

States, opportunely give the reader a clear insight to the base characteristics of the desperate man.

Writing to Jeremy Bentham, from Queen Square Place, on the twelfth of September, he flatteringly says :

“ My soul is with you at Barrow Green, and the mortal part of me would follow it, if not kept back by violence. *But can I, ought I, to disappoint poor Swartwout?* On my return from Hempstead, I find here a letter from him written at Liverpool, *whither I had sent him to do something for himself, seeing no prospect that I should be able to do anything for him.*

“ This is that Swartwout, who was seized, robbed, transported two thousand miles, immured in a solitary prison, denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, denied a *habeas corpus*, not allowed to speak with a human being, and all on *suspicion* of being connected with one who was *suspected* of an *intention* to commit a crime. This he bore with something more dignified than mere passive firmness.

“ This Swartwout writes ; but here is the letter, read, and pronounce (my apotheosis is now put off till Thursday certain). ‘ The influence of your name ! ’ He too must be mad ; but then, as I am the leading cause of it, he has claims to my indulgence.”

Another letter from Samuel Swartwout causes him to put off his return to Barrow Green “ till Thursday or Friday,” the fifteenth or sixteenth of September.

On Monday, the nineteenth, he wrote to Samuel Swartwout from Barrow Green, saying: “ Make haste hither ; but do not come without my letters.”

Five days later, from London, he addresses a communication to Jeremy Bentham, remarking :

“ Swartwout has really engaged in a very important enterprise. His affairs will occupy me several days. * * * * Were it not for Swartwout I would be with you to-morrow.”

Six days later, he again writes from London to Jeremy Bentham, telling him: “ Swartwout is still in a bad way, but will go off in pursuance of his project on Monday, [the third of October].”

On the first of October, from Queen Park Place, he further writes to his host :

“ My American friends have very sagaciously concluded that the present state of things in Spain is calculated to promote my views ! Hence some ferment. The ciphered letters are so imperfectly made out by Swartwout, on whom I devolve the labour, that they would only perplex you and waste your time. A French letter is enclosed for your perusal. The writer was aid-de-