

us too far. Suppose it granted, that in the mind of a young girl the weaker arguments appeared the stronger. Her want of better judgment should excite thy pity, not thy resentment."

"Madam, it has my anger and my contempt, and always will have them."

"Consider, Doctor, she must be sincere. Consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed."

"Madam, madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly can extenuate guilt."

"Ah, Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect in judgment (supposing it should prove one) in that breast where the consideration of serving Him according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest."

"Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench, and shall ever hate her. I hate all impudence; but the impudence of a chit's apostasy I *nauseate*."

"Jenny is a very gentle creature. She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence; she grieved to have offended her guardian, and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired, and honored."

"Why, then, madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretended to have loved, admired, and honored, upon her new-fangled scruples? If she had looked up to that man with any degree of the respect she professed, she would have supposed his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench just out of her primer."

"Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that Christ selected His disciples, and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good; but she also thinks the gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the Established Church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies, as fruitless and even idolatrous; and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenuous homage of a devout heart."

"The homage of a fool's head, madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench."

"If thou choose to suppose her ridiculous,

thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, and disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of Heaven will be shut to the tender and pious mind whose *first* consideration has been that of apprehended duty?"

"Pho, pho! madam, who says it will?"

"Then if Heaven shuts not its gate, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve Him, under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this humble girl will, it is to be hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, where human animosity must *not* be carried."

"Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere; they are detestable company, and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power; and so you may tell that odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I suppose, make a preacher; but I shall take good care she does not preach to *me*."

The loud and angry tone in which he thundered out these replies to his calm and able antagonist frightened us all, except Mrs. Knowles, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice.

Boswell whispered to me, "I never saw the mighty lion so chafed before."

In a letter to Mary Knowles, Anna Seward writes:—"Mrs. Granville showed me Jenny Harry's apologetic tract on quitting our Church in favor of Quakerism, at so vast a sacrifice of worldly interest. We all agreed (for it was read aloud in the Wellsburn circle) that this tract evinced depth of thought, and powers of reasoning, that in a girl of twenty were very extraordinary."

Jenny Harry married a "Friend," and died in less than a year afterwards. Anna Seward wrote to Mrs. Knowles:

"We talked of the dearsaint, your Jenny Harry. I read to the animated party the whole of your charming letter. They were much impressed by the pathos with which it describes that soft resignation, which, dying in the bloom of her life, drew the sting of death from her bosom; and by those angelic aspirations that lighted with more than a sun the chambers of the opening grave. My friends listened with an air of tender and pious delight to a description which chased away all sorrow for their loss, so much *her* gain. It augmented the esteem with which they had always viewed the noble sacrifice she made to apprehended duty, of an interest so dazzling."