Dear Mr. Smith,

I promised to write to you to say my dear friend, but again another day has elapsed in the occupation of preparing our evidence and writing letters and when the bustle leaves us I am sure it will come into my mind that it is right, morally, honestly right, that your own interest your own real interest demands that I no longer press that which prevents our living with you. At present it appears to me the necessary cause of money destruction. You will again be tempted to what you now regard with honor. You will see when it is too late the measure you have excused. Your feelings are so quickly keen. If such have been your feelings now of those would have urged you to the damaging truth. I believe an act what you choose we know what. What then will be your feelings of those would I try it kind indulgence to yourself to me, to love you. Why, now, now the much will not be. Nothing you say would women can be would you to demand satisfaction so soon as the assurance of what you have time attempted. And are you not my friend,
warned by this fearful lesson is it not
entirely, does it not now recur to your mind.
How confident were you then! can you conceive
confidence more firm. It cannot be former
than former. How then will you again
dare to expose yourself to what is so tyrannical
whose tyranny you have so happily experienced.
I hope I am not prejudiced. I attempt to be
therein. I hope generally speaking I have
appeared so to you. I attach little value to
the monthly of exclusive cohabitation. You
know that I frequently have spoken lightly
of it. this I am not value. were this to
have been yielded to you, if the sentiments
with which we regarded each other were
to remain unaltered, suppose not that I
would have urged you what I too might
have, what I should not much care
ability to resign (you see I am an explicit
not you were). But it is not this alone,
it is the consideration that even have
chosen to make of this, from which
I perhaps am not quite free, what
you certainly claim what Harriet (the last
the greatest consideration) still cherishes
she cherishes his prejudices interwoven with
the fibers of her being - this is the point
that if you lived with us you would desire
this last consummation of your love for
Harriet. I can have the health of him
without being a culprit as to your virtue.
You would again deceive yourself you
would fancy it was virtue, if passion
Brontë &c. in excess would win thousands
than so great was the sacrifice.
your last letter I have read as soon
as I could... yet this how inconstant
to paper! Because my friend, my dear
unhappy friend, howoth thedraam is
more how keenly words cannot tell
be remain at Reswick. we settle her
abstain for some time - God never
got the truth again - when your
most affectionately most unalterably

Very yours

[Signature]
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, A. L. S., [c. 12 November 1811,] to Thomas Jefferson Hogg.

Post Office Keswick Cumberland

not Mr. D. Crosthwaites

I promised to write to you to day my dear friend, but again another day has elapsed in the occupation of preparing our residence and night has come, when the Post leaves us. Convince me that it is right... morally, correctly right; that your own interest your own real interest demands it & no power on earth shall prevent our living with you... At present it appears to me the necessary cause of misery, destruction. You will again be tempted to what you now regard with horror. You will see when it is too late the misery you have caused. Your feelings are exquisitely keen... if such have been your feelings now... if they could have urged you to the dismaying brink of suicide, an act which involves we know not what... what then wd. be your feelings... & to these would I by ill timed indulgence to yourself & to me, expose you... never, never, this must not be.—Nothing you say would sooner have driven you to demand satisfaction so soon as an accusation of what you have since attempted—: And are you not my friend [p. 2] warned by this fearful lesson. is it not impressive, does it not now recur to your mind. how confident were you then! can you conceive confidence more firm, it cannot be firmer than firmest... How then will you again dare to expose yourself to what is so tyrannical whose tyranny you have so perfectly experienced. I hope I am not prejudiced. I attempt to be otherwise. I hope generally speaking I have appeared so to you. I attach little value to the monopoly of exclusive cohabitation. You know that I frequently have spoken slightly of it... this I wd. not value. were this to have been yielded to you, & the sentiments with which we regarded each other still to have remained unchanged suppose not that I would have envied you what I too might share, what I should not much care utterly to resign (you see I am as explicit as you were) But it is not this alone, it is the consideration what men have chosen to make of this, from which I perhaps am not quite free, what [p. 3] you
certainly retain what Harriet (the last the greatest consideration) still cherishes still cherishes as a prejudice interwoven with the fibres of her being—This is the point; that if you lived with us you would be driven to this last consummation of your love for Harriet I can have little doubt: & this without being a sceptic as to your virtues. You would again deceive yourself. You would fancy it was virtue, & passion pro-

lific in excuses would coin thousands when so great was to be the purchase Your last letter I have read as I wou[l]d read your soul. . . . yet oh! how inconsistent is passion! Beware my friend, my dear unhappy friend whose wretchedness is mine how keenly words cannot tell.—

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

Most affectionately most unalterably

Percy Shelley.

