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THE  
LIBERAL CRITIC;  
OR,  
MEMOIRS OF HENRY PERCY.

CONVEYING  
A CORRECT ESTIMATE  
OF THE  
MANNERS AND PRINCIPLES  
OF THE  
*Present Times.*

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BY  
THOMAS ASHE, Esq.  
AUTHOR OF  
THE SPIRIT OF THE BOOK; TRAVELS IN AMERICA, &c. &c.

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Sollicit ut possent curro dignos cire rectum,  
Atque in Sylvas academi querere verum.

*Horace.*

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VOL. II.

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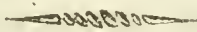
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THE  
LIBERAL CRITIC;

OR,  
MEMOIRS  
OF  
*HENRY PERCY.*



CHAP XX I.

How Henry passed his time at Windermere—Strictures on Domestic Pleasures, and on the Female Capacity for promoting such—Plan of a Ladies' Society, for the Improvement of the Heart and Elevation of the Mind—A Characteristical Review of the most celebrated English Writers since the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, &c.

**T**HE life of a clergyman seldom abounds in adventure. His fame is acquired in the narrow circle of solitude; and the historian, who only views him in that point of view, must be content with a dry detail of

actions, by which he is scarce distinguished from the rest of mankind. It cannot, then, but be pleasing to the reader, if I detain his attention throughout another chapter, and introduce him, as it were, to the more immediate acquaintance of Henry's female friends; for, notwithstanding many women may equal the Richmonds and Clara Williams in private excellencies, their literary attainments render them an honour to their sex, and give them that kind of pre-eminence that is beheld with reverence, and acknowledged with delight; and, in proportion as the feminine character is amiable, so it evermore flies the applauding multitude, nature having pointed out the walk of obscurity as wisest, softest, best, to the generality of her fair favourites; but when we find exceptions, as in the present instance, where, to the domestic virtues, are super-added the powers of uncommon perspicuity, we place it in the most conspicuous point of view, and unite admiration to astonishment.



But to give a just idea of the manner in which Henry and the Colonel passed their remaining time in the country, I must make it known, that Mrs. Richmond had formed a female society on the most unexceptionable plan—on a plan which the reader will approve, if he will have the goodness to frame together in his mind the following suppositions for first principles :

Suppose a female coterie, a contrast to that which at present excites the indignation of the virtuous, modest, and religious of both sexes ; suppose a laudable desire of improving the mind, and mending the heart, were the motives for an association, and to prove the intention truly praiseworthy, let us imagine it instituted under the direction of Mrs. Richmond, a character as well known for her uniform practice of every virtue, and her benevolence of heart and humble manners, as she is universally admired for her extensive knowledge in the walks of science and sound learning ; suppose her kindly yield-

ing to the unanimous desire of every voice, and elected governess; her excellent friend Mrs. G— gracefully condescending also to patronize and to assist the institution, and to these it were to be wished that Mrs. S—, whose genius yields the palm to none, and Miss C—, whose mind and richly-cultivated understanding render her the valuable friend of such distinguished characters, would, with all their powers of acquiring and dispensing knowledge, regulate, in concert with the amiable governess and patroness, the method of disposing every hour appropriated to their meeting, in some improving manner, and let the numbers be admitted by the introduction of one of these four principles, who must answer for the characters of those they propose.

Suppose, instead of midnight revels, this assembly should meet before the noon of day, with spirits unimpaired by late nocturnal parties; no natural rest destroyed by loss of innocence or fortune, at mas-

querades or gaming-tables. Such deviations from the paths of virtue must for ever banish from the society the guilty member. Suppose this be the law, though it can scarcely be imagined that those who once have felt a disposition to enter into this society, and who have enjoyed the superior satisfaction that attends on pursuits improving and delightful to the mind, can ever sink down to the common level of those that suffer folly, vanity, and fashion, to lead them into the ways of idleness and vice! For human nature, it is hoped, is not so corrupt, but that a course of virtue and of virtuous pleasures, once established, will maintain a superiority in the heart.

Suppose the place of meeting to be a convenient apartment in the house of a poor clergyman's widow, whose disappointments in life make her joyful to accommodate this laudable assembly, and to accept the reasonable contributions a moderate subscription from every individual will

raise; and each member, according to her particular taste, will provide books, globes, musical instruments, or painting utensils, and the rooms will in time be decorated by the performances of some of the fair artists, no other costly elegance being allowed by a society not intended to be so expensive as to exclude the middling class, from whence the most valuable productions may be expected. Economical regulations are therefore absolutely necessary, and no partiality to birth or fortune can be supposed possible, where improvement is the foundation, merit the elevation, and Mrs. Richmond the superintendent.

Suppose the meeting should always open with some lecture on morals, history, or manners, explained and enforced by the amiable governess, under whose direction the members of this society may learn such amiable departments as will in all public and private company preserve them from the ridicule even of envy and igno-

rance; for, if affectation or self-conceit approach the seminary, the members of it must expect no quarter. After the first important lecture, the business of the day may be regulated, and parties divide for different occupations, and the meeting close with the recapitulation of the day's improvement.

Suppose the afternoons always to be spent with the common connexions and employments of the world; with this difference, that where there are men of science and literature of their evening parties, that they turn the conversation on the pursuits of the day, and gain the opinion of such men on their proceedings, and their instructions upon any difficulties, experienced in their superior order of speculation.

Whoever will take the trouble to connect together the above series of suppositions, will be enabled to form a just idea of Mrs. Richmond's coterie, and of the employment it furnished her male inmates in elucidating various scientific and ab-

struse points, and often in composing lectures grounded on theses furnished by the ladies. They never failed, on their return from their assembly, to have some theme for Henry's composition, or some epitome requiring amplification. I shall give one example of the nature of the ladies' enquiries, and of the manner in which Henry replied to them. Mrs. Richmond informed him, that she wished to hear from him some critical observations on the most celebrated original geniuses in poetry, and a characteristical review of the most celebrated English writers since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, being the time that the English language came to any degree of perfection.

Henry no sooner promised to accede to this interesting request, than the little party associated around him, and attentively heard him speak to the following effect :

“ In regard to original geniuses, I am of opinion, that from the creation of the world to the present time, there has arisen

only three complete original geniuses in the art of poetry, whose compositions have descended to us; and those are Homer, Ossian, and Shakespeare. It is problematical, whether Ossian is not superior to the other two. But his fate was peculiarly unfortunate. It was his misfortune to live in a bleak and barren country, and among an uncultivated and unpolished people. Yet he there had his admirers. And what admirers?—A few ignorant and uncivilized chieftains, who were either the descendants or relations of his own family, or of those heroes whose exploits he had celebrated in his poems; and who, perhaps, valued his compositions for no other reason than because they or their family relations were distinguished in them. His works, therefore, may be said to have been buried in obscurity and oblivion for many centuries: they were confined to a single corner of a remote country, and repeated in a language understood only in that region, where they might still have remained

in their primæval obscurity, had not some fortunate accidents brought them to light. If, however, from the merit of those works, we may be permitted to presage their future fame, we may, without hesitation, venture to affirm, that they will be read with admiration and delight, even in a translation wherever the English language is known; and that their duration will be coeval with the existence of sensibility and taste in Great Britain.

“ Shakespeare has been much happier in his fame than Ossian; but in this respect has been far inferior to Homer. His inferiority of reputation has arisen more from the local prevalence of the English language, and the uncultivated taste of the age in which he lived, than from any real inferiority of merit. The age of Queen Elizabeth, however justly renowned for the wisdom of her councils and the terror of her arms, was certainly not the æra of correct and refined taste; and it may not be amiss to observe, that the writings of



Shakespeare, with all their uncommon excellence, have taken a strong tincture of the antitheses, the witticisms, and the rudeness of the times; a circumstance which, if properly attended to, will account for, and extenuate the far greatest part of the blemishes which have been imputed to him. Want of learning, or rather knowledge of the learned languages, has been considered by many as a great disadvantage to Shakespeare; but it should seem to have been very improperly considered as such. For my own part, I am persuaded, that had Shakespeare's learning been greater, his merit as a poet had been less. Conscious of the greatness of his own powers, he had no occasion for the adventitious aid of books, and the observations of others. He had nothing to do but to look upon nature and man, and he, at one glance, caught a perfect idea of every object and character which he viewed, of which his imagination enabled him to present a complete resemblance, as well as

by its creative power to present objects and characters which never existed in nature, nor in any human imagination but his own. A constant attendance to the rigid rules of criticism would probably at last have damped the divine spirit which frequently breaks forth in his writings, and gives them their chief value. However much we may condemn his faults, we are astonished and delighted with those master-strokes of nature and character which are efforts of the unaided strength of his own genius.

“ But it was escaping my attention,” said Henry, interrupting himself; “ it is time I should begin the characteristical review you require of the most celebrated English writers.—In the reign of Elizabeth, it was, as you have been pleased to observe, that the English language came to any degree of perfection. The translation of the Bible has greater beauties than many of the moderns. That, and the reign of James the First, produced Spencer, Sid-

ney, and Johnson; Bacon, excellent in natural philosophy; Camden flourished as an historian. Shakespeare's works, like Nature's, shine in sweet variety. He speaks a language peculiar to himself. His expressions are sublime, and sometimes bombast; his images improve the fancy; his hand has removed the curtain which hid the universe from vulgar eyes. Waller was the first who consulted harmony and taste. Milton, as inimitable in the sublimity of his conceptions, elevation of his style, fertility of imagination, and the conduct of his design; but his English prose is harsh, vigorous, and expressive. The style of the Icon Basilite is strong, elegant, and perspicuous.—The best orations that were ever spoken were in the parliaments of this reign.—Under the protectorship, the jargon of enthusiasts infected our language. — The licentiousness of Charles the Second's reign corrupted language as well as morals; judgment was sacrificed to wit, or bad taste.—Rochester

was famous for poignancy of satire and impurity of thought.—Wycherly displayed the genius of true comedy, though rude and licentious.—The works of the immortal Newton reflect lustre upon England.—Stillingsfleet's works are learned; Tillotson's are elegant.—The author of Hudibras was more useful; he brought fanaticism into contempt.—Dryden was unrivalled in poetry, but virtuous and incorrect.—Otway's tragedies are celebrated for warmth and pathetic tenderness.—Dorset, Roscommon, and Mulgrave, wrote with ease, spirit, and negligence.—Sir William Temple's writings are entertaining and instructive.—From the death of Charles the Second to the present time, England made the most considerable figure in learning.—Locke shone forth the restorer of human reason.—Shaftsbury raised an elegant feeble system of moral philosophy.—The Doctors Atterbury and Clarke distinguished themselves in divinity.—Phillips's poem on Cyder is a performance of real merit;

so is Somerville's Chase. — Congreve's plays are celebrated for wit, elegance, and regularity, however deficient they may be in point of strength or character.—Vanburgh wrote with more nature and fire, though with less art and precision.—Farquhar drew his pictures rather from fancy than nature; his particular merit consists in that agreeable vivacity that runs through his Dialogues.—Prior united the politeness of a court with the judgment of the scholar and the spirit of the man of genius; he is delicate in his numbers, witty and acute in his remarks; his style is pure.—Rowe is solemn, florid, and declamatory.—Parnell is pleasing.—Garth is wild and witty.—Gay's Fables vie with Fontaine's in native humour, ease, and simplicity: his pastoral genius was original.

“ Addison and Steele had a large share in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. These teem with practical morality, and judicious reflections on human nature.

They contain the best lessons for improving our minds, for gaining a true knowledge of ourselves, and for recovering our souls from the vice and prejudice which naturally cleave to them. The works of both these gentlemen are manly and chaste; they have drawn virtue lovely as she is.—Philip, duke of Wharton, had the most extensive memory, a strong and lively imagination, a quick apprehension: he was endowed by nature to charm and persuade; but, for want of prudence, his shining mind was lost to the world, and to himself. His speech, in defence of the Bishop of Rochester, will remain a lasting monument of his abilities in the law, as well as in public business. His paper, the True Briton, is a master-piece of good sense, patriotism, and fine writing—Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, in strength of reason, force of style, and brightness of imagination, has not his equal; his genius shone particularly in politics.—Swift excels in the propriety, purity, and correct-

ness of his language, and in wit also;— he has now and then, unfortunately, groped in the lowest sinks of humour.—Pope has left us lessons of morality inimitably expressed; while he improves our lives, he enchants our hearts. His muse had no infancy. Through all his works may be discovered that happy ease which proceeds from its own abundance. His *Essay on Man*, as well as his *Familiar Epistles*, are calculated to make the reader the sincere friend, the unwilling enemy, the benevolent mind towards all parties, all religions, all mankind. His works will praise him, while his critics will continue to live only in the *Dunciad*.—Goldsmith is a fine moralist, sound politician, and amiable poet. Thomson has created a new kind of language, wonderfully calculated for description. His scenes are majestic and lively. We tremble at his thunder in Summer; we shiver at his Winter's cold: we gladden at the sweet influence of his Spring.—Mason, Gray, and Hume, have their par-

ticular beauties.—Had Churchill's heart inclined his muse to the purposes of religion, morality, or virtue, his works might have done honour to his memory.—The same may be said of Savage.—Johnson, I am not competent to praise.—Robertson's, Smollett's, Hume's histories, are proofs unquestionable that purity of style is the natural inheritance of no particular corner of the globe.

“ Such is my characteristical review of the most celebrated English writers ; when we meet again,” continued Henry, “ I may be able to give you a sketch of the living as well as the dead.” — Here he concluded, and it was evident that the delight he afforded was damped by— “ when we meet again ;” for the words were repeated by one of the company, and Colonel Richmond exclaimed—“ 'Tis but too true, Henry and I must depart to-morrow, and great would be our regret if we were not encouraged with the hope of living in your memory and esteem.” — “ Remember



us," said Henry.—Here Mrs. Richmond seeing him affected, suddenly addressed him: "Remember you, Mr. Percy; yes, the esteem you early acquired is daily increasing, and will increase; and being so justly founded, you may be assured that it will be as permanent as great and sincere."

Miss Williams was still at Mrs. Richmond's at the departure of Henry; and, as their unexpected and fortunate meeting was unattended with clamour, so was their separation unaccompanied by convulsions and fits. Whatever their love might have been, they had too much virtue and sense to cultivate any other sentiment than that of esteem. Of this Henry received some marks, which led him to look upon Clara, not as an acquaintance only, but as a most amiable friend. As his passion was not of a selfish nature, he preferred to continue singly miserable, rather than feel the double affliction of bringing poverty or disgrace, or any sorrow, to

disturb the peace of her bosom, whose repose was to him dearer than life.—“Should I,” said Henry to Richmond, “sway his judgment to my wishes, her little fortune is not sufficient, with my narrow circumstances, to acquit me of imprudence; and as the success of a clergyman is very uncertain, she would have reason to upbraid my rashness, and to think meanly of my regard for her. Let us depart to-morrow, my dear colonel, and let me never hope to obtain her without I am certain of making her happy.” The departure was accordingly determined on: so was that of Clara to her friends. Thus were the amiable Richmonds left to their original rural society, with the addition of Sir John, who was frequently admitted in consequence of a prevailing sentiment that he was a reformed man.—Was he not, Clara? It is possible the reader’s judgment may suspect her reply.

## CHAP. XXII.

Prejudices combated and despised—Henry leaves Westmoreland with regret—arrives in London—Admires the character of the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he is presented, and by whom he is patronized—The Duke's portraiture—motives why good and amiable characters are not always notoriously popular ones—his Grace's conduct and advice to Henry.

IT is with an individual in private life as with a country in time of peace. In the tranquillity of regular government, the human mind, without objects to elevate its passions, or to exercise its powers, becomes debilitated and languid. Averse to toil, and prone to luxury; with the love of ease, the mean vices creep in upon the soul, and men arrive at the insipid medium of being neither virtuous nor vicious in the extreme. The nation is kneaded up into a mass of insignificant individuals: time flies over it without being marked by me-

morale event or respectable character. A listlessness overspreads the people with a disagreeable gloom; or they are wakened into a kind of action by squabbles insignificant in themselves, though suitable to the pigmy manners of the times.

In less dispirited times, when discord travels over the land, she raises heroes and statesmen in every corner. The abilities of individuals are called forth to view; and, to use a paradox, the members who compose the state never appear to more advantage than when the state itself is on the brink of ruin. The misfortunes of the community are a mark of its vigour; and, upon the whole, we may safely affirm, that the prosperity of a nation is by no means a certain sign of virtue in the society. The deductions to be made from these remarks are merely that the reader should not feel disappointed on finding that the PRIVATE life of Henry Percy does not abound with those extraordinary exploits and vicissitudes

which may occur in PUBLIC life, and which are calculated to excite admiration or to provoke horror. It will also, I hope, be remembered, that the life of a parson has been hitherto presumed to be so barren of interest, that even the celebrated Goldsmith was condemned to confine his Vicar to the range of a country hamlet, and to occupy him in parochial controversy, and in the domestic labour of nursing children and fattening pigs.—“It is all true,” replies the malignant satirist, “but you intend to make your paltry curate a public character; a censor-general, an enemy to his religion, and a traitor to the state.” To this atrocious charge I reply, that before the malicious satirist comes to the conclusion of these volumes, he will have the mortification to confess, that Henry is placed in no situation that was not natural for him to fill; and that he censures no religion, no men, no measures, but what is just and honourable to condemn. The venal satirist cannot detest a

traitor more than what Henry does a venal satirist. For Henry returned to London, and began public life with an opinion that the animals that shew their unseemly foreheads upon the waves of popular tumult, are objects of ridicule, and not of admiration. That if they excite indignation, it is from the disgrace their futility brings upon the age, and not from their wicked abilities; and that, with an inclination to do mischief, like a profligate satirist, they have not force of mind to perpetuate crimes, and only provoke horror where they cannot create rage. It must, therefore, be amply seen, that Henry is no traitor. But it shall be made equally evident, that the love of his country has made him a deadly foe to all those who disgrace it with fanaticism and absurdity, or with oppression and tyranny. Neither the Satirist nor the attorney-general, however, shall have it in their power to hurt his fortune, and they dare not insult his person. But they may do worse: they

may hurt England by destroying the freedom of the press, and by their illegal practices; and though Henry might probably pardon injuries done to himself, it will be seen in these pages that he can never forgive those done to this country.

I make no apology for the above remarks, because I feel satisfied that the liberal will voluntarily excuse them, by seeing the necessity I am under of meeting prejudice in the face, and beating down objection timely. I now proceed, without further interruption, to the most interesting portion of my history. Percy left Westmoreland with bleeding regret at parting with Clara; and Richmond left it with a silent joy at the hope that in public life he might meet with the original of the lovely miniature of which I have spoken in a former chapter. On their arrival in London, they put up in the colonel's town residence; and as they understood the Duke of Northumberland was in town,

they formed the design of waiting on him the following morning.

To pass the first hours of return, and to inspire Henry with a reasonable hope of succeeding with the Duke, Richmond gave Henry the following sketch of his grace's character :

Not a great man because a lord, the excellence of the duke's understanding, and moral and political probity, are more conspicuous than the inheritance which raised him to the peerage. The fiftieth of his illustrious family who have worn the coronet, he is behind none of his ancestors in the worth which deserves one ; and the glory to which his great and good qualities have lifted his race and name in his own person can receive no augmentation from multiplied stars or additional ermine. And yet not all this tide of splendor can hurry him to pride or meanness : but safely steering from either extreme along the stream of dignity, he can stoop with cour-



tesy to the person the most abject who has virtue and wisdom, while with contempt he overlooks folly or vice in the highest eminence. Humanity seems to have taken up her favourite abode in his bosom; and all other virtues, in concert with wisdom, seem to have entrenched themselves in his heart, to reign secure from the attacks or surprises of a vicious idiot world. It will seem a hyperbole in a peer, when it is added, that he has both genius and learning, and that he is not only an exact christian in his own practice, but zealous in the propagation of the christian name both at home and abroad, in the way he thinks the most judicious; and with the art of frequenting a court untainted by its vices, he has the happy secret to make his own mansion a chapel of ease, without the form of one, by the sanctity of his manners, the purity of his conversation, and the strength of his example. In short, he almost excels every public character of the times, and is very near as perfect a being as hu-

man nature can aspire to : the best of husbands, the best of fathers, the best of patriots, the best of subjects, and to every one who has the least pretension to merit, the best of friends.

Delighted as Henry was in hearing such an account of this distinguished nobleman, yet he could not avoid remarking, that he did not understand that his Grace was a popular character, a favourite legislator of the people. This was a fact, and Richmond had to account for what was in fact a subject of surprise.—I shall give his arguments all the length they appear to merit or demand.

The people, when they are kept to themselves, and their understandings and observations, will judge of men by their good and bad actions, and are capable of separating vice from virtue, and the just from the unjust; and therefore when their government is not corrupted, the best and most virtuous men will always be the most popular; and he who does best, will

be esteemed best. But when strong liquor, or money, or false terrors, intervene, and government is turned into faction, the judgment of the people is violated, and worse than none; they then prefer the worst to the best, if they have stronger drink or more money, or are covered with any other false merit by those whose word they take, and whose authority they submit to; and the most popular man is he who bribes highest, or imposes upon the people the most. That these are common, and almost universal, is not strange; generally speaking, wherever there is power, there will be faction; and wherever there is money, there will be corruption; so that the heads of faction, and the promoters of corruption, have from their very character, which ought to render them despicable, the means of popularity. Who was better beloved in Rome than Spurius Malius, while he was meditating the slavery of the Roman people?—Who could ever boast of such potent parties, such numerous follow-

ers, such high applause and regard, such trophies and statues, as Marius and Sylla, Pompey and Cæsar, Augustus and Anthony, could boast, while they were overburdening the state, and oppressing mankind, butchering one part of the world, and putting shackles upon the other; and, in fine, was there ever a greater impostor, and more admired prophet, than Mahomet was? All these men were enemies to liberty, to truth, to peace; the plagues and scourges of the earth; but they deceived and destroyed their people with their own conceit, and, by the highest wickedness, gained the highest popularity. The two Dukes of Guise, father and son, were the two most popular men that ever France saw, and grew by doing more mischief than any two men till then had done; they were perpetually, during the course of many years, destroying its peace, violating its laws, usurping its authority, pushing at its crown, raising and carrying on rebellion, committing massacres, and filling it

with blood and desolation; they had no one public end, and did no one public thing but what was pernicious to France — Yet the people of France adored them. On the same principle, if the Duke of Northumberland were to become the author of a civil war, of plunders, devastations, burnings, slaughters, oppressions, and famine, he would be hailed as a popular character, as the darling of his country. He would have so much the hearts of the people, that their passion for him would run to dotage or idolatry. They would invoke him in their prayers; they would touch religiously the hem of his garment, and with the same spirit and design rub their heads upon his clothes; nay, follow him in multitudes as he passed through the streets, saluting him with, “Hosannas to the Son of David.”

From what Colonel Richmond ventured to observe, it no longer appeared strange to Henry that his Grace of Northumberland was not a popular character, or a le-

gislator possessing the hearts of the people. But it did appear as absurd as astonishing to him, that a licentious man, a public incendiary, a destroyer of the country, was more likely to become an adored idol to the people than a man distinguished by every private virtue, and endowed with every useful talent for the advancement of the public good and utility!!!

Such, however, as his Grace was represented by Richmond, Henry found him on the fortunate morning of his introduction; for Henry was no sooner introduced by the colonel, than his Grace welcomed him to Northumberland House; and, without stepping to hunt through every ramification of the family tree, addressed him by the encouraging title of kinsman, read his father's letter with pleasure, and told him, although he had no church preferment in his immediate disposition, that he yet would see what could be done for him.

“ In the mean time,” said his Grace, with the most generous condescension,

“ as the son of a reduced officer cannot be expected to have funds to meet the expences of delay in promotion, and the extraordinary exigencies of this great city, you may assume such little advantages as are attached to my domestic chaplaincy; and benefit by such an interval, by obtaining all the knowledge you possibly can of those springs and powers of the human heart, which, if under due management, may be made productive of the best services to society. The great error of all our churchmen is, that they are intimate with books, and ignorant of mankind. They know nothing of the world. They pass from the cloister to the pulpit, and begin to teach at a time when they must naturally be less informed than any other class of men. I know nothing more offensive, nothing more absurd, than to see a raw youth from college make up his face to be grave in the pulpit, and then affect to instruct a congregation, every man of which must of necessity have more know-

ledge of nature and society than he himself, though he attempts to instruct. Do you learn before you teach," continued the Duke; "that is, study men and manners; you have hitherto dwelt among the dead; how is such a youth to instruct the living? Go, be not impatient of preferment till you are better informed than from the Greek and Roman page. And as your friend Richmond is about to join his regiment, when you begin your functions of chaplain, you are to make Northumberland House your home."

