might. I shall write on the Saturday or Sunday, if not before. If you have anything to say requiring an answer, write as early in the week as you can. I shall send my addresses next time. Farewell, dearest. Thine ever and truly,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev.
W. J. Fox, in London.

Chichester, Sept. 24th, 1818.

My dear P—,

Here I am in this great house alone. James just off to Tangmere, where he usually sleeps, papa out on business, and the boys I cannot tell where. How frequently have I hailed an evening like this with secret delight, when expecting your gentle tap at the door, and answering it by, “Come in.” Yes, those were times which living in C—r continually reminds me of. Shall I ever be so truly happy again? is a question that often intrudes, and which hope afar off seems fearful of replying to. I could find comfort in indulging a sad strain just now. The misfortunes of poor Effie Denne has made me a cup too low; I have terminated the second volume a moment ago. The trial is highly in-
teringest and well got up. Jeanie—honest, good, affectionate Jeanie—is starting for London, to ask pardon at the feet of the Sovereign. Oh! she must be a successful suppliant. Do you remember the first meeting of the two sisters in the prison? The tale is full of interest. The work is in such request, and I am unfortunately doomed to wait several days between the volumes. A comfortable sort of suspension this—good, wholesome discipline for the exercise of patience and perseverance.

Your letter surprised me; I did not get it, as usually, with the newspapers, but the postman brought it after breakfast. I suppose I must acknowledge your good behaviour in letting me have it on Sunday. Well, it was very good, and I will return the compliment some day, as you say mine really do afford you greater pleasure than those of Missionary Wright: well, that is as much as a sober sort of lover can be expected to say, especially when 'tis known that he measures his expressions of approbation by—the outward and visible signs of husbandly regard. A--, I doubt not, is everything that is kind and affectionate to his wife in private, although he does now and then laugh, and cause others to laugh, at her; very good, but all this in due time. You may excel him as an orator, outwic him in speechifying, and even surpass him in gentleness and suavity of manners, but do hand a wee bit, ere you attempt to imitate his husbandly virtues. Are you wondering what I am driving at, or does your conscience accuse you; it need not, I am sure; take you all in all, I have no great cause of complaint; only as you seem fond of citing A—as an authority for all that is good and great in these matters, I hint, by the way, that I do not pay homage to his saintship, or have any inten-
tion of canonizing him. Are you anxious to know how
F— acquitted himself on Sunday: very well, frank and
boldly, and made us all wince. But I'll tell you more
connectedly: after the prayer he read the 6th chap. of
Daniel, and the 4th chap. of the Acts, ending at the 31st
verse, intending, I suppose, to announce that he would,
like the Prophets and the Apostles, fearlessly avow what
he believed to be the truth, regardless of consequences.
The sermon was a manly avowal of his opinions, over-
flowing with zeal and a determination to enforce them by
all just means. The text was Philippians, chap. i., part
of verse 17,—"Knowing that I am set for a defence of
the gospel." He opened the subject with the history of
St Paul; his zeal in the cause, his firmness in maintaining
and preaching it, after being convinced that the cause
he advocated was the truth; enlarged on the exertions and
labours of the Apostles, the difficulties they had to
encounter, yet nought deterring them from fighting the
good fight; insisted that 'twas equally incumbent on us
in these days to take the same active course in extending
and promoting those doctrines which our Saviour sealed
with his blood, and that apostles and holy men have died
to vindicate. He enforced the duty of free inquiry, alluded
to conferences, and the good thus gained by the inter-
change of opinions, leading men to judge for themselves
if what they hear be true, and opening an inlet to other
sources of knowledge and liberality of sentiment; cen-
sured strongly that sentiment of liberality which is so prevalent
among some of us; also those who tacitly assent to
popular prejudices, from fear of offending some good
orthodox soul, and those who follow the track which their
ancestors have marched, being too lazy to think or act
for themselves. Parts of it must have been terribly galling to the O. U., especially when he spoke of those Satans with angels' features among the sons of men, and that "those who are all things unto all men," &c., &c.

I have endeavoured to express myself in the same language which he used, but I fear that is impossible; my memory will serve me no further; but so far will suffice to give you a notion of the subject and his manner of treating it. You know the man, and will be able to infer from that how bold and forcible was his delivery. I liked him better in the afternoon; his manner was milder and more deliberate. He preached from Ephesians, chap. ii., ver. 14, 15, commencing with an explanation of the text, and then adducing from it the paternal character of God in its most extensive application. F— dined at D—'s on Sunday. His family take possession of the new C—r house to-day (Friday). I ought to have told you that the O. U. thanked him for his very excellent sermon on Sunday, and said that it ought to be printed. Papa thinks that he will ask him for the sight of it to peruse in his closet. I hope papa will give F— a hint to the contrary. Pretty use he would make of it hereafter by the help of his retentive memory, should these two worthies ever come to loggerheads, as he and you have done. I have been quite a home-bird this week; indeed I know not that I am more gay than at Tangmere. Will you believe that I have not taken tea from home (but once at D—'s) since you left: indeed I am afraid of going out much; I am still but poorly, yet I continue to keep up my spirits by the aid of real or imaginary company at home. I called in at the P—s' yesterday morning, and was surprised to find one of the birds
flown. Martha was married in the morning. She and Mr G— went off very comfortably in their own chaise (new on the occasion) for Worthing. Nobody suspected but that they were taking a morning’s ride, as she frequently did with him in attending his country patients. Well, I am glad she’s married: there is every reasonable prospect of her being very happy. They are well matched. It would have been very sad if she had met with another disappointment. I have stopped in my list of Unitarian congregations for want of names. Wright’s Journals, which you refer me to, I am not sure that they contain satisfactory information. Many places which he visited eight or ten years ago, and the names of the ministers then living there, that he may mention, how am I to ascertain that they still exist and are officiating in the same towns. This is one of the obstacles that will prevent my finishing it so speedily as I at first intended. You are going on well, I trust, dearest. It seems an age since I saw you, there are so many intervening occurrences here, and to look back upon time a week or fortnight seems as long again as it used at Tangelme. 'Tis a sweet day: I shall take a wee walk before dinner, and think of thee.

Fare thee well, best and dearest.

Friday Morning.

Eliza ———.

Hackney Road, 28th Sept., 1818.

My Love,

What is all this lecture on “the outward and visible signs of the husbandly regard” about? I know nothing of the matter or meaning; however, wishing to be wiser before I wrote, I obeyed your directions, and called upon the party to whom you referred me for information, namely, Mr Conscience. I found him fast asleep, though it was late, and time for all industrious people to be attending to their business. I took the trouble of rousing him, though it went rather against the grain, for he is generally but a surly beast when awake, and ’tis very hard to take pains only to get snapt at. At length he woke, and stared at me with astonishment. Well, said he, gravely, what do you want? have you brought me any opiates? No, replied I, I don’t think you need them, for you have been very quiet lately. May be so, said he, but that is rather a sign of my growing lazy than of your growing good. You generally wait for my calling upon you; what brings you here? Do you want to coax me to praise you? if so the very act deserves a scolding. Pray, said I, good Mr Conscience, don’t be in a passion all about nothing, lest you should provoke me to give you cause for it. You may be sure I should not come into such a surly brute’s kennel of my own accord. Eliza sent me to know if you have anything to say about her. O yes, said he, plenty, no doubt. However, he could make nothing of a story when he tried to come to particulars; it
was funny to see him; there he sat looking as savage and sulky as Gallows Black Jack, the Recorder of London, when there is not evidence enough to commit a prisoner to Newgate, or when an Old Bailey jury has just acquitted a man whom he had resolved to hang. Determined not to be premature in my acquittal, he rang for his clerk, Mr Memory, who immediately appeared, with a pen stuck behind his ear, a great book under his arm, a pair of spectacles on his nose, with ferret eyes glimmering through them, and the tips of his fingers inked from constant writing. On the business being stated, he immediately opened his account-book for examination, where, though the ink was in some places rather faded, and in others the page blotted, yet, on the whole, it was very legible and fair, and nothing appeared against me but what had been already crossed out by your permission, or balanced on the opposite side by good promises for the future. So I wished them both good day, and we parted, apparently, with mutual satisfaction. Now are you not ashamed of putting me to all this trouble and unpleasantness? You know I hate to visit such vulgar folks, who are never admitted into genteel company, the master especially, for the clerk is sometimes called for, but then he is not treated so respectfully as by me, but just comes in to say what he is bid, and then kicked out. Judging you will be sufficiently punished by having the whole account to read, I shall now "turn to things that boast of a reality."

Thanks for your account of F—'s sermon; it was very well done,—of you I mean. He would have been wiser perhaps had he started more moderately, as everybody must have been on the look-out, and would be sure to
find in every sentence at least as much as he intended. He is setting off quite wrong, his intimacy at D—'s is excessively imprudent, it can do not a particle of good, and will be sure to ruin him with O. U. at once. Yesterday se'nnight I and W— supped at C—'s; he and young T. C— were at P. Court, and took me down there. We had a good deal of C—'s talk: I was amused at the almost.unbounded disgust with which they both, W— especially, spoke of a little late musical favourite of mine; it was in reference to the Goodwood afternoon. Your terms seemed strong, but theirs were unanswerable. W— departed on Tuesday; he is really a good fellow, and has left a liking in my mind.

