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| 130) | Chapter 12  I cannot attempt to describe what I  experienced  then felt – I had ~~had~~ sensations of horror  before and I have endeavoured to bestow [5]  on them adequate expressions but now  words cannot convey any idea of the  endured  heart sickening despair that I ~~then felt~~.  ^  ~~Nor~~ The person to whom I had addressed [10]  myself also added that Justine had al-  ready confessed her guilt. "That evidence" he  observed –"was hardly required in so glaring  a case but I ~~I~~ am glad of it; and indeed  none of our judges like to condemn a [15]  ~~ch~~ criminal upon circumstantial evi-  it  dence ~~let it~~ be ever so decisive."  ^  When I returned home Elizabeth  demanded [20]  eagerly ~~enquired~~ the result. "My cousin"  ^  replied I, "it is decided as you may have  all  suspected – Judges had rather that ten  ^  innocent should suffer than that [25]  one guilty should escape: but she  has confessed."  This was a ~~b~~ dire blow to poor Eliza  beth who had relied with firmness on  her innocence. "Alas!" said she "How [30]  shall I ever again believe in human  benovolence – Justine, whom I loved and  esteemed as my sister. How could she  put on ~~thos~~ those smiles of innocence  only to betray– her mild eyes seemed inca [35] | ¶I cannot pretend to describe what I  then felt. I had before experienced sensations of horror;  and I have endeavoured to bestow  upon them adequate expressions, but  words cannot convey an idea of the  heart-sickening despair that I then endured.  The person to whom I addressed  myself added, that Justine had already  confessed her guilt. “That evidence,” he  observed, “was hardly required in so glaring  a case, but I am glad of it; and, indeed,  none of our judges like to condemn a  criminal upon circumstantial evidence,  be it ever so decisive.”  [172:]¶When I returned home, Elizabeth  eagerly demanded the result.  ¶“My cousin,”  replied I, “it is decided as you may have  expected; all judges had rather that ten  innocent should suffer, than that  one guilty should escape. But she  has confessed.”  ¶This was a dire blow to poor Elizabeth,  who had relied with firmness upon  Justine's innocence. “Alas!” said she, “how  shall I ever again believe in human  benevolence? Justine, whom I loved and  esteemed as my sister, how could she  put on those smiles of innocence  only to betray;**†** her mild eyes seemed incapable |

**top of page]***horizontal wrinkle line (shorter than wrinkle lines in preceding quire) extends from above page number* 130 *through the penciled margin rule* **right edge]***remaining stub (from folio 56), jagged paper tear, and glue residue* **1]***second* 1 *altered to* 2 *in chapter number* 12 **22]***misformed comma after* I *could be n-dash; ink blot above* c *in* decided **25]**n *overlays* t *in* than **30]***possible period on final stroke of* innocence*; capital* H *in* How **32]***misspelled* benovolence **33]***possible period on final stroke of* sister*; capital* H *in* How **1818 text:35]***semicolon (for which no fair copy is extant) in 1818 was retained in 1823 (I, 172) but was replaced by question mark in 1831 (page 70)*

