

HAZLITT AND THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER

The Wild Love Case of a Literary Man.

That a man of great intellect should fall violently in love is nothing remarkable; that him in social position, mental qualities and education, and even far from possessing the personal beauty attributed to her, is also uncommon; and that in his intoxication a lover should speak and write extravagantly is an every-day occurrence.

Hazlitt's father was a Unitarian preacher, born in Tipperary, but of north of Ireland extraction and educated at Glasgow University. He went to England in 1764, and moved about from one place to another until he was settled for a time at Maidstone, in Kent, where, on April 10, 1778, his son William was born.

After this he returned for a while to Ireland, then, in 1783, came over to the family in the United States, and stayed here three years, preaching, among other places, at Boston and at Philadelphia. He then went back to England, where he remained for the rest of his life.

At fifteen William Hazlitt was sent to the Unitarian College at Hackney, to be his father's purpose to make a Unitarian minister of him like himself. Here he displayed amazing proficiency in essays and in disputation, but on arriving at the age of twenty he relinquished the idea of becoming a minister and took to painting. His elder brother, John, had been a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was a successful painter of portraits and miniatures.

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borhood, and narrowly escaped being ducked by her avatars for his ill-appreciated attentions. De Quincey says, too, that he was at one time enamored of Miss Worthington, another flame from the studio of Liverpool, at whose father's house he had stayed when he was quite young. She is described as possessed of considerable beauty with very dangerous dark eyes, and this is confirmed by a miniature of her painted by John Hazlitt. Another was a Sally Shepherd, of whom little is known. Still another was a Miss Windham, an heiress, pitted with the small-pox, but whom Hazlitt long after declared was the most beautiful woman he ever knew. Finally, in 1808, he married Miss Sarah Walker, with whom he had become acquainted through his brother John. She was also acquainted with the Lambis, and Mary Lamb had much to do with making the match. Mrs. Hazlitt, as her grandson tells us, was capricious, read, talked well, and was one of the best letter writers of her time. But she had no reverence for her husband's gifts, and was homely, without any of those graces and accomplishments which reconcile men to their homes. Like her husband, she had several love affairs previous to her marriage, and altogether it was not a happy one.

In 1819, after they had lived together eleven years, during which time several children were born, of whom only one survived, the pair separated. In 1820 Hazlitt took lodgings at a Southampton building, let by a tailor named Walker, who had two daughters, Sarah and Doty, and with the elder daughter, Sarah, he fell at once violently in love. As has been said already, the occurrence was nothing extraordinary and would not be worth mentioning had not Hazlitt himself employed his literary talent in immortalizing it. In 1823 he wrote an account of it in what he called "Liber Amoris; or, the New Pygmalion," and sold it to a publisher for £100. It is a little doleful volume, of 124 pages, in which an account is given of the affair with great picturesqueness and all the details of the affair.

Finally Hazlitt seems to have plucked up courage to ask his idol to marry him. She refused, but his despair was intense. To his friend Patmore he wrote:

Lighted by her whom my heart by itself flies home, where shall I turn? I wake with my side not a sweet bedfellow, but as the corpse of my love, without a heart in her bosom, cold, insensible, and dead. I have no more to say to her, and she is not worth mentioning. I have no more to say to her, and she is not worth mentioning.

In compliance with Hazlitt's request, Mr. Patmore appears to have made a personal effort in his behalf with Miss Walker, but without success, and Hazlitt writes to him:

You have been very kind to me in this business; but I fear even your influence for my infirmities is beginning to be exhausted. I am not sure that I can do any more for myself. I am not sure that I can do any more for myself.

And he ends with this explosion of jealous rage:

I see the young girl in another's lap, twining her arms round him, her eyes glistening and her cheeks glowing. Why do you not tell me of this? Why do you not tell me of this? Why do you not tell me of this?