Did I tell you that Tom Moore was the author of the article in the Edinburgh Review, on Maturin's "Women," which amused us a little? I read the other day, with great interest, Phillips' "Recollections of Curran," it has a lot of choice anecdote; recommend it to pa for the library, if it be not there already. You know enough I imagine from Belsham of some of the principal Irish characters in it to enjoy it exceedingly should it come in your way. I give you Curran's estimate of Dr. Johnson, to apply, if you please, to Mrs B—'s benefit. "He was intolerant, and an intolerable dogmatist; in learning, a pedant; in religion, a bigot; in manners, a savage; and in politics, a slave." This is using the sword of justice like a butcher's hatchet. This scrap of biography has all the zest of a novel, and its variety too, for, with plenty of wit and fun, it contains also matter moving to tears, especially the defence of that noble enthusiastic rebel, Emmett.

We are not likely to have up country ministers for
lectures this winter, the applications to several having failed, and our being limited as to the money which may be expended. At a sub-committee meeting on Friday of myself, A—, and Eaton, to which some London ministers were invited, to consult on this subject, to my surprise Benny G— came; he seemed inclined to behave himself, but we all stared when, after having, as chairman, given some toasts, I called on him for one, and he proposed "a good understanding amongst us all." Nobody spoke but AB, who roared out, "What! are we come to that? No farther notice was taken, and what the moral meant by it I know not; if intended as an overture, a bear could not have offered to shake hands more clumsily.

Write in better spirits next time, love, and don't let memory cheat you, she is not so good a companion as hope, after all, at least they ought to come together. We have had many sweet and happy evenings; there were many also of disappointment; how often did we fix for a reading, or expect a chat, on the strength of me's published intention to go out. There were also troubles then whose face is diminished now; the past was present once, and the future will be,—let it smile in advancing; at least 'twould be hard to put it into mourning before it is born. Hope cannot exist in strength without some uneasiness, as the rainbow, to show its colours, must have a cloud for a ground; our tried affection will surely have its recompense. You cannot be mine by bonds stronger in reality, though they may in form, than you are now; and while I look to you for happiness, I will not think so lowly of myself, or of your love, as not to suppose that my felicity will be yours. Yes, dearest,—we shall yet have bright and peaceful scenes, and you
must avert depression by indulging the cheering side with its turn in contemplation.

Farewell, my own love, thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from Miss Florence to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Nov. 13, 1818.

My Love,

I am not able to write more than a pencil note, from my bed; this will be more satisfactory than not hearing at all. I have been poorly a long time, and the walk from Tangmere last Thursday was too much exertion. I was taken ill that evening, and have scarcely left my bed since. A burning fever is devouring or freezing me incessantly. There seems no immediate hope of its leaving me. Do not be very uneasy. I will write you the first moment I am capable of holding my pen and sitting up.

Thine own affectionately,

Eliza.

I have been so longing for Mrs Jamison to nurse. Tay is a wretched hand in cases of real illness, and Mrs D— is still at Bognor. I was obliged to call in Mrs Wilmshurst on Tuesday evening to apply leeches. The Fullagars call every day. Farewell.

Hackney Road, Friday evening, Nov. 13, 1818.

My dear Eliza,

This is very sad. I apprehended some evil as soon as I saw your letter, from the difference of its appearance, but had no thought of your being so ill. And you tell me there is no immediate prospect of your being better, or at least of getting rid of the fever. In this I hope your feelings at the time deceived you. Above a week, too, you have been suffering. Indeed, you must be better very soon. Pray take some method of letting me know frequently how you are. Do not write; I see by this note that it must be painful; but let me have a newspaper with a bulletin on the wrapper every day or two. Tay or Anne Fullagar can do this for you, or you can just scratch a faithful word or two, and I will look for no letters till writing becomes a relief to you, and you can resort to it medicinally. I am writing large, from the apprehension (though I hope it may not be so) that you may read this in bed, and that our usual lilliputian letters might be inconvenient. When you get well you shall be scolded for having been poorly a long time without telling me. Your last breathed so much life and gladness, that I had no suspicion of your being in the least below the right tone of healthiness, but you shall not be scolded yet, dearest; there will be plenty of time for that. I would I knew how to write so as to be sure of soothing, or cheering, or amusing you. When present one may suit words and manner to the fleeting emotions of the moment;
but what magic can tell me how you will be feeling when this arrives. Shall you be in pain? Oh, think that I would hear it—that I would lighten it by every kind attention. Are you languid and depressed? Oh, then, look up—"There's a sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,"—her name is Hope, she leans on an anchor, its cable is twined of heartstrings, and storms shall not crack them; an opening blossom is in her hand, the shower will but gem it with diamonds, and 'twill soon expand into loveliness in the sunshine. She rests upon a cloud, but that cloud is brilliant with a rainbow. She sings, and you know the strain. Or will you be exhausted, dull, and heavy? Then, I will tell you a story. What shall it be? One of Lyons's? Well, then, Counsellor Philips, and the power of oratory. I heard his famous speech at Liverpool, and its effect was like the miraculous rod of Moses bringing water from the rock, for it brought tears from the eyes of the hardened old Liverpool merchants; ay, real tears, which you might hear his as they fell down their iron cheeks. Philips speaks pure English when sober, but his most brilliant speech was towards the close of the evening, when three-quarters groggy, and then the brogue appeared. After a sublime flight of fancy, he forgot what the toast was which called him up, and leaning across the table, inquired in a half whisper, "Pray, sir, what was the toast?" The person asked, like a man awoke out of a dream, stared in amazement, and forgot also. P—turned to another,—"Can you tell me, sir?" But the last fine idea in the speech had bewildered him too. Then looking round, in the most whimsical embarrassment, "Can nobody tell me the toast?—Well, I did not come here to speak to a toast,
but I came to *spoke sentiment.* Does this amuse you? Or what can I say to you, or do for you? I can’t come; for by this time the bills are out, to be posted all over Woolwich, announcing me to open a chapel there on Wednesday. Unless you get better soon I will positively run down soon, just to see, though I be obliged to return the day after. But I will not think of a long illness. Is not aunt coming from Bognor? She understands nursing excellently, as I know by experience. Good night, love. Be thy sleep sound, sweet, and healing.

Thine ever,

P.

---

*Letter from the same to the same.*

Hackney Road, 14th Dec., 1818.

My Love,

I have just sent off to you a little newspaper billet, instead of the promised letter, which really I was unable to write to-day. I am in a treble-Mondayish condition. These lectures wear me out, and I will never undertake any more upon so large a scale. Besides, I slept from home last night, at Smith’s, induced by the ease of getting into a coach at the chapel door instead of having to go to the Hackney stage, but the remedy was worse than the disease, for the supplementary talk and noise, after the fatigue of the evening, completely knocked me up for to-day. We were full last night, up to and on the pulpit stairs; it was quite a squeeze to get in. After I concluded the service, the congregation remained
to pass a vote of thanks, and request to print the discourse. I have not made up my mind about this, and do not at all like the trouble. They would form a tolerably-sized octavo. 200 copies were bespoken last night instantaneously, within a few minutes; that is, from what I am told, about as many more will be directly engaged, if I do not at once say that I shall not print.

I have a curious mélange of compositions to attempt during the early part of this week; besides invoking the muse, of whom my glimpses are now, indeed, "like angel visits, few and far between," I have to write a postscript for Twigg, a preamble, &c., for the Constitution of the New Unitarian Association, an Electioneering Declaration of political opinions for one of my congregation, who offers himself as a candidate at the approaching choice of Common Councilmen, and, after all, sermons for Sunday. My goose-quill had need be a perfect Proteus, to run through all these different shapes. "Tis like the tricks of a pantomime: I dip my pen into the ink, and it becomes a harp twined with myrtle; the harp changes into a cap of liberty; the cap of liberty (strange metamorphosis) shifts into a marriage petition; this, again, into a civic wreath of patriotic oak; the wreath into a pulpit, and the pulpit into a love-letter; as eventful and strange a litany as Shakespeare's "Seven Ages."

—I must go meet the Non Cons.

Saturday. I intended, love, to have continued the above, and sent you a double or treble letter inclosed in a parcel of some books which I have by me for papa. As I could not do this on Wednesday, I gave up the design, and wrote to you that day by post. Your letter, which arrived on Friday, gives me a charming account, upon
the whole, of your getting on. I am coming, but I shall
not be able to set out till Tuesday, as I had previously
ixed a meeting for Monday evening, at which my at-
tendance is indispensable; nor can I remain over Sun-
day. However, I shall see you, and that is cheering after
this sad, long, anxious period. Remember, the Tuesday
coach arrives later than the other; you will not, there-
fore, begin to expect so soon as usual. I can’t under-
stand this F— business, but we will talk of all these
things. Farewell, dearest, till Tuesday evening.

Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

Birthday Lines, and Letter, from the same to the same.

AN AEOLIAN LAY.

For Dec. 15, 1818.