Here was a reception worthy those hospitable old times when the English character was pure, and when "Generous as an English baron," was an old proverbial expression. This great constellation, which has for so long a time illuminated our hemisphere, is now descending to the verge of the political horizon, and pleases more because it dazzles less. His sun must soon set, but not in darkness: no night will follow: through all climes his illus-



trious name will shine in this horizon : as long as intellectual light has power to dazzle, so long will his admiring worth be blazoned in the record of distant ages ! But the great advantage which Henry was to derive from the munificence of his Grace, was, the opportunity it afforded him of studying mankind on a large scale, and improving his oratory by attending parliament, frequenting the theatre, following the courts of law, and in assisting in the service of such churches as were conspicuous for the eloquence of their divines. These are the only schools where the art of speaking to a public audience can be acquired to any degree of energy and grace. But our universities think otherwise : they think, when they teach a youth to argue, to saw the air, to press the heart, and to mouth a few sonorous words, that they make an orator of him ; whereas they deprive him, by such means, of all chance of possessing natural eloquence.—Declamation is a natural act, not an artificial ac-

quisition. It must be produced by natural feeling, be graceful through taste, or the innate sense of congruity, and be excited by real occasion. Art has nothing more to do than to correct bad habits. Criticism points out what is elegant or sublime, and what otherwise. And the declaimer who wishes to convince, should be still more anxious to persuade. But the great calamity is, that our clergy are taught only to convince. Our orthodox preachers employ nothing more than knock-down arguments, and are so *convinced* that they must carry *conviction*, that they never condescend to persuade: hence, in most congregations a propensity to tire, or a disposition to sleep, for the most part prevails. Whereas a preacher, speaking to persons with whose capacities and manners of thinking he is unacquainted, but the springs of whose passions he knows, should lay hold of popular sentiment, try argument, but defend most upon persuasion and impulse. The dramatist is seen to bathe the theatre in

tears, or to set it on a roar. The legislator can rouse the British lion, and, by the power of eloquence, compel his country to carry on an internal war. The lawyer can harrow up the soul, make guilt appear in the garb of virtue, and force the jury to decide according to his will. But the clergy—do they hold the hearer above the wave? Do they make him with transport for the pearl of eternal truth? Do they snatch him from the abyss of despair, and throw a transient gleam over him while they CONVINCE him of his duties to his neighbour, to himself, and to his God? Are their labours recognized as patterns for dexterous argument and powerful eloquence? Do they possess qualities fit to perpetuate their benefits, or do they sink into immediate oblivion, without improving the present, or descending to the next generation?—Whoever answers these questions in a manner faithful and just, will be stigmatized as an enemy to the church. I care not. I am known to

be warmly, strenuously, and affectionately attached to the clergy. With one of them I hold a long friendship: he is a brother. To the great, real, and amiable virtues, and to the conspicuous abilities of that gentleman, I shall always pay a just tribute of applause. There are others in the church for whom I bear as high a degree of veneration as can enter into the human heart, or as much as ought to be paid to human creatures; because I firmly believe they are endowed with as many and as great virtues as the nature of man is capable of producing. My sentiments with regard to them can never vary, without subjecting me to the just indignation of mankind, who are bound, and are generally disposed, to look up with reverence to the best patterns of their species, and such as give a dignity to the nature of which we all participate. For the clergy, as a body, I have the highest respect, and that respect it is which prompts me to point out those rocks and shoals to which

the vessel of their church has been so long, yet so fast approaching. In the clerical progress of Henry Percy to this period, I have exhibited a variety of errors in the ESTABLISHED education of a clergyman; and from his remaining history may be learned why the members of the national church do not form the majority of the kingdom. The choice, education, conduct, and various other circumstances of the clergy, lead them to contribute to their own ruin. This ruin it is my object to oppose, and frame my design into the form of romance, in order that it may make an impression in the manner of my "Spirit of the Book," by being universally read.

Such am I, and such are my motives; I shall not again revert to them; and to atone to the reader, I shall accompany Henry to the theatre in my next chapter, and give a review of its effects and influence on a pure and benevolent mind.

## CHAP. XXIII.

Henry, during his leisure, visits every place of public resort, particularly the theatre—Theatrical entertainments considered the most probable means for the improvement of the public taste—they elevate the sentiments, and correct the heart—they are decided to be more productive of morality and honour than all the noisy and fanatical conventicles of the town.

OF the various judgments into which the world has divided on the subject of theatrical entertainments, it appeared very evident to Henry, that some were too rigid for a sensible man, and none too favourable for a good man to come into. For his part, after frequenting the theatre a little time, he considered it as the grand seminary appointed by society for establishing the opinions, improving the morals, and elevating the sentiments of a finished gentleman. In other situations, his heart had been slightly moved; he had

heard a Porteus, a Landaff, and other eminent divines, but till he heard the Kembles, the Siddons, the grand tragedians of the age, he never felt the great, the sublime effects of theatrical eloquence: his soul was never before confounded; he was not enraged with himself at his own slavish life, nor did he before bleed for the slavery of others. But the eloquence of these great actors extorted the confession, that he was indigent of many virtues necessary for him to possess before he could do any real good to his country. Such was their powers of *persuasion*, that he was conscious of the truth of all they said; he was conscious it was his duty to embrace the noble and generous principles they inculcated, and to cast off the little monkish prejudices and contracted sentiments acquired in the gloomy cloisters of the schools. While the eloquence of the pulpit studies only what will alarm and convince, Henry discovered that the actor directs his discourse to the heart

with the view to persuade; his principal aim is to reform without violence, to instruct without disgust, to inspire his audience with a love to mankind, and to cultivate in their souls those noble and generous affections which revolt with horror at the approach of immorality and vice. In what distress was Henry plunged by the pathetic complaints of Jaffier; and how much was he overcome with rage at the conduct of Richard, and the atrocity of Macbeth. Nor could he stifle the emotion which was stirred up within his indignant breast at the jealousy of Othello: nor can it be expressed how he suffered in the despair of Beverley, the disquietude of royal John, and the calamities of the unfortunate Juliet.

But the performance which gratified and instructed Henry the most, was the tragedy of *Pizarro*, from the pen of Mr. Sheridan, or who at least improved the original materials which were furnished by a drama of Kotzebue's. To the mind



of Henry the conduct of this piece bears throughout evident marks of superior genius. The morality is of the purest kind, and Henry found the stage in this instance, as it ever ought to be, made subservient to the purposes of truth, virtue, and honour. And he was charmed to find, that the Pizarro exposes to just indignation and abhorrence the savage cruelty of Europeans, inflamed with the lust of gold and the fury of conquest, and excites the pity and interest of humanity in favour of a virtuous and peaceable people. And how much was Henry's estimate of this play increased, when he was informed from authority not to be disputed, that Mr. Sheridan altered the text, and framed the whole piece in such a manner as to make it a political drama calculated to deter the then ministry from playing off that extraordinary tragedy of which Ireland, his native country, was to be the public and bleeding theatre. And so artfully did he manage the conduct of his design, that

the chamberlain had not the slightest suspicion that he was granting his approbation to a performance which was a libel on the existing administration, and upon the whole body of his own political friends. This very circumstance of making the theatre a subject of apprehension to corrupt or mistaken ministers, exalted it still higher in the opinion of Henry, and he lamented sincerely that the politics of Pizarro were exhibited without being attended with the effects to Ireland which they were intended to produce. Indeed, Henry was astonished, just at the commencement of the Rebellion, how the speech of the catholic priest could now fail being understood. As the troops are preparing to march, he approaches the general with a firm voice and an indignant brow, and upbraids him with his insatiable and cruel policy. The speech is fine and impressive. The humanity which it breathes, the justice which it recommends, and the terrors of incensed heaven at the last day, make

a momentary impression on the tyrant, and unsinews his arm, just raised to plunge a sword, still reeking with blood, in the bosom of the innocent natives. “Do not renew, I entreat you,” said the priest, “do not renew the foul barbarity which your murderous policy has urged you to. You call yourselves men; you call yourselves christians, but with tigers and savage beasts will I rather commune than with such men and such christians? Then Elvira tells the general, ’tis humanity always that becomes the true hero. And when he takes a prisoner, and tries to extort a confession of his accomplices and wealth, he is answered, “I possess a treasure, it is true, the treasure of a pure and unsullied conscience, of which thou art unworthy.” Pizarro then asks him, which is the weak part in his camp? To which the prisoner replies: “It has no weak part, it is fortified on every side with justice!” He then desires to know where his wife and children lived? He was told—

“ In the heart of their husband and father !”

In another part, a native chieftain calls upon his followers to remember, “ that the war they were about to embark in was not to extend conquest, or to gratify the ambition of a few, but it was to defend their wives and their children, their country, their laws, and their religion. Our invaders talk of freedom, who are the slaves of avarice; they talk of toleration, and they overthrow our altars; they hold out protection, but such protection as the vulture gives the lambs, which it devours. The country we live in, the laws we reverence, the religion we practice, is the legacy of our fathers; the faith we profess is to live in peace with all mankind. In case of defeat, despair should be the last quality that should fill our bosoms, and in case of victory, mercy should be the first.”

In the second act, a band of natives who had fled from the field, run across the stage. A chieftain pursues and addresses

them in a short speech replete with patriotic fire. He reprobates them for their cowardice, when every thing that was dear to them was at stake. Their country! their beloved country! their wives and children! their altars and laws!—His description of the invaders, too, sunk deep into Henry's mind: it was glowing and energetic—their very lips were parched with thirst of despotism, their ambition was unbounded, and their fortresses were marked with blood and desolation. Scarce waiting for an answer, he returns like a lion to the charge, and leaves the dastardly poltroons to the pangs of despised cowardice.

In the third act, a scene occurs which was afterwards literally performed in real life. I allude to that which passed between Emmett and his judge. Here is the artificial scene: a native is brought in chains, and is treated by the enemy with the most insulting taunts; to which he replies in a strain of manly firmness. His

enemy pronounces the stern decree of death upon him; and, to harass his feelings still more, draws a cruel picture of his family, and reproaches him with being a traitor, he being once subject to his king. To which the native gallantly makes reply:—"It was the Spaniards who deserted me, not I who abandoned them. I was not born among a nation of robbers and murderers. I was born in a country, the banners of which are that justice and mercy which you beat down and trample under foot." He next observes—"Many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. Thou wilt live, and still wilt be my judge. My life is short, but a life spent worthily should be reckoned by deeds, not by years. You say you intend our good: 'tis false; the god of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means." In short, the whole piece is written with a prophetic spirit; and had the Irish rebellion been *crushed* at the time, Pizarro

would never have been suffered to be performed. The South American machinery could not have veiled the murderous transactions committed on a theatre nearer home, and the tragedy would have been said to consist of a dangerous matter, collected from the bleeding occurrences of more recent times than Pizarro exhibits to the world.

“What blood and treasure,” exclaimed Henry, after witnessing the effect of this representation on an audience even ignorant of its grand and mystical design, “What blood and treasure might not the political lessons of Pizarro have saved the civilized world! What services does it prove the dramatist capable of rendering to the state! For, constituted as society is, the theatre is now the only place where princes and statesmen can be instructed in the immutable maxims of moral obligations and political truth. The actor alone it is, who can make the great bend at the tribunal of public justice, and make guilty

kings and guilty ministers tremble, if they have dared to violate the rights of humanity, or their country's laws!"

But there are persons of so melancholy a turn, that they think all theatrical exhibitions dissolute, and who call laughter folly of character; and sensibility weakness of intellect. As liquors tinge the containing vessels, the severity of these persons' tempers gives a gloom to religion, which is painted by them as wearing a continual frown, and with features inflexible to any sort of gaiety. How different did Henry view the stage! He thought it not only amusing, but innocent and useful; not a dissolute picture, but the elegant school of human life; a school where a series of instructive pleasures raise the understanding, improve the morals, and brighten the virtues of a people!

I must confess I am entirely of this opinion, and believe with Henry, that it is a want of acquaintance with the nature of mankind, which induces the over-righte-



ous to imagine, that theatrical entertainments are dangerous, and that society is to be taught reverence to the duty and propriety of behaviour by mere dint of gospel discipline, or orthodox instruction. Those divines are mistaken. We are too degenerate and obstinately conceited to be driven, we must be insensibly led, and soothed into the paths of principle and duty, which will otherwise be untrodden by the generality of people: and there is no way to do this but by encouraging dramatists, actors, and managers, to turn the public diversions of a country to the moral and political interests of the inhabitants. 'Tis vain for dissenters to threaten damnation: 'tis vain for the church to teach and advise: 'tis vain for the law to menace and set up the gibbet for the instruction of the world. For we may hang one villain to-day, and to-morrow have two pressing for the like execution: and to expect amendment from sermons and lectures delivered by men

who at the same time talk of hell-fire, and the point of the sword, is as visionary as to suppose health and long life is to be procured from the doctor, who forces his medicine on the unfortunate whom he stuns with blows. The more our *instructions* are founded in nature, the more uncontrollable is their influence in this particular; and none have a deeper foundation in our nature than those which arise from the representations of the theatre. We no sooner see than we are struck with strong images and exhibitions of things: this is the source of our delight from fine paintings and animating descriptions in poetry and oratory. And, even where the original is in itself disagreeable, the ingenious imitation of it pleases. But *dramatic* performances include all that is affecting in every sort of imitation, and a great deal more, real life, passion, and motion. The drama embraces the colourings of painting, the energy of periods, the melody of verse, the grace of action, the

beauty of scenes, the shrine of dress, the moral of truth, and the enchantment of fiction. The dramatist is what he pleases; transports his audience from place to place; from one engaging incident to another; gives them sentiments, warms them with affections not their own; and, by the address of the skilful actor, plays on the sense, gains possession of the heart, forces the mind first to approve, and then to copy the character he adorns.

Men of genius and wit, either for glory or reward, apply themselves to excel in compositions of this sort; and men of fortune and taste, or the pretenders to either, are continually present to hear them. Thus the stage ever did, and ever will, form the morals of the gentry of a nation, and the common people will always aspire to be what their superiors appear to value themselves upon being. And so the virtues of the embellished, frequented, and admired scene will be transcribed into real life, and become the fashion, the model,

the taste of a people. There is, in fact, such an inseparable relation between real life and the representation of it in the drama, that they mutually affect each other, and the stage sometimes grows low and licentious in compliance with the depraved taste and manners of a corrupted age. But this is not the fault of the stage: this case always argues a want of genius or virtue in the writer, who finds his account in flattering the degeneracy of his times, which he has not ability or inclination to elevate and improve. He sinks the honour of the poet by the defect or misapplication of his capacity, and becomes the meanest and most dangerous member of the state. Therefore, a man of probity and accomplishments, who is just to his honour, and a friend to his country, must approve or condemn the entertainments of the stage, according to the condition in which he finds it. It may not misbecome him, like Cato, to enter the theatre; but if the representation be immoral, he should

rise up and go out, as that great man did, without fearing the imputation of singularity.

Many others of our over-righteous clergy condemn the stage, because the church writers of the early ages made the profession of a player inconsistent with that of a christian. But the existing priesthood should remember, that their ancestors pronounced sentence on what they conceived a mixture of idolatry and impunity. Such, indeed, were several of the entertainments of the heathen theatre, which, like the temple feasts described by an apostle, were part of the pagan worship, and in the Floralia naked persons were exhibited to public view, with all the lasciviousness of voice and gesture. In such circumstances it is as difficult to blame their indignation, as to call in question their judgment, or not wish for their piety. But I ask those whose fastidious ears cannot bear the very whispers of a play, who would encourage their country to pull down their theatres,

and go howling religion about the fields and villages, the highways and the streets, I ask them, whether our ancestors would not change their opinion, were they to see the moral and polished pieces which are now performed at Covent Garden and Drury Lane? And I again ask those divines, whose inspired discourses are said to cause instantaneous conversion, to regenerate the soul, form the new man, and excite a new birth, whether it is within their knowledge that the stage has produced more mighty and marvellous effects than what they attribute to their presumed instruction, backed by the rewards and punishments they affect to hold within their immediate controul. I shall name but two instances of *stage conversion* out of the many that are upon record, and which two exceed all the cases known to me of regeneration and new birth. A young man who meditated the murder of his uncle was present at the representation of *George Barnwell*, and was turned from

his purpose by the horror he entertained for Milwood, and the remorse with which he was struck by the powerful manner in which the actor delineated the tortured passions of a guilty mind. That actor received a pension from the converted youth to the day of his death. The other instance is that of a gentleman who had wasted the better half of his estate in gambling, and was precipitating himself and family into a state of ruin and decay: he saw the Gamester performed, and his own character represented in so hideous a light, that he went home, made a solemn resolution never again to play, and sent a note to the performer, saying, "I am indebted to you for the preservation of my remaining honour and fortune; 'tis but just that I should be grateful; I beg your acceptance of the annexed order for five hundred pounds!"

It would appear then that instead of condemning the stage and reviling the actors, it would be more judicious to ele-

vate the theatre into a great national institution, and to raise the tone of thinking of the performers by ranking their vocation among the learned professions, or among professions whereof the members are considered gentlemen, and consequently entitled to mix in the first societies of the land. I am not afraid, once again, to assert, that if the stage was thus regulated, that is, were it considered a great national institution, whose members were entitled to all the honours and respect due to the other performers of the liberal offices of civil life, the theatre would become more instructive than the Temple, and the actors would, more than any other class of men, contribute to the civilization and embellishment of the age. They would turn the passions and pleasures of the people on the side of their improvement. For it is the stage *alone* that can raise their sentiments, polish their manners, enrich their fancy, fix their judgment, inspire taste, direct genius, and



form them to a propriety of thinking, looking, speaking, and behaving. In short, the drama is the true course of a people's education. This requires much higher talents and accomplishments than are usually met with in the clergy, and is a task which our players perform in a manner that merits more returns of wealth and reputation than the church seems willing to accord them.

I have gone much into argument on this subject, because I know of no institution that lies under such a load of vulgar prejudice as what this unfortunately does. In my next chapter I shall attend Henry into a more prolific region for entertainment; to a scene which must inevitably produce some effect upon the reader's mind.—*Nous verrons.*

## CHAP. XXIV.

Henry visits the chapel of Rowland Hill, and is confounded and amazed at the astonishing impudence of what are called inspired preachers—description of a preacher under full inspiration—contrasted with Mr. Hill—evangelical groaning described—attributed more to art than to nature—the discovery of its gamut.

A MAN may be a great mathematician, an experienced philosopher, a profound metaphysician; may understand many languages, or have made a considerable progress in sacred literature, without making any farther advancement in the qualifications of a clergyman, than he would have made if he had been all the while following the plough. Henry was so well convinced of this; so satisfied that a graceful behaviour, an engaging affability, a persuasive eloquence, a readiness of wit, soundness of judgment, a

manly courage, with many other virtues that might be enumerated, were essential to the successful exercise of the profession he had embraced, that he pursued every means proper for the attainment of these advantages, and frequented every place where his acquaintance with pulpit eloquence could possible be improved.—

“ And as this species of oratory was on the decline in the established churches of the metropolis, and in high reputation in the principal chapels of the various denominations of dissenters, he resolved, notwithstanding his remembrance of the story of Cleora, to attend those conventicles, and acquire some knowledge of the charm of that eloquence which made them daily overflow with the most zealous congregations.

In his enquiry after this important knowledge, he found it to exist in two distinct descriptions of preachers; the one of an ambitious temper, proper to actuate the turbulent to ravage the world, and the

other of an inactive spirit, fit to soothe the indolent soul with inward raptures and visions. In short, he considered both operations to proceed from two kinds of imposture or madness, which required a very different temper of mind, and naturally produced very different effects ; he had therefore to frequent different meetings, and to study each separately.

The first of these, that is, an active dangerous enthusiasm, Henry had full opportunity of studying in the chapel of Mr. Rowland Hill. At the moment that Henry entered, a restless spirit of imposture, or of religious knight-errantry, began to work up this reverend gentleman to a pitch of the utmost extravagance, by persuading him, that he was singled out to execute the designs of Providence : and to prove this, he assumed the features of inspiration ; he appeared stung with a fury not to be controuled. Unable to resist the inspired impulse, he roared aloud ; he hurried into incoherent declamation. Consi-

deration would be loss of time, and he stood acquitted to himself by a prompt obedience to the fancied *Call*. Thus powerfully possessed, every wild idea that glowed in his imagination, was an immediate hint from heaven. At one period he flew a pitch above common mischiefs, and talked of nothing less than the necessity of a regenerated spirit and new birth, not in individuals only, but in every remote department of the church and state. While this malignity was spreading, the phrenzy of it doubled his natural strength, and animated him to exert his vigour to a degree seemingly more than human. The infatuation set him above the fears of death, and he wished on the instant to fall in the service of the gospel, and to die a martyr for the cause of God, “as I see the heavens standing wide open to receive me !!!”

But his undoubted assurance of success gave him a still greater contempt of danger : and, in this particular, grant him

but his first principle, he reasoned very consequentially. If he was, indeed, miraculously appointed to convert mankind, to overthrow churches and states, no doubt heaven would prosper him in the execution of the mighty work it authorized him to undertake. If he fought the battles of the Almighty, he might reasonably expect the Almighty would give him victory. However, as this persuasion thoroughly appeared to possess him, it animated him till his fierce, and sometimes horrid aspect and intrepidity of behaviour, filled his audience with misery and confusion at the desolation they expected to be overwhelmed with. His fury, indeed, was great, his rage desperate, and having no enemies just then at hand to hang up or assassinate, he vented all his madness upon his audience, and told them, “ they were a pack of weak, timid, despairing souls, who were not only hastening to damnation, but who perfectly merited to be damned !!!”— Here some women, who were on the point

of fainting through excessive heat, and some men who had no disposition to be so immediately damned, made a motion to go out ; on which the reverend divine set up a war-whoop, roaring out, “ make way for them ! make way for them ! open the doors ! they are bound to hell ! open the doors ! as open as hell’s gates open them ! ”

Having thus soared above all rules of mercy and decency, there was no reason to believe that he would stoop to regulations of decorum in the prosecution of his discourse. Indeed he had one short argument to justify all his absurdities ; they were divine inspirations ; the will of God was notified to him ; that will was not to be circumscribed within the narrow limits of human laws and human reason ; he had a positive commission to damn or to save the people at his will : whoever, therefore, pretended to withstand him opposed the will of the Almighty ! In consequence of prepossession, and irritated by the departure of some of his congregation, he de-

nounced the worst of woes upon those who remained; and the terrors he scattered round him were the terrors of the Lord!

But what rendered the insolence of this enthusiast the more insupportable to Henry, was, that while the Preacher dealt out mischiefs without measure, he was only securing the happiness of mankind, and showering down inconceivable blessings upon his fellow-citizens. Mercy with him was indulging men in miseries, and doing the work of the Lord deceitfully.

The reader may form some idea of the impression made on the mind of Henry by this exhibition of true gospel eloquence, for so this species of oratory is denominated by Mr. Hill. The improvement which Henry derived from the *theatre* was nearly obliterated by a scene which would have disgraced the lowest description of heathen worship; for such exhibitions, though they may disgust, still tend to brutalize the mind, and to wear off its finer and



most amiable perfections. This was not exactly the case with Henry, for as he retired from this worse than bear-garden spectacle, he fell into the following reflections :

“ I am convinced,” said he, “ if such an enthusiast as Mr. Hill happens to beat down all opposition ; if he successfully accomplishes his projects over an ignorant people, and becomes fully possessed of power and dominion over their minds, he never fails to rule them with a rod of iron. He fixes with himself some imaginary insignificant point, on which he will have the honour of God, and the happiness of mankind to depend. - This his congregation must acknowledge to be authentic, and submit to without reserve, or undergo his severest indignation and displeasure. The wretches whose consciences are scrupulous, and their understandings untractable through the force of reason, must be convinced by damnation and the menace of hell-fire, in order to mollify the hardness of their hearts for the reception of opinions,

they cannot conceive; or which, if they do conceive them, they utterly abhor. These are, I perceive, the terrible effects of the ferment of enthusiasm in the turbulent ambitious spirit of a Rowland Hill. And it appears they manifest themselves with more or less violence, according to the degrees of insolence, imposture, or madness; the complexional activity of the enthusiast; and the proportion of power and authority he happens to maintain amongst men. In a word, it bids defiance to reason, and consequently can have no fellowship with the mild, benevolent influences of true religion.

In the course of Henry's attendance at this Pagan rotunda, he noticed their particular rites, which he was determined to enquire into. He found, that wherever the preacher closed a period in a manner monstrous or affecting, that a groan was emitted in a certain part of the assembly, and then adopted by the whole audience in the manner they attend to the clerk's

pitching the note, or giving the key of a stave intended to be generally sung. It was evident to Henry that this universal groan must have proceeded from persons acquainted with the science of sounds, and not from repentant sinners giving a public manifestation of that wreck of heart and contrition of spirit which naturally express itself in ejaculation and tears. This religious phenomenon surprised Henry exceedingly. He had heard groans uttered by wretches whose hearts were melted with sorrow, and whose minds were too oppressed to controul the passions. And he had heard them from those whose anguish of soul, remorse of conscience, or pain of body, made them think groaning a relief to nature, and a diminution to despair. But he had never before heard a congregation of two thousand people groan in concert, and under the government of a combination of tone and modulation which might with strict propriety be applied to the science of vocal music. This being to

Henry the most singular phenomenon of the gospel kind he had hitherto met with, it awakened all his curiosity, and animated him to pursue a chain of enquiries which furnished him with the following authentic information.