ALS, 3 pages. Double sheet, 23.2 x 18.7 cm.

Wove paper. No watermark.

Seal removed.

Postmark: KESWICK | 298 | [straight-line mileage stamp].

Postal fee: 8.

Address: T. Jefferson Hogg Esq. | Mr. Stricklands | Blake Street | York.


Published in Hogg (not consulted); Ingpen, I, 156–157; Ingpen and Peck, VIII, 183; New Shelley Letters, ed. W. S. Scott (London, 1948), pp. 55–57 (no. 21); Jones, I, 175–176 (no. 136), with 3 substantive and 31 accidental variations from the Lewis MS.

Notes: 1. For a convenient account of Hogg’s pursuit of Harriet see White, I, 170–171.

POST OFFICE Keswick Cumberland

Nxt. Mr. D. Crosthwaites

I promised to write to you to day my dear friend, but again another day has elapsed in the occupation of preparing our evidence and night has come, when the Post leaves us. Convince me that it is right morally, correctly right; that your own interest your own real interest demands it & no power on earth shall prevent our living with you... At present it appears to me the necessary cause of misery, destruction. You will again be tempted to what you now regard with horror. You will see when it is too late the misery you have caused. Your feelings are exquisitely keen... if such have been your feelings now.... if they would have urged you to the dismaying brink of suicide, an act what involves we know not what... what then would be your feelings... & to these would I beg its indulgence to yourself & to me, Expose you... never, never this must not be...

Nothing you say would sooner have driven you to demand satisfaction so soon as an accusation of what you have since attempted--. And are you not my friend warned by this fearful lesson. is it not impressive. does it not now seem to your mind. . How confident were you then! Can you conceive confidence more firm. I cannot be firmer than firmest. How then will you again dare to expose yourself to what is so tyrannical whose tyranny you have so perfectly experienced. I hope I am not prejudicial. I attempt to be otherwise. I hope generally speaking I have appeared so to you. I attach little value to the monopoly of exclusive cohabitation. You know that I frequently have spoken slightly of it. this I would not value. were this to have been yielded to you, & the sentiments with which we regarded each other still to have remained unchanged suppose not that I would have envied you what I too might share, what I should not much care to weigh (you see I am as explicit as you were) But it is not this alone, it is the consideration what men have chosen to make of this, from which I perhaps am not quite free, what you certainly retain what
Harriet (the last the greatest consideration) still cherishes still cherishes as a prejudice interwoven with the fibres of her being—this is the point: that if you lived with us you would be driven to this last consummation of your love for Harriet I can have little doubt, & this without being a sceptic as to your virtues. You would again deceive yourself. you would fancy it was virtue, & passion profuse in excess would win thousands when as great was to be the purchase. Your last letter I have read as I would read your soul...Yet oh! how inconsistent is passion! Beware my friend, my dear unhappy friend whose wretchedness is mine how keenly words cannot tell—We remain at Keswick. We settle here at least for some time—I will never go to the South again—Adieu yours most affectionately most unalterably.

Percy Shelley
P. B. Shelley—continued

42 A. L. s. "Percy Shelley", 3 closely written pp. 4to, Post Office, Keswick, Cumberland, no date [November, 1811], to T. Jefferson Hogg Esqre., Mr. Stricklands, Blake Street, York (Hogg, II, 15-16; Ingpen, 89, both published versions omit the greater part of the letter; Harriet and Mary, p. 15), last page very slightly defective

** A long and most interesting and important letter, reasoning with Hogg who apparently had written to express his wish to live with the Shelleys, and had threatened suicide if this was refused:

"I attach little value to the monopoly of exclusive cohabitation . . . . But it is not this alone, it is the consideration what men have chosen to make of this, from which I perhaps am not quite free, what you certainly retain [ ] what Harriet (the last the greatest consideration) still cherishes . . . as a prejudice interwoven with the fibres of her being . . . if you lived with us you would be driven to this last consummation of your love for Harriet I can have little doubt . . . your last letter I have read as I would read your soul . . .", etc.