Long the harp of my youth had hung,
While the myrtle that twined it had wither’d, forsaken,
For the day of my dearest its chords when I strung,
Yet trembled again its lost tones to awaken,
Lost Time from their music that magic had taken,
Which once charm’d her soul, for whom only I sung,

I placed my harp on a tree that was bare;
My heart has been like it, all lonely and blighted;
And yet some sweet blossoms of promise were there,
That soon should, in spring-time, look gay and delighted;
And from heaven then to breathe on its strings I invited
The Zephyr of Love,—and he granted my prayer.
By me untouch'd did the harp remain,—
But amidst its strings that breeze was straying,
And soon did they thrill to a lovely strain,
Full of softness and wildness, like Angels playing,
The tale of my bosom in music displaying,
And recording its fondness, and gladness, and pain.

First, sounds came at intervals, sweet and low,
Like the notes of a flute o'er the waters stealing—
They seem'd the first sighs of young Love, ere he grew
So strong o'er the heart as to spurn concealing;
And then did the hope of responsive feeling
In a swelling stream of rich melody flow.

Like a spring-tide of rapture it roll'd,
My bosom with gladness pervading—
When strangely there mingled some notes harsh and cold,
Like the accents of doubt, or of jealous upbraidings;
And as these tenes of discord were rapidly fading,
Of trial and conflict a trumpet-sound told.

And then again it was harmony clear,
Which flow'd so sweet and evenly,
It fill'd and satisfied the ear,
And breathed the soul of Constancy—
When at once, in the midst of this music so heavenly,
Came a cry as of anguish and fear.
And then were groans of a frame in pain,
Which cruel fates of health were robbing,
And sympathy stifled as if in vain,
And the voice of Affection sobbing—
And my cheek was pale, and my heart was throbbing,
When the harp tuned to comfort and hope again.
And love, hope, comfort, and joy came fast,
In rival melody sweetly vying—
Oh, might that lay to eternity last—
But the Zephyr to heaven already was flying;
And while my bosom was still replying,
The harp was mute, and the strain was past!

My dear E—,
I trust you will be well, or rather mendingly
enough to receive smilingly this little effusion. In good
faith my fingers are becoming too stiff with theological work
to handle the pen of a versifier with either ease or grace;
'tis but setting a bear to dance. But there is honesty
under this slight veil of fiction, and that is more than
can be said of many veils woven by more dexterous fingers,
and of richer workmanship. I have not heard of you
now since Saturday, but not I trust from anything like
relapse. Indeed I have confidence that J. would have
informed me had that been the case. How long can you
sit up in the day yet? I shall not wait till you can
manage all day. As soon as you accomplish a few hours
I shall come, and bring some work with me for the rest
of my time. May your birthday be an era in your
memory by bringing greater strength and swifter pro-
gress. I scarcely know how to write till I see you. I
have nothing to guide me to your tone of feeling. Have
you felt disappointed at not hearing more from me in the
last few days? Indeed, it has been physically impossible,
as I will explain hereafter. My own good girl, may thy
health and strength and spirits rapidly return, and all hap-
pinness be thine. This day has never, since we knew each other, been thus gloomed; once indeed, but that was very different. May its future suns have no clouds to dim them. I wish spring would make haste. For you must take walks by-and-by, medicinally. I intend to be the companion of some of them, and prescribe the pace, and length, and time. Oh, I could talk so many little things to you, but one cannot nurse by post. Think them all for me; but then you would not need. I hope to hear very soon, and a good account; more eating exploits, and one sentence in your own hand, perhaps two, but not more for the present. And now, love, with all kindest wishes, farewell. Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Churchyard, Dec. 19th, 1818.

My Love,

It is properly James's office to write to you, it would seem, and especially on the subject of which this will be the burden; but I so love to be the narrator of good news, that I could not refrain from begging to tell my own tale. Will you not be pleased to hear that I sit up half a day at a time, not in my bed-room, but as parlour guest. I usually rise and am down ready to receive my friends by two o'clock, but to-day, owing to one or two little inconveniences, I was not down till three; but
even this is a great thing, compared to what has been. Next week I hope to see you here, and then I trust I shall be able to receive you by noon. I have given my friends permission to call after two, but not before. The fatigue of getting up is considerable for the first hour, but I hope to get strength every day and week. Papa is at Poole on a reference, goes from thence to Salisbury, thence to Gloucester; we expect him home by Sunday, but I suspect the exact time is doubtful. He has been gone all this week. James offers you his bed, and says he will go to Tangmere to sleep if you prefer our house to sleeping at B——'s, which is the only alternative, unless you prefer an Inn, and that papa would not like, I know. Therefore you must choose for yourself. James, I know, will willingly give you his bed if you prefer being here, which, perhaps, will be the most comfortable, in some respects, at least; you will not be confined in your mornings as you would at B——'s. I ought to tell you that James's room is an attic, but in other respects comfortable enough. Am I not good to write all this? I know not that I can boast, for I still love to write to thee, and 'tis the next best solace to talking with thee. But I must not write myself in low spirits, that will throw me back an hour or two, so cheer up, and next week we will have such comfortable cozes; and though I cannot venture on Christmas beef with thee, I may perhaps take chocolate of a morning, and certainly tea of an afternoon, and that I hope to do the first day of your arrival.

Write as soon as you can again. This morning's letter and verses pleased me much, though I have scarcely had time to peruse them to my satisfaction. I shall expect you on Monday. Let me know when you write
which bed you make choice of. Wishing you every happiness I and the coming season can afford,

Believe me thine own,

Eliza.
CHAPTER IX.

LETTERS FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, AND BIRTHDAY LINES, 1819.

From the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London, to Miss Florene,
at Chichester.

Hackney Road, 8th Jan., 1819.

My Love,

Your last was a very comfortable letter, and if it did not report so great a progress as the former one, it was yet quite satisfactory, and dissipated the alarm which I really felt lest you should be pushing forward beyond what your strength would bear, or the weather render prudent. You are also very good about prerogative. I am fagging mightily at the lectures, which owing to my careless, broken, hinting way of writing for the pulpit, cost me an infinity of trouble. I have renounced all visiting till they are done, provided my health holds out. And, honestly, for the first time I am looking to Sunday preaching as a relief and to recruit me. Mrs J— complains terribly that I am pale at night and flushed in the morning, but there is no occasion for alarm. I must attend the Non Cons on Monday, and the meeting about the new society on Wednesday, and that will vary next week sufficiently. But I have been sitting very close all
this week, and now, after supper, no wonder if I write rather nervously. The 25th was the day I meant to come, and by that time I hope to have the whole in the printer's hands. The proof-sheets he can send after me by post. I shall want relaxation then, so be smiling. Should I not be able to get through under another week, you will forgive me; but truly I do not expect that this will be necessary. If the printer should have to wait for me, my week's holiday might occasion a month's delay, which is very undesirable; but, from all present appearances, I shall have done my part by the time mentioned. Yesterday I had a call from H—, who is marvellously improved by his residence at Exeter, and pleased me exceedingly. He preaches the St Thomas's lecture on Sunday. He seems altogether a different man from what he was; enters with interest into our plans, and has been himself preaching lectures at Exeter, with printed lists of subjects circulated, on all the leading topics of controversy. So useful it is for young men to fall into good hands. I must say good-night, love.

*Saturday.* A short coze with thee, dearest, and then to my task again. They must put up with old sermons to-morrow, as they would have the lectures. Are you not tired of hearing of these things? Think what I must be, after having had quite enough in going over the ground once, or twice rather in writing and preaching them, and now to travel the same route again. It is quite horrid. I must not, however, let the publication lower or disgrace me, if I can help it; and though 'tis quite impossible to make it exactly the thing that I should deliberately compose in order to publish, still it will not,
I think, appear to disadvantage by the side of anything that I have as yet been "done" into printing. There are several passages which I am sure you will like and praise, if nobody else does, and that will not be unacceptable. You should have some rare jobs of writing if you were here. I want a secretary abominably. Some of the longer extracts from printed books, for the notes, I have employed a young man about, and this is some relief. Did I tell you W— declined coming to Walthamstow? I wish he had. He might have been of some use to us. So you have been amused with the modern philosophers. Bridgetina is not altogether a fancy picture, but was taken from a lady resident at or near Colchester, in Essex, whose name I have forgotten. She was an acquaintance of Henry Robinson's, who in consequence hated Mrs Hamilton as heartily as he did Buonaparte and the Jacobins. It was, as you may suppose, a very gross caricature. The book is very dextrously written for effect, especially in what relates to poor Julia, which would, of course, arm all the ladies against the new philosophy. The Gonoquis scheme is very fair. Some were at that time actually far gone enough to think of such things. Witness Southey and his friends. Did you ever read Mrs Opie's "Mother and Daughter?" That is also an attack on Godwinian philosophy, but in a very different style. She does by pathos what Mrs II— would effect by ridicule. She writes like a friend to the persons whose reveries she exposes, and indeed so she was. She would do them credit in the eyes of others, while endeavouring to humble them in their own. Mrs II— would crush the party by directing to them the popular ridicule, contempt, and hatred; while
Mrs Opie would win them back to common sense by an affectionate appeal to their own hearts. You can easily get Mrs Opie's book at the circulating libraries; and as Mrs II—has led you to the subject, I think the comparison would very much interest you; as showing the different powers of the two authoresses, and the different light in which the same opinions and party may appear to two superior minds neither of which admitted their truth or utility. The Life of Lady Hamilton is a capital piece of just biography, an excellent young ladies' book.