It would appear that groaning was always made use of in religious ceremonies, but that it had different uses and occasions, which necessarily required different styles; a sigh followed reproach; a moan was the consequence of conviction; and a creature totally damned groaned aloud.— In this state *groaning* remained for ages, or till the revolution in our church, when itinerant preaching was licensed, and nothing but groaning heard throughout the land. Cromwell, indeed, set his face against the prevalence of the disorder, and turned its greatest victims out of the house of commons into the streets. But it was too grand an auxiliary to false religion to have it abandoned: besides, the itinerants found it of frequent use in filling up the

chasms and pauses which must so frequently occur in an un-premeditated discourse. Still this had its inconvenience, for it was found, by frequent experience, that a groan misapplied took the nature of a sarcasm, and often turned the preacher into an object of ridicule and contempt. For instance, those itinerant preachers, when deficient in materials for the stated prolongation of their discourse, conceived themselves at liberty to fly off from their texts, and to amuse their auditors with personal anecdotes or little narratives of their lives. And it frequently happened in narrating "*the providences*" that occurred in their favour; such as, when hungry, finding partridges ready roasted on the road-side; when dry, finding springs where waters never flowed before; and when naked, lighting upon leather breeches suspended on a bush. I say, it frequently happened in the narration of these "*kind providences,*" that some hungry, dry, or naked sinner, pitched a groan in so mar-

plot a manner, as to give the congregation an idea that the groaner considered " the Providences " in the light of the most atrocious and abominable of all lies !— There was another inconvenience attending this species of vocal detonation : it operated like hedge-firing, and was deficient of those grave and majestic characters which characterize a general volley or a regimental discharge.

Having noticed some defects in Mr. Hill's manner of preaching, I turn with pleasure to his excellencies, and are much gratified to announce, that Henry discovered him to be the author of that gamut or scale of groaning by which his congregation is governed, and which secures him from the malignant effects which it antecedently produced, and which it still produces, both in the theatre and house of commons. What instigated Mr. Hill to invent this gamut, was a little disconcertion he experienced on the narration of " a small Providence " which occurred to him

when a boy. He had originally a strong propensity to thieving; and, while robbing a neighbour's orchard, a voice from the clouds ——!

Here some credulous enthusiast, or desperate sinner, groaned out Oh!—This was multiplied into Oh!! Oh!!! Oh!!!! by the whole assembly; and some wags setting up an Ah! Ah!! Ah!!! the place was thrown into a scene of bacchanalian confusion, and the bursts of laughter were with difficulty stifled by the threats of damnation, and the menace of a future state passed in lakes of burning brimstone and rivers of living fire.

To avoid a *disconcertion* of so humiliating a nature, Mr. Hill was determined; and to avoid it beyond all doubt or uncertainty, he studied himself into the cause of the sounds of bodies, and into the metaphysical reason of the sensation of vocal harmony. He also examined into the primary seat of the groaning organs, and finding it to reside in the glotta of the tra-

chean artery, he, assisted by Martellari, an eminent Italian performer, framed a gamut on the principles of the letters G. A. B. C. D. E. F. and thereby formed an exact calculation of the tones or notes, and half notes, of an ordinary voice, and for all the small parts of tone for groaning an octave without straining the glotta.—The groaning system thus reduced to the science of the lyre, Mr. Hill's next difficulty was to find a man of taste and sentiment to lead the congregation; for it was evident that no office in civil life required a man of superior feeling and sensibility than one who was to correct and anticipate the sensations of two or three thousand souls. A person of these extraordinary and sublime endowments was however found, and "the members of the society" being instructed from his gamut, and trained up under his command, keep their eye on him as on a fugleman, and never dare to groan till he commences and pitches the note, let their in-



spiration and misery be ever so strong. On no account is any individual, particularly in the narration of "*Providences*," to dilate the diameter of the groaning organs, without the gospel fogle-man gives the word of command, and then the groaning must be by volleys, not by single shot, or Amen-oh's!

It is but honest to confess, that there is so much apparent absurdity in this description, that I cannot expect it to gain a general credit or belief. I request those, however, who doubt my veracity, to look in at Mr. Hill's Rotunda, or at any other place of similar worship, and if they do not find the congregation groan according to the laws of the gamut herein mentioned, I am willing to lose all the confidence I fain would merit, and wish to inspire; and I am free to declare, that if this exposition of wanton and blasphemous imposture upon the public does not check the success of Mr. Hill and his fellow-disciples, it

is a melancholy proof that little remains in this country of that ancient manly virtue which made our ancestors the avowed enemies of every innovator on human reason, and consequently are the honour and integrity of the state.

## CHAP. XXV.

Enthusiasm suspected to be a distemper of the brain  
—The peaceable enthusiast contrasted with the mad inspired preacher—Henry suspects all gospel itinerant preachers to be superstitious fools, or impudent impostors—Gives reasons which must convince every unprejudiced mind—Superstition compared with enthusiasm—The fatal consequences of both.

IN the beginning of the last chapter it was made appear, that Henry had occasion to contemplate the Preacher “of the Word” in London, under two distinct dispositions: first, as a man who may be driven by his phrenzy to disturb the world, fancying himself sent by God to overturn established religions, and to have a commission from above as the favourite of heaven, authorizing him to execute every wild fancy that might spring up in his warm and distempered brain. Or, secondly, he had to consider him as a person

who, in a more peaceable and indolent manner, is often caught up into the third heaven, because he reads that St. Paul was so caught up from the earth. This man is delighted with inexpressible nonsense. He imagines he feels and intimately knows God, while he scarce feels or knows himself. He mistakes every flash of fancy that breaks out in his dark soul, for divine illumination ; when, in reality, it is no more than the ebullitions of his unruly passion—a passion much resembling the raptures of wild beasts, only with this difference, that a wild beast very well knows the object of its rapture : whereas, this enthusiast rises into extasy and admiration he knows not wherefore, and is enraptured with—he knows not what.

On a visit which Henry paid to a large chapel near to the Asylum in St. George's Fields, he was afforded a very favourable opportunity of comparing this peaceable kind of enthusiast with the active fanatic he had but just before so critically surveyed.

Mr. Harvey was the preacher; and, although effects of his enthusiasm appeared only to flatter his mind with visions, and prophecies, and new revelations, it was palpable to Henry that they were as highly prejudicial to the interests of society as the bold and avowed, innovating spirit of Mr. Rowland Hill. The active enthusiasm of Hill urges on its votaries, with vehemence, to every mischief; the peaceable visions of Harvey incapacitates men to do any good: the former discharges its rage outwardly; the latter inwardly consumes the breast in which it is kindled. The activity of a Hill is a curse, the supineness of a Harvey is a clog upon society.

The bad effects of Mr. Harvey's quiet enthusiasm was analysed by Henry during his oration, and reduced by him under three distinct heads; that is, he discovered in him a consummate ignorance, a total neglect of virtue, and an unsociable pride and arrogance. And he also was convinced that Mr. Harvey had a more

expeditious method of coming at knowledge and wisdom than by study, and reflection, and experience. Vain were books, vain the advantage of languages, and the improvements of conversation ; vain were all these recommended to Mr. Harvey for the perfecting his understanding ! He, he despised the mean accomplishments of human science ; and soared, at once, into the clouds of intuitive darkness. He saved himself the tedious trouble of needless inquiries ; and scorned to argue about notions, which to him were self-evident. He saw things past, present, and future, alike ; and equally comprehended the will of God and the ways of men. The stronger his imagination became, in the course of his sermon, the more powerful was his conviction ; and his doubts vanished in proportion as his reason declined. As his contemplations grew upon him, he proceeded from one sublimity to another ; from vision to vision ; and from thence to prophecy and revelation ; till, in the end,

he lost sight of common sense, and felt an inexpressible delight in wandering through the wide pathless regions of ignorance. He declaimed with abhorrence upon the sinfulness of human knowledge: it was audacious, he said, to pretend to examine what comes from heaven; and, unprejudiced reason was pride, and blindness of heart. Thus his soul was, at the close of his *inspired* discourse, delivered up to delusion; the audience abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of his phrenzy; they rejoiced in his absurdities; they believed the insanity to proceed from "the new supernatural light," and they voluntarily cut themselves off from the means of a better information, as their infatuation appeared such as to make it vain of any one to attempt to argue with them ever after upon any rational principles.

"What an uncommon degree of impudence and contempt of others," exclaimed Henry to a friend, "must have prevailed in the mind of this man, before such fana-

ticism could find admittance into it! And when it did take possession of his soul, only obscure, how it fortified and augmented that insolence and vanity which first gave it birth. Mr. Harvey is, in his own imagination, exalted so high above all other men, that they are beneath his notice, unless it be to commiserate their abject condition. Having his soul filled with raptures, which he mistakes for heavenly inspiration, while they are, in reality, sensual chimæras, he has no feeling of the sentiments of humanity, and looks upon his congregation as beasts of the field. In the mean time, he imagines he amply atones for the contempt of them, by an affected, unsincere humility towards God, to whom he is full of his acknowledgments for immense talents, which were never given him. In order to shew his spiritual humility to his audience, he gives up his understanding in their presence, and divests himself of every faculty, which the Author of all beings did actually give him to be improv-



ed and not destroyed. If he had the reflection to know his own heart, he would soon discern this farce of humbling himself into nonsense, to be the height of spiritual pride; for he presumes, all the while, that he has gained God Almighty to himself, and the extravagance of his impious wishes shall be answered. He has fulfilled all virtue, as he calls it, and merits every reward!—Impudent impostor!!

But this is mere declamation, says the over-righteous reader. What was Mr. Harvey's text; what was the spirit and tendency of his discourse? I find I must stop to gratify the curiosity of this pious querist. It is no part of my intention to pass for a mere declamer. The text was, the voice of a certain vision; and the spirit and tendency of the same, or such part of it as was coherent, were to awaken the superstitious fears of the multitude, and to turn all their fortitude and vigour into humiliation and despair. The danger, he said, was not only apprehensive, but cer-

tain. He warned them to call their hearts to a strict account; to employ their scanty remains of time in repairing the ruins of their souls, for that he knew to a certainty that the day and the hour was fixed, when not “a devil of them” could retreat from that supreme hand which he saw stretched out, and which resolved to extinguish a guilty world in eight day’s time!—Yes, continued he, after a short pause, which was followed up by a deep-toned general groan, “Yes, in eight days time!” The denunciation of almighty vengeance is now at last finally and for ever demonstrated. — For,—Johanna Southcote dreamt a dream! and, on the same night, a soldier dreamt a dream! And lo! and behold both dreams convey the same tidings, and should fill the world with the same terrors; both visions announce, to the mortifying confusion of sinners, that in eight days time the world will shut up, and not leave them the possibility of shelter or defence; no place open to him but hell, and no retribution

to be made after the towers began to fall, and ruin commenced its ravaging inducting from the hut of the cottager to the palace of the peer.

But why should I continue a subject so degrading, and with which the public is already so well acquainted; nor should I have noticed the use which Mr. Harvey made of the pretended dreams of an audacious strumpet and poor lunatic soldier, if Henry had not observed, from this remarkable instance, that superstition, as well as enthusiasm, is an instrument employed by imposture for the purpose of drawing the multitude to chapels and meeting-houses. In a word, Henry acquired from Mr. Harvey the precise knowledge he was in search of. He was before ignorant by what means the dissenting preachers became so popular. He attributed the immensity of their congregations to the power of their eloquence, to the charm of their morality, to the simplicity of their doctrine. In all which he was de-

ceived, for his experience proved their eloquence to be contemptible, their morals impure, and their doctrine absurd. To what, then, was he to attribute their multitude of adherents, their popularity, their fame?—I before observed, that Mr. Harvey gave him the clue, which led him to the discovery of the true cause of this popular delusion. A fatal delusion consisting in that union of superstition and enthusiasm which the itinerant preachers employ, and in which they impose in such a degree upon the multitude, as to make them mistake it for the most pure system of religion. On making this important discovery, Henry contrasted these two powerful agents in their several remarkable appearances; and his contrast will give the reader a more distinct view of these fatal delusions. I shall close this chapter with it in Henry's own words.

Superstition discovers the surprise and folly; enthusiasm displays the incredible madness which the mind of man is capa-

ble of. And in this light the former seems to be the worst of the kind. For superstition pre-supposes a degeneracy of spirit, and a natural defect of the understanding; whereas, enthusiasm proceeds chiefly from a pride of heart, and an excess of imagination. The one debases the soul below, the other exalts it above reason. The enthusiastic person is intrepid in his extravagancies; the superstitious trembles under absurdities. The latter submits to any thing imposed with a solemn aspect; the former disdains every thing which springs not from himself. The one is abject, the other arrogant. The one a mere slave in his temper, the captive of imaginary terrors; the other either a complete tyrant, or superior to all men in his own vain conceit.

As to the notions which should be entertained of the Supreme Being, superstition and enthusiasm equally corrupt them. They both represent the Almighty as a cruel, fantastical, arbitrary master; and

make his government of the world to be conducted, not by the rules of reason, but the uncertain determinations of his mere positive will. Thus religion is overthrown where either of these evils prevails : since the ideas of the divine justice, wisdom, and goodness are lost in that single one of his absolute sovereignty. In this only they differ, that superstition leads men to believe themselves the objects, while enthusiasm induces them to esteem themselves the *instruments* of his partiality or his vengeance.

Superstition and enthusiasm likewise equally darken the understanding, though not after the same manner : the one extinguishes the light of reason ; the other dazzles the mind with a false glare. The first produces ignorance, through a dread of knowledge ; the latter, through a disdain for all information. Superstition wears out the impressions of common sense by degrees ; enthusiasm effaces them at once : but the mind may more easily recover its

apprehension after the hasty stroke of the one, than after the long stupefaction of the other.

The operations of enthusiasm are sudden and violent : the workings of superstition are insinuating and slow. Superstition spreads itself through the multitude ; enthusiasm only intoxicates a few. But to these few it gives such irresistible power, as enables them to influence, and often to triumph over, the many. Hence it comes, that enthusiasm frequently sets up a new religion ; and superstition always corrupts an old one.

Enthusiasm is in full vigour at its birth ; superstition thrives gradually. The beginning of the one, and the progress of the other, is fatal. When the first efforts of enthusiasm are over, and the storm has spent its rage, it generally settles into a calm, uniform, superstition. In consequence, most superstitions that have been established in the world, are only the dregs of some preceding enthusiasm. Su-

perstition, therefore, is to be considered the more stubborn and permanent evil; enthusiasm has the more speedy destruction to society; like a certain destruction which begins with great outrage, and at last subsides into a kind of mad folly, more difficult to be removed.

But, as superstition is more universally epidemical than enthusiasm, it seems to be the evil most to be guarded against; being that to which human nature is most liable, and the one which may be made productive of the greatest calamities to society. It is a kind of national disease to all mankind, as leprosy was to the Jews; which, therefore, every country has reason to fear, and should be ready to find out the proper method to avoid.

Such were the reflections of Henry on these plagues which infest the country; and it may be understood from his remarks, that he considers the itinerant preacher to be the slave of enthusiasm, and the people the captive of superstition.



Of these two enormities I shall, for a moment, enquire which of them is easiest to be cured. It is much more practicable to bring the mind down from too exalted a condition, than to raise it from a depressed stupidity. The intellectuals of the preacher are more properly overpowered for the present, than destroyed by his heated imagination; so that the stocks or a horse-pond might bring him to attend to the calls of reason; whereas, his congregation so deaden their understandings, and benumb their faculties, by attending to his nonsense, that they become useless, and grow more lethargic, the longer they are oppressed. It is easier to retrench what is superfluous than to supply what is deficient on the powers of the mind. And, though the preacher be full of himself, yet through that very vice he may be brought to know himself, by forcing him to reflect upon himself, though it even be in a wrong method. His followers, on the contrary, distrust and undervalue their

reason so much, that they dare not venture to make the least use of it. They always rely upon the opinion of their fanatic instructor, and are so very diffident of themselves, that their fears and apprehensions will not permit them either to know themselves, or to come to the knowledge of any thing from their own reflection. The cure of the multitude, then, begins with raising their thoughts in regard to their own abilities and privileges: the cure of their enthusiastic leaders begins with bringing them down to some suspicion of their fancied worth. Let the people learn to consider that they are at least men; and make the enthusiast reflect, that he is at most but a man.

It also came to Henry's knowledge, that there are other inferior causes which tend to multiply the congregations of all descriptions of dissenters. In the first place, there is no accommodation for *the people* in the established church; and in the second, the learned discourses of the ortho-

dox clergy are but little adapted to the taste and capacity of the multitude. The genuine family of John Bull take more delight in Punchinello and his honest wife, than they do in Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. They would prefer to see the devil and the baker at strife about a loaf of bread, than to witness the contest between Jaffier and Pierre, though supported by Cooke and the first-rate actor of the age. Besides, it is the distinct property of superstition and ignorance to attend upon jugglers and impostors wherever they exhibit their imposition and tricks. It is well known that all London thronged to the Haymarket to see a man six foot high stuff himself into a quart bottle; and it is also on record, that multitudes went to see a horse in a stable, in Westminster, "whose head was where his tail should be." They looked for the phenomenon, and discovered the horse, it is true, standing with his tail lashed to the manger. It is so with meeting-houses; the preachers are

mere jugglers, their religion a kind of slight-of-hand ; a kind of hocus pocus service, enlivened with little episodes composed of biographical sketches and narratives of "small providences," calculated to amuse the congregation, and keep them all the time of worship anxious and staring for what was next to come from such a phenomenon of a man!

## CHAP. XXVI.

The author relaxes into conversation with the reader—efforts to dispel the operative mist from the eye of general error—curious researches into the nature of love-feasts—their nature and origin amply displayed—an instructive, if not an interesting chapter.

I AM so overcome with stupidity from toiling so long in the mine of evangelical dullness, that I must assume leave to relax my mind in this chapter, by conversing a little with the reader, and wandering something farther into the paths of variety than what a rigid attention to the history of my hero justify my straying to: for I find it will not answer to oppose the public habits too pertinaciously. Works of variety and genius are what the public are accustomed to esteem; they fill the libraries of the great who never read, and they are to be found in the re-

positories of the learned, who read and recommend them to the world.

A collection of *varieties* prove also very entertaining to those who are too idle to refer to the repositories of the learned, and whose collection of books amount to no more than a worm-eaten bible, a ragged ill-printed dictionary, and the fifty-first edition of Joe Miller's jests. Some great writers, governed by their knowledge of the public appetite for variety, have transmitted to posterity all the multifarious wit they possessed; others, of a graver turn, and more worthy of notice, have given us the sublimer sentiments of moral reasoning and wisdom, the result of long refutation and experience. Locke spoke to the understanding; Sterne to the heart. Locke made the grave man dull; Yorick made the gay man grave: blend the works of the grave and the gay, and the volume must be complete; for the unread peasant in his cot cannot be totally a stranger to the pleasing sensations that

arise from the perusal of the characters of the day, and the sentiments of sincerity. The incontrovertible arguments of a Fox might sink into eternal oblivion, and Rowland Hill's malediction upon his wife's wig remain unrecorded, were it not for the vigilance of some patriotic author, who, like myself, stoops to the drudgery of minute enquiry, and collects the scattered fragments of their fame. There is another observation which I beg to press on the reader's mind. The world are always ready enough to pay compliments to the dead; the dead having the great advantage to be entirely out of the way of envy. The living are unhappy enough to be drawn into a line of comparison with the worthies of antiquity to a great disadvantage. Here every thing is reversed; the dead are cloathed, and the living stripped naked. The ashes of a Cromwell and a Cæsar are regarded with veneration, as the virtues of men, perfectly as great, clouded by the doubts of diffidence, and

malignity of misrepresentation, undergo the mortifying sneers of contempt. The popular applause that Pitt well earned and obtained, has been the subject of ridicule, and a turtle-eating alderman, though of contracting memory, called him a mountebank in politics. The alderman's great counterpart, Sir William Curtis, has already said the same of Mr. Fox, and the great recorder of Bristol, the loyal Vicary Gibbs, accuses Sir Francis Burdett of corruption, and an incendiary conduct, raising of riots, causing libellous papers to be published, and inflaming the mob. A great law orator, called by his party the English Tully, complains that his pupil ——— forgets his lessons whilst he is at Westminster Hall, and threatens to resign if the lynx-eyed Erskine is ever permitted to private audiences. Thus it is with individuals; and it is the same with larger bodies. The whole bench of bishops cry out against the sins of the people, and the people pretend to detest them for their la-



ziness, luxury, and pride. The clergy are in a rage with the methodists for their superstition and enthusiasm; and the methodists brave them to their face, and tell them, *we* contend for a spiritual creed and spiritual worship; *you* fight for a calvinistic creed, a popish liturgy, and an Arminian church! And the government accuse the people of a republican spirit of licentiousness; and the people tax their governors with oppression and prodigality, a venal attention to self-interest, and a total neglect to the true dignity and real interests of the state.

To place the contrariety of their several characters in a just point of view, that each may shew himself, and not stand indebted to his neighbour for his character, is partly the business of these volumes, as will appear among the miscellaneous productions which shall occur in the course of this work, and yet answering to the title-page. But even this will not stand be-

tween me and censure, and discontent. The great and leading feature in every writer is, the love of fame. The characteristic disposition of the world is, to check the strongest efforts of vanity and pride, and to humble the candidates by division, and every possible mortification. Every author meets with a George Manners ; every Molineux with an opponent, though he boldly fights his way to greatness. However, this constant opposition on one part, and perseverance on the other, have produced the most astonishing works of genius, and made no small number of dunces the objects of just ridicule and contempt. Who has not laughed at Wooton, Blackmore, and Dennis, men of great erudition, but without spirit, sense, or ease, in their compositions, whilst Otway, stupid in poverty to the very lips, and under the lash of the severest criticisms and ridicule of the Earls of Rochester and Dorset, stemmed the torrent,

and mounted to the summit of the temple of fame!

It is only further necessary to inform the reader, that this is rather a work of industry than of genius, and that a compiler of the life of another individual has, in general, a much harder task in selecting matter with judgment, than HE who furnishes subjects from the stores of his own mind. But, as most of my subjects are suited to the present day, I dare presume, that they will live at least as long as George Manners, Doctor Hill, or any other novel prodigies and respectable personages, who are introduced into this work, either on the way of sincere eulogy or whose posthumous monuments I shall decorate with epitaphs that must make the portrait of such scoundrels go down, and strike horror into the latest posterity.

The hero of the romance! where is he? what is become of Henry all this time? Believe me, reader, he is extremely well employed: he is in company with a very in-

teresting evangelical girl, and rifling her bosom—of its charms ! no ; but of all its little divine secrets and mystical knowledge concerning the amatory worship, or “ Love-Feasts ? ” which are periodically commemorated by the “ chosen people of God,” the elect, and into whose society she was received as an aspiring sister, immediately after her coming to town. How, and where she so aptly became acquainted with Henry it is here my duty to make known.

The attentive reader is aware of Henry’s resolution to enquire into the cause of the popularity of the evangelical preachers, and he has been informed of the success which attended his enquiries. Enquiries which furnished materials for several chapters on the nature and effects of superstition and enthusiasm, and on the principles and influence of groaning by the laws of science, and not from the vulgar and ordinary impulse of sorrow of heart, or contrition of mind. Yet notwith-

standing the success which crowned his labours, Henry found his knowledge deficient in one grand and most material point. He had frequently observed, at the close of evening worship, that the preacher desired all strangers might retire, and commanded "the Society," the elect members of the congregation, to remain behind. This awakened all his curiosity. He asked various questions, and was answered, that the members of the society at times were directed to remain to hear "the word" privately, and to receive instructions on the partial tenets of the sect, and at other times they remained to exercise confessional worship, and celebrate their "Love-Feasts." And what is the nature of those "Love-Feasts?" was Henry's perpetual enquiry. Is its purpose to promote christianity; to wipe away the tear of the orphan; to stifle the sigh of the widow; to raise the oppressed; to cherish the fallen; to feed the hungry; to clothe the naked: in short, is it to follow the

instructions of the divine phrase, to do unto others as we would be done unto, to make each other become more worthy members of civil life, and diminish the causes of sorrow, distress, disappointment, and despair?