At the time this was written the divorce, though agreed upon, had not been formally made. In the morning, as she was about to break up the room, she said to him: "I must wait till I am free, and I am not sure that I can do any more for myself."

direct and unequivocal, to see how she'd receive it. It was to be worth something, at any rate, to see her surprised upon the occasion. She was to be surprised. She was to be surprised. She was to be surprised.

In another letter to the same correspondent, who thought the divorce was in substance granted, though some formalities yet remained to be completed, he says:

The important step is taken, and I am virtually a free man. What I had better do in these circumstances? I dare not write to her, I dare not write to her father, or to any one else. I dare not write to her father, or to any one else.

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atives one again she kills me. But I will have such a revenge upon her as shall last me twenty years. I will have such a revenge upon her as shall last me twenty years. I will have such a revenge upon her as shall last me twenty years.

The next morning Sarah did not appear with his breakfast as usual, but when the parlor for he took occasion to go into the parlor for he took occasion to go into the parlor for he took occasion to go into the parlor.

He could bear it no longer. I gave way to all the fury of disappointed hope and jealous passion. I was made to be tortured and to be tortured, and to be tortured, and to be tortured.

Breaking away from these whimsies of his madness, Hazlitt rushed into the street, by the way, he says, "the edifying violence of my passion drove me back to the source from whence it sprung."

At an early stage of their acquaintance Hazlitt had suspected that Sarah was carrying on a flirtation with another lodger in the same house, and he was not slow to detect her.

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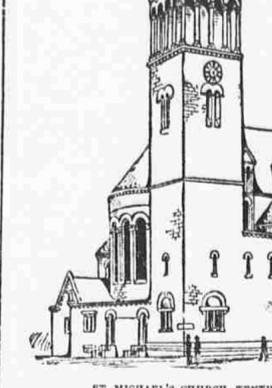
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ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

Work About to be Begun on a New Edifice on the West Side.

The old wooden church at Ninety-ninth Street and Tenth Avenue, in which the Protestant Episcopal parish of St. Michael's, west side, has enjoyed religious worship for so many years, is to be replaced by a handsome new structure from designs prepared by Robert W. Gibson, the architect.



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REN. LUDWIG'S ESCAPE.

Something Always Happening to Him, but He Isn't a Usual Man Yet.

WALDBORO, May 8.—Mr. Benjamin Ludwig's horoscope may be considered mainly of meteoric and shooting stars, with a few dynamic calculations and volcanic eruptions thrown in, for, during almost his entire life, he has been subject to a series of remarkable accidents, from some of which it would have seemed impossible for him to escape alive.

After his recovery he went to Damariscotta to work in a saw-mill, and on the way he was struck by a falling log, which struck him on the head, but he managed to fall again, injuring himself badly, but not succeeding in killing himself.

On the railroad he was hit by a train, and he was thrown from the train, and he was struck by a falling log, which struck him on the head, but he managed to fall again, injuring himself badly, but not succeeding in killing himself.

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WALKING A TRACK FOR A LIVING.

It's a Useful, Though Not a Pleasant Occupation, as Many Men Know.

Some of the old railroad track walkers can boast of records equal to that of locomotives in the point of miles which they have covered. Engineers sometimes claim that they have ridden 200,000 miles or so, but the men who walk the tracks are not often heard of.

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WILLIAM HAZLITT.



SARAH WALKER.

BIG MEN AND WOMEN.

Some of the Giants and Giganteses of Whom History Tells.

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THEY STOLE A FREESHMAN.

Nephewes Bundle Him into a Hack and Carry Him Off.

ANN ARBOR, Mich., May 9.—The city is thoroughly excited over an abduction that took place last night. Frank J. Evans is President of the Michigan class and last night at the class banquet which took place to-night, last night he was missed from his accustomed haunts, and inquiry developed the fact that the man had seized him on the street and hustled him into a hack, driving rapidly away.

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PEEKSKILL'S MYSTERIOUS DOG POISONER.

Peekskill is agitated over the operations of a wholesale dog poisoner. His work was begun a week ago last Friday and within the space of a few days he had poisoned some thirty dogs.

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