I think of you as walking this lovely morning; but not in the fields, which must be wet with last night's rain. May health come in every breath of air. I must to my task. Fare thee well.

Thine own ever,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Chichester, Jan. 14th, 1819.

My Love,

I am sorry to hear this account of your flushed and pale looks. It must not be. What is the immediate necessity of theserious being out within a month? why not take it more leisurely? I should protest stoutly against it if I were by. I would willingly lend you my assistance as scribe, but I should surely plague in other ways, by laying down my pen at intervals for the sake of a talk, keeping you longer at meals than usual,
all to give your mind a little relaxation, and then you
might fag again till I saw that you were getting tired.
You do not sit up late at night, I hope; if so, I must
scold. I know how liable you are to nervousness, and
that above everything is the sure means of increasing it,
and may, in the event, make you really ill. Now, do be
mindful of these things, and take a walk when fine before
dinner, it would so refresh and invigorate you for a re-
newal of your work; remember the good effects a walk
used to have; you would return blithe and lively, and
it would now be as beneficial (nearly so), at least. Well,
now, what shall I write about? there's no news afloat,
and sentiment won't do. I must tell you of my readings.
It is almost my only amusement, with the exception of a
little music, and a little drawing now and then. The day
after I wrote last, I took up Mackenzie's Travels in
Ireland. It is an interesting work, so much so, that I
could scarcely stir from it till I had finished it: his de-
limination of the character and manners of the people, and
his description of the wild grandeur of the scenery of the
country, are related with great simplicity and perspicuity.
They are a wonderful people, their tastes for literature,
and their perseverance in acquiring knowledge, when we
consider their disadvantages of attaining it, is astonishing.
How great must be the surprise of a stranger in journey-
ing through their country, to find, on entering into con-
versation with one of these poor inhabitants, seeing him
clad in sheep-skin, tending the herds, tilling the ground,
shoeing horses, and employing himself in the meanest
services, yet capable of conversing in the purest Latin,
referring you to the best passages in the classics, and not
unfrequently equally conversant with the languages of con-
tinental Europe. I have copied the specimens given of their music. It is in good taste, as well as a curiosity. Shall I tire you with my reading? I am scampering on at a great rate, without much connection or order in the choice, but my object was amusement, and in these I have as yet selected I have found it; any books that you recollect as being worthy of notice I shall now turn to with pleasure; when I am well again, and business on my hands, they may, perhaps, be recommended in vain. "Galt's life of Wist," that you long ago mentioned, and which I am desirous of seeing, has not yet found its way to the libraries at C—r. I have just finished the "Mother and Daughter." 'Tis a sweet tale, and a delicate and beautiful exposition of that fallacious and absurd system, miscalled moral philosophy; better had this nouvelle philosophy never been broached, or published only among the Gonoquisis, than it should ever have played havoc with a mind pure and exalted as that of the lovely Adeline. My Godwinianism, that you used to laugh at, and which I never fully explained, is a modification of their scheme; ridiculous enough, 'tis true, but I once mused over my theory with great pleasure, though I never was so far gone as to anticipate its practice; the theory I still think not so bad, but the result, in the present state of society, would be very far from good. I see you smiling. I told it you on purpose; you must be in want of somebody to make you laugh. Do you remember our pancake and fritter treat at Peckett's? As I am not able to go there, they have kindly sent me some, a large plate-full; I wish I could see you partaking of them. The improvement in H— is very gratifying; is it likely that he will be invited to Walthamstow? He would be as de-
sirable an acquisition as W—, I should think. Papa and D— will be in town some time next week. The exact time is uncertain, it depends on the day a poor man’s trial is fixed, for whom they are concerned.

Now you will take my advice, and do as I requested at the beginning of the letter. It is but fair you should, as I have faithfully attended to your prudent persuasions.

Farewell. Thine ever affectionately,

Eliza.

Letter from Miss Florance, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Chichester, May 28, 1819.

My Love,

I have deferred writing till to-day, thinking that the longer I waited the more I should have to communicate, but that has not been the case, my stock of news still remaining very low. Such as it is, love, let it amuse you. I was at Mrs D—’s last evening. She is come in for a week while uncle is in London. Jane is looking much better, but they will return to Bognor when D— comes back; you will probably see him. James will be in town again next week, soon enough, I hope, to join you at the Fund dinner. His return to C—r (if at all) is very uncertain. F— starts on Monday, and takes John, or else James would go with him. I should like them all to dine with you on Wednesday. You are to shine, you know, this year; let it be dazzlingly, and eclipse all competitors. I should be contented to be a planet revolving
about you on this occasion, if I might but peep at the
two great luminaries—two suns in one hemisphere; as
neither of you, I suppose, would be content to be called
secondary, shining with borrowed light. Speaking of
such mighty spirits, 'tis difficult to personify them cor-
rectly. The sun is a glorious object, too, mighty in its
influence, doing good. His beams disperse the shadows
of darkness and mystery, sending forth light upon the
children of men; and so do ye. If you find yourself
push'd for time I will wait patiently till the end of the
week for a letter, and then give me a full and particular
account of your proceedings; but I shall be pleased with
a Sunday evening's coco if thee be so inclin'd. I like
your historical project exceedingly, it will embrace a wide
field for observation. You may be eloquent or pro-
saic, serious or satirical, dull or declamatory, as the mode
or the subject requires; but I do hope you will not enter
upon it till I come to London, for go I must before
long. Even supposing you do not accept my assistance, I
should like to begin and go through a course with you.
Ecclesiastical history is that with which I am least
acquainted. But that, like other requirements, is easily
attained. Do you commence with The Fathers, for I am
not sure where the era of ecclesiastical history begins. I
have specimens of the eloquence of St Chrysostom and
St Gregory Nazianzen. Do you remember the beautifful
metaphors of the former when speaking of prayer, and
the description of spring, by the latter? Can anything be
dearer? I have actually paused to refer to them, to be
sure that my recollections were correct. The young men
here are forming a society, to consist of 10 members,
and to call themselves a "Conversation Society." Fulla-
gar is honorary member. They are to meet once a week at each other’s houses alternately, to take tea, and break up at 9 o’clock. They met at D—’s on Monday to draw up their rules and plans. Frank is secretary, having taken the most active part in its formation. Last evening they met at P—’s (E. G.), and James delivered an essay on “Mind,” the merits of which was the subject of discussion. When they have no essay to engage their attention, one of the party is to read, and then they discuss the subjects as they may arise during the reading. What do you think of it? It has been proposed to admit ladies, as silent members; but they are afraid of being laughed at. Do you know that papa has proposed my opening a school here!! James was commissioned to inquire if I had any objection. I certainly have very great objections. I surely need not enter upon my reasons for objecting; they are so mixed with feeling, that even if I did not see the folly and absurdity of attempting such a thing here, I could not easily bring my mind to it. Do you think there is any chance of your succeeding in finding a situation for me? if not, I would not rely wholly upon your exertions. There is Miss R—, my late schoolmistress, I might apply to, and the F—s would do all they could for me; but these connections are not such as I quite like, therefore you see I come round to you again. Oh, dear, after the Fund business is over, may I rely on your exertions, for leave C—r I must in the autumn. I was born to trouble you, I fear. Well, since you were foolish enough to interest yourself about me, you must take the evil with the good, or give up altogether, there is no separating it. I wish I could see you and talk to you. As James leaves C—r, it is absurd to keep this great
house on only for papa and me. The family will continue at Tangmere. We have it in contemplation to place Matilda in some school as half-boarder to assist in instructing the young ones and to make her capable of eventually being a teacher in a school (if necessary) herself. I have some thought of inquiring if Miss R— will take her for a few years. Tay would like it exceedingly if we can manage it. I shall try and do something for her.

The "Modern Biography," that you refer to, I have frequently had from the library, to consult about particular characters, but 'tis an awkward library book. I should like it upon my own shelves to refer to as any name occurs that I would wish to be better acquainted with, but 'tis not a book that would be interesting to read regularly through; it would be like reading through a dictionary. But I have seen it, and shall see it again. I must not add any more, or post will be gone, except that I am thine,

Eliza.

If you cannot write before Wednesday, give me a line with the newspaper. Success to you, and good spirits to bear you through the fatigues of the day. Farewell!

Hackney Road, 30th May, 1819.

My Love,

You shan’t go without a letter this week, and now I think you will praise me for being very good. Not to claim more merit for this than belongs to me, I should say that by foresight and good management I have made the bustle less than it generally used to be. I dine at home this afternoon, and have a quarter of an hour or so for thee, before I set off for the evening service. To begin with the business part of your letter. The C—r scheme is absurd enough, quite impracticable in itself, at least, very unlikely to succeed so as to be worth anything, even if your feelings were for it as much as they are the other way. You ask if there be any chance of my succeeding? I will not say that there is no doubt of it; but I think the probabilities certainly are that I shall be able, by the autumn, to introduce you into some post that you will not dislike, and though I am less sanguine as to the partnership scheme, about which I have made some inquiries, yet I by no means give up that yet as impracticable. At any rate, as soon as I get this anniversary off my hands, and myself off my Norfolk journey, which immediately follows, I will see about it in good earnest. Now I must see after my sermon for the evening.

