

Post Office Norwich Cumberland  
<sup>not Mr. D. Northwester</sup>  
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 what involves we know not  
what.. what then will be your feelings.. & to these  
would I by ill timed indulgence to yourself  
& to me, expose you.. No, never this must  
not be. — Nothing you say would wound him  
unless you to demand satisfaction so soon  
as an accusation of what you have now  
attempted — And are you not my friend



warned by this fearful lesson. is it not  
impremed. does it not now recur before 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 highly  
of it. this I did not value. were this to  
have been yielded to you, & the sentiments  
with which we regarded each other still  
<sup>to have</sup> remained unchanged suppose not that I  
would have enjoyed you what I too might  
share, what I should not much care  
willingly to resign (you see I am as explicit  
as you were) but it is not this alone,  
it is the consideration what men have  
chosen to make of this, from which  
I perhaps am not quite free, what

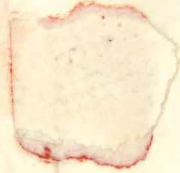
you certainly retain what Harriet (the last  
the greatest consideration) still cherishes  
she cherishes <sup>as</sup> a prejudice interwoven with  
the fibres of her being - This is the point;  
that if you lived with us you would be drawn  
to this last consummation of your love for  
Harriet I can have little doubt. & this  
without being a supposition as to your virtues.  
You would again deceive yourself. you  
would fancy it was virtue, & passion  
motives in excuses would win thousands  
when so great was to be the purchase  
your last letter I have read as I soon  
read your soul... oh! how inconsistent  
to passion! Beware my friend, my dear  
unhappy friend whose weakness is  
mine how keenly words cannot tell -  
we remain at New York. we settle here  
at least for some time - I will never  
go to the South again - When yours  
most affectionately most unalterably  
Sincerely.



know  
the

RECEIVED  
298

J. J. [unclear] [unclear]  
[unclear] [unclear]  
[unclear] [unclear]  
[unclear] [unclear]  
[unclear] [unclear]



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* w<sup>d</sup>. 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 w<sup>d</sup> 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 prolific in excuses would coin thousands when so great was to be the purchase Your last letter I have read as I wou[ld] 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<sup>re</sup> | Mr. Stricklands | Blake Street | York.

Provenance: Hogg sale, Sotheby, 30 Jun 1948 (lot 42). Listed in De Ricci, p. 127 (no. 121).

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.

2. Here published by permission of Frederick L. Jones and the Clarendon Press, Oxford.



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

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yours most affectionately most unalterably.

Percy Shelley



Hogg Sale

Wednesday

12

30th June, 1948

P. B. SHELLEY—*continued*

f 65 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.