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|  | pable of any severity or ill humour and (131  yet she has ~~com~~ committed a murder." 48    Soon after we heard that the  poor victim had expressed a wish to  see my cousin. My father wished her not [5]  to go but said that he left it to her  own judgement and feelings to decide.  "Yes," said Elizabeth "I will go although  she is guilty – and you Victor shall acco  pany me –I cannot go alone". ~~This~~ The [10]  idea of this visit was torture to me  yet I could not refuse.  We entered the gloomy prison cham  ber and beheld Justine sitting on some  straw at the further end; her hands [15]  were mannacled and her head rested  on her ~~knews~~ knees,– she rose on seeing  us and when ~~th~~ we were left alone  with her she threw herself at the  feet of Elizabeth weeping bitterly. [20]  My cousin wept also – Oh Justine  said she, why did you rob me of my  relied  last consolation – I ~~believed~~ on your  innocence and although I was very [25]  ~~wh~~ wretched I was not so miserable  as I am now."  "And do you also believe that I am  Cried Justine  so very very wicked–? Do you also join [30]  ^  with my enemies to crush me? Her  with  voice was suffocated ~~in~~ sobs.  "Rise my poor girl," said Elizabeth  "why do you kneel if you are innocent [35] | of any severity or ill-humour, and  yet she has committed a murder.”  ¶Soon after we heard that the  poor victim had expressed a wish to  see my cousin. My father wished her not  to go; but said, that he left it to her  own [173:]judgment and feelings to decide.  “Yes,” said Elizabeth, “I will go, although  she is guilty; and you, Victor, shall accompany  me: I cannot go alone.” The  idea of this visit was torture to me,  yet I could not refuse.  ¶We entered the gloomy prison-chamber,  and beheld Justine sitting on some  straw at the further end; her hands  were manacled, and her head rested  on her knees. She rose on seeing  us enter; and when we were left alone  with her, she threw herself at the  feet of Elizabeth, weeping bitterly.  My cousin wept also.  ¶“Oh, Justine!”  said she, “why did you rob me of my  last consolation.**†** I relied on your  innocence; and although I was then very  wretched, I was not so miserable  as I am now.”  ¶“And do you also believe that I am  so very, very wicked? Do you also [174:]join  with my enemies to crush me?” Her  voice was suffocated with sobs.  ¶“Rise, my poor girl,” said Elizabeth,  “why do you kneel, if you are innocent? |

**margin:8]***wet offset ink blot (from cancel line on* ~~felt~~ *on facing folio 47 verso [page 130], line 9)* **2]***Bodleian folio number* 48 **5]***period on final stroke of* cousin*; large brown speck above* o *in* not **7]**judgement*, always written as such in manuscript, but always printed as* judgment *in 1818* **9]**and *could be* And*; end of* shall *touches beginning of* acco **9-10]***misspelled* accopany **16]***variant spelling* mannacled **24]**o *overlays* i *in* on **34]***ink blots below* poor *and before* said **35]***ink blots on and below* kneel*; any punctuation and most of terminal* t *in* innocent *are torn away from bottom right corner*

**1818 text:24]***period (for which no fair copy is extant) in 1818 was retained in 1823 (I, 173) but was replaced by question mark in 1831 (page 71)*

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| 132) | I am not one of your enemies, I believed in  your innocence notwithstanding every  evidence untill I heard that you had  yourself declared your guilt. That report  you say is false, and be assured my [5]  dear Justine nothing can for a minute  shake my confidence in you but  your own confession–"  "I did confess" said Justine "but  I confessed a lie. I confessed that I [10]  might obtain absolution but now  that falsehood lies heavier at my  heart than all my other sins. The God  of heaven forgive me! Ever since I  was condemned my confessor has besieged [15]  me he threatened and menaced untill  I almost began to think that I was  the wicked wretch he said I was. He  threatened excomunication and Hell  fire in my last moments if I con [20]  tinued obdurate. Dear Lady, I had none  to support me – all looked on me  as a wretch doom to ignominy and  perdition; what could I do? In an evil  hour I ~~confessed~~ subscribed to a lie [25]  and now only I am truly miserable." She  paused, weeping, and then continued.  "I thought with horror, my sweet lady,  that you should ~~sho~~ believe that | I am not one of your enemies; I believed  you guiltless, notwithstanding every  evidence, until I heard that you had  yourself declared your guilt. That report,  you say, is false; and be assured,  dear Justine, that nothing can  shake my confidence in you for a moment, but  your own confession.”  ¶“I did confess; but  I confessed a lie. I confessed, that I  might obtain absolution; but now  that falsehood lies heavier at my  heart than all my other sins. The God  of heaven forgive me! Ever since I  was condemned, my confessor has besieged  me; he threatened and menaced, until  I almost began to think that I was  the monster that he [175:]said I was. He  threatened excommunication and hell  fire in my last moments, if I continued  obdurate. Dear lady, I had none  to support me; all looked on me  as a wretch doomed to ignominy and  perdition. What could I do? In an evil  hour I subscribed to a lie;  and now only am I truly miserable.”  ¶She  paused, weeping, and then continued—  “I thought with horror, my sweet lady,  that you should believe |