Evening. Now, dear, again to our business. You want a talk; so do I, and should be very glad if we could have one. Is there anything you would say, that you feel loth to write? Be plain, dearest, if there be.
There was, you know, a feeling which I had supposed might creep into your mind, and which occasioned us some conversation. Has it come back again? Most delighted should I be to put an end to all these difficulties were the obstacles to that "consummation devoutly to be wished" under the control of my will. But I am on the brink of not being just to your generous and confiding heart, so let us dismiss that part of the subject. I consider our interests and our feelings as one—indissolubly one—and do you, love, so far rely on me, as not to let any anxieties or nervousness be pressing on your mind. I will see you again as soon as I can, which will be, I think, before any decisive arrangement will be necessary, though I must first clear my hands of these country preachments, which come so thick they will fig me by the time they are disposed of. Meantime go on with French, and keep up your spirits.

D— came here yesterday, and W— was at chapel to-night. Both of them in the dolefuls. The former I very much apprehend, not without some reason, time will show. I fear we shall not muster in very great numbers at the dinner on Wednesday. The pressure of the times and the panic which these discussions about the bank have struck into the moneyed men, and, indeed, all classes, are terribly against us. The dinner after my preaching in 1817 seems likely to remain, as it now is, the most numerous from the commencement. We were then above 300. This will make very much against shining. Last Tuesday I took Jemmy (as Mrs S— calls her, to her great annoyance) to an interesting exhibition,—the annual meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Arts, Science, and Manufactures, when the prizes were
distributed. These prizes are given for ingenious inventions; such as life-boats, machines for sweeping chimneys, &c., for drawings, engravings, architectural models, &c.; and in agriculture, for planting the greatest number of oaks, and such like. About 70 medals, gold and silver, were distributed this year. The Duke of Sussex was to have presided, but was kept away by some accident. They are all received in person. The successful candidates were an amusing collection: some from the nobility, and others from the lowest classes; some very old, and several little more than children; and about 14 or 15 of them ladies. About 1000 well-dressed people were present. The chairman sat on an elevated platform, surrounded by about 100 persons, chiefly of the nobility, foreign ambassadors, &c., and each candidate was handed up to him separately, when he delivers the medal with a complimentary and appropriate speech. The prize drawings were hung conspicuously round the room, and each pointed out to notice as its artist received his or her prize. When the prize was for a mechanical invention, a model of it was exhibited, and the mode of working it shown. I grew tired of the sameness at last, but Jem enjoyed it to the end, so I stood patiently. The chairman varied his compliments very well; but then the constant ending. He presents the medal and bows gracefully; the lady receives it, and curtsies most gracefully, and then we all clap. Only think of this 70 times over, with only the variety of a curtsey or a bow, a graceful or ungraceful one, and a loud clap or a faint one. This society is a hobby of Arthur Aikin’s (the Doctor’s son), and it has answered wonderfully. So James is really about to try London. I wish it may do. I think he sees
further into the real state of things than papa will yet allow himself to do. How strange that he should not yet feel disposed to communicate openly and directly with you about these things. However, every man has his humour. I shall write this day so 'night, love, but I fear not be able to give you a very full detail. I must then tell you my movements, for next week, you know, I start for Colchester, thence to Norwich.

Farewell, my own and dearest. Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

---

Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Chichester, June 25th, 1819.

Cher Ami,

Well, love, and how is it after your journey? a little fatigued, and does home feel comfortable again? its quiet and stillness must be sweet after such a racketing fortnight. I know not why, but I always have greater longings to be with you on these occasions than at any other. There is something so pleasing in the sound of "welcome home." It seems to tell of joys that have been interrupted, and that are again to be renewed; but I am anticipating and feeling as if I were really with you. That must not be indulged in; the charm will break, and then how cheerless will seem its lonesomeness. You have not, I hope, had a return of the headache. Do be abstemious, and ward it off if possible; company, public dinners, and good wines are things hard to be resisted, but put them
in the balance, and chose between them and the headache. Let prudence prevail—pretty preacher! Ladies are always more apt to give than to take advice, and you will bear with their foibles. Papa is just come back from Portsmouth, where he has been to open a commission of bankruptcy. He has left Tanguere, and I hope the change will do him good. Mamma worried him a good deal, unintentionally, I believe. He wants to be indulged and amused; at times his spirits sadly fail him; he is very mild, and says but little. James and I do all we can to make him cheerful, and draw his mind from himself. Such a family, all young and unprovided for, makes one's heart ache to think of, but we do not despair. James will persist in painting the prospects fair. Among other schemes that have been thought of, is that of papa's going to France, and taking all the family (James excepted). Papa has partly acceded, and talks of going to Cherbourg and consulting Dumont; but it may end in talk. So far as I can see of the plan, I approve, and think it the wisest and cheapest that can be adopted. I am silent as regards myself till I have seen and talked with you. Have you heard of the large emigration that's talked of from C—r to America? I told you that Mr W— was going to reconnoitre; instead of which 'tis now said that he means to go in the spring and take his family at a venture; in that case the P—s, B. P—, and mother, old B—, Mr H— and family, &c., &c., will join them, going out as one family. This is not merely light talk. I assure you they are thinking very seriously of it. D— is going to France, and if we leave, C—r will look but so so a year hence, should you then have occasion to visit it. I took tea at B—'s the evening before last,
and met the Baptist parson, Mr B—, he is quite a boy, both in mind and manners; and, would you believe, a staunch advocate of government men and measures, but as weak a one in argument as our friend Jenney P—, though I cannot add that, like him, "though vanquished he can argue still." Has he taken his political creed from G—? of whom he is a great admirer, and calls him the most amiable of men. Do you know, I am growing a Wordsworthian, from F—'s tremendous and repeated attacks on his poetry I have been led to read him again very attentively, and am become a more confirmed admirer than ever (of his beauties). Do you remember the "Female Vagants," "Brothers," "The Nightingale," some lines on Spring, addressed to his sister, and many, many others. I cannot vindicate the extremes that his system has drawn him into; but 'tis not surprising that a poet who has written such beauties should have admirers, and having written such trash should be burlesqued; but those who speak of him either in unqualified praise or reserve are equally wrong, and betray equal ignorance of taste and discernment. I am half inclined to close this without telling you what C—'s "odd notions" were; indeed, I have forgotten the exact words, but the sum and substance is not new to me. You ask so earnestly, I scarcely know how to refuse you. Uncharitable remarks on this subject are not unfrequently broached in all quarters, where listeners are to be found, and take pleasure in scandal; but to tell you, C— had heard that it was all off between you and me. He inquired if your intentions were serious, and threw out hints that if you had the wish you had the means, &c. James's replies were spirited and honourable both to you and the family feel-
nings on the subject. I must admit that I felt indignant that such things should be said of you, but knowing how untrue it was, the feeling subsided in forgetfulness. Let it have the same effect on you. I would not have told you, but I feared that by making it a secret you might fancy it was something of importance; and, besides, I hate mysteries. I am writing in haste, for I have a working-job in hand that must be finished this afternoon; that will not prevent me from sending a thought after thee; this is a privilege that neither time, nor absence, nor employment can deprive me of. 'Tis a strange thing this firm affection. The mind untramelled still returns to the same spot, that little corner of the heart. Let the floods come, and 'tis still a spot of dry land where the mind finds a resting-place, when all else is an empty void. Its contemplations are sweet, though words can not always express them. Farewell. Farewell.

Thine own, best and dearest,

ELIZA.

Tell me when you can run down for a day or two.


Hackney Road, June 27th, 1819.