The replies these questions met with were uniformly of a character too equivocal and vague to satisfy one of Henry's research; and still the difficulty of obtaining information was a stimulus to curiosity, inasmuch as it proved that this "elect people" possessed among themselves a kind of masonic secret, and which was not to be divulged to the more prophane world. Mankind, in general, not dignified with the sacred title of "elect," have made the most ridiculous suppositions; the ignorant forming incoherencies, such as conferring with our Saviour, the apostles, angels, and saints; while the better sort and more polished part of mankind puzzle themselves with reflections more refined, it is true, though equally absurd.

To dispel the opiniative mist from the eye of general error Henry was resolved; and he was soon enabled, by a fortunate chance, to whisper the ignorant as well as the judicious, that although the truth of the evangelical secret was thought to be so delicately nice, so exalted an enigma, that, like the element of air, it may surround us, yet not be grasped, he notwithstanding observed the principles of this wonder, and elemental as it is, can dispatch the mystic spell with the winds to the four different quarters of the world.

I shall now proceed to give a general *exposé* or solution of the enigma; and I shall next detail the particular events and circumstances which enabled Henry to come at the knowledge of a secret that has hitherto baffled the research of the curious, the wealth of the powerful, and the penetration of the learned.

“ Love-feasts,” then, or nocturnal assemblies, as Henry was perfectly well informed, are frequently held after the mat-

ters of the evening service are over, and held with the most profound privacy, and into which none are permitted to enter but such as are initiated into the mysteries of the elect, and who have received the *sign* and *symbol* of admission. The utmost caution is employed, that what is really transacted in these meetings should not be known to the non-elect; and, to make it understood that the members of the love-feast are not engaged in purposes contrary to the acts of purity and truth, it is industriously circulated that the purpose is confined to religion, and that their privacy is to qualify them for the enjoyments of an unrestrained and tender communion with the Lord.

The celebrated Mr. Whitfield, of fanatical memory, is the author of the institution of love-feasts, and he took his model from that monstrous society of *Bacchanals* in the grove of *Stimula*, and which, in the 567th year of Rome, was suppressed by *Postumius Albinus*. But it must be un-



derstood, that Henry's information does not go the length of saying, that Mr. Whitfield was so servile an imitator as to make the elect, invited to his festivals, personify Silenus, Pan, Fauns, and Satyrs; no, it goes no farther than to prove, that they were a sort of religious *debauchées*, who exercised a more refined and disguised sort of self-indulgence than was known to Rome in the most sensual period of its age. In the midst of all their pretensions to an uncommon strictness and sanctity, the "love-feasts" of Mr. Whitfield's posterity is only a more specious pretext for the fuller gratification of some of their warmest appetites; their nocturnal assemblies but a more exquisite means for the conduct of spiritualized concupiscence. In these feasts, their manner of address is much better fitted for a dissolute lover than for a religious worshipper. It denotes the wanton exercise of a warm imagination, and a licentious fancy, such as evince, beyond all other proofs, the ge-

nius and complexion of that species of religion, whose warmth of constitution, not reason, has the chief and sovereign influence. Instead of speaking the language of a plain unaffected piety, their discourse, in the *love-feasts*, abounds wholly in rapturous flights of obscenity, and strains of mystical dissoluteness. Obscenity that pollutes the soul, and dissoluteness that lays open the heart to all the monstrous extravagancies of a vicious and frantic enthusiasm. In a *love-feast*, the true spirit of acceptable religion is made wholly to evaporate in unnatural heats and extatic fervors, such as sober minds are altogether strangers to ; and which are, indeed, a disgrace and reproach to the dignity of a rational nature. But these mystical refiners do not see through the cheat they are practising on themselves, else they would discern that their boasted exercises of a more exalted piety are but the artful disguises of their natural temper, which indulges its own warmth under the pretext

of devout fervors : else they would be sensible that their prayers are the very language of their most wanton appetites and impious wishes. The effusion of a breast heated with extravagant passion, and giving vent to fires of a grosser kind in fancied purer flames of divine love and spiritual rapture. In short, the devotion of the *love-feast*, according to the mystic notion of it, is a kind of natural relief to the cravings and importunities of some physical desires, which may, by this ecstatic habit, be indulged in without limit or reluctance, and not only with no danger to innocence, but even with considerable advantage, as is imagined by the elect, to their spiritual estate. “ It relieves their wants, and spares their blushes too.” And it is admirably contrived to allay certain irregular and uneasy ferments in the blood and animal spirits to which the guests of a love-feast are peculiarly subject, and which might otherwise solicit a remedy of a coarser nature. Those inspired passions,

which, in an inferior class of sensualists, would excite to amours of a more vulgar and ordinary character, in these mystic lovers are thrown off in seraphic ardours, and consumed in sentimental ejaculations and spiritual debaucheries.—What! a debauch in religion?—Yes; it is not merely possible in *idea*, but it is proven by the “elect,” that there is as great a bias this way in their spiritual feasts, as there is observed to be in a masquerade, or any other libertine amusement in common life.

It was the opinion of Henry, and he had authority for the comparison, that these love-feasts were in imitation of the Bacchanalia holden in the Stimulian Grove. This he might safely affirm, that the Sacred Scriptures knew nothing of those passionate heats and paroxysms of devout phrenzy which the members of love-feasts are so fond of. Henry is most certainly correct in his definitions. These mystical refinements owe not their birth to the rational simplicity of the gospel, but

to the presumption of men in after-ages departing from the gospel, and introducing their own wild imaginations and impious systems in its stead. Where do the elect of the *love-feasts* read of ecstasies, raptures, suspensions, of staring upon the divine beauty, expiring in the embraces of our Saviour, and I know not what other flights of licentious jargon; where, I repeat it, do the elect read of these things in the inspired pages? What mention is there ever made in the sacred volume of sensible commotion of the spirits, and inspiration of the blood; or of seraphic love, the mystic union, and all the other fanciful abstractions of the *love-feast* dialogues? These are the dreams and inventions of men, not the doctrines of Christ and his apostles. Prayer is often mentioned and recommended, but not a word is said of those ecstatic and artificial commotions which the evangelical elect of the present times are so full of. "But this mere declamation," say the members of

the love-feast, "prove your assertions!" I confess this insolent defiance provokes the moderation of my temper, and the reader shall find, that all I have already said of these evangelical knaves is lenity and compassion to what shall be found in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XXVII.

The love-feast exhibited after the manner of a melo-drame, or Ovidian spectacle—The preacher's address to the guests—the replies of various members attending the feast—Their seraphic ardours, empassioned ejaculations, and spiritual debaucheries, compared with the rites of the society of Bacchanals held in the Stimulian Grove.

TO avoid the imputation of a vain declaimer, I shall confine this chapter to a simple narrative compiled by Henry from materials furnished him through a channel from which I shall satisfy the reader on another occasion. And as a *Love-Feast* is a species of melo-drame, I cannot with any propriety alter the form in which Henry has handed it to me. I beg that the drama, such as it is, may be read with attention, and that the indignant reader will suppress his horror till he comes to a calm and accurate conclusion. I shall

then assist him to execrate this impious society, and to suppress an institution which is not only subversive of the morality and religion of the state, but of the honour and virtue of many deceased and abused individuals. Judge, reader, judge for yourself, after a careful perusal of the following evidence :—

#### THE PREACHER'S ADDRESS.

*Preacher.*—The design of our thus remaining together, after the exclusion of the impure, is to obey the commands of God, to confess your faults to each other, and pray one for the other, that ye may be healed. To this end speak each of you as you feel inspired ; speak plainly and familiarly the true state of your hearts, with the faults of thought, word, and deed, and the temptations you have been in since your last love-festival. Remember, too, this is the feast of the Lamb. There is now no constraint or tyranny ; there must,



therefore, be no coldness or indifferency. A lifeless outward compliance is here misplaced. You are to suppress no inward stirrings. At the feast of the Lamb, the *Love-Feast*, we are to encourage no self-denial, no mortification of bodily appetites, no annihilation of sensual passions, for the Lamb presents "the Rose." There is no "sinfulness in smelling the Rose." Come, my brethren, come and smell the rose of the Lamb, the rose that decorates the tables of the feast, the rose that decorates the temple of the Holy Spirit.—Is no person in love with the rose? is no person in love with the Lamb?

*First Woman.*—O banquet of love, heavenly sweet, let me be refreshed by thee! Rise up, my soul; become an humble spouse of the Lord Jesus; feed thyself with his beauty, make him thy darling, receive him into thy bosom, quench thy thirst with his blood, hold him fast, do not let him go. O lovely bridegroom of my soul, wound my heart, that it may be sick of love.

*Preacher.*—I like that, that looks like true inspiration. But tell me, is it your desire and design to speak every thing that is in your heart without disguise, reserve, or exception? Yes. You say yes. Tell me, then, do you take more pleasure in any body than in God?—Whom do you love just now? Does no person steal in between God and your soul?

*First Woman.*—No, no; my only desire is, to entertain my longing soul with the contemplation of Jesus' beauty, and till Jesus condescend to kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; till he shall bring me into his banquetting-house. O Jesus, my happiness, who art fairer than the children of men, draw me, and I will follow after thee. Wound me deep, and strike me through with the arrows of a divine passion.

*Preacher.*—Mark these words, my beloved brethren. Here are words of amazing force and comprehension, of wonderful inspiration and simplicity. Here is no

frigid lip-service, but a quickening influence which ought to enliven every guest at this our holy festival with the strongest degrees of fervency and intensesness. Who is there here that calls himself a man, and remains calm and undisturbed while this new-born woman attacks her Jesus with a heavenly violence, and talks with the divine spirit and wisdom of the elect of old!

*First Man.*—I feel my spirits at work about something, I know not what; I feel a stirring up about my heart, I know not why. I am under a confusion of sensations, or bodily emotions, that exclude the idea of every thing else. I have warmth of the blood without the flame of inspiration, and strength of body without spiritual capacity of mind. I would—but cannot speak acceptably. I neither understand myself, nor any form of confessional prayer.

*Preacher.*—Thanks be to God! Here is an immediate instance of the divine and infallible spirit working upon the sullen

and hardened temper of this sinner's soul. Looking at him, floating between a disposition of heavenly-mindedness and a state proper to be damned. The claw of the devil is just now making the last drag at the infidel's heart. But his Jesus will give him power to mill the devil, and to enjoy the feast. Say, miserable sinner! do you feel that this is the moment you are to be damned, or the instant you are to be saved?

*First Man.*—O joy of joys! the battle's over, and victory and praise are due to the Lord. Though the devil drew his net over me, and pinned me up in my mother's old sinful womb, yet the Lord gave me strength to burst asunder the infernal mesh, and to come into the world, by a second birth, as a heavenly-born man. O joy of joys! what do I not behold in this regenerated state. Do I not see the mystery of the incarnation? Do I not feel and know, that this feast which till now remained by me untasted, is the sweetest entertainment

of my life ; it is the sensitive, the passionate festival of the living God.

*Preacher.*—Joy of joys, we may well sing! But what were your sensations on bursting from the womb of sin? Where are your evidences, that you are at this moment but just born?

*First Man.*—I feel all love for the feast of the Lamb ; a passionate wonderful appetite of love, exceeding the love of women. A joy whose current affords me fresh delight, and yet every drop of it so fascinating, that I feel I can live upon it to all eternity. My soul is inebriated since my new-birth with the promised pleasures of the heavenly repast, and my body partakes of its sweetness. Every thing I behold excites a grateful and easy emotion in my animal spirits, and causes such an agreeable movement of my passions, as comprehends all the delight, abstracted from the uneasiness, which, five minutes ago, every object was apt to occasion. A new man, nature unfolds all

her brightest charms to my view, and opens, as it were, her whole store-house of blessings. All that I behold is a source of spiritual pleasure. My soul overflows with love, delight, and complacency.

*Second Woman.*—O love of sweetness! O sweetness of love, that dost not torment but delight, that dost always burn, and art never extinct! Sweet Christ, good Jesus, my God, my love, kindle me all over with the fire, with the love of thee, with thy sweetness, thy pleasure, and thy joy, that being all full of the sweetness of thy love, all on fire with the flame of thy charity, I may love thee, my God, with my whole heart, and with all the power of my inward parts, having thee in my heart, in my mouth, and before my eyes, always, and every where. O divine, spiritual rapture! to expire a martyr to thee in the arms of the sweet Jesus, must surely be the highest pleasure a rational creature, in this present state, is capable of enjoying. O, O, heigh-ho!

*Preacher.*—This is the genuine *Pathos* of the devotion of the feast. What lovely ravishments of the senses? How the uses of a vulgar humanity are lost in the suburbs of beatifical apprehensions.—Thrice happy soul, that canst look through the veil, and notwithstanding that thick cloud of creatures that obscure thy view, discern him that is invisible; live in the light of his countenance all the time of thy sojourning here; and at last, pure and defecate, with a kiss of thy beloved, breathe out thyself into his sacred bosom.—What other sister or brother has felt or does feel this same pregustration of glory, this antipest of felicity; this angelical appetite for our divine repast—our feast of love?

*Second Man.*—Since the last festival, gratitude be to the Lord, I am one who has made some proficiency to the mount of God's presence. I was then sunk down to the lowest pits of sin, deep in obstinacy, and indifferent to redemption, when an angel visited me in my dark sleep, and di-

rected me to pray to be admitted into the beatific state in these words; and which, finding me both dogged and stupid, she had to come three successive nights to repeat.—I beseech thee, shew me thy glory;—withdraw thy hand from the clift of the rock, and remove the bounds from the mount of thy presence, that I may see thee as thou art, face to face, and ever dwell in the light of thy beauty. After the third night all my former conceptions vanished. I lost every gross idea of human things. The world appeared to me as a panoramic scene, in which all nature appeared of a diversified character, and decorated with a profusion of beauty which I never before beheld. It was no longer a Mahometan paradise, but a garden for heavenly beings. I again dreamed a dream: the same benevolent angel brought a *vision* ladder, whereby I ascended to heaven, and just looked in on the sweet Jesus enjoying such another love-feast as this we now enjoy.—“Go,” said the an-



gel, “attend your next feast of love, and you will find it the highest step you have to make to glory.” I have come, O vision of true intuitive excellencies, I have come into a new orb of light, where I feel a revolution of all my faculties into sweetness, affections, and starings upon the divine beauty, and where I am carried on from ecstasy to rapture, from suspension to elevation, and from abstractions vulgar to apprehensions beatifical.

*Third Woman.*—My dearest Lord, when shall I enjoy and talk with thee alone, in language soft and tender, sweet and charming, as the unreserved retirements and endearing whispers of the most passionate lovers? Let my heart be refreshed by thee. Let my soul overflow with the nectar of thy love.

*Third Man.*—Now, now, and not till now, do I feel the ascent of my soul; a retirement of all the vigour and strength of the faculties into the innermost recesses of the heart. I can no longer hold a spiri-

tual silence; nor rest, nor slumber. I behold an union. I possess an intellectual vision. A clear and intuitive vision. There is the light; the true light. A light that manifests God in the middle of the feast—a light!——.

*Preacher.* Inspiration! Divine inspiration! he sees an angel light. Put out them candles. Let there be no false glare. He is rapt up in the third heaven. Put out them abominable lights. Let there be none but intellectual illumination. I shall descend among you, not to close the divine entertainment; but to enjoy the obscure glories of the heavenly report!

Reader! I dare not proceed; I am lost in apprehensions concerning the fate of a number of the poor deluded wretches, drawn probably into unavoidable destruction by this atrocious yet seductive scene. I am stupified with horror, when I consider the multitudes of *pious impures* that infest the town, as it naturally occurs to my imagination, that it was in these pro-

fane "feasts of love" the barbarous plan was first framed for the destruction of their innocence, by the employing the licentious language of the brothel in a pretended affection and impudent love for the Lord. I shudder with a holy fear, when I recollect the numerous instances of piety turned prostitute; and that from the nymph of King's Place to the cyprian of Bagnigge-wells, there is not an *unfortunate* but what studies devotion in a conventicle, and acquires her morals from the teachers of the evangelical schools.

But whether these suspicions of mine be well grounded or no, this however I am sure, that it behoves them in authority to have a watchful eye over associations of so extraordinary a nature, and to inform themselves in time of what is transacting there, "that faith be not turned into delusion, and religion into seduction." It was surprising to Henry to the last degree, that a set of enthusiastic wretches should be thus suffered to trample with

impunity on all laws, ecclesiastical and moral; to spread doctrines subversive both of religion and virtue; to form secret assemblies and obscene feasts, in order to corrupt the morals of society, and throw every civilized establishment into confusion and disorder. Surely, said Henry, the country has been lulled into a strange lethargy of indolence, to look with so unconcerned an indifference on such moral ruin, without giving themselves the least trouble to prevent it. But the time he hoped was coming when those whose business it is to preserve the innocence and the religion of the community will exert themselves with a proper zeal in its defence, and not suffer, under the specious mask of religious liberty, a mortal licentiousness to enter, to the utter destruction of all religion, virtue, and innocence.

No one in the world is a heartier friend to toleration, or would make more favourable allowances to independent consciences, than Henry: but God forbid, that

under the vague notion of toleration, he should have given opportunity to cheats and impostors to sow their hemlock and night-shade among us; to extirpate all traces of true religion and virtue; or that he should silently suffer democracy and licentiousness to sap the foundation of our civil constitution, and deliver up the king, the church, and the country to a political bankruptcy, and a moral and religious ruin.

I have now finished what I proposed in this exposition, which was to lay before the reader the true nature of that new-fangled religion, which, under the exclusive name of Evangelical, is of late so industriously propagated; and I have exposed the particular views, principles, and practices of its respective ministers, in order that the public, being convinced of the folly, imposture, and vicious tendency of this extraordinary way of worship, may stand firm and unshaken against the wiles and stratagems of these subtle deceivers of

mankind, who, like the Pharisees of old, “compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, they make him two-fold more the child of hell than themselves.”

As to the part which I act in this affair, I endeavour to perform it to the best of my power, and without the least prejudice or partiality whatever. If I mistake any thing I advance, it is the fault of my judgment; my heart is sincere and free from blame. But thus far I am sure I am right, that the sole motive of this exposition is a sincere disinterested regard for the happiness and welfare of this country, without any private views, considerations, or advantages whatsoever: and, whether honour or reproach shall be my lot, will be of very little consequence to me; but I shall always esteem it the greatest happiness, that I have more than once had it in my power to serve my fellow-subjects by exhibiting the professors of delusion, absurdity, and impiety, and by making

my works the *acknowledged terror* of all religious hypocrites, moral pretenders, and political knaves. But I had nearly forgot—the *evangelicalists* are all in an uproar, and crying out for the evidence and the testing of my facts. They deny the rites of their love-feast, and protest against the putting out of the lights. Let them read my next chapter, and then contradict me if they dare. Let them read; I dare them to contradict one word of my description of their “Love-Feast.”

## CHAP. XXVIII.

Henry meets his Welsh rector's daughter in London —she is a member and frequent guest at the love-feasts, and perfectly qualified to instruct on that subject—her original opinion of Civeates—why she held them in such slight estimation—her story interesting to lovers of virtue and truth.

THERE are certain crimes of so atrocious and shocking a nature, that without the most positive and convincing proofs, mankind will not believe their fellow-creatures capable of committing them. The heart of man revolts against every instance of enormous wickedness, and would, for the honour of humanity, have the story stifled at its commencement, and prevented from disgracing the annals of the species; as, for the credit of nature, we destroy monsters at their birth, and bury them deep under ground. Should any one assert that a prince, in order to sa-



tisfy a boyish curiosity, or an inordinate longing to see a conflagration, set the greatest city in the world on fire, and actually reduced a great part of it to ashes ; those who are not versed in history, or have not sufficiently attended to human depravity, would be apt to hold up their hands, and ask, “ Can such monsters exist ? ”

Yet, I can inform the *Evangelicalists*, it is a fact very well authenticated, that Nero caused Rome to be burnt, that he might have a lively representation of the burning of Troy. Nor is it less certain that Alexander destroyed the noble palace of Persepolis ; and in order to fully gratify his drunken frolic, threw fire-brands into it with his own royal hands. It is also on record, that associations of numerous people perpetrate crimes as well as the most infatuated individuals. There has been a religious massacre in France, and another in Ireland, of extraordinary atrocity and extent : and it is still on the minds of

men, that in this country, avarice, which, like Moses's serpent, has so universally swallowed up all the rest of our passions, has made us set fire to the city of an old and faithful ally, and shed the blood of friends, for the sake of the plunder of a few old ships.

When such generous spirits, I say, and large bodies of men, could be urged by such feeble motives to commit such enormous crimes, who can doubt but the evangelicalists are capable of the imposture and wickedness I tax them with, both in the acts of their devotion, and in the celebration of their love-feasts. Depravity reigns a more sole tyrant over the heart than avarice, and is a much stronger and powerful incentive to bad actions than those which influenced the above-mentioned princes, religious fanatics of France and Ireland, or corrupt or ignorant politicians of our state. But this is not proof! It is admitted. Fortunately for the reader, the proofs reside in a little Ovidian

story, which will serve as an evangelical episode, to relieve the gloom of the latter page.

On a time when Henry had nearly despaired of obtaining authentic intelligence on the subject of the "Love-Feasts," he was accosted by a lady who was so disguised in a puritanical bonnet, gospel cloak, and biblical petticoat, that he had much difficulty in calling to mind Miss Bernard, the eldest daughter of the rector, who, the reader may remember, first supplanted Henry in a Welsh living, and then appointed him his curate; but without the intention of treating him in that liberal and generous manner, which was likely to gain the esteem and permanent services of Henry. In a word, it is known, that Henry left him with disgust, and thought so contemptibly of him that he never deigned to consider whether he was dead or alive, till he met with his daughter, attired in the masquerade manner I have just mentioned. Henry knew enough

of Miss Bernard to know that she had not thrown off the embellishments of fashionable life, and assumed the unbecoming mask of this religious rabble, for nothing ; he therefore appeared pleased at the rencontre, and cheerfully acknowledged his former acquaintance with her family, and the advantage it would be to him to be indulged with permission to see her occasionally while in town. Henry met with the less obstruction to this advance ; because, had he not been “ a poor curate ” when Miss Bernard was “ the rector’s daughter,” it is possible she might have thought him a most eligible match ; indeed, as it was, she could not but confess, that, by slow degrees, he had raised her opinion of his understanding, and, that though she believed it would be long before she should be prevailed upon to regard him with much kindness, he had, however, more of her esteem than those whom she sometimes made happy with opportunities to attend her tea-pot, or

pick up her fan. She even, at times, condescended to choose him for the confident of her little perplexities, and to ask his opinion with regard to the means of conquering or escaping them; though she never expected from Henry any of that softness and pliancy which constitutes the perfection of a companion for the ladies: as, in the rude retirement she then was, she had recourse to the mastiff for amusement, though she had no intention of making him a lap-dog.

This proceeding on her part, at the time that Henry was her father's curate, was considered in the light of a most extraordinary phenomenon, and as a total departure from the *natural* conduct which it was the province of her station strictly to pursue. For there is such an inherent and implacable antipathy entertained by *rectors' daughters* against *poor curates*, that she who treats one of them even with common decency, or ordinary decorum, is considered as mean-spirited a creature as

if she fixed her esteem upon a dog-boy, footman, or groom.

This erroneous and degrading consideration is to be attributed to the miserable stipend upon which *curates* have to subsist, and to the folly of *rectors* bringing up their daughters with hopes, which the nature of an income, depending upon *one* life, can by no means justify. For instance, Henry knew that no cost was spared on the education of Miss Bernard; and if her circumstances were to have been judged by the manner in which she was brought up, no one would have imagined but that she was to have had ten thousand pounds, at least, to her fortune; but instead of this, as a *rector's* daughter, living up to the extent of a church income, she had not the least prospect of a sixpenny-piece from any relation or friend whatever: and still, like all other *rectors'* daughters, she looked upon *poor* curates, in general, as wretches fit only to be connected with “dabs of ladies' maids, small

mantua-makers, and paltry milliners. As to industrious tradesmen, ingenious mechanics, and even little merchants, they are not to be thought at all in question; and for a farmer's son to have the impudence——why, a highwayman is held in far higher estimation!

While Miss Bernard was in that situation, and in this way of thinking, a most fortunate circumstance occurred; a most delightful circumstance; one that would afford Maria Edgeworth or Louisa Gunning the most inimitable subject for their humane and elegant pen; the felicitous event was no other than this.—

In a very fine summer evening, when Mr. Bernard was giving directions to one of his hay-makers, he heard somebody call out with a loud voice, “stop him! stop him!” Turning his eye to the road which bounded his view to the field, he saw a young gentleman limping along. Before he could reach the gate he saw him fall! There, reader, could there be an event of

higher felicity occur to—a real romance-writer?—But I must proceed: the sight of him lying on the ground quickened the steps of the rector. With the assistance of a neighbouring miller, who arrived at the same time with the sufferer's horse, he raised him upon his feet, but as he was unable to stand, they supported him between them, and conducted him to the rectory, which was not far off, the miller's son leading the horse after him.