**right edge]***remaining stub (from folio 55)* **2]***poorly re-inked* sta *in* notwithstanding **3]***variant spelling* untill **5]***wet offset ink blots above* you say is *(from* could have perpetrated *on facing folio 49 recto [page 133], line 7)* **16]***punctuation could be semicolon; variant spelling* untill **19]***misspelled* excomunication **23]***miswritten* doom *(for* doomed*)*

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|  | your Justine whom your bessed (133  49  aunt had so highly honoured and  whom you loved, was a wretch capa  a none [5]  ble of crime which ~~not~~ but the  ^ could have perpetrated  devil himself ~~was capable of~~. Dear  ^  William, dearest blessed child, I soon  shall see you again in heaven & [10]  glory and that consoles me going as  I am to suffer ignominy and deth.  "Oh Justine" cried the weeping  Elizabeth, "forgive me for having for  one moment distrusted you – ~~But~~ [15]  you  why did confess? But do not mourn  my dear girl, I will every where  proclaim your innocence and will  force belief. Yet you must die – [20]  you my companion, my playfellow,  my more than sister— die –I never  never can survive so horrible  a misfortune".  "Dear Sweet lady," do not weep"– [25]  ~~sai~~ replied Justine"– you ought to  raise me ~~w~~ with thoughts of a better  life ,  ~~world~~ and elevate me from the  petty cares of this world of injustice [30]  and strife –Do not you, excellent  Elizabeth drive me to despair."  Elizabeth ~~Em~~ embraced the suffer  er "I will try to comfort you," said she, | your Justine, whom your blessed  aunt had so highly honoured, and  whom you loved, was a creature capable  of a crime which none but the  devil himself could have perpetrated. Dear  William! dearest blessed child! I soon  shall see you again in heaven,  where we shall all be happy;  and that consoles me, going as  I am to suffer ignominy and death.”  [176:]¶“Oh, Justine!  forgive me for having for  one moment distrusted you.  Why did you confess? But do not mourn,  my dear girl; I will every where  proclaim your innocence, and  force belief. Yet you must die;  you, my playfellow, my companion,  my more than sister. I never  can survive so horrible  a misfortune.”  ¶“Dear, sweet Elizabeth, do not weep.  You ought to  raise me with thoughts of a better  life, and elevate me from the  petty cares of this world of injustice  and strife. Do not you, excellent  friend, drive me to despair.”  ¶“I will try to comfort you; |

**margin:22]***ink blot*  **1]***ink blot above* u *in first* your*; misspelled* bessed *(for* blessed*)* **2]***Bodleian folio number* 49 **3]***?stray ink dot after* aunt **5]***?mws* none **12]***mispositioned double quotation marks above* death **25]***superfluous double quotation marks after* lady, **26]***mispositioned closing double quotation marks after* Justine *should be opening double quotation marks before* you*;* you *could be* You **28]***comma separated from* life **34]***possible comma above and intersecting final stroke of* she