DEAREST,

I am back, and though not "out of the frying pan into the fire," yet I seem out of one whirlpool into another. My journey from Norwich to Lynn on Tuesday
was not very interesting, either for country or company, both flat alike. I sat reading in one corner of the coach, and a notable lady sat knotting in another, while our two companions kept up a sort of slow fire of conversation, something like the minute guns which toll a hero's knell, the one observing, and the other responding, about once in half an hour. Lynn is an interesting town, and seems to have some delightful walks, although destitute of hill, and with but little wood. The river is noble, at high water at least. One of the walks charmed me excessively; it is about the length of the north walls (straightened), between a double row of fine trees, whose branches meet, and terminated by a wall (part of the ruin of some ancient building), in which there are three large open arches, the centre one considerably larger than the great window of the cathedral, through which, from the very opposite end of the walk, you have a fine perspective view of the country beyond; the effect is beautiful. Lynn has several fine Gothic ruins, and a noble church and chapel, antique enough to be looked at. It was, you know, Bishop's Lynn, before that scoundrel John made it Lynn Regis, or King's Lynn. I visited the spot where he landed, and where there is a statue of him. The Unitarian part of the affair went off very well, but so like other Unitarian affairs, that I shall not give you a long account of it. I had a fagging day on the Wednesday; there was preaching morning and evening; dining and speaking (between 70 and 80, including about 15 ladies), and, moreover, supping and speaking too, for between 20 and 30 reassembled after the evening service. After all this, I had to be up next morning between five and six. The Lynn road to London made amends for the dulness...
of the other ride, though the marsh lands indeed were bad enough to Ely; but there we changed horses, and I had a delicious first sight of that lovely cathedral, which seems more fantastic than any I have seen. We dined at Cambridge, and came by Ware, Edmonton, &c., to town. M--, I find, paid me the compliment of getting up some of his best sermons for my pulpit, and has made quite a sensation in town. This I like; he is certainly sometimes a most delightful preacher. So half C--r, almost, is gone to America. Joy go with them; but I think they are taking a bold leap. And D-- to France; not before the trial, I hope, of which I suspect he has rather strong apprehensions. Mrs P--r wrote P--r in the letter which he received just before we met at Col--r, that you talked very freely about D-- at their house that night,—profit by this communication, but don't notice it. I don't understand this scheme of papa's going to France; housekeeping, &c., is cheap there, 'tis true, but then what is he to do? I can guess at no pursuit in which he could engage there, which is likely to pay. Has Jas. given up the London project? I thought he had been coming all in a hurry, or is he stayed to bring these matters to some kind of settlement first? You ask me to tell when I can run down for a day or two. I scarcely can say yet, love; next week, you know, I have to gallop to Tenterden, in Kent, and back; and I begin next Sunday a course of morning sermons, which will require some attention. I shall watch the opportunity, and let you know a day or two before, which is as soon as in the present state of business I shall be able to fix. There is a new breeze just sprung up in which I am involved. Our Marriage Bill seems really likely to pass.
Now the general body of Dissenting Ministers had been thinking, while we were acting, and meditating an attack somewhat similar in its object, though different in the detail. They never supposed we should get anything, and thought it not amiss that we should feel the way for them. Our success has enraged them, as they can have no chance of carrying any other measure after ours, which is not exactly their wish; besides, the mortification of coming in under our triumphant colours! Accordingly, they have had the impudence to request us to suspend our Bill, and bring in theirs instead; the folly to threaten even to petition against it; the mischievousness to bother Wm Smith with their remonstrances; and the rashness to set on foot petitions of their own about the broad principle of Dissent, and all that; the consequence of all which is, I am summoned to a committee meeting to-morrow morning at eight o'clock; then we must be off to some M. P.’s, and then conferences, deputations, &c., and I suppose a little hearty quarrelling among the persons. If Smith be but trusty and rapid, we shall manage it, else we are flung; if we should get through, it will be a crown of laurel for our association. I must to bed. Farewell, my own love.

Thine, fondly,

W. J. Fox.
Letter from Miss Florence, at Chichester, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London.

Chichester, August 19th, 1819.

Cher Ami,

I had many reasons for not writing before, and one of them not the least in importance was that I expected by this time to be able to tell you that I had made up my mind as to what situation I had chosen for the next step in life. But this I must defer now till another time. Will you believe that I have had resolution enough to reply to two separate advertisements myself. I did not think I could do such a thing. There was one from Cambridgeshire the beginning of last week, that I wished replied to, but I felt so dispirited and embarrassed that I begged of F— to do it for me, and another which James has answered to-day. I have, however, written to Brighton and to London, with what success time will show. I shall leave no stone unturned that will enable me to leave C—r by the end of September, as I wish papa to let this house if possible by that time. William has left us; we have settled him very comfortably with Dr Woodman, at Bognor; and James is in daily expectation of leaving; his books and bed furniture, &c., &c., are all safely arrived in London, and everything is there ready to receive him, he is only waiting now to arrange matters for me.

I have been quite an invalid, both in body and mind, since I wrote you last; but by the aid of 

bark, which I am taking by wholesale, I have been better these two or three days past, but I am still but so so. I am really trembling so now, that I can with difficulty guide my pen.
I should like to see you before I leave C—r, if it be only to say farewell for ever; but please yourself, act as your feelings dictate. It seems a long time since I heard from, and I cannot tell how long since I saw you, but while I am stationary here, I cannot imagine how you feel, whose mind is continually drawn to other scenes of activity and usefulness, of gaiety and pleasure. But such, of course, it must ever be with men. Affection and love with them can only be an amusement, a recreation from the business of life; with woman 'tis her life, her breath, her daily food, looking forward, as I have for so many years, to one distinct object; mingling every hope and feeling with some looked-for bliss in store, that really this effort to separate them, to carry my mind forward to new and untried scenes, without one pleasurable association connected therewith, has so unhinged my mind, that I think I never had such conflicting feelings to contend with; but I have braved a parting scene, painfully indeed, after that there is no ordeal that time will not enable me to accomplish. I cannot write. You will excuse me. I hope you have had a very pleasant journey. The weather has been remarkably fine for you to see the country to the best advantage. Farewell. Farewell! I could not now express what I now feel unless I could see you, and then perhaps a little conversation tempered in kindness might do much good. For the present farewell.

Affectionately yours,

ELIZA FLORENCE.
Letter from James Florance, in London, to his sister,
Miss Florance, at Chichester.

4, Commercial Chambers, Minories, 8th Sept., 1819.

My Dear Eliza,

Ever anxious to promote your happiness and welfare, I hastened this morning to see J. B., at 29, Portland Place.

The house is situate in the grandest part of the West-end of the town. The door was opened by a domestique (a foreigner, from her accent), and I ascended a noble flight of stone stairs to a large room, which, from the two harpsichords and books, seemed to be the "study." Imagine me suddenly left alone in a lofty splendid apartment, gilded panels, chandeliers, with mirrors from the ceiling to the floor; and waiting to be examined by an Amazon in literature. The tout ensemble was very imposing. I was, however, as cool as if I had lived for the last month on cucumbers and ice. At length entered the said J. B. and gilded into a chair. After the usual salutants, with an air full of ease and hauteur, this conversation commenced between us:

J. B. So you were kind enough to write to me for your sister?

J. F. 'Twas no kindness, madam, but a pleasure.

J. B. Where is the young lady? I can, of course, say nothing without an interview.

J. F. She is at present in the country. If it be your wish, she shall be with you in a day or two.

J. B. That is for you to consider. But stay, I must fetch your letter, to hear what you say.
J. F. Most certainly, ma'am.
On re-entering she resumed.
J. B. She can teach English, and is acquainted with French?
J. F. My sister is acquainted with French, but cannot speak it with Parisian grace or fluency. She understands it.
J. B. That will do. We speak French here constantly, and if she is desirous to improve herself, there will be no want of opportunity. You should have signed your name in reply to the advertisement.
J. F. I am quite a novice in those things; but I had my feelings on the subject, as I knew nothing of the party I was addressing.
J. B. Is your sister of a serious turn?
J. F. Rather so. She does not possess methodistic gravity. A mixture of air and earth, light and solid.
J. B. I can say nothing without seeing her. 'Tis an affliction she is not here. 'Twill be such an expense if her journey be useless.
J. F. I shall not feel hurt if my sister does not meet with your approbation. From what you seem to wish, I shall feel justified in sending for her at once. She can be here on Friday morning.
J. B. Excuse me, I have a weakness, I never like to do any business on a Friday; I would rather it should be on Saturday. She knows music, you say?
J. F. She plays very well, and is competent to teach it.
J. B. We have masters for that purpose, although her occasional assistance will be acceptable. Is your sister active?
J. F. Rather so.
J. B. She must be, for an active person can do ten times as much in a quarter of an hour as a slow one in an hour. She will be engaged from half-past six in the morning till half-past eight or nine at night.

J. F. Teaching all that time, ma'am?

J. B. [With some surprise] Undoubtedly not. But still engaged. In the morning in lessons, and in the evening preparing for the next day. What terms may she expect?

J. F. I would leave that to your own liberality after you see what her services deserve.

J. B. I can only give 20 guineas, and 5 guineas for washing, for the first year. You must consider the expense she is at home, and the advantages of improvement she will have here. What is her age? Oh, 25. Is her temper good?

J. F. As a brother I may be thought partial! It is very agreeable.

J. B. What is her religion? is she a dissenter?

J. F. She is. She has no objection, however, to go to church.

J. B. Oh, what an affliction that she should be a dissenter. She will not, I hope, obtrude her opinions?

J. F. She is ever averse to that. When you ask me her religion, I couldn't tell a story by saying she was not a dissenter. But, believing religion has its place in the heart and not in a temple, she would not hesitate to go to the established church.

J. B. I should think not, indeed.

Thus we went on for half an hour and more, when I took my leave. I have promised to let her know on Friday morning whether you will come and see her on
Saturday next or not.

My dear girl, don't let any excuse prevent your coming on Friday. I will just take the stage to Hackney to mention the subject to Mr Fox, and therefore now break off. Not yet! J. B. told me that there were two other ladies beside herself employed in teaching eight young ladies, who were of quality. She can't wait after Monday next. I shall with pleasure be ready to receive you from the Chichester coach, and I now go to Hackney to make some arrangements for your lodging in case you come. You must let me know whether I may expect you or not, by return of post. The articles of your wardrobe can be forwarded to you afterwards. I am sure you will be comfortable, and the house is so splendid and magnificent, that it will be a pride to call and see you there.

