

five weeks. And so I am permitted to spend my money and my time to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of this journey. They are Jews: I suppose the devil haits for Jews with a pork griskin. Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from.

October 10. — I must prepare for going to London, and perhaps to Paris. I have great unwillingness to set out on this journey; I almost think it ominous; but

"They that look to freits, my master dear,
Their freits will follow them."¹

I am down-hearted about leaving all my things, after I was quietly settled; it is a kind of disrooting that recalls a thousand painful ideas of former happier journeys. And to be at the mercy of these fellows. God help — but rather God hless — man must help himself.

October 11. — We are ingenious self-tormentors. This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife's figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears, "Scott, do not go." It half frightens me. Strange throbbing at my heart, and a disposition to be very sick. It is just the effect of so many feelings which had been lulled asleep by the uniformity of my life, but which awaken on any new subject of agitation. Poor, poor Charlotte!! I cannot daub it farther. I get incapable of arranging my papers too. I will go out for half an hour. God relieve me!

¹ [See ballad of *Edom of Gordon.*]

END OF VOLUME EIGHT