

melancholy increases and his bodily health declines. Johnny is very patient with his correspondent, and keeps her informed of every change during the last few week of Cowper's life. There is heartfelt feeling in the letter written by Lady Hesketh on April 28, 1800, when she was hourly expecting to hear that the end had come.

I must write a few lines, my dear good friend, [it begins] to acknowledge the receipt of your meloncholy packet just received, which I feel but *too* sensibly comes to prepare me for the last heart-rending intelligence! which (coward that I am) I wish to delay at the expense of this beloved creature's happiness—for will he not be happy! Eternally happy; oh yes, I know he will! he must! All my wish and hope and prayer is that he may have some hours or moments of comfort and assurance that he is about to exchange his cruel state of misery and wretchedness for one of endless peace and bliss! I am myself very unwell, and hardly know what I write, for indeed I do most cruelly dread your next letter, which is alas! I fear already on the road. Such a state as you represent our dearest cousin to be in cannot continue long, and who should wish it could—dear amiable excellent cousin! whom I have loved with the tenderest affection through life, and for whom I have always felt the love of a sister, how shall I part with you! How acknowledge to myself that I shall never more be cheered by your lively playful wit, never instructed and improved by your delightful conversation! Oh, my dear Mr. Johnson, among the many friends which it has pleased God to bless me with there is no one I ever loved and esteemed as I have always invariably done this dear cousin, who has been to me as a highly-valued brother—O, how I dread the next decisive letter—how it will wound the half-broken heart or

Your affect. and obliged

H. HESKETH.

Cowper's long sufferings were ended on April 25, 1800. Lady Hesketh survived him long enough to contribute a good deal of valuable material to Hayley's "Life," and also to impose certain shackles on the unfortunate biographer which considerably handicapped him in the performance of his task. She died at Clifton on January 15, 1807, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

CATHARINE B. JOHNSON.