I am now with Mr Fox. If you come arrangements will be made to render you comfortable. I leave this with him in order that he may indorse it with what he pleases.

Yours affectionately,

James Florance, Junr.

Dear E—, by all means come. Some further inquiries will be expedient about J. B., but they can be made meantime, or after you arrive. I shall, with James, meet you at the coach, and previously speak to S—, at Homerton, or else to S—k, either of whom will be glad to receive you, I have no doubt, for a few nights. I think this is better than your either remaining at the Inn or being accommodated in any muddling way by any other arrangements. You will be housed with propriety and comfort.
I had your letter to-day, and was grieved at its nervous tone, which there was not the least occasion for. Pray brace yourself for the journey, and come as well, strong, and in spirits as you can.

Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from Miss Florence, at Cadogan Place, Chelsea, where she arrived from Chichester, on the 22nd of September, to the Rev. W. J. Fox, Hackney Road, London.

Cadogan Place, Sept. 24th, 1819.

My Love and Friend,

Here I am in this great splendid house with upwards of twenty persons about me, and yet never feeling so much alone in the utmost solitude as I now do. It is all so cold and so heartless, all either too young or too busy to interest themselves about me, and I, who have not yet fallen into the regular routine of business, wander about (in my thoughts I mean) from one spot to another seeking rest and finding none. I'll tell you how I pass my time: I am parlour-boarder at meals, and of an evening and all morning a pupil, though a privileged one, for I render to no one an account of my studies, except the French master. I breakfast at eight with Misses Russell and Moore, and a lady who has been many years parlour-boarder with Miss R—, an accomplished young woman. Between nine and ten I take my station in the school-room, and devote the whole morning till nearly one o'clock to French. I then join Miss R— at lunch,
after that I feel myself perfectly at liberty for the day. I then take an hour for music; another, for a walk before dinner; and then at four o’clock we all assemble at dinner; after which Miss R— retires to the drawing-room, and the young ladies walk in the front gardens. This part of the day it is that hangs the most heavy on my hands; from doliency I do not like to join Misses R— and Moore then, thinking they may like to be alone, so that from four till seven I am quite a solitaire. After dinner is a bad time for reading (were I so inclined); and, besides, there are many little inconveniences that remind me of the comforts of home, and of being among strangers. Well, tea time comes, and that is pleasant enough; I join them in the drawing-room then, and working and conversation fills up the time till ten or eleven o’clock, and then to bed, to be devoured by bugs, one of the luxuries of this overgrown city; but taking it altogether, though, I have no reason to complain; on the contrary, I ought to be thankful for the great and unparalleled privileges I am permitted to enjoy. Yet still I miss and long for friendly looks and friendly intercourse, where all is unreserved and free. I called on Eliza M— to-day, and walked with her to the Royal Arcade and back; through the Green Park before dinner, it was pleasant than going alone. Next Thursday is a holiday, and most of the young ladies are going out, and I among the number have promised to walk with Eliza M— to Vauxhall, and dine with Mrs John D—. The Monday after (4th Oct.) they have another enclosure. The whole school are invited to spend the day a short distance from town, at a friend of Miss Moore’s. I therefore shall have quite a day of leisure. I should like, if it can be so contrived, to hear
you on the Sunday, spend the day with you, and return on the Monday evening; if Smallfield's bed is disengaged, then, I think, we could manage it comfortably enough. You will say everything that is kind to them for me, expressing my thanks for their very friendly behaviour. Miss Russell and my evening party are out this evening, and I am quite alone. I began this before tea, but knowing that they were to be out, I thought it a good opportunity to scribble a few lines to you; when you write me, inform me if Mrs Smallfield received any reply from C—r respecting Mary. It is strange I have not heard from papa. The French books are no use to me, save as a reference, even old Vanostrecht is cast aside as useless. My new master, who seems, by the way, a very intelligent man, says, that as he is not conversant with grammar, he should like me to have Levezac (the same that is read in the school), and run through all the first rules with him, that he may be quite sure I am well grounded. This would be very right and proper if I were a child, and had plenty of time to spare; but as it is I can't help thinking it great loss of time; he does it to save himself trouble. I suspect I should learn more of my old Jordin in one lesson than I shall of this Monsieur in six. He has to attend 16 of us, hear us read, correct our exercises, and examine us, all in the course of two hours; I leave you to guess how much is devoted to each pupil. I fear the advantages to be derived from being here will not be so great as I expected. The whys and wherefores I will leave to explain when I see you. Write me as long a letter as you can before you start, and tell me when I may expect you back, that I may be the first to welcome you on your return. Remember me
to such of your friends as are deserving my esteem. My best wishes go with you. Farewell.

Thine,

Eliza.

Letter from the Rev. W. J. Fox to Miss Florence,
at Chelsea.

Hoxton Road, Sunday night, Sept. 26, 1812.

Ma chère,

You shall have a bit of a scrawl, though I am very tired, having walked home after exerting myself rather more than usual. And first of the first, if you can convey yourself to town next Sunday morning, and that will not be difficult I suppose, the rest will be of easy arrangement, as the two ladies expected by Mrs Smallfield come to-morrow or Tuesday, and leave before Sunday, so that the bed will be then perfectly at your service. Mrs S-- has not heard from your C--r servant, and is laying the blame on the girl's sweetheart. Yesterday a written invitation, by special messenger, came from Whitechapel for Miss — to dine there to-day. Mrs T--'s head is quite in the clouds at having seen you. You see I am pouring out all my news at once, à bordinoir. My jaunt to Horn Hill, after we parted on Wednesday, I had neither spirits nor eyes to write about. It is a delightful spot, and the party a very pleasant one; we had a charming drive round by Norwell, but the wood has almost vanished, and the gipsies quite. I have not seen
James since you left. My journey commences to-morrow morning at seven o'clock, and I shall most probably return by the Thursday night coach, so as to reach here on Friday morning. At latest, I shall be home by Friday night, but the former is most probable. Now, by way of admonition; in your Vauxhall or other walks, remember you are not in the country, and let me have no risks run; the robbing season is coming on, and your usual habits make me rather nervous for you. That sweet Mrs Bicknell, whom I went to see on Wednesday, received a blow the other day, and had a snatch made at her watch in the open road, not two minutes after she had jumped out of her husband's gig, and before he had driven out of sight. I see you are laughing; never mind.

There was an advertisement on Thursday from a Hackney lady for a governess, who must be a disserter, which Smallfield will inquire after while I am gone, but I apprehend an orthodox disserter is meant, and will be required.

Excuse this languid, uninteresting, blotch-potch scrawl. I am fagged, and my eyes are smarting and burning. I shall rest them to-morrow as I ride, and have sweet reveries of thee. Meet me with a kind note on Friday, and thine own kind self on Sunday. Dearest, farewell.

Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.
MEMOIR OF MRS ELIZA FOX.

To E. F.

December 17, 1842.

Wither'd by Winter's icy breath,
The tender flower is chill'd to death;
And yet, my love, there is a flower
That braves the utmost of his power.

Awed by grim Winter's frown, each bird,
That sung so blithe, no more is heard;
And yet, my love, there flows along
A richer, clearer, sweeter song.

Eclipsed by Winter's blackening cloud,
The sun is veil'd, as in a shroud;
And yet, my love, there is a sun
With beams still blazing, brightening on.

Winter has bound the stream in frost,
Its glittering and its murmuring lost;
Yet may, my love, a stream, unbound,
Glittering and murmuring still be found.

Murky with fog, or rain, or snow,
Winter's brief days obscurely flow;
And yet, my love, there is a day
Calm, fair, and bright, as those of May.

Summer's gay leaves, all sere and dead,
Lie crush'd beneath stern Winter's tread;
And yet, love, blossoms unrepast,
A sunny summer in the breast.

Each cheering sight and sound estranged,
By Winter's power the world is changed;
And yet, my love, a world I own
Where change is never—never known.
MEMOIR OF MRS ELIZA FOX.

Yes, these to me, my love, thou art;
The day and sunshine of my heart;
My stream of joy that ever flows;
My cherish'd flower that ever blows;

My song of peace, 'mid sounds of strife;
The sunny summer of my life;
The world, where I would reign alone,
My sceptre, love; thy heart my throne.

All these to me, oh, more art thou,
Bright wreath upon my wintry brow,
There worn—until my day of doom,
And then—the garland on my tomb.

From Truth and Nature's stones I've sought
To gather ornaments of thought
To deck my own best gem this day,
And bound them with an honest lay.

Would they were richer! and, if told
"Such gems, though glittering, still are cold;"
The muse replies, "Cold gems may rest
And glitter on a glowing breast."

What wealth she has the muse shall proffer,
Nor will my love despise the offer,
For though the sacrifice be slight,
The altar's flame is strong and bright;

The altar of a burning heart
Which even to these can worth impart;
Like that which stood in Salem's shrine,
And made the gifts it touch'd divine.
Thus pilgrims bring their gems to deck
Their saint—and twine around her neck:
And thou an idol art of mine,
Oh, let me circle them round thine.