The rector finding that the young stranger had been very much bruised with his fall, occasioned by the sudden starting of his horse, thought it proper to have him put to bed, and to send for a surgeon. The surgeon came, and Mr. Hudson was so well recovered in a few days, that he felt little or no inconvenience from his contusions. His recovery, however, was attended with many disquieting sensations.

The humane, hospitable, and, indeed, affectionate behaviour of Mr. and Mrs.



Bernard to Mr. Hudson, deserved considerable acknowledgments from him; and he was not insensible to the emotions of gratitude; he was ready enough to assure his generous friends how greatly he thought himself obliged to them for the kind reception he had met with under their roof. But gratitude was not the only passion felt by him while he was under their care: Miss Bernard, who appeared in his eyes the most amiable of her sex, by her tender attentions, superadded to those of her worthy parents, made him, in a short time, as desperately in love with her as the most romantic imagination could wish, and he was so charmed by her agreeable person and entertaining conversation, that he could not bring himself to quit the rectory, though he was sufficiently able to travel to the place which he told them he had in view when his progress was retarded by the above-mentioned accident.

Hudson had a number of natural and acquired accomplishments, which recom-

mended him very powerfully to Miss Bernard; and as she had no small share of sensibility, his assiduities about her were neither unnoticed nor unrewarded. She felt, in truth, in a few weeks, the strongest prejudices in favour of a man, who, by all his looks, words, and actions, declared himself her lover, though he had not made a downright declaration; and he, presuming upon the language of her eyes, ventured one day to open his heart to her. She listened to him, modestly attentive, returned a polite answer, and gave him encouragement to believe that her heart was entirely at his service.

Thoroughly satisfied with her behaviour, he then attacked her father.—Mr. Bernard, from what he had seen of Mr. Hudson, had a good opinion of him: his deportment was regular, his conversation was moral, and he seemed to have commendable principles: but as he knew nothing concerning his family and fortune, he told him genteelly, when he solicited to

be his son-in-law, that he could not comply with his request till he was better acquainted with him.

Hudson, in consequence of that reply, intreated him to hear what he had to disclose with regard to himself and his affairs; and, having obtained his consent, proceeded in the following manner: "I have a large independent fortune in the funds; I have no relation to control me, and I am ready to make any settlement on Miss Bernard which you may think suitable. And as to my character, if you have any doubt relating to it, I can furnish you with a list of friends who will, I dare say, dissipate all your apprehensions, if you have any." Hudson, imagining that he had, by the openness of his behaviour, precluded all enquiries about himself and his finances, waited with impatience the categorical answer.

Mr. Bernard, though he was somewhat inclined to believe what Mr. Hudson had told him, was too wary to depend entirely

upon it. He, therefore, determined to write to London, and to consult an old friend of his, who knew the town extremely well, and who had also a very extensive acquaintance on the Stock Exchange. His letter to this friend ran thus :—“ I write to you now on a very particular occasion. A young gentleman has made his addresses to Emily. He is agreeable, sensible, and appears in an advantageous light; yet appearances are deceitful. Emily likes him, I can see, and I wish to make her happy; but in an affair of this sort, we must not rely absolutely on appearances. I have some doubts, yet I know not why, concerning this young fellow; and, as he says he has an independent fortune in the funds, and is known to the first houses in the city, I beg of you to make diligent and immediate inquiries, and to let me know what you learn respecting Emily’s intended husband.”

The answer to this was returned with an apparent malignant dispatch; here are the

words :—“ I am very glad that you have acted in so cautious a manner. From your description of Hudson, and from the letter you sent me, I find he had some property in the funds, but which he quickly dissipated in gaming, and all manner of debaucheries common to the most depraved characters on the town. The fellow is handsome, and has abilities ; but I learn, from unquestionable authority, that he is a mere adventurer, and should not wonder but he risked breaking his neck by the fall from his horse, to gain admittance to your house. By no means, therefore, have any thing farther to say to him. Your behaviour to him hitherto has been very laudable ; - but I hope you will endeavour to get rid of him the instant “ you receive this letter.”

Mr. Bernard no sooner read the epistle, than he obeyed these last pointed injunctions : he took Hudson aside, and informed him, that he could not possibly, for many reasons, consent to have any

connexions with him ; and added, “ I have some very material objections to you, sir, for a son-in-law ; and as I expect some intimate friends here this evening, I must desire you to decamp forthwith without any more to do.

Mr. Bernard uttered the latter part of his speech in so steady and so singular a tone, that Hudson, imagining well he had been writing to town about him, and had made a discovery not at all to his advantage, quitted the rectory in a little while afterwards ; resolving, however, as he had received indubitable proofs of Emily’s attachment to him, to lurk in the neighbourhood, and do all in his power to induce her to elope with him.

No sooner was he gone than the rector acquainted his wife and daughter with the intelligence contained in his friend’s letter. Mrs. B. was astonished. “ What a hypocrite ! he appeared to be the most amiable creature in the world.” Emily blushed, hung her head, and wept.

“You should rather rejoice than weep, my dear Emily,” said her father. “If I had hastily consented to your marriage, without making any enquiries about him, you would have been ruined by this time.”

Fathers and daughters have very different sensations. Mr. Bernard did not wait for Emily’s answer, but gave orders immediately to his servants, never to admit Mr. Hudson again.

Having brought this little episode to so considerable an event as the exclusion of its hero from the house of Mr. Bernard, I shall take occasion to pause for a few moments, or rather to express a hope that the reader does me the justice to perceive, that I relate this adventure with more circumspection and minuteness of detail than I have hitherto employed on any of my former descriptions: and the reason of so much nicety and exactness is owing to my having announced it as an evangelical tale illustrative of the

Ovidian Love-feast so lately mentioned. "How absurd! where is the relation between it and the Feast of Love? What a dark, obscure story the ignorant infidel is telling!" exclaim the "Elect." Dark, do they say, and what will be their state when this darkness yields to a lustre that will dazzle and confound their light. They ought to know, that there is infinite danger in letting in the rays of understanding upon those minds which are used to subsist in the dark. If they complain of obscurity, what will they say when I open daylight upon the nest of owls, and send them screeching in search of old ruins wherein to hide themselves from the general indignation and contumely? How will they shrink from the light of the ensuing chapter?



## CHAP. XXIX.

The story of Emily, the rector's daughter, continued—she is ruined by our sex, and deprived of reformation by the reproaches of her own—her seducer carries her off—brings her to London—he gets involved—is put into prison, and then considered qualified to preach—he repents, and marries Emily—becomes a popular preacher, and director of love-feasts—daring imposition—impudent fanatic—designing knave—conclusion of Emily's story.

IN resuming the story of Emily Bernard, I merely stop to notice, that all the information I have detailed, and have yet to detail, on the subject, was acquired by Henry in various conversations which he held with her for that particular intent. And if I have thrown the history into the form of a running narrative, it is from a desire to avoid the tiresome “He said, she said, and I said's” which nearly half fill many of the principal novels of the present time.

I believe I have stated, that Hudson was forbid the house of the Reverend Mr. Bernard. But an adventurer is never much out of his way. Hudson soon found tolerable accommodations in the cottage of a small farmer, who waged continual war with the rector on account of some tythe goslings and pigs, and the lover of Emily contrived, in less than a week, to set off with his mistress to Scotland, as he said ; but in reality to London, where, on their arrival, she began to suspect the nature of his designs, and to fear that marriage formed no part of his intention. With all the virgin yet in her bosom, she felt the most poignant horror at the condition she was in. She endeavoured to prevail on Hudson to act with honour towards her, and to reform his way of life ; but she attempted to soften his heart in vain ; he was deaf to her entreaties, inexorable ! inflexibly bent on the destruction of her innocence, he persevered till she fell a victim to the base brutality of the unrelenting villain.

Notwithstanding the extent of his triumph, and the beauty of the martyr, he made the worst of all protectors. His house, for he made out to obtain a ready-furnished one, was little better than a brothel, and poor Emily was almost every hour affronted by the coarse jokes and obscene language of his licentious companions, of both sexes. As he had no employment, he lived entirely upon the "assumption of the character of a gentleman;" that is, upon the credulity of the tradesmen of London, whom he swindled out of goods of every description; but, as he was of a most extravagant turn, no depredations could supply his necessities; and whenever his money was low, he treated poor Emily with the greatest inhumanity; and on being threatened one day with an arrest, he removed from his house, leaving her to struggle alone under the complicated miseries of poverty and disease.

Emily, though very much out of order,

was obliged to quit the house in a few days, and to leave every thing to Hudson's merciless creditors. She was only suffered to carry with her the clothes she had upon her back. In this deplorable situation she found a true friend in her maid, who, with uncommon tenderness, conducted her to a sister of her's, a sempstress in the neighbourhood, by whom she was treated in the kindest manner: but all her kindness could not repair a shattered constitution; nor restore peace to her distracted mind. She grew weaker and weaker every day; and the pangs of reflection were almost insupportable. In this state she wrote home, soliciting her friends to pardon her, and received for answer, "Your mother has died of a broken heart, and your father still continues unrelenting."

Distracted at the fate of the one, and piqued by the repulse of the other, Emily was left under a state of embarrassment that can hardly be described. The en-

gagements of nature were cancelled; the obligations of virtue had but little force. She saw, and shuddered, at her situation. Ruined by our sex, and deprived of reformation by the reproaches of her own, she knew not on what to resolve, or which way to take, in order to recover the paths of honour and innocence, from which she so unfortunately strayed. She looked around, and was stunned by the cataracts, and terrified by the precipices which surrounded her on every side, Dissipation of mind, and contagious liquors, she knew to be remedies to which the greatest part of the ruined sex trust in their afflictions. But the first of these works a temporary, the second a dangerous effect; and both are unworthy a woman of any remaining dignity of mind. Was Emily to fly from herself, that she might fly from her misfortunes, and fondly imagine that the disease was cured, because she found means to get some moments respite from pain? or should she

expect from liquors, the medicine of slaves, a lingering and transient deliverance? Was she to wait to be happy, till she could forget that she was miserable, and owe to the weakness of her faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength and understanding? It was, fortunately, far otherwise with Emily. She set all her past and present afflictions before her eyes; and she resolved to overcome them, without wearing out the sense of them by intoxicating draughts and meretricious dissipations. Instead of palliating remedies, she determined on the incision knife, to search the wound to the bottom, and work a cure immediate and radical.

The recalling of recent misfortunes serve to fortify the mind against existing ones. She must blush to sink under the anguish of one wound, who feels a heart seamed over with the scars of many. Let sighs, and tears, and fainting, under the lightest adverse fortune, be the portion of

those girls, whose tender minds a long course of felicity has enervated; while such as have passed through the calamities of poor Emily, bear up, with a noble courage, against the heaviest.

Such was the language of Emily's philosophy, and happy was she that acquired the right of holding it. But this right is not to be acquired by pathetic reflections. Her conduct was alone to give it her: and therefore, instead of presuming on her strength, the surest method she thought was, to confess her weakness, and, without loss of time, to apply herself to industry for bread, and to religion for wisdom. For the first she found ample employment from the worthy sempstress with whom she lodged; but for the second she experienced difficulties that were almost insuperable: for, notwithstanding the most studious modesty of manners and appearance, she could never procure a seat in any of the numerous churches she visited, and had frequently the mortification to

stand in the aisle and accept of religion as an alms like a pauper, or a dog, or else to return to her humble home, filled with a more lively sense of the humility of her condition. Although, indeed, she could not esteem the repulse personal, as she frequently saw several genteel women, some of whom were attended by gentlemen, suffered to go up and down the church, staring in search of a seat, and yet allowed to wander out without perceiving the smallest disposition in any person to accommodate them: or if the pew-opener paid any attention to their design, the *manner* bore all the marks of the expectation of a fee for the trouble. Baffled in every attempt to benefit by public devotion, and learning from proper authority, that the *protestant* churches of the city were confined to the use of proprietors of pews, and that, though the edifices were *national* buildings, they served the purposes only of private property, she was compelled to compromise with religious



principles, and to frequent chapels and meeting-houses instead of the established church, which she so infinitely preferred. To these places of worship she found a ready admittance, and the accommodation common to all the persons assembled to hear "the word." But, considering herself only a convalescent in virtue, she discovered, that by attending the meetings she exposed herself to a frequent relapse ; for such is the licentiousness of several persons frequenting those temples, that she never went but what some "religious character" artfully began an acquaintance which she found it almost impossible to break off. One pious person of this description had improved a correspondence of so slight a nature into something like friendship. He waited on Emily to her door : he extorted complaints from her, seemingly entered into her distress, pitied her, and protested that he loved her ; and, alas ! she almost believed him, but which, if she knew herself, was more owing to her

miserable situation than any motive of liking to him. However, as he had the reputation of being a man of wealth, and a "religious character," she suffered his acquaintance on the presumption of marriage, until, on the occasion of a love-feast, of which they were both members, she received such treatment from him as awakened all her remaining sense of honour, and convinced her, that instead of finding in him a generous husband and protector, she found him an hypocritical and malignant betrayer.

In the height of this danger and disappointment, and maintaining herself with difficulty by the produce of her needle, a circumstance occurred that gave a new turn to her distress. She received a letter from Hudson, by means of her former servant, and it was dated from the Fleet, where he entreated he might see her. Infamous as the conduct of this wretch had been to Emily, she no sooner received his note than she complied with his extraordi-

nary and unexpected desire. She visited him with fear and trembling, but was supported by the kind design of endeavouring to reclaim him, and of inspiring him with the honest disposition of seeking her in marriage, whom he before so cruelly rejected, and so shamefully betrayed. On entering the confines of her incarcerated lover, she was conducted to the gallery which led to his apartment, but was obstructed in her way by a concourse of persons, who were attending to a discourse delivered by a man who stood on a chest, in order to be distinguished from the multitudinous audience. This orator appeared to Emily as a most "sweet-faced divine," with dove's eyes, and a fair complexion, all made up of softness, more good-natured than severe, less *knowing* than wise. His discourse began with exhortation, and concluded with a public confession of his own sins, and so terrified himself in telling the tale of innocence seduced, and credulity deceived, that he

burst into tears before he could proceed. But he thanked heaven for the commission of every sin, because the thorough repentance of them constituted at once the cordial of the present and the felicity of his future life. To God he felt the warm gratitude of a converted sinner, and not that cold and indigent affection which characterize the feelings of those who have never sinned. “By a prompt and sudden conversion,” said he, “I have subdued every criminal act, every criminal desire: and by repentance I overcame the stupendous temptations of sin, which elevates mountains in vain to stop my progress to the throne of the most high and merciful God!” Here his heart dilated into an ejaculating hymn, which was sung aloud by the whole audience, and the vaulted roofs of the Fleet resounded with the praise of the great Jehovah, and of his son, the blessed Saviour of the world.

If Emily was delighted with his appearance and manner, how was she overcome

with joy when the veil of delusion was rent, and she could convince herself that Hudson, her still-beloved Hudson, was the identical saint who was the object of so much adulation and praise. But she was too prudent to discover herself suddenly to him; and, in truth, it was some time before she could gain access to his apartment; for, besides his principal admirers in the prison, he had several followers from out of doors. Evangelical characters, who had heard of his local excellencies, and who were persuaded "that the hand of God was upon him, leading him to the call," came in crowds to see him; and, being satisfied of the reality of his conversion, combined to liquidate his debts, and introduce him to the world as an original and true inspired preacher of "the word."

When Emily obtained a private audience of this popular saint, she studied him well, but she could by no means interpret his conversion into affectation or deceit.

How could she? “Of the enormity of my offences to you, Emily,” said he, “I stand confessed. There is every aggravation in my crime to you. I have ruined your peace of mind, blotted the lustre of your name, and perhaps have reduced you to seek for bread in the kennels of the guilty. My hours of imprisonment have produced contrition. My religious friends promise to release me to-morrow. I have sent for you to offer you my hand: accept of it; and the remainder of my life shall exhibit one uniform scene of atonement for the offences I have committed to you, Emily, to my country, and to my God.”

Convinced by such words, and won by various professions of attachment, Emily made but small resistance, and the official minister united the lovers in the chapel of the Fleet. The appointed day of liberation also came, and Emily was placed in a neat little house, and Hudson got full employment as an itinerant teacher of “the word,” until the

great celebrity of his fame obtained for him the office of resident minister of one of the largest and most wealthy *conventicles* which the city of London affords. While an itinerant his reputation spread with a velocity and force that nothing could resist, and an infatuation equal to that which exists in his present congregation is not upon evangelical record since the times of Whitfield and Fox.

When Emily reached to this period of her narrative, she could perceive a little glimmering of incredulity in Henry; and, in fact, Henry had the candour to tell her, that in the history of Hudson there were three things which staggered belief: 1st. How a profligate sinner could so readily become a "gospel preacher, and be admitted a minister of divine worship: 2d. How a man so ignorant of religious knowledge should so rapidly acquire religious fame: and, 3dly, How was it possible that a man accustomed to live in the former licentious and prodigal manner of Hudson,

could, all at once, lead an abstemious and moral life.”

It may well be admitted, that these were objections of sufficient force to startle the belief of Henry; and yet, to his utter confusion and astonishment, they instantaneously vanished before the further experience he obtained from the concluding remarks of Emily; and which, for brevity sake, I sum up in my own biographical manner. The crimes of Hudson, in the place of impeding his way to the pulpit, were his most certain passports. For the cry of the religionists to whom he is attached is, “who blasphemed God?—who was a greater ruffian than St. Paul?” On this principle, therefore, it is, that they would hunt Bridewell and Newgate; search the hulks, and travel to Botany Bay, in search of a converted sinner as a preacher of “the word;” or they would gladly snatch a criminal from the gallows, and rob a gibbet of its reward, in order to have a minister capable to teach conver-



sion by experience, and to prove the value of repentance by an *ecce homo* declaration of "look at me! behold your pastor! once the most omnipotent of villains; now, by the power of conversion, and the grace of repentance, the most humble and innocent of human saints!"

Thus the incarceration of Hudson was his primary recommendation, and as to his qualifications, no man could have been better endowed. But, in a manner, in public, he possessed a complete knowledge of the world; and as he had a good stock of reading, a great memory, an unblushing impudence, good lungs, and an ample share of colloquial volubility, he could plunge on through a sermon of an hour long; and where he found himself too much limited by a concise text, he made but little ceremony of taking up a handful of verses, and commenting upon each, till the moment of conclusion was come: and if at any time he got false, he had only to take a flight to any other subject, and

by taking it up with extraordinary warmth, kicking the pulpit, beating the Bible, and foaming in the mouth, and he was sure to pass for an inspired being, "for an angel of a man!" There now remains but to account for the extreme change from a licentious to a moral life. Alas! reader, in this, too, Henry was egregiously deceived. "What, was Hudson's conversion only a refined piece of hypocrisy to cover the vices of his nature, and to defile innocence, and swindle the community without the apprehension of want or the terror of the law?" In fact, and in truth, it was nothing more. "Tell me," said Henry, on hearing this, "is it then possible that the life of a gospel minister, like Hudson, is not a life of mortification and prayer, acted upon and governed by a divine and infallible spirit?"

"I would not condemn all," answered Emily, "because there may be some honest fanatics, and illiterate undesigning fools amongst them; but, for the great

leaders who pretend to superior inspiration and superior sanctity, there is not a shadow of that heavenly-mindedness and contempt of the world which they preach, and that so clearly appeared in the first publishers of our religion. I own, with you, outwardly they make a great shew of mortification and self-denial; and to see one of them approach at a distance, the garb and exterior mien would deceive one: one would think famine or mortification itself approached, but follow the reverend preachers home to their houses and gardens, and tables, you would see a miraculous change: all things full of wealth and delicacy, and announcing a life of the most studied voluptuousness and domestic ease. The itinerant teacher fares still better. He goes from house to house, and is entertained without expence, receiving, at the same time, the attentions of the beautiful, and the gratitude of all who delight in the sources of the illuminated disciples of the Lord. But what will swell

your indignation to a perfect disdain, continued Emily, “ is, that each meeting is a harem, in which the libertine minister can enjoy the most unbounded choice. The night of the *love-feast* is that in which the handkerchief can be thrown with the most decency. But private occasions are not wanting where it may also be displayed. It must be for this distinct purpose that *love-feasts* were instituted, and from this written description which I give you, you will perceive that its devotion is calculated to lay open the heart to all the wild extravagancies of a frantic passion. It is for this reason that women in general are so much taken with these feasts, and that the far greater part of their teachers’ religion is nothing else but the multiplied use of such expressions as suit, beyond all others, the natural warmth of the female constitution. But I am disgusted with the conduct of our *love-feast*: Hudson imposes that duty upon me.”— “ What,” interrupted Henry, “ what is

meant by taking the conduct of the *love-feast*? Is not the language that of nature?" —“Of nature it may,” replied Emily, “but the principal parts are rehearsed in private at the houses of the respective ministers in general; for had I given you the extemporaneous effusions inspired by the enthusiastic part we perform, they would shock your delicacy, and make you abhor me for assisting in so nauseous a compound of religious prostitution and mixture of divinity and sin.”

“And what profane instruction had you for your conduct?” said Henry: he was answered, “I had Mr. Whitfield’s Journal; Mr. Hill’s Confession for Women Methodists; and Mr. Brown’s Regulations for the Order and Government of a Love-Feast!”—There, reader, there is printed testimony. I have redeemed my pledge. I refer you to the printed works of these pious fathers, and I can assure you that you will find in them passages relating to confessions and *love-feasts*, of so obscene a

nature and licentious a tendency, that you will admire the moderation with which I have treated both the feast and the sect. As to poor Emily, her motives for making so exact a communication to Henry were these: she longed to have done with so "nauseous a company of hypocrisy and prostitution," and knowing that Henry's family had influence with her father, she prevailed on him to write home, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation that might, in any measure, alter the wretchedness of her fate. But Henry's representation of its infamy was too powerful for her to withstand. She took violently ill; and while she was one morning in a little slumber, her servant awakened her to let her know that an elderly gentleman wished very much to speak with her. "Who is he?" said Emily, starting: "I never saw the gentleman before, madam; but I think you are something like him."

"Emily felt herself violently agitated: a flutter of heart occasioned by the conflict

of her hopes and her fears: she hoped that the gentleman was her father; she was fearful of being disappointed. "Pray desire him to walk up," said she, with a trembling voice. Mr. Bernard, in a few moments, entered the room.

Emily fainted away; but, by the timely assistance of her maid, soon recovered. She then fell upon her knees at her father's feet, and implored his forgiveness. He raised her from the floor, wept over her neck, and pronounced her pardon, but in accents hardly audible. She felt the force of it; but it proved fatal. The transports which it excited in her distracted bosom were overpowering. She fell back in her chair, and cried, "I am dying, but I shall die contented if my last moments are cheered with a father's blessing!"

The wished-for blessing was instantly articulated, with a fervour which strongly evinced the father's sincerity. As soon as she heard the consoling sounds, she expired in his arms.

This, surely, is a lamentable tale ; and, what is truly deplorable, it cannot be contradicted, or in any shape refuted or denied. The leading facts have been long since communicated by authority to the public. And should any clamour be raised against the description of the *love-feast*, that is all I desire. That is the very thing that will bring the question to issue. I consider these three chapters a *settler* ; the public will credit my account till the *high-priest* who presides over the Ovidian festivals comes forward, and gives a counter history of what he says these chapters calumniate or abuse. Clamour will be of no other avail than to rouse the indignation of the public, and to make them call for retribution, or for a correct and satisfactory account of the feast. This is the only object I have in view in so much digression. In my next I shall resume the thread of Henry's life.



## CHAP. XXX.

Henry is honoured with the approbation of his illustrious patron—he obtains the curacy of St. George's, Hanover-square—his congregation applaud him for copious diction, and for the various graces and ornaments of his language—his reputation spreads—he gets the name of the first pulpit orator of the age.

IT would have been an unprofitable interruption, and an indelicate task, had I stopped to relate the domestic occurrences of Henry, or to detail his various conversations with his noble patron, to whom he every day became more devoted and attached. It may be seen that I purposely omit every thing that an ordinary understanding must understand to have passed, and that I rather sketch with a free pencil than etch out a performance with a redundancy of labour for the mere purpose of sale. But however little disposed I may

be to condescend to detail trifling particulars, or to betray a confidential discourse, I feel a propriety here in mentioning a few circumstances relative to his Grace, and which I am proud to believe do his heart and his head equal honour.