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| 134)    a | but this I fear is an evil too deep and poignant  to admit of consolation ~~or~~ for there is no hope  Yet heaven bless thee, my dearest Justine,  a confidence  with resignation and ~~a hope~~ elevated [5]  beyond this world. Oh how I hate all its shews  and mockeries.– When one creature is  murdered another is  ~~deprived of life~~ ~~they~~ ~~bel~~ immediately ~~mur~~  deprive ~~der~~ ~~another~~ of life in a slow torturing [10]  then the executioners their hands yet reeking with the blood of in  manner & believe that they have done nocence  deed^  great ~~things~~. They call this retribution; hate  word [15]  ful name! When that is pronounced  ^  I know that greater and more horrid  punishments are going to be inflicted  ever  than the gloomiest tyrant has in [20]  his utmost ^  ventented to satiate revenge. Yet this  for  is not consolation ~~to~~ you, my Justine,  ^  unless indeed that you may glory [25]  in escaping so miserable a den. Alas!  in peace  I would I were with my aunt & my  ^  sweet William – ~~in peace~~ escaped  is hateful to me [30]  from light which I ~~abor~~ and the  visages of men which ~~are hateful to~~  ~~me.~~" I abhor.  Justine smiled languidly. "This, dear Lady  said she is despair and not resignation. [35]  I must not learn the lesson that you  would teach me – talk of somthing else  ~~of fields~~ ~~s~~ of somthing that will ~~brig jo~~  bring joy and not encrease of misery." | but this, I fear, is an evil too deep and poignant  to admit of consolation, for there is no hope.  Yet heaven bless thee, my dearest Justine,  with resignation, and a confidence elevated  beyond this world. Oh! how I hate its shews  and mock- [177:]eries! when one creature is  murdered, another is immediately  deprived of life in a slow torturing  manner; then the executioners, their hands yet reeking with the blood of innocence, believe that they have done  a great deed. They call this *retribution*. Hateful  name! When that word is pronounced,  I know greater and more horrid  punishments are going to be inflicted  than the gloomiest tyrant has ever invented  to satiate his utmost revenge. Yet this  is not consolation for you, my Justine,  unless indeed that you may glory  in escaping from so miserable a den. Alas!  I would I were in peace with my aunt and my  lovely William, escaped  from a world which is hateful to me, and the  visages of men which  I abhor.”  ¶Justine smiled languidly. “This, dear lady,  is despair, and not resignation.  I must not learn the lesson that [178:]you  would teach me. Talk of something else,  something that will  bring peace, and not increase of misery.” |

**right edge]***remaining stub (from folio 54)* **ruled margin]***?pbs sketch of tree* **margin:10]***miswritten* deprive *(for* deprived*)*  **1]***second* o *added in* too*; bleed-through ink mark above* deep *(from ink blot above* your *on recto [page 133], line 1)* **6]***variant spelling* shews **7]***long paper fiber above* s *in* is **14]**y *added by ?pbs in* They *(compare* y *in pbs* destroy *on folio 50 verso [page 136], line 17); ink blot on semicolon (possibly offset from cancel line on* ~~and~~\pard fs17 *on facing folio 50 recto [page 135], line 13)* **20-21]***second* t *and* d *added in misspelled* inventented **31]***misformed* h *in canceled* abor **35]***?stray ink dot above period* **37,38]***variant spelling* somthing

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| credit | During this conversation I had retired (135 50  to a corner of the prison-room where  I could conceal the horrid anguish  that possessed me – Despair! Who dared [5]  talk of that? The poor victim who  on the morrow was to pass the  dreary boundary of life & death felt  not as I did — Such deep & bitter agony  I gnashed my teeth and ground them [10]  {~~?~~} together uttering a groan that came  from my inmost soul. Justine started  ~~and~~ when she saw who~~t~~ it was  she approached me. "Dear Sir," said  she, "you are very kind to visit me; [15]  you I hope do not believe that I am  guilty."  I could not answer –"No Justine"  said Elizabeth; "he is ~~even~~ more  convinced of your innocence than [20]  I was for even when he heard  that you had confessed he did not  ~~believe~~ it."  "I truly thank him"– said Justine  "In these last minutes I feel the [25]  sincerest gratitude for those who  still think of me with kindness. How  sweet is the affection of others to  such a wretch as I am – It removes  more than half my misfortune [30]  and I feel as if I could die in ~~pea~~ | ¶During this conversation I had retired  to a corner of the prison-room, where  I could conceal the horrid anguish  that possessed me. Despair! Who dared  talk of that? The poor victim, who  on the morrow was to pass the  dreary boundary between life and death, felt  not as I did, such deep and bitter agony.  I gnashed my teeth, and ground them  together, uttering a groan that came  from my inmost soul. Justine started.  When she saw who it was,  she approached me, and said, “Dear Sir,  you are very kind to visit me;  you, I hope, do not believe that I am  guilty.”  ¶I could not answer. “No, Justine,”  said Elizabeth; “he is more  convinced of your innocence than  I was; for [179:]even when he heard  that you had confessed, he did not  credit it.”  ¶“I truly thank him.  In these last moments I feel the  sincerest gratitude towards those who  think of me with kindness. How  sweet is the affection of others to  such a wretch as I am! It removes  more than half my misfortune;  and I feel as if I could die in |