W. J. F.
CHAPTER X.

LETTERS FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.—THEIR MARRIAGE.
—BIRTHDAY VERSES, 1820 AND 1821.—CONCLUSION.

Letter from Miss Florene, at Chelsea, to the Rev.
W. J. Fox.

Cadogan Place, Jan. 11th, 1820.

My own F—,

It is the weather, I dare say, that has prevented your seeing me, as you promised. It may be also not fine to-morrow. To-morrow is come (Wednesday), and I dare not expect you to-day. How do the lovers in Lapland manage to visit their mistresses during their long winter of snow? If this weather lasts it will be expedient to learn of them, or else I see no end to this long interval of absence. Well, if you can furnish yourself with a fur cloak, a light canoe, and a couple of wild deer, you might perhaps venture so far as Cadogan Place, to take tea with me to-morrow evening. Miss R— and Miss M— are going out, and will not return till Saturday; therefore, if you can give me the pleasure of your company either to-morrow or Friday evening, I can contrive to receive you very comfortably. Miss R— gave me permission to ask you, yesterday, when I began this note, but was then prevented finishing it. Now, do come. We shall be very snug and quite alone, in the little back drawing-room. Perhaps I may ask Miss J— to make tea for us,
but that I shall think about. How have you contrived to live through all this frost and snow? Are you still warm and alive? I expect daily that my faculties will freeze, so that I shall have none left to think and talk with, and as for writing, we must have a machine made in which the pen will guide itself, for to move it as one ought is next to impossible this cold weather. But, joking aside, I am really a great deal better than when you saw me last week. My cold is certainly not quite gone, but I am nearly well; my spirits are better, and I feel lighter and and more cheerful than for some time past. But to decide about coming. Miss R— starts to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, and I shall be ready to receive you as soon after as you can come. Get an early dinner, will you? and be here by four o'clock, and let's have a long, snug, and cozy evening. I have a great many things to talk of. If you are not here by five o'clock I shall conclude you can't come; in that case I shall expect you on the Friday about the same time, when no excuse will be taken or allowed, for come and see me you must. We may not again have so favourable an opportunity of meeting while I am here. But why am I attempting to persuade that is not needful; if you are alive and well, I know you will come, and will not want to be persuaded to that which I am sure will be agreeable. Am I very vain? Well, come and correct me, then. Besides, lecturing is so pleasant a thing to you, that I would not on any account do long without it. Farewell. I am reserving all the news till I see you.

Thine own affectionate

Eliza.

I have neither heard from papa nor James.
Note from Miss Florence, at Mr James Florence's, to the Rev. W. J. Fox.

Minories, 13th Jan., 1829.

My own F—,

I have been talking to James about my intended journey to Chichester, but that I find must be entirely abandoned, as papa's affairs are now in such a state that we are moving off all the family as speedily as possible. I have just been looking at some lodgings in the Commercial Road, which James purposes taking by way of accommodating me, but I must talk with you before I decide on taking them for that purpose. I will be with you in the Hackney Road between twelve and two o'clock on Monday morning. It will not interfere with any of your arrangements, I trust; if so let me know by Charles to-morrow. In great haste, believe me:

Thine own

Eliza.

Saturday, 3 o'clock.

James says I may add that he decidedly approves the arrangements that are going on in the country for the final settlement of papa's affairs.
Letter from the Rev. W. J. Fox to Miss Florence, at Mr James Florence's, Commercial Road.

Hackney Road, Tuesday morning.

Dearest,

I intended to have welcomed you in person to your new abode this morning, but you will have heard that I was unwell on Sunday (one of my old headache attacks), and though I am not suffering from pain at present, yet medicine has left me in a state so susceptible of cold that I dare not venture out. I intend coming to see how you go on to-morrow forenoon.

You must be condemned to some lonely hours. Let me know what books will best amuse you. Come here soon, and look some out. If you want any previously I will send them. I think I shall set you some French task.

Be in no fidget about my indisposition. It was just enough to excuse a little idleness. The cure (not the disorder) makes stirring out not expedient to-day.

Mourning for the Duke of Kent commences on Thursday, and continues for a month.

Till to-morrow, farewell.

Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

If Charles can be of any use in arranging James's books, or be useful to you in any way, command his services.
Note from the Rev. W. J. Fox to Miss Florence, at Mr James Florence's, Commercial Road.

Hackney Road, Saturday morning.

Love,

This morning is too fine to be lost. Direct Auld where to procure the cart, and let everything be packed that you can spare. It will then call here and take my shelves, linen, &c. We must leave the servant to see after the conveyance of her own luggage. She may as well go this afternoon. Mrs Jameson and Auld will go over to Dalston to-morrow forenoon and get the servant to arrange things a little, and I shall sleep there to-morrow night.

Thine ever,

W. J. Fox.

Letter from the Rev. W. J. Fox, in London, to his mother,
Mrs Fox, at Norwich.

Hackney Road, March 7, 1820.

Dear Mother,

I believe it is a long time since I wrote, but I have had lately a more violent attack than usual of the headaches to which I am occasionally subject, and they have indisposed me to write more than I was absolutely obliged. Losing a little blood and taking a little medicine has, however, relieved me, and I intend to be superabundantly well this summer.
Charles has been hard at work for about a month, and is saving money with all his might. He is got into a very respectable house (Macfarlane's), and though at first rather disheartened by not being equal to the others in quickness, now goes on very well and comfortably. He now lodges in town near his employers, dines at a chop-house, and lives exceedingly well for much less than he cost me. I only see him on Sundays, except on particular occasions. But he has a letter in preparation, and I shall leave him to give all particulars.

Perhaps I shall surprise you, but I hope not unpleasantly, for as Sarah and you made up your minds to be very angry last summer if certain reports turned out to be true, I wish to save you the trouble of making up your minds again to be angry if there should be the same reports next summer, and they should really happen to be true. I am very tired of living in lodgings. One gets cheated, or neglected, or a hundred uncomfortable things. And so I mean this spring to take a house, and have been looking out, though not successfully as yet, for one which will suit me exactly. I have engaged a housekeeper from Chichester, and shall bring her to Norwich before the summer is over (though probably not so early as I usually come), that you may see how you like her, and also that she may learn to make a Norfolk pudding. Seriously, my dear mother, you have known Miss Florence some time by name (though I hope you will not know her three months longer by that name). She has a very kind heart, and is no fool, and I think you will all be pleased with her. If you want an impartial account, apply to Charles, who, since she has been staying with her brother in town, is become quite an old acquaintance.
When grandmother hears it she will be thinking 
about money, but I can't say much as to that. Her 
father has been too open in matters of religion and 
politics to grow very wealthy in the little church-and-king 
city of Chichester. However, she is, at any rate, as rich 
as I am, and we shall start in a house decently furnished, 
without debt. I want no more.

I have lately been appointed one of the trustees of 
Dr Williams's Library and Charities; an institution to 
which there are several large estates belonging, and by 
which many useful charities are supported. Each trustee 
has the right annually of nominating a poor minister, and 
a minister's widow, to whom donations are made of such 
relief to each as the funds will allow. Amongst other 
duties, we are bound to give away Bibles, Testaments, 
and Watts's Psalms. As I think Denny a very deserving 
object, I have sent him a part of my allotment, which I 
hope he will find worth the carriage.

As here is enough for one letter, without copying 
anything about elections from the newspapers, I will now 
conclude, with my love to all,

Yours affectionately,

W. J. Fox.

On the 20th of April, 1820, Miss Florence and the 
Rev. W. J. Fox were married at St George's-in-the-
East.
BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Dec. 17, 1820.

When first I sung thy natal day
My bosom scarcely knew
If Love or Friendship tunsed the lay,
And paid the tribute due.
The verse was offer'd at Eliza's shrine,
Nor dared I with that name one term of love combine.

But soon affection clearer grew,
And bolder as more clear:
Another year its circle flew,
I call'd, and felt, thee dear.
Love gives a new existence with its flame;
It gives new titles too; and love became thy name.

New terms of fondness did we prove,
My dearest and my life;
Till flowing Time and growing love,
Made thee my own, my wife.
Now to my heart by all, at once, thou'ret known,
Eliza dearest, love, for life, for age, my own.
BIRTHDAY VERSES, 1821.

My eight years' prophecy is out,
And "lovely babe with lisping tongue"
Will soon be heard enough, no doubt,
To sing mamma her natal song.

Meantime he is my poetry;
I bring my boy, instead of lyre;
Show in his limbs its harmony,
And in his sparkling eyes its fire.

And in his little, grateful heart,
That knows to love already,
Behold my verse's better part,
Affection warm and steady.

Dec. 17, 1821.

CONCLUSION.

No attempt has been made by the editor to link together by remarks of his own the narrative contained in the preceding letters and journals, and their consecutive arrangement and detailed nature he believes renders any such linking as he could supply superfluous.

Mrs Eliza Fox died on the 21st of April, 1809, at Kensington, where she had resided principally since the
death of her husband, which occurred five years previously, on 3rd June, 1864. Their three children, Florence Fox, Eliza F. Bridell, and Franklin Fox, survive them.

THE END.