Henry having been the noble duke's domestic chaplain, he had frequently heard him preach, and after some further experience of his manners and talents, he addressed him thus—

“To speak the truth, young kinsman, the first sermon I heard you preach made me rather afraid of you. It appeared to me that your principles possessed somewhat too much freedom; I therefore recommended you to frequent such places as where you should find freedom of thought amount to licentiousness of mind; you pursued my advice, and are corrected by the disgust with which you must be filled. Not by any means that I want to be convinced, that to think freely, in its genuine and proper sense, is innocent; but because

I am sensible that freedom is often abused to countenance every novelty, with which the vicious may be disposed to disturb the world. The issue of my apprehensions regarding you is, that my prejudices have only served to render me pleased, almost against my will. Since I have heard your discourses, they have not only my ordinary approbation, but they meet with my utmost complacency: and as to freedom of thinking, you have redeemed an honest expression, prostituted to wrong purposes; you have rescued it out of the hands of the sons of violence, and restored it to its original lustre and native innocence; teaching us, at once, to speak properly, and to think freely.

“ But it is not my intention to enlarge upon your commendation; I have business with you more acceptable to such spirits as I take yours to be: in a word, having no probability of a vacant living, and having a desire to see you officially and usefully employed, I have determined on

your accepting a curacy in London, and if nothing better occurs, I shall purchase you a chaplaincy to a domestic regiment: your friend Richmond being acquainted with those things, you have my authority to consult him hereafter on this subject, and let me know what is necessary to be done. However, as I am deeply sensible of the weight of your office, I would fain see you discharge its duty as completely as your abilities will allow you to execute it. What you should more immediately labour to acquire is, the art of preaching: that is, such a manner of expressing your thoughts as may most effectually promote the interests of the protestant church, and hinder the public from running after what are called popular dissenting preachers.

“In your endeavours after this perfection, set before yourself the examples of all the great men who have been esteemed eminent preachers; and do not imagine the variety of good writers any disadvantage to you while you are studying to form a style

to yourself. No single master can teach the whole compass of the art he professes: neither is any rising genius to confine his ingenuity to one pattern of imitation. No author is complete in all the graces and perfections of composition, so as to furnish you with just and ample models of diction and invention. One is the didactic and explanative language: another is the persuasive; and, even every passion has its peculiar utterance. One preacher may be eminent for his great propriety and purity; another for his just and bold metaphors; this for a concise, that for a flowing style; one for the exactness of method and strict reasoning; and another for the copiousness of his invention. Therefore you are to transplant into your own imagination the several excellencies of the great men you may study and attend to, but whose names and characters I omit for want of leisure to judge impartially of them. Thus, while in town, like a judicious traveller, accomplish yourself;

and in studying different orators, remember my general remarks will hold equally true with regard to sentiments. One may excel in the sublimity of his thoughts; another in familiar and happy illustrations of notions not clearly comprehended by the vulgar. A third may be nice in distinguishing and circumscribing virtues and vices; and a fourth in anatomizing the passions of the soul. But your principal care should be to store your mind with manly and practical notions of the great truths in religion and morality; to convince yourself so thoroughly of them, as not to be afraid to inculcate them, notwithstanding the corruption of the age; or, at least, to be so far confirmed in your integrity, as not solemnly to deliver, from the pulpit, popular errors for sacred truths. This is a perfection not hard to be acquired: and I wish it could be said, the praise of it is too common to make it a distinguishing character. But this is sermonizing: take this purse to fit you out

for your new duties; it will convince you more than my sermon, that I have your interest at heart."

Henry kissed the generous hand, but his Grace would hear no reply. He passed into another apartment, and left Henry to the reflections of a grateful mind. And he was no sooner confirmed in a curacy, which happened to be that of St. George's, than he evinced his gratitude to his illustrious patron, by making every discourse he delivered to be framed upon his precepts, and by shewing, in the whole of his clerical conduct, how much he had the real felicity of mankind at heart. His eloquence consisted in representing the beauty of honesty and truth, the pleasures resulting from generous and social affections, and the felicities of a devout soul, who loves and is beloved of the Deity! With what warmth and earnestness did he recommend these dispositions, as the only proper and natural delights of the religious character! And he painted forth

vice as the disease of the mind, and declared it better at once to be dead, than to live under the sufferings of so infamous and incurable a distemper. He called on men not to be intent on life, but to study how to live well, to make the best they could of the portion of time allotted them; and, with regard to their departure, as well as every other event, to commit themselves to God, and manfully await their fate.

But the principal advantage of his eloquence was, that its precepts were drawn, not from the mechanical work-houses of the college, but from the academic walks of public life, which enabled him exactly to define each object; to judge what is true, what false, what repugnant to the design he had in view; to discern the most remote consequences; and to distinguish the clear from the ambiguous. Hence his knowledge of the nature of things, joined with a comprehensive view of human life, and the manners and customs of men, supplied him with all those funds of



eloquence that gave him in a short time the most unbounded controul over the minds of the multitude which constantly assembled to hear him preach. His congregation listened to him with delight, and whenever he concluded the service, his praise could be distinguished in various parts of the church—"How copious in diction! How exercised in all the various graces and ornaments of language! What art in raising the passions! What consummate prudence and knowledge! How he insinuates himself into the hearts of his hearers! Why, he turns us as he pleases, and by the irresistible torrent of his eloquence, carries all before him; triumphing over every argument the bitterest enemies of religion could possibly contrive.

A reputation so great soon extended itself beyond the sphere of St. George's, and Henry had various invitations of exchange of occasional duty, and particular solicitations to preach "Charity Sermons;" and wherever he complied with those re-

quests, his fame as an orator, and his collections for the purposes of charity, exceeded in character and magnitude every thing of the kind upon clerical record. This astonishing success may be attributed to the facility with which he adapted himself to the different kinds of congregation, as well as to the nature of his subject. When preaching before a vulgar audience in the city or borough, he used such thoughts as were most easy, natural, and simple; avoiding too great refinement of language, of ornaments, or grace, which they are unacquainted with. Whereas, on the contrary, when his audience were men of learning and judgment, and women of accomplished minds, such as formed his own congregation at St. George's, and St. James's, where he occasionally served in exchange, the highest elegance and pomp of diction, the most beautiful figures, an insinuating address, and all the graces of fine action and delivery, were displayed; refined reasoning, elaborate arguments,

novelties of language, unusual images, towering flights of imagination, or sallies of genius amounting to inspiration, which would have been distasteful to an illiterate audience, were listened to with pleasure by his intelligent and polite hearers of the west end of the town. Thus was he master of the heart, and its different affections; and raise our anger, hatred, indignation, against vice; and joy, love, and esteem for the moral and religious character.—In fine, if there ever was a perfect pulpit orator, Henry is entitled to the name; his acute punctuation made him at once comprehend the utmost limits of every subject he applied his thoughts to, and his quick invention readily supplied him with the noblest, most sublime, and pathetic diction. It is not in the power of man to find out words more expressive, more grand, and lofty. How cutting and pungent were his short interrogations! How just, manly, and affectionate his sentiments! How natural and lively his images! The same

inimitable fire and spirit, the *vivida vis animi* was preserved alive, from the beginning to the end of a sermon, and burnt with more or less heat, according as the subject required; if it abated, and was smothered during the narrative part of his discourse, this was only that it might gather strength, and break forth, in all its glory and splendour, in an irresistible flame!—a flame which spread like elemental fire through St. George's parish, and gathered together a congregation in which characters of every religious persuasion were promiscuously to be seen. The aisles were crowded with followers of all the various sects, and no person weighed his religion against that of the established church, or appeared to think that there should be any other distinction amongst fellow-citizens, than what exists between an hypocritical and licentious, and an honest, sincere, and uncorrupted heart.

## CHAP. XXXI.

Henry meets with his friend Richmond, who has married Elvira Courtney, the friend of Clara Williams—he is received in their house—an ambiguous letter—Conversation of an amatory nature—Henry accused of forgetting Clara—he vindicates himself, is led into generalities—Remarks on the conduct of the nobility and gentry to men of letters.

I HAVE so unaccountably written myself into a habit so much like preaching and moralizing, that I feel convinced the reader will be pleased to hear that I must drop all religious subjects for some time, and exhibit Henry employed in actions and characters in which no person could be justified to suppose he could ever become a party.

At the time that the current of Henry's popularity was running to the greatest height, and impelled by the greatest force, his friend Richmond returned to London,

and with him a most lovely woman whom he had married during his absence, and whose miniature, as was observed on a former occasion, he always carried in his bosom. His house being situated in St. George's parish, there was no impropriety in Henry's accepting his invitation to reside with him as usual: he therefore benefited by the advantage, and renewed his intimacy with Richmond; and had the happiness, at the same time, of cultivating the esteem and friendship of his amiable wife, who, to Henry's pleasure and astonishment, proved to be no other than Miss Courtney, his former amiable acquaintance of the mountains of Wales. How and under what circumstances this marriage took place, has so little to do with the history of the hero of these volumes, that I shall omit any detail of such a nature, and confine myself as close as possible to such facts and circumstances as relate personally to Henry Percy. It may well be imagined that he was infinite-

ly pleased to find the associate of Clara in the wife of his friend; for, although he did not go brawling about like a frantic, or wander, moping, here and there, like a foolish lover, he never ceased to revere the name of Clara, or to love her with the admiration and ardour which her unbounded beauty and many excellencies were so well calculated to excite. From Elvira Courtney, from Mrs. Richmond, I should have said, Henry learned the happy intelligence that Clara, for the most part, lived with her eldest sister, but now that she had married, she would insist on her passing an equal portion of her time with her. "Here," said Elvira, addressing herself particularly to Henry, "here is a strange ambiguous note I have just received from Clara, perhaps you can interpret it for me."

With visible emotion he took the note, and read the postscript aloud, hurrying over the letter, which was only complimentary on Elvira's marriage, &c. The

postscript says, " I have determined once again to visit the amiable family at Wendermere. You know my former tyrant, Sir John, has turned quite a sage, and is sedulously employed in efforts to win the affections of your favourite Clara; therefore I have neither danger nor importunity to dread from that quarter, and change of scene, and novelty of character, may supply, at least, a pretence for turning my thoughts from *a subject*, which, dear as it is, leads but to doubt and distraction. I dare not name *this subject* in my letter; yet, I think your feeling heart will prompt you to send me some account of the health and welfare of *one* who— But I doubt I am already trespassing both on your goodness, and on the conditions I have imposed on myself. I should have concluded without a P. S."

CLARA."

The elegant wife of Henry's friend was perfectly correct in considering this postscript somewhat ambiguous or enigmatical, for it sunk the reader of it from the



heights of philosophy and political wisdom, and made him consider the illustrious career of science and literature of no consequence or avail, as it could not assist him to comprehend an English note of a few lines, and which, after all, did not appear to allude to any thing miraculous, but rather of some natural and ordinary circumstance incident to human life. Stunned and stupified, he returned the letter to Elvira, and admitted, that it ranked him among those instances of mingled weakness and excellence, in which the imperfection of his humanity is the most strikingly conspicuous; and which we cannot contemplate without being moved to sigh over the character of man, and, with the poet, to regard him as “the glory, jest, and riddle of the world.” It must be allowed that these admissions of Henry were as vague as the P. S. of Clara was incomprehensible; and, as Mrs. Elvira Richmond mistook his apparent stupidity for an entire absence of esteem for his former friends,

she commenced with him the following dialogue, which I hope will meet with the approbation of the reader.

“ I understand, Mr. Percy, since it is agreed that friendship mightily improves not only the pleasures, but likewise the advantages of society, I assure you it gives me a great deal of concern to find, that since your coming to London you are duly affected with that noble passion. You do not feel your heart equally touched as formerly with either grief or resentment; though, at the same time, I am not conscious that you are defective in the common offices of benevolence towards mankind.

“ You have enjoyed many delightful hours of intimacy with Clara, my sister, and some of Richmond's most valuable acquaintance in the north : but then, in a few months absence, you appear to me to have lost the grateful remembrance of such endearing confidences. Do tell me, is the climate of London so destructive to friend-

ship? Is it indeed true, that after a short residence you gain new friends with facility, and see death and other vicissitudes rob you of old ones without experiencing that manly sorrow, which, on such occasions, becomes a gallant spirit?—I have given you *Clara's* note, and you appear not to comprehend it; I have conversed upon the subject of former scenes, and you have remained silent. Does the air of London cause this insensibility of soul. Have the manliness to avow, are friendships all dissembled in this great city? And can they be formed without pleasure, and dissolved without a sigh?"

Henry, who did not, or who would not, see, that the drift of this amiable woman's preface was to discover the state of his sentiments towards Clara, replied to her in these words :

“ You may, perhaps, accuse me wrongfully, by assigning too great a latitude to the word *friendship*, from the frequent abuse of it in conversation. One who lives in this

great city, either as a man of pleasure or business, if he has any qualifications to recommend, may easily fall into a numerous acquaintance, and may herd more closely with a particular class of companions; who, nevertheless, may none of them deserve to be dignified with the sacred title of *friends*; and consequently cannot merit that extraordinary affection and sensibility from a wise man, in which you think me wanting.

“The multiplicity of business, or the vicissitude of pleasures, as you had the goodness to observe, in great cities, very much prevents a strict and pathetic attachment to this or that, or a third acquaintance. The absence of one, and the death of another, is alleviated by the crowd. But in the solitude of a country life, where you cannot, perhaps, select out three agreeable companions, you will be apt to strain the knot of intimacy closer, and to improve your narrow acquaintances into a little band of friends. Here

the case will be different: the treachery of one will be resented; the absence of another will prove an uneasiness; and the death of a third will be lamented to the last. When a few trees happen to be felled in a thick forest, their shelter and their shade is not missed: but in a naked ground, blessed only with a small group of timber, the loss of one flourishing tree is soon perceived, and long regretted."

Although Elvira felt all the force of this figure, and was much pleased with the general remarks, yet she could not be reconciled to the idea that a person, who had experienced manifest proofs of a disinterested affection from friends in the country, should, by a short intercourse with the town, think himself justified in forgetting them. In reality, she did not comprehend the general design of Henry's arguments, as appears from her again repeating the same question: "Is the flame of friendship to languish in the heart be-

cause the fuel proper to feed it may be considered at too great a distance?"

"This question rather perplexed Henry, as it forced him to abandon the generalities he wished to deal in, and make the conversation more personal than was agreeable to one who had a peculiar dislike to the appearance of egotism or self-conceit. "No, madam," replied he, "the flame of friendship is not to expire because the one who excited it may not be at hand to administer fresh supplies. The wretch guilty of such baseness injures himself more than the friend he abandons. And were I to forget Miss Williams, and those amiable acquaintances with whom I passed so many delightful hours of intimacy, I should deserve to live to be the scorn of every honest man, and the companion of knaves and sycophants. Be assured, then, notwithstanding your reproaches, that I know the value of, and possess an unfeigned affection for, your lovely associates. Be assured I am con-

vinced, that a true friend is the greatest blessing; a false one, the greatest curse in life. Neither can any thing alleviate the sorrow which justly arises from the loss of the one, or the miseries that often flow from the treachery of the other, but the consideration that life itself is transient. But, talking of friendship, you know that the hearts of women, in general, like their memories, are principally of two kinds: the one receive an impression soon, but have not firmness to retain it long; the other require time, and frequent repetitions of the same impulse, before they take an impression strongly; but then they preserve it with the obstinacy they received it. Now, though you reproach me, it would appear that the heart of Clara is of the former kind, as you may perceive from the note, that some *new subject* engrosses all her attention, and that I, if indeed I dared to think myself entitled to the liberty, who should complain; it is I who—”

Here the colonel entered, and Elvira asked him archly, if he did not think there was something deficient in Mr. Percy's learning, when he could not interpret the real meaning of Clara's letter: "We shall talk of that another time, my love," said the Colonel; "I know Percy cannot bear to talk much of her he loves; and besides, I am come to beg of you both to be prepared to receive a visit from the Duke of Bellona. He has heard of you, Elvira, and says, the Duchess must introduce you to court. The Duke is my military friend; I look up to him for promotion yet, and as his patronage may be of the utmost consequence to Percy, we must combine to please him as much as we possibly can."

Notwithstanding the prospect which this intimation held out to Henry, he did not experience from it the pleasurable sensations which it most certainly would have lit up in a more ambitious mind. Henry had not the honour and advantage



of frequenting Northumberland House without being acquainted with many of the most distinguished nobility personally, nor without being able to form a tolerably correct estimate of the whole. Virtue is certainly a blessing that descends from God, and Henry was very sorry to see that it was but sparingly bestowed in this profligate age. The nobility, who, from their birth and fortune, are marked out for the public service, he too commonly observed to be ignorant, luxurious, and timid. Inexperienced in the ways of the world, little read in the characters of men, and by constitution subjected to terror, he found that they saw every thing through false media; and magnified the difficulties which opposed their way to the public esteem, to the size of their own inherent timidity. Unavailing is the blow from the hand that trembles: and the mind that is agitated with vain fears, can only concert weak, ridiculous, and ineffectual measures.— And Henry also perceived, that those great

men seem little solicitous about removing, by the abilities of others, the defects proceeding from their own want of real parts and qualifications. "Go to the table of one of them," said he to a friend with whom he was in conversation, "and it is ten to one but you see towards the bottom of it two or three cadaverous-looking fellows, whose infamous faces are gathered up into an artificial smile, seeming no less greedy to swallow his unimportant conversation, than his wine and his provisions. These are his lordship's pimps, flatterers, public orators, and private secretaries. With these, this compound of pride, folly, and inanity, attempts to govern a powerful and high-spirited nation. He attempts it, but, as in every thing else, his endeavours are those of mere impotence and incurable debility.

It is but justice to own, that the severity of the above truths was not meant, by Henry, to expose any one particular character in this nation. All he meant was,

that the cap might fit about two-thirds of the official nobility, who, of these late years, had successively possessed the great offices of state. Ignorant of human nature, he knew them to hate those who know the world; illiterate themselves, they affected to despise men of learning; and incorrigibly dull, genius was their utter aversion.

It was always an ungracious task to Henry to have to censure or condemn, but it was an inexpressible satisfaction to his candid mind, to be employed in revealing the latent merit of any man. And he was sorry that he had not frequent opportunities of indulging his heart in this pleasure. This made him lay hold of every occasion of contrasting the character of His Grace of Northumberland with that of the generality of nobility, and particularly in regard to their conduct both towards the unfortunate and towards men of letters. With the exception of the

Duke of Northumberland, it is the distinct practice of all the nobility in London to order the porters on no account to admit any stranger within their gates who does not come by appointment, or on a reasonable specific occasion, nor by any means to receive in any letters from persons unknown, or who cannot give a correct account from whom the letters proceed. This conduct is, in fact, shutting the door against all the demands of calamity and the claims of genius. In this light, at least, it was fortunately considered by his Grace of Northumberland, and his instructions to his porter were, to turn no person whatever from the door, nor reject communications of any kind. Two instances of munificence occurred, in consequence of these humane orders, which made a deep impression upon Henry's heart. A slip of paper was sent into Northumberland House with these pencilled words : " The author of the Times

is a beggar at your Grace's gate." The Duke knew the *Times* to be an extremely elegant and popular poem: he ordered the poet into his presence, enquired into the nature of his distress, gave him what was sufficient to meet his immediate wants, and continued his patronage to him till the day of the poet's death.—At another time, a periodical work was sent in to his Grace, in which was published an *Elegy* on the death of his *Duchess*, then lately dead. The *elegy* was undersigned with the initials *H. L.* but had no address. The Duke ordered his carriage, drove to the printers of the publication; requested the address of *H. L.* the author of the *elegy*; and, having obtained it, drove to the lodgings of *Henry Lucas* to present him with a mourning ring, and to know how he could serve a man of so much genius and sensibility of heart. These, and a variety of other anecdotes of a similar nature, induced *Henry* to apply to his

Grace the compliment paid to Lord Oxford by Pope ;

“ For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend ;  
For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great ;  
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

## CHAP. XXXII.

The duke of Belloua becomes enamoured with Elvira, the wife of Henry's friend—Henry suspects his criminal designs, and exposes them to Elvira—Women of virtue always incredulous—Dinner and supper party at the duke's—a bacchanalian scene ensues—manners of high-life exposed—Henry's suspicions augment—Elvira will not believe—fatal incredulity!

THE Duke of Belloua paid his intended visit, and Richmond presented Elvira to him. I shall slightly pass over this ceremony; merely observing, that Elvira was too beautiful not to be admired, and the duke of too gallant a disposition, not to pay her the compliments her person and accomplishments so eminently deserved.

His Grace had no sooner retired from his first visit, than Elvira asked Henry what his particular opinion of the duke was; she had heard much of his public

character, but was little acquainted with his private life ; could she be informed?

“ I am one of those few,” replied Henry, “ who, though not un-enquiring, am yet dispassionately, though not personally attached to the duke, nor personally adverse. I have a respect for his natural abilities, am sensible that he has, to effect, applied himself to improve his understanding; and I go farther than I believe the majority of the kingdom do at this day ; for I give him credit for a general, though seldom prevalent, bias towards the welfare of the nation. In fine, I consider him as a man not irretrievably lost to public virtue, though deep involved in private ruin. As such, it is but candid in me to apprise you, that a passion for gallantry fascinates all his senses, and will, I fear, inure him to a lost sense of any higher interest. To know him to eradicate those natural principles by which he should have been led to promote the welfare of the government, and to see



him determined to spend the prime of his life in transmitting his vices to posterity, is a real calamity to the public, and gives even me, as an individual, that transient infelicity which should always arise from the evidence of degraded greatness, or perverted excellence. However, this may be saying too much of the duke: and at all events he is an inoffensive character to those who pay no regard to his pompous words and gallant declarations: who know, that he has language without meaning, phrases to blind, and ideas to delude. But we shall soon have an opportunity of knowing him better. I make no doubt of his calling or sending in a day or two."

I am ignorant what impression this harangue made on the mind of Elvira; I believe very little, because courage is a property of virtue, and therefore virtuous minds are with difficulty alarmed. The depraved woman cries out, "rape! rape!" on occasions which barely startle the virgin, or sufficiently place her on her guard.

Be this as it may, the duke's visits were reiterated and returned, and family dinners, and public entertainments, and balls and suppers, were the order of the day. Henry was of necessity involved in all these relative dissipations, and classed among the men of pleasure of the age.

But as there is no felicity that is absolutely perfect, so the pleasures that he enjoyed were dashed with bitterness by a singular accident, and of which I shall give a particular account. When a familiar intimacy was established between Richmond's family and the duke's, the latter gave an elegant dinner, and was in a humour of extraordinary gaiety at table; his gaiety animated all the rest, and some glasses of champagne still more enlivened the mirth. The duke, perceiving the disposition of his guests, was willing to promote it, to the highest degree, and on rising from table, after a long sitting, told them he was determined to recommence their conviviality after supper, and resume

the songs, sentiments, and anecdotes where they had left off. They then joined her Grace's party, and after coffee and cards the supper was announced, and the duke addressed himself particularly to Henry and to Richmond, saying, "Come, we will sit down to table, and won't quit it till the lights are out, and we are somewhat enlightened with champaigne." Henry regarded this as a pleasantry, for he knew that parties that are expressly intended for this purpose seldom succeed, but commonly become more dull than joyous. But the duchess, who knew the duke's parties well, appeared alarmed, and convinced Elvira, that the affair would be very serious; prognosticating, with a smile, that the gentlemen would not be able to resist the duke's attack. In fact, they were scarce seated, before he began, by drinking a number of interesting healths which there was a necessity of pledging; and the first skirmish being over, after the removal of the cloth, it was followed by

an incessant flow of sallies and repartees by the duke and company ; the most contracted countenances became expanded, the gaiety was general ; even the ladies, who were not suffered to retire, assisted in promoting the wit and intellectual pleasures of the evening. After about three hours they found that the largest reservoirs, by perpetually filling, might be overflowed. The duke, at length, permitted the ladies to withdraw : and, as necessity has no law, the greatest respect could not prevent some of the party from going to take the fresh air on the vestibule. Henry was one of the number ; when he went out he found himself sober enough ; but the air seized him, and, on re-entering the supper-hall, he perceived a sort of vapour that seemed to cloud his reason. He had placed before him a large glass of water, which the duke, opposite to whom he had the honour to sit, had ordered to be emptied in his absence, and had filled it with vin de Grave, which was as clear as rock

water, so that Henry having already lost his taste, mixed his wine with wine, and thinking to refresh himself, became merry, but it was a kind of mirth that leaned towards intoxication. To finish the picture, the duke ordered him to come and sit by him. He said many very gracious things to him, and let him see into futurity as far as his subtle sight was then capable of discovering, and at the same time made him drink bumper after bumper of his lunel wine. The rest of the company, however, were not less sensible than Henry of the effects of the nectar, which there flowed in such mighty streams. At last, whether by accident or design, the duke broke a glass: this was taken as a signal for more impetuous conviviality, and an example that appeared highly worthy of imitation. In an instant all the glasses flew to the several corners of the room, and all the crestals, porcelain, piers, branches, bowls, vases, &c. were broke into a thousand pieces. In the midst of this universal de-

struction, the duke stood like the man in Horace, who contemplates the crush of worlds with a look of perfect tranquillity. But it was the stupid gaze of a moment only ; his head soon reeled, his foot slipped, and he pitched under the table with a monstrous and alarming concussion. To this tumult succeeded a fresh burst of mirth : till the duke, aided by his pages, rose up, and staggered weltering to his apartment. In the meantime Henry slipped away, and stupid and overcome as he was, descended safely to the court-yard, where the servants found him and placed him in an attending carriage. As for Richmond, who unfortunately found not one valet who was humane enough to guide his wandering steps, and support his tottering fabric, he carelessly approached the grand staircase, and without the least hesitation rolled from the top to the bottom, where he lay senseless on the floor ; and where, perhaps, he would have perished, had not the servants, who were roused by the fall,

came running to his assistance, and supported him to his carriage, which soon took him home, where they put him to bed, and then sent for a surgeon, who bled him, dressed his wounds, and waited till he, in some degree, recovered his senses. The next day they talked of a trepan; but he soon got rid of that dread, and after laying about three weeks confined to his room, he became tolerably well, and got abroad again. The day after this adventure nothing was heard of the duke; Henry and Elvira dined alone, lamenting over the past occurrence, which furnished matter for many moral reflections, and reminded Henry of the Italian proverb, which says, *Passato il pericolo, gabato il santo*. But the duke soon after made his appearance, and had the goodness to come every day and contribute every thing possible to Richmond's recovery from the effects of his tremendous fall. Nor did Henry escape his notice; this remark he was pleased to make to him in particular: "I

thought, sir, you sacrificed only to Apollo and the muses ; but I hope yet to see you raise an altar to Bacchus, and am sorry that your gown entangles your steps in the walk of Mars, where my services might be of some aid." Henry made a suitable reply to this gracious compliment ; but as he saw in the duke's intimacy with Richmond an abundant source of misfortunes, which he could neither dare to define or attempt to avert, it damped all his enjoyments, and undermined the foundation of all his rising hopes. For, it was very manifest to Henry, that the very first moment the duke saw Elvira he admired her ; nor was he satisfied in doing it himself, but every body round him must admire her too ; he was rashly lavish in her praise, and the courtiers who knew his amorous disposition were soon convinced that Elvira was far from being indifferent to him.