**right edge]***some carry-over ink lines from right edge of preceding folio (e.g., ink marks after* them *in line 10 and after* started *in line 12 complete final stroke of line crossing* t *in* death *and final stroke of* for *on folio 49 recto [page 133], lines 12 and 14)* **2]***Bodleian folio number* 50 **5]***n-dash after final stroke of* me*; exclamation mark could be question mark* **13]**what *was altered by ?mws to* who **18]***canceled double quotation marks before* I **24]**k *added in* thank **25]***accidentally crossed* l *in* feel **30]***apparently no punctuation after* misfortune

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| 136)    which  ~~that~~ | peace {?~~thn~~} now that my innocence is acknow  ledged by you, sweet lady, and your cousin  Thus the poor sufferer ~~cr~~ tried  to comfort others and herself. She indeed  gained the resignation she wished for [5]  but I the true murderer ~~w~~ felt  which  the never dying worm alive ~~and I was~~  allowed no hope or consolation. Eliza  beth also wept and was unhappy but [10]  also  hers was ~~also~~ the misery of innocence  ^ that  like a cloud ~~that~~ passes over the  & [15]  fair moon ~~which~~ for a while  destroy  hides but cannot ~~disturb~~ its brightness  ~~but~~ ~~misery~~ ~~&~~ ~~desp~~ anguish and  despair had ~~penetr~~ penetrated into [20]  the core of my heart – I bore a hell  extinguish.  within me that nothing could ~~diminish~~.  We staid several hours with Justine  and ~~with~~ it was with great difficulty [25]  that Elizabeth tore herself away  "I wish" cried she that I were to die  with you – I cannot live in this world  of misery." Justine assumed an air  of Cheerfullness while she with diffi [30]  culty repressed the bitter tears– "Farewell  sweet lady, dearest Elizabeth may heaven  in its bounty bless and preserve you | peace, now that my innocence is acknowledged  by you, dear lady, and your cousin.”  ¶Thus the poor sufferer tried  to comfort others and herself. She indeed  gained the resignation she desired.  But I, the true murderer, felt  the never-dying worm alive in my bosom, which  allowed of no hope or consolation. Elizabeth  also wept, and was unhappy; but  her's also was the misery of innocence,  which, like a cloud that passes over the  fair moon, for a while  hides, [180:]but cannot tarnish its brightness.  Anguish and  despair had penetrated into  the core of my heart; I bore a hell  within me, which nothing could extinguish.  We staid several hours with Justine;  and it was with great difficulty  that Elizabeth could tear herself away.  “I wish,” cried she, “that I were to die  with you; I cannot live in this world  of misery.”  ¶Justine assumed an air  of cheerfulness, while she with difficulty  repressed her bitter tears. She embraced Elizabeth, and  said, in a voice of half-suppressed emotion, “Farewell,  sweet lady, dearest Elizabeth, my beloved and only friend; may heaven  in its bounty bless and preserve you; |