Besides, immediately after the indisposition of Richmond, the duke sent to know



whether a visit from him would not then be troublesome: Elvira little suspected the motive of his acting thus, but thought it was all esteem or complaisance to the wife of Richmond; she therefore returned a very respectful answer, and held herself in readiness to receive him, though she made no preparations; she did not deck herself to look lovely in his eyes, her whole aim and ambition being only to please her dear Richmond.

Satisfied with her answer, the Duke flew to his house with all the eager haste of an impatient lover, for such he was already; and though naturally very bold, yet when he came in her presence, her beauty and modesty entirely intimidated him, and he was not able to utter one word of his old common-place gallantry: all he could do was, to praise the choice of Richmond, and tell her, that he himself would take such care to make the town agreeable to her, that he hoped she would never entertain the base thought of leaving

it; and to all his compliments and promises, she answered with so much grace and modesty, that it still further served to captivate the heart of the Duke. This conduct was confirmation strong to the mind of Henry, and, without sinking into the despicable character of a spy and a slanderer, he observed the Duke attentively, and exhibited him in colours that might well have alarmed Elvira's mind. But she was deaf to every idea of precaution, and in the pride of virtue would not employ the glimmering light which Henry prescribed to secure her steps from the abyss which he dreaded lay immediately in her way. "The light I give is feeble," said Henry, when talking relative to this subject, "but a glimmering light is better than none, and they who are denied the use of sunshine, should rather content themselves with the light of a taper, than consent to live in darkness, and be subject to every snare that villainy may lay in their steps." However, as Elvira relied

upon her own principles, and as she was anxious, for the sake of her husband's promotion, to keep on terms with the Duke, Henry found, that, like all other women—

“ She reasons faintly, whom her heart deceives ;  
And what she most desires, she most believes.”

The consideration that the Duke was a married man, was another strong argument of Elvira's.—“ And do you never observe their behaviour towards each other ?” said Henry, in confutation to this argument. “ Are you not astonished to see, that the Duke only pays court to the Duchess's female friends, and that her Grace lavishes all her endearments upon her hounds and monkeys, squirrels and birds ? Is it possible that you do not perceive an uncommon coolness on both sides ; a coolness sufficient to make one suppose they were not married, or that the match was kept secret for some family reasons ? And you surely must know, that

they never saw one another an hour before their union, and that they are of those who consider, 'tis only for the vulgar to be fond, and that people of rank have too much delicacy to marry for love.' In short, their's was a political marriage, and they both inherit their settlements in a political condition. This fatal necessity of marrying for reasons of state, left them no room for the pleasure of choice, for the charms of courtship, or the fondness of passion. Thus have they all the misery of marriage, without a chance for any of its happiness, and conceiving no mutual affection at first, have no other hope of comfort now than what proceeds from a polite and quiet indifference, or a mutual desire to give each other such a latitude in sensual gratifications as their natural and individual appetites may suggest."

As Elvira could not but understand the particular tendency of these observations,

she took the subject up in an amiable, though indignant manner. “ Yes,” said she; “ but whatever latitude he may enjoy in his gallantries, no woman capable of reflection can regard such a lover any otherwise than as a vile seducer, who strives to take advantage of her weakness, to procure a transient gratification to himself at the expence of her honour, her peace, and perhaps her life. A robber, who thrusts his pistol to your breast, and demands your purse, is much less a villain, and contracts much less guilt; and I have so good an opinion of myself, that if I was a man I could more easily form a scheme to commit a murder than to suborn a woman of merit, beloved by her husband, esteemed by the world, and happy at home. Could I be capable of staining the purity of her mind with a false and guilty passion, to which she must sacrifice her virtue, her honor, and her peace! and could I think for a moment

of returning her tenderness by throwing her family into confusion and distress, by dissolving the parental attachments of a father to her children, and exposing her husband to reproach and contempt. I sincerely believe, that I should have equally felt the force of these reflections, if my sex had rendered me excusable in the violation of them, and I hope I should have had sense enough not to think vice less criminal because it might appear to be in fashion. Therefore you perceive the grounds of my confidence; the sentiments I entertain of myself will not justify me in thinking injuriously of others; the faith I have in my love for Richmond is fully sufficient to resist the temptations to which you may imagine I shall be exposed."

From henceforth Henry was resolved to be a silent observer of the passing scene; and, as to Richmond, he was the last upon earth to suspect either his wife or his friend's virtue. His sentiments may be delivered in the words of Othello—

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;  
 Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.

Besides, he knew that his lady, though she moderately uses innocent diversions, carries smiles in her countenance, and is able to raise them in a whole company by her discourse ; yet, as she had an inward seriousness of mind which was the foundation of all her gaiety, there was nothing to be apprehended from her, not near so much as if she were the most finished prude. Elvira's mirth was never seen to proceed from inconsiderateness or want of reflection. Where it proceeds from such sources, it is apt to pall, and end in sadness ; or, to degenerate into that vanity which is the opposite extreme to prudery. But this foundation of seriousness, always remained concealed, while all the pleasures of her society grew out of it. And Richmond was used to illustrate her conduct from the nature of trees. " We are

delighted to see them," says he, "in the spring, shoot out into leaves, and flourish in blossoms ; while the root, from whence all the gay pleasing appearance arises, is hid underground, and sustains the fury of every attack."



## CHAP. XXXIII.

Strictures on the manners and principles of the great—Character of the Duke of Bellona, and of Salacia, a woman under his protection—The Duchess blind to the Duke's conduct—assists his designs on the virtue of Elvira—Richmond is sent to Ireland out of the way—Elvira becomes the companion of the Duchess—Henry's suspicions increase—He has a long argument with the Duke—The victory dubious—the Duchess takes Henry's part—the Duke promises him promotion.

IT was an opinion of Henry's, that it is one of the easiest as well as the most vicious things in the world, to blast the reputation of the best men, or to raise the characters of the worst, by attributing motives to their actions at our own pleasure, just as we like or dislike, or would have them good or bad. "No," he would often observe, "we are not to judge of mankind by the *motives* of their actions, but

by the *actions* themselves ; the actions we are sure of, but the motives are entirely beyond our research. There is no other possible way of trying the characters of men, but by the general cause of their lives ; and those who do good or evil to men, ought to be esteemed good or bad by men, and always bearing in mind, that it is much less base to wrong a man than a woman.”

By this principle, then, Henry was determined to try the character of the Duke of Bellona ; and as it did not escape his attention, that in the inconveniences that happen between the sexes, the men are most commonly censured, he proposed in his examination of the Duke's conduct, to give a proper proportion of blame to either side, as they deserved ; for though, in many instances, his Grace might hope for an excuse, in many other he could pretend to none ; as, in invading the bed of his friend, destroying the honor of a family, deceiving the innocence of inexpe-

rienced youth, or making the most solemn oaths and promises the instruments of the most deplorable mischiefs. But when pert and forward hussies throw themselves into the way of temptation, and take pains to excite those desires which are but too ready to take fire of themselves, it is no wonder that the Duke is unable to withstand them, as it is but just to ascribe such gallantry to its proper cause. There was a time when that part of the sex which most frequently abounds with such characters, was confined to milliners, sempstresses, mantua-makers, and chamber-maids; but in Henry's intercourse with the great, he had the mortification to discover that there were a number of poor gentlemen's daughters, who, flattered by the glass into a good opinion of their own sweet persons, abandon the security of private life, and expose themselves to the observation of such men as the Duke, and depend on making a fortune by their charms.

As a lady of this description, just at

this period, became a principal actor in an affair in which Henry was involved, it is necessary that the reader should know something of her history. *Salacia* was the daughter of a reduced officer, who, ambitious of preserving her in the rank of a gentlewoman, sent her to live with an aunt who resided in Westminster. *Salacia* was about sixteen when she came to town, remarkably handsome, naturally a coquet, and consequently vain and wanton, proud and fickle. She soon made conquests, and was pleased with doing so; and, beginning to feel the importance of her beauty, her pride grew in proportion. This urged her to extravagance in dress, and made her fond of presents to supply that extravagance. Among the rest of her admirers, a most respectable tradesman fixed his heart upon her, and offered to make her his wife, but was rejected with disdain, grew melancholy, fell sick, and died; which was the only circumstance of the event she remembered with pleasure. Numbers of

curious libertines now followed this dangerous enchantress, and were all alike well, or ill received according to their station in life, or the solid value of their gifts; but none ever yet touched her heart. At last she fixed her eyes upon the Duke, whom she thought a private character, he having paid his addresses to her under an assumed name, as the proper person to feed her vanity and love together. But she talked of marriage to the Duke; she was unexpectedly disappointed by his telling her, point blank, he never intended any such thing, for that, in short, he was ——. Her pride was heartily piqued even at this refusal; but her avarice and love got the better of it; she condescended to be a mistress; when, at the same time, she might have become the wife of many a respectable man. After this, the Duke was more fond of her, and fed her extravagance to the greatest profusion; till she, who was all design, began to think she had complied too soon; that she might have made

her terms for a settlement, and not depend on the whim or caprice of a lover. She, therefore, with all her art and cunning, studied to alter this her state of dependance; but this placed her in so mercenary a light with the Duke, that he began to despise her for the demand, disappointed her the second time, and she swooned with vexation, but without renewing his love. After this there was nothing but noise and uneasiness when they met, and jealousy and indifferency when they parted, till, in the end, he would have left her with aversion, had she not consented to marry one of the people of his household, and to assist in the pleasures, and become the slave of him who once gloried to receive a smile from her; a life the most odious, and yet the most just, that her crime and folly could deserve!

Persons unacquainted with the manners of the great may reject this story, and demand, "Where was the Duchess all this time? Was she not distracted, jealous,

niad?" I have already answered these questions, by declaring, that the Duchess's was a marriage of interest, not of pleasure. She was once, indeed, a little jealous, on account of the separate bed, separate apartments, and separate confidants; but she soon convinced herself, that a mere political union was a sufficient justification for her husband's conduct. This made her perfectly easy; and, in short, she was soon moulded into the form of a perfect woman of fashion; and though she did not exactly pursue the example of the Duke, she was yet very far from becoming the prey of his extravagance, or of dying a victim even to those gallantries which operated immediately before her eyes.

Having entered into these essential explanations with the reader, I shall now resume the chain of Henry's speculations upon the conduct of the Duke, as far, at least, as it relates to Elvira, the wife of his friend.

Soon after the establishment of the in-

timacy which I described in a late chapter, the Duchess invited Elvira to a ball, and at the same time sent her a very fine set of rubies and diamonds, and importuned her not to fail to come in the escort of her military and clerical beaux. Elvira was not accustomed to adventures of this kind, and was at a loss how to conduct herself; but at length reflecting that this might be wholly an action of the Duchess, she accepted the present, and appeared in it on the night of the entertainment. The Duchess was enamoured with this her new friend. “ My dear Duke,” she would say, “ observe that beautiful Elvira. How graceful in her mien, how genteel in her manner, how elegant is her action in dancing ! Let us try to engage her to our parties as often as we possibly can.” Governed by this favorable predilection, the Duchess scarce passed an evening without sending for Elvira. The Duke never failed being of the party : but he never talked to Elvira in an alarming manner, and she,



alas! little mistrusted his thoughts or design.

Things were upon this exact footing, when the Duke procured for Richmond an appointment of trust and distinction to the staff of an army forming for Ireland; and, as it was expected that the suppression of the public sentiment of that country would cause a greater waste of blood than a foreign war, it was judged less prudent in Elvira to embark, than to remain on a visit, as the friend and companion of her Grace, till the Irish troubles should subside, and permit the return of her dear Richmond. This news extremely afflicted Elvira, and grieved Richmond too, who could not, unconcerned, behold the sorrow of one who was so dear to him, and one by whom he was so dearly loved; the thoughts of parting with her was almost death to him, and yet he was obliged to do it; his honor was engaged, and his interest called him to the field.

What passed between this amiable cou-

ple at parting is no business of mine, and I believe it will suffice the reader to know, that nothing could comfort Elvira for the absence of her dear Richmond. The Duchess went herself to bring her home, but her coming did but increase her sorrow. As for the Duke's part, nothing could exceed his joy at the setting out of a man whom he looked upon as his happy rival; the oftener he reflected on his merit, the more he dreaded him. However, to dissemble a little longer, he endeavoured to console Elvira, and affected to be extremely grieved, that the promotion of Richmond made it necessary for him to serve in Ireland.

In consequence of the suspicions which floated so long a time in Henry's mind, it may be well understood, that the arrangement was not of a nature to obliterate his fears, or to advance his securities for the honor of his friend. Indeed, he separated from Richmond with a prophetic sensibility of mind, and never visited El-

vira but with an apprehension which it would be vain for me to attempt to describe. But he was often compelled to attend at the Duke's, for the Duchess honoured him with extraordinary partiality, and was particularly fond of giving him instructions respecting the selection of her books, and also of hearing him read the new productions of the day. Nor was he much less a favorite of the Duke's. And his Grace was so pleased with his manner and conversation, that he frequently sat to take his wine with him after dinner; confiding to him the state of his private affairs, and the difficulties he was involved in by his own extravagances, and the rapacity of the sycophants with whom he was too generally connected. It was over a confidential bottle, and at a time of this kind of personal conversation, that Henry said to the Duke, "To correct misfortune, your Grace has only to attend to the wisdom of experience; may I speak?"

"Speak freely," replied the Duke,

“having never flattered me, I must consider you a friend. Begin; instruction cannot be better heard than over a glass of wine, and in a social tête-à-tête.”

“Why then,” said Henry, “do you involve your person and treasures in so much embarrassment, and at the loss of so many real enjoyments to yourself?”

“To increase my pleasure,” replied the Duke. “The desire of pleasure is the passion of all who are elevated, like me, in rank; for this we thirst, for this we hunger, and leave to common mortals the vulgar cares of the world.”

“If the desire of pleasure cannot be gratified but by the destruction of fortune, and the injury of some fellow-creature,” meekly returned Henry, “surely it had better be repressed. What good can arise from pleasure that is to be compared to the mischief by which it is attended.”

“You talk like a sage and a philosopher,” said the Duke; “and you desire to make man as he should be, which is im-

possible; my part to act is that of a noble who considers man as he is, and who treats mankind as every individual would treat him had he the same means in his power. It is destiny, and the improvement of opportunity that makes a man of pleasure: those to whom fate is adverse, must submit and be content with ordinary enjoyments."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Henry: "none can withstand destiny; but, as gallantry is the principal pursuit of a man of pleasure, what virtuous man would seek that pleasure at the expence of a woman's happiness?"

"Be assured," returned the duke, "that virtue is a mere acquirement. Man, by nature, is selfish and cruel; all infants are so. These natural passions are by education opposed, and by degrees concealed, but never perfectly subdued. My desire for sensual pleasure, then, is assisted by my original passions of cruelty and selfish-

ness ; which, by being a noble, I can extend to the utmost."

" If, by being a noble," said Henry, " I must, from necessity, be cruel and selfish, may the humble state be ever mine !"

" Man also possesses a desire for superiority," continued his Grace, " which produces a wish for splendor and riches. By nature all are equal, but circumstances have fixed you just now in a station where desires must be restrained, and have placed me where they may be indulged. Could we change conditions, be assured, your passions would expand as soon as their restraint was taken off, and you would be then as I am now."

" Can a worm of the earth be proud?" humbly replied Henry. " What is man but an atom, which can only be made noble by virtue? When I consider this, I avoid the first approach of pride, and abhor that wicked principle which seeks its gratification *by the misery of others.*"

“Call not me wicked,” returned the Duke, sharply; “I am simply a man; I have an opportunity of shewing my nature undisguised, and I use that opportunity. You are something more, and something less than man: you are more, as you have added to the gifts of nature; you are less, by discarding your natural propensities: but they retire no farther than to be within call.”

“They are discarded for ever!” uttered Henry; “and sooner would I suffer the most ignominious of all deaths, than gratify one single selfish propensity to the injury of a woman, or to the prejudice of a friend!”

The suddenness of this reply occasioned a pause, for a while, in this moral and philosophical conference, in which neither party gained on his adversary. But the heart of the Duke bore witness to the truth of Henry’s words, for the blush of consciousness was on his face, and the arguments of original pride, cruelty, and selfishness, were silenced by the simple ob-

servations of truth and nature. At length the Duke rose up, and, with complacence, broke silence thus :

“ I will give you no opportunity to lose what you have with so much difficulty acquired. Go, in peace, Mr. Percy, and continue to be virtuous; but leave me to my own morality, which is alone fitted for a man of pleasure, a man of the world.”

On saying these words the Duke retired to join the ladies, and left Henry in that doubtful state of mind which could not determine whether he was to consider the “ Go, in peace,” in the light of an instantaneous exhortation, or a prompt and decided dismissal. While ruminating on this doubtful sentence, a page came, by the order of the Duchess, to desire his company at the tea-table; and as Henry entered her apartment she accosted him in the most gracious manner, and said, “ Tell me, Mr. Percy, did not the Duke separate from you rather abruptly? He came in here so sudden and so sullen that I suspect he did?” Here his Grace interposed,



exclaiming, "No, no; he gave me no offence whatever: he must not understand in the least that he did."—"I am pleased to hear you say so," returned the Duchess: "for such is the irresistible power of genius, even though borne down by the iron hand of an indigent curacy, that his company must ever be welcome in this house as long as it retains any regard for men of learning and honor."—"His good qualities shall no longer be hidden in the obscurity of a curate," replied the Duke, with some considerate emotion; "I will take upon me to see to his preferment or promotion in the church."

Henry endeavoured to express his gratitude for all this graciousness, and to express how unworthy he thought himself of so much honor. But his eyes did not sparkle with pleasure, nor did his looks correspond with his words. He had reasons which the reader may possibly divine, though they are of a nature which I am not at liberty, in this chapter, to reveal.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Living characters dangerous to be delineated—The Author is not intimidated—Elvira's indisposition—she recovers, and the Duke reveals his designs—she revolts—he pleads in vain—Henry, afraid of his licentiousness, advises Elvira to join her husband—Salacia is employed by the Duke to betray Elvira—plot upon plot—plot and marplot—treachery and vengeance—romance of real life.

IT is, at all times, a difficult, delicate, and sometimes a dangerous task, to attempt the delineation of living characters. The passions of the generality of men are too much agitated to attend to cool discussion, while they contemplate these characters, and more especially in a period like the present, so replete with important and singular events. But I have embarked in the undertaking, and I am pledged to proceed.

The reader is aware of the departure of

Richmond, and of the situation and sorrow of Elvira. And this condition was aggravated by her being pregnant when her husband went to Ireland, and even sicker than women generally are at such a time. This, joined to the grief of parting with one so dear to her, threw her into a violent fever, and the Duke had to send all his physicians to her, and was himself enquiring every hour of the day how she did. However, such care was taken of her, that his Grace soon had the satisfaction of hearing, by the physicians, that she was entirely out of danger; but, though her sickness wore off, yet all the cause of it, her grief, remained. Every method that could be thought of was used to divert her, but she refused being present at any of the prepared or ceremonious amusements.

Things did not long continue in this state. The Duke's love daily increased, and he was no longer obliged to lay himself under any restraint on account of Richmond, who was already at a sufficient

distance. Upon this he resolved to make Elvira acquainted with his sentiments, and thinking that she would be in the library after breakfast, on the day of his intended declaration, he went and found her there. "How long, madam," said he, "shall we see that melancholy in your looks? and how little does he deserve it who is the cause of it! Had I the happiness of being thus loved, I should not have thought of quitting — — —" — "Hold, my lord duke," interrupted Elvira; "you injure Richmond; how could he reject your generous offer, or forfeit his honour; a promise given to his sovereign before he was mine; I should think him unworthy of my love if he had acted differently on my account." — "Consider what you say, madam," replied the Duke; "should you think that man unworthy of your love, who doated on you to such a degree, that for your company he could forget all ties, all obligations, and make it his whole happiness to spend his time at your feet, and his fortune in your service."

“ I have already told your Grace my thoughts on this subject,” replied Elvira; “ I am heartily grieved that Richmond ever engaged himself in the service ; but after such an engagement, I should have been more grieved had he staid at home with me.”—As she said this, she rose up, and left him, and went to the Duchess’s apartment ; and notwithstanding that he followed her, yet could he not all that evening, nor for several days after, find an opportunity of speaking to her in private ; for Elvira began to be too sensible of his design, and her whole study was how to avoid him.

This method succeeded but a very little time ; the Duke, who was naturally very hasty, could not brook the frequent disappointments he met with ; and finding that Elvira, whenever she saw him, mixed with company, he resolved to speak with her in private, and employ all those means which experience had convinced him were the most likely to be crowned

with success and victory. The two first times, indeed, he spoke to her of love, he pleaded his cause like a lover; but the third time he forgot to whom he was speaking, and assumed the menacing airs of a master. "You would have me bestow my heart upon you," said she one day to him, that he had been thus insolent; "but it is not in my power to give it you: I have already bestowed it on Richmond, and for him will I ever reserve it. As for my life, were it in your power, you might dispose of it as you please; but my heart is my own—you cannot control it. You see, sir, I speak my mind boldly; nor need I fear violating my duty in so doing." I am not born your slave, and would at this instant quit your house, but that so hasty a measure might cause the wife of Richmond to be suspected."

A conduct, so firm and resolute, very much alarmed the Duke, and convinced him that he did not perceive his love to

be so sincere, till it was grown to such a height, it was no longer in his power to banish or suppress it: all he could do was to dissemble his passion; and to soothe the immediate resentment of Elvira, he affected the indifference of a man who was no longer a lover. But he had opportunities of seeing her every day, and of making the Duchess the instrument of conveying sentiments and presents, which he durst not himself personally propose. Yet they both produced the same effect, and conspired to make him the more hated; and she had determined, sooner than leave the Duchess in a precipitate and suspicious manner, and in case any violence should be offered her, to confide the whole proceeding to Henry, and to consult with him on the means at once proper to save her honour, and to preserve the patronage of the Duke to Richmond. She, in consequence of this determination, did not scruple in trusting Henry with what was passing; and he, charmed with the

confidence which was at length reposed in him, promised her that he would leave no means untried to divert the Duke from the execution of his unjust designs.—“Fear nothing, madam,” said he; “you are now acquainted with those designs; besides, such virtue will be the immediate care of heaven, who will never abandon you to the fury of a monster; and should your innocence be in real danger, I shall know no master.”

“I am satisfied of your merit and generosity,” replied Elvira; “but it would be base in me to abuse so much good-nature; nor will I ever suffer you to expose your life and fortune on my account. The Duke is attached to you; you must remain with and be faithful to him, whilst I study to preserve myself from ruin, assisted merely by your advice.”—“I have already told you, madam,” returned Henry, “that I shall not think any man my patron, who can be base enough to attempt any thing against your honour;



against the honour of one, in whose defence, had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all."