**right edge]***remaining stub (from folio 53)* **margin:13]***convenient place to compare mws* which *in ruled margin with pbs* which *in line 7* **lower right corner]***discoloration of paper*  **2]***double quotation marks above period* **3]***canceled* cr **8]***stray or cancel ink line below* ~~was~~ **15]***?mispositioned ampersand* **18]***smear deletion of mispositioned cancel line on* hi *in* hides*, represented as uncanceled in transcription* **24]***variant spelling* staid **26]***no period after* away *(the first* a *of which is blotted)* **28]**the *was altered by ?mws to* this **30]***variant spelling* Cheerfullness *(with capital* C*); ?mws* le *overlays mws* ch *in* while*; horizontal tear line in paper after* diffi *(possibly caused by knife erasure)*

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|  | May this be the last misfortune that (137  51  you will ever suffer. – live & be happy  to make ~~of~~ others so.  As We returned Elizabeth said, You [5]  do not know, my dear Victor, ~~w~~ how  much I am relieved now that I trust  in the innocence of this unfortunate  girl. I never could again have  known peace if I had been deceived [10]  in my reliance on her. For the mo  ment that I did believe it I felt  ~~such~~ anguish that I could not have  long sustained. Now my heart is light  ened. The innocent suffers – but she [15]  whom I thought amiable and good  is not wicked and I am consoled.”  Amiable~~Sweet~~ Cousin! Such were your  thoughts mild and gentle as your  dear eyes ~~&~~ ~~gentle tones~~ and voice. [20]  but I. I was a wretch ~~none~~ &  none ever conceived ~~of~~ the misery  that I then sufferred.  20  37 [25]  57 | may this be the last misfortune that  you will ever suffer. Live, and be happy,  and make others so.”  ¶As we returned, Elizabeth said, “You  [181:]know not, my dear Victor, how  much I am relieved, now that I trust  in the innocence of this unfortunate  girl. I never could again have  known peace, if I had been deceived  in my reliance on her. For the moment  that I did believe her guilty, I felt  an anguish that I could not have  long sustained. Now my heart is lightened.  The innocent suffers; but she  whom I thought amiable and good  has not betrayed the trust I reposed in her,  and I am consoled.**†**  ¶Amiable cousin! such were your  thoughts, mild and gentle as your  own dear eyes and voice.  But I—I was a wretch, and  none ever conceived of the misery  that I then endured.  end of vol. i. |

**right edge]***many carry-over ink lines from final strokes of words at right edge of preceding folio 50 recto (page 135)* **margin:8]***wet offset ink blots (from pbs* which *on facing folio 50 verso [page 136], line 7)* **margin:12-13]***torn paper is folded over* **2]***Bodleian folio number* 51 **3]***period on and above final stroke in* suffer**4]***two cancel lines on* of **5]***capital* W *in* We **6]***?stray ink line below* d *in* dear*; re-inked* r *(looking like* n*) in* Victor **13]***possible smear deletion of cancel line on* such *(but represented in transcription as canceled)* **14]***wet offset ink dots below* sustained *(from cancel line on* ~~disturb~~ *on facing folio 50 verso [page 136], line 18)* **20]***possible period on final stroke of* voice **23]***misspelled* sufferred*, on last stroke of which is possible period* **24-26]***pbs numbers, to which compare ?mws numbers (*20*+*15*) at end of Draft: Vol. I, Ch. 8, page 102 (folio 33 verso); also compare the similar or identical pen and ink used for pbs numbers on folios 23 verso and 24 recto (pages 80 and* *81)—all or most of these computations apparently calculate the relation between draft pages and fair-copy pages (see Introduction and transcription page 107 in this edition)* **1818 text:17]***draft quotation marks (for which no fair copy is extant) were mistakenly omitted in 1818 (and in 1823 [I, 181]), and the direct quotation was eliminated in 1831 (pages 73-74)*