Henry added several other things to the same purpose; and then informed her, that he would immediately apply for a garrison or regimental chaplaincy in Ireland, and as he suspected strongly that the Duke would have recourse to stratagem or violence, he would recommend her to quit the Duke's family as soon as he was ready to go upon his new duty, and then proceed with him to join her beloved Richmond in Ireland. This mode of proceeding was judged by Henry to be the most judicious, because no suspicion could attach to it; it could be attributed to the love of Elvira, which would no longer endure to be absent from its object. Whereas, were she to quit the Duke's, and remove into lodgings, apprehensions would be awakened, and surmize would be on the alert. Armed with this plan, Henry conjured her not to disquiet herself with fears

of what might happen; for if there should be any likelihood of the Duke's using violence, he would take care immediately to favour her escape, by having every thing anticipated proper to favour her immediate departure, and for motives which would do her honour in the eyes of her husband, and with the world.

But before the Duke came to the last extremity, he sent for Salacia, whose character and situation I before noticed; he sent for her, well knowing, that, to debauch one woman, there was nothing like the aid of another woman, and she was one of those who think that every thing should be sacrificed to one's fortune, and that a titled lover ought never to sigh in vain. This was the tool this Duke made use of, and having given her instructions, she flew to Elvira's room, for, since her marriage in the family, she ingratiated herself into the confidence of all; and Elvira, ignorant of her former proceedings, regarded her more in the light of an

humble companion of the Duchess, than as a domestic of the house: in short, she was rather a favourite with Elvira. “Never,” said Salacia, on entering the apartment, “never was I more surprized, madam, than at the mopish life you lead. Is there any thing that I can do for your service? I can assure you, I shall think nothing a trouble that will by any means conduce to your quiet.”—“I thank you, Salacia,” replied Elvira; “it is very good of you to visit the distressed!”—“I come not only to visit you,” replied Salacia, “but to advise you too. I know the extent of your apprehensions; your threatened misfortunes have troubled me. Heaven knows, madam, I could not love you dearer, were you my own child!”

Salacia’s protestations of friendship drew tears into Elvira’s eyes; and the subtle woman, seeing her moved, began her plan of attack. “You are unhappy, indeed,” said she; “but you yourself are the cause of your unhappiness: you have behaved

yourself too harshly towards the Duke ; and in prudence you ought to have kept upon better terms with one who is so amiable, and who holds such absolute power in his hands. The very motive which induced you to it, ought to have made you conduct yourself in a quite different manner ; 'twas because you love your husband, and yet you ruin both his fortune and your own. I know the merits of being faithful and virtuous : yet, for the sake of appearing so to the world, we ought not to ruin ourselves ; we ought rather to behave ourselves with prudence and mildness ; even the colonel, your beloved colonel, for whose sake you do all this, will not thank you for having made the Duke his enemy. He has some private reasons for desiring to keep a good understanding with him, such as may not perhaps be fit to tell his wife."

"If they are not," replied Elvira, hastily, "you would do better not to mention them at all ; however, I must beg the li-

berty of saying, that you do not thoroughly know my Richmond ; he is a man of honour, he sincerely loves me ; and, therefore, I am sure he will be well satisfied with my behaviour ; and if not, I shall at least have reason to be satisfied myself, in knowing that I have performed my duty."

"I see," replied Salacia, "that you are obstinately resolved to maintain the justice of your proceedings ; but I have humanity at once to undeceive you, by letting you know, that when your husband left England, he was desperately in love with the Duchess, nor was his love despised ! Nobody, I am sure, can be better acquainted with the truth of this amour than myself, since I carried all the letters that passed between them !":

"I hope," interrupted Elvira, her cheeks glowing, "that, for the future, they will employ somebody whom they can better trust, and who will not make it their business to reveal secrets, which are not so

much as enquired after.”—“Your reproach seems very just,” replied Salacia; “but I can assure you, my dear madam, I would not discover them to any one else, nor even to you, had not you moved my compassion to see you ruin yourself for an ungrateful wretch, who does not deserve your love?”—“You call that compassion,” replied Elvira, “which in effect is the greatest cruelty: no, had you had any pity you would have concealed a thing from me which, while I was ignorant of, could never injure me; but the knowledge of which must certainly make me miserable.”

As she spoke these last words, one of the Duchess’s servants came to tell her, that his mistress was just coming to see her. This name caused some emotion in Elvira, and filled Salacia with fear, lest Elvira should mention the conversation to her Grace; upon this she resolved to retire, and recommending secrecy to Elvira, she told her, that the next time she came

to see her she would bring with her some of the letters which passed between them; and as she said this she left Elvira, who returned her no answer, but threw herself upon the sofa, and a moment after the Duchess came up, and having caressed her, gave her an account that the Duke had heard from Richmond, and that she had importuned his Grace to attend to his promotion, and, if possible, to make it subservient to his return to England. Elvira thanked her, but so very faintly, that the Duchess found she must be ill, and rising, she drew near the sofa, and taking her by the hand, she found her without any sign of life; for it struck Elvira to the heart to think she had been obliged to thank her rival, that through grief she swooned away. The Duchess called for help, and upon the application of proper remedies, the sufferer was brought to herself again.

Nothing could exceed her Grace's concern, to see her fair friend thus afflicted;

but she was far from suspecting the cause of this immoderate grief, and, above all, little did she think that Elvira looked upon her as a happy rival, who had robbed her of a heart, the possession of which only could make her happy: the more the Duchess endeavoured to serve and assist her, the greater was her grief. Unhappy effect of jealousy, that the best and most friendly actions should thus appear odious to the eyes of the jealous!

As Elvira was very faint and weak, it occurred to the Duchess that a longer visit would be imprudent, as, if any thing, repose must do her good. Upon this she caressed the beautiful distressed, conjuring her not to give such way to grief, and assuring her she would leave no means untried that might advance her husband's return. Elvira, unable to answer, pressed her hand, and the Duchess left her. As soon as the Duchess was gone, Elvira found herself at liberty, and began loudly to complain of her misfortunes, which be-



fore scarce deserved that name. “Is it possible, Richmond,” said she, “that thou shouldst prove faithless to me? Could not all my love preserve me your heart? that heart in which is centered all my happiness! Is it no longer mine? no: ’tis another’s now. Heavens! can I survive the loss? what on earth is now worthy staying for? happy Duchess! Richmond loves you.” Her words were accompanied with such sighs and tears, that had even Salacia, the contriver of all this mischief, been there, she could not, unconcerned, have heard and seen them: but, moved with compassion, she must have confessed her falsehood, and set Elvira’s mind at ease.

At this moment Henry was announced, and as she could not suppress her sorrow, she reposed the cause of it in his manly bosom. “Have you seriously reflected on the words you are now uttering, madam?” said he; “and have you certain proofs of the infidelity of my friend?”—“Too certain,” replied Elvira, “he loves the Du-

chess, and is beloved again: and Salacia has promised to shew me some of the letters which he sent by her to the Duchess.”—“ You must excuse me, madam,” said Henry, “ if I cannot have an implicit faith in all she says; nor do I see the least probability of truth in her story: for had Richmond given her letters for the Duchess, would she have dared to have kept them? Would a lover, who has free access to his mistress, and who is beloved by her again, never have complained of letters he had sent her, and to which he had received no answer? There is certainly some deep design in this story, which, I must confess, I do not comprehend, but which time will certainly discover. Besides, till this very day, Salacia never gave you such assurances of her attachment, as to persuade you that she would sacrifice the Duchess to it; I very much suspect the advice she has given you. Reflect seriously, my dear madam, on all she has said, and you will soon see that you have been too hasty in

believing her to the disadvantage of the colonel. They tell you, that he loves the Duchess: had he, madam, it would have been impossible that their amours should have been a secret. Those whom their births and fortunes have set up to view, in so elevated a rank, cannot conceal their affections from the busy prying world. Nor is this all that I can urge; the Duchess has always behaved herself in a manner suitable to her high station, and her virtues have been admired by the whole court; and yet you will believe that she has settled her affections upon one who never made it his study to win her favour; a married man; one newly married too, and that to—— But really, madam, these things seem contrary to sense and reason.”

“What is contrary to sense and reason,” replied Elvira, hastily: “To love Richmond?”—“Yes, madam,” replied Henry, “for the Duchess to love him. If she should, I am sure I should think her destitute of sense and reason, and that she is

not, we all know. Do believe me, this must be the effect of Salacia's malice, for some particular view, which will one day or other be discovered, and then you will repent your having unjustly suspected a husband who passionately loves you, and a virtuous woman who is so much your friend."

Having gone through all these tedious arguments to apparently little effect, Henry left Elvira to attend to some professional pursuits ; but promised to return at an early period, and not to rest till she should be confirmed in the truth of all he had advanced in favour of his absent friend.

## CHAP. XXXV.

Elvira hearkens to Henry—the discovery of the plots and counter-plots—Salacia pursues her seductive intentions—accuses Richmond of an amour with the Duchess—Henry determines to save the wife of his friend—proves to her the danger of her situation—is appointed himself to a chaplaincy in Ireland—prevails on Elvira to join her husband at the same time—she complies—they depart without seeing Clara—he is accused of debauching the wife of Richmond—Clara and all his other friends forsake him—arrives in Dublin—new difficulties, but soon and honorably subdued.

SPITE of her jealousy, Elvira was satisfied that there was a great deal of truth in what Henry urged: with patience she listened to his whole discourse, and hoped that it was true, so fond are we of believing every thing we wish. However, she persisted in her resolution of seeing the letters which Salacia had promised to shew her; and to see them the sooner she

called for her writing-table, and wrote to Salacia in the following manner :

“ I write to you, madam, to remind you of your promises. Complete the work, I beseech you, which you have begun, and convince me of the infidelity of Richmond. The state of uncertainty I now live in, is ten thousand times more cruel than death itself: to alleviate my misfortunes you must confirm them.”

Elvira having made an end of writing, gave the letter to her own maid, and bid her haste to Salacia, and desire her to send what she mentioned in it. The hasty messenger flew to obey the orders of her mistress, and returned with a verbal answer, that the letter should be abundantly attended to the following morning. She consequently paid Elvira the appointed visit, and seeing her very much concerned, “ I am heartily sorry, my dear madam,” said she, “ that I ever mentioned to you the love your husband bears the Duchess; had I thought it would have given you so

much uneasiness, as I find it has since done, I am sure I would never have said a word about it. However, I advise you to rest satisfied with what you do know; you may have the satisfaction of sometimes thinking, that I have deceived you; and of what service would the sight of one of his letters be to you unless to confirm his falsehood. Be advised, let the business drop, and do not endeavour to make yourself more miserable.”—“I know so much of the matter already,” replied Elvira, with the deepest emotion, “that it is in vain to desire me not to enquire after more of it; do not fear, therefore, shewing me the letter, which I can assure you cannot make me more miserable; I have already told you, that there is nothing more cruel than a state of uncertainty.”—“O, since you will have it,” answered Salacia, “I’ll satisfy you.” As she said this, she gave her a letter, in which she read the following words :

“How can you expect, my charming Duchess, that another shares my heart with you? Alas, did you know my real sentiments, you would not thus unjustly accuse me, nor doubt the sincerity of so violent a passion; what shall I do to satisfy you? Shall I send Elvira back into the country? And yet, does not her intimacy with you *blind the beast*, and justify my seeing you every day? Let my divine Duchess but say what will be grateful to her, and if I do not immediately offer her the sacrifice, I am willing that she should for ever doubt of the love of her

“RICHMOND.”

Elvira was no termigant; this letter did not throw her into a rage; it operated in the mute eloquence of grief, and as soon as she had lightened her heart by a flood of tears, she lamented the loss of Richmond, and declared that she had now nothing more than a life to lose; a life which her



misfortunes had already made wretched, even odious to her. The serenity of her general conduct, however, embarrassed Salacia; her object was to work up a spirit of revenge and retaliation: calm sorrow was adverse to her purpose. But she was not to be deterred; she proceeded thus: "Your misfortunes are your own fault, madam, and it is still in your power to change your misery into happiness. You are yet young and beautiful, you are served and adored by one of the first nobles of the nation. How many thousands would almost give their lives to be in your condition, and who would not, like you, oppose their own fortunes. A time will come when you will plainly see your fault; but, perhaps, that time will come too late. Think seriously, madam." As she said this she left her, not daring at that time to stay for Elvira's answer.

We may easily judge how Elvira received this advice, and what resentment she shewed the next time Salacia came

near her. However, this was the critical instant for the Duke to come upon the stage, imagining that the love of Elvira must have been weakened by the evidence given her by his accomplice, and found an opportunity of seeing her alone, and strove by every kind of blandishment to overturn her conjugal fidelity to Richmond, and prevail upon her to accept the tender of his warm and unfeigned affections. For her refusal to comply with his entreaties, Elvira gave him the following unanswerable reasons :

“ My lord ! why will you force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal ?— If, by such unjust, such treacherous usage, I should lose my honour, it would break my heart. And how should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a husband as Richmond was ? What could make me amends for his finding me not his, but another’s ?—Do not frown, my lord ! With all your pride of wealth, with all your magical titles, you want the

nature of Richmond. You feel desire, but you cannot feel love, nor can you inspire it. Besides, how can I love one that would degrade me into an infamous adul-  
tress. Richmond raised me to the dignity of a married woman. His love ennobled, exalted my mind! Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations. When he taught me the lessons of worldly wisdom, I loved to attend to him; I heard, I retained the moral instructions, and where occasions occurred, I gave them back to him, softened and sweetened with the sensibility peculiar to the female mind. And shall I banish myself, for ever, from such a consort? Shall I give up his society for the brutal joys of a sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a woman, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and god-like powers? Oh, my lord, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought of infamy; I must this day leave the protection of your house. If Richmond be false, am I to become vicious? No; rather let

me join my husband, and establish my happiness by reclaiming a love that has wandered from its object. Virtue is never unsuccessful; the nature of man is not so desperately depraved as to be hardened against such an application as I shall make to the heart of my beloved Richmond."

When Elvira concluded, she could perceive that the Duke could not disguise the trouble of his soul. He heard her with some degree of patience, but when he heard of her determination to depart, and that she made a virtue to herself of Richmond's supposed crime, he gave way to the most ungovernable transports of anger, and looked so savage, as he rushed out of the apartment, that Elvira feared he intended to have recourse to some violent means to compass his end. Under this impression, she immediately sent for Henry, and related to him the substance of what had passed, as well as the nature of her recent fears.

“ The letter of Richmond to the Duchess, though strongly like his hand-writing, I do not yet believe in,” said Henry ; “ but under every circumstance, I see, madam, it is no longer time to hesitate ; you must resolve to fly, and, furnished with this letter, you can account for your conduct to Richmond. Prepare every thing for setting off ; take two of your women, and I will abandon every thing here for the happiness of serving you, and delivering you from the hands of your enemies into those of my friend.” To this Elvira objected ; and Henry had to ask, whether she denied him the happiness of serving her because she thought him unworthy of it.

“ No, no !” replied Elvira, “ I think you too worthy of it ; and I must esteem you as much as I do, to be beholden to you for so important a piece of service ; but how dear will that service cost you ; I shudder every time I think of it.” — “ For heaven’s sake, dear madam,” answered

Henry, "do not consider my sacrifice in this serious light, but be persuaded that nothing can be greater than the satisfaction I shall feel in delivering you out of this house ; this will be more than atonement for the loss of a curacy, or for the patronage of the Duke, which I rejected from the instant I discovered the nature of his designs on you. Independent of this, I have been frequently attending on that great and good man, his Grace of Northumberland, and could perceive that he entertained such apprehensions respecting the connections I had formed, that he hastened to fulfil a former promise, and has actually procured me the chaplaincy of the garrison of Dublin, so that I must beg your pardon for a little while. I will hasten and prepare every thing for our departure, and in the evening I will return and give you an account of what I have done."

Henry having left her, Elvira remained in a condition not to be expressed, nor

easily to be imagined. Yet it was with grief she found herself obliged to leave England; and had there been any possibility of avoiding it, in her state of mind, without running a far greater danger, she never would have done it: but the state of her feelings, and a just dread of what might happen, at length determined her to seek her safety by flight. That night Henry returned to inform her, that all was ready on his part; he, therefore, begged her not to defer going any longer than the next day. But Elvira required no importunity; she returned him many thanks for the trouble he gave himself on her account, and promised, that on the following morning she would be ready to go with him. She did not deviate from her word; and it is impossible to express the Duke's concern, his behaviour, his despair, when the news was brought him. In short, he gave way to such grief, that he did not listen to what any person said, and heard only the account of her departure from Salacia,

whom he interrupted by crying out, "True, she does not love me, but is she less amiable? She scorns me, and therefore I love her, for her resistance displays her virtue, and the greatness of her soul." To all this Salacia returned expressions full of despair, and vowed there was nothing that she would not do to make Elvira repent her cruelty; that doubtless she must have been in love with Henry, else would she never have fled with him as she has done; that she would send Richmond word of it; and that, in fine, she would reduce her to so very low a condition, that she should one day come and implore his protection. "I could heartily wish," replied the Duke, "that she was under the necessity of doing it, but she is too haughty to apply to me, let her condition be ever so bad."—"I cannot tell that," replied the fawning wretch; "but as a first step to her ruin, and your success, it is proper you should inform Richmond that his wife was desperately in love with young Percy. Suppose



you sit down and write.”—“ Well! and what can I say?” said the Duke. “ I shall presume to dictate, as I know the whole of the intrigue,” replied Salacia; “ write”—

“ Dear Colonel,

“ It is impossible to express the grief I feel at being obliged to send you so ungrateful a piece of news, but the thing is already so very public, and so much talked of throughout the whole town, that it would be in vain to conceal it from you. I have done all that lay in my power to divert the threatening evil, but in vain, and find that the more obstacles you lay in the way of lovers, the more ardently they love; we have seen a fatal experiment of this truth in our family. Alas! how shall I tell you that your Elvira is run away with Henry Percy! When I perceived her growing love, and found that all advice was thrown away upon her, I conjured the Duchess to watch her strictly, and to keep Henry from her presence;

but she got safe off with her paramour, and I am told they have the shameless effrontery to intend joining you in Ireland, no doubt with the hope of deceiving you with some tale of trumpery which they have ample ingenuity to contrive. You are a prudent and discreet man, and know better than I can tell you what is to be done in such a case. I cannot serve you; I can only pity your misfortunes, and mourn the disgrace of your family, which is become the jest of all England; but, were the case mine, I should turn from both with scorn, and not listen to a single word they may have the audacity to say. Believe me, nobody can be more afflicted at your disgrace than your friend,

BELLONA."

Having sealed up this letter, it was sent in a dispatch, and was received by Richmond long before he had heard of Elvira's intention of leaving England. I will not pretend to describe the effect it produced

on the mind of Richmond, and the tumults of his soul whilst he read the fatal intelligence; for he was a man of strict honor, and at the same time loved his wife to distraction. At first he determined to engage in the thickest dangers of the rebellion, and to seek certain death to ease his raging pain; but his despair soon gave way to thoughts of vengeance.

“ He shall die,” cried Richmond; “ this spoiler of my honor, this Percy shall die; and can the ungrateful Elvira, whom I have so dearly loved; and who has so basely deceived me, can she hope to escape my vengeance? No, the false woman too shall die, and bear her minion company to the infernal shades. Alas! I rave, how is it she shall die? Can I embroc my hands in her blood? Can I so much as resolve her death? Base and ungrateful as she is, and the sole cause of all my misfortunes, yet cannot I be so unnaturally cruel. Let her live, then, and let her life be her punishment, for she shall

live to mourn the loss of her beloved admirer."

He might have said a thousand other things much to the same purpose, had he not been interrupted by some arrival; by Henry and Elvira, who that day landed, and rushed with a joy, unchecked by ceremony, into the room in which he was in! There is a character of confidence peculiar to unequivocal innocence, which is very remote from the insolence of vice. This character marked the conduct of this scene. Elvira cast herself upon the neck of her husband; Henry seized and pressed his hand to his lips. Richmond disengaged himself from their embrace, and said, with a philosophy honourable to one under the dominion of so much distress of mind: "It is impossible to answer for the actions of others, but yet I cannot believe that you are so infamous as this letter describes.—You, Elvira, were virtuous and deserving as a woman could be; and you, Henry, were so high in my esteem,

as to be thought my best friend. But leave me, leave me, for fear I should commit some rash action! for fear I should snatch vengeance from heaven, and ——!"

Here he was interrupted by the swooning away of Elvira, and by the resolute tone of Henry, who demanded of him whether he was so base and ungrateful as thus to assassinate one who would give the whole stream of her own blood to save one drop of his. The attention he paid to her recovery, and the firm interrogations of Henry, to know by what demon it was that he was possessed, brought the dark business to an immediate eclaircissement. And the letter, said to be from Richmond to the Duchess, being known to him for a decided forgery, he had a clue to the letter from the Duke, which, it was evident, was to blind him, and hinder him from ever coming to a knowledge of the truth.

I cannot express the confused joy that followed this scene. They all saw they had been the dupes of their illustrious pa-

tion ; and this joy would have been complete, did not Elvira perceive that the storm which had but just passed over their own heads, was to be conducted by Richmond to the dwelling of the Duke. In fact, he had no sooner fixed her in Merion-square, than he set off for London ; and hearing of the Duke at a club-house in St. James's-street, he went there, and in the most provoking language, insulted him, and dared him to put on a private coat. The Duke, though a vicious, is a brave man ; he took the hint, laid by the ensigns of his birth, and met Richmond in the field. " I know you pursue my life with animosity," said he, " yet I come to convince you, that whenever I shall think fit to defend it, it shall be no such easy matter to deprive me of it." At this Richmond looked scornfully on him, saying, " It will not, Duke, be in your power to defend it. Justice and honour fight my cause. Treachery and vice are the only support of yours.—Come on ! Take your ground."

Richmond had the first fire: his ball passed through the side curl, and grazed the tip of the Duke's ear. His Grace fired in the air, and called upon Richmond to fire again. This he declined. The Duke then took him apart, confessed that Salacia was the guilty author of all the letters; that he had driven her already into the streets; where she must of necessity lead a life of public vice and infamy; and that, had he not come to seek his life, it was his intention to have sent him a dispatch, contradicting all that had been written.

Richmond returned to Ireland with a mind thus tranquilized, and to atone to Henry for his unjust suspicions, gave him all the influence he possibly could to advance both his personal pleasures and clerical pursuits. The garrison chaplaincy he saw him preferred to with high satisfaction; and the more so, as he found him executing the duties in a manner that was likely to secure his promotion in the church.

I shall, for a short time, leave Henry in the uninterrupted performance of this important Irish duty, and in my next chapter embrace a variety of little incidents which occurred to him in London, but which I could not before mention without interrupting the story of Elvira, which, though long and tedious, I was compelled to tell, because it is connected with events and circumstances that influenced Henry's conduct, and that will preserve an influence over it to the latest period of his life. I hope, therefore, that no part of it will escape the reader's attention, and that the following chapter will also meet with a due portion of regard.



## CHAP. XXXVI.

Arguments against poor curates marrying poor women—Reasons why Henry did not propose for Clara Williams—Clara's lamentations—Effects of slander—The Satirist exposed and kicked!—Henry very favourably received in Dublin—Admires the hospitality of the Irish—Curates are there respected—they are gratified with his preaching—he holds the people in his esteem.

PREVIOUSLY to Henry's sudden departure for Ireland, I believe I made it sufficiently clear that he was in the enjoyment of the highest clerical reputation in London; and that, as far as related to his professional affairs, he was as successful as his most sanguine expectations could have desired. He gave universal satisfaction to his parishioners; and when he preached for charitable purposes, or by exchange of duty abroad, he was equally fortunate in obtaining the esteem and ap-

plause of the public. Of this much I acquainted the reader; but, in order not to mix up the extraordinary and important story of Elvira with any other subject of interest, I thought proper to conceal, till this moment, that a little before his leaving London for Ireland, Clara came to town with Mrs. Richmond's sister, with whom she generally resided since the death of Mrs. Courtney, and by this means afforded Henry a favourable opportunity of renewing his intimacy with her, and of becoming herself more particularly acquainted with his private worth and public qualifications. He attended on her in her parties to the theatre, to the opera, and to all the exhibitions of paintings and subjects of science and taste; and when Elvira went to the Royal Academy, where her celebrated picture of the Crucifixion still remained, she told Henry to take charge of it, till a friend of her's, then a curate, should have a church in which he might think it worthy of representing the

altar-piece. But such was the delicate reserve of Henry, that he damped the ardour of love which this manifestation of Clara's sentiments might have so well inspired; yet the delight he took in her society and conversation was too great to be concealed; and were it not for the pious obedience to the instructions of his parents, and the horror he entertained of involving a lovely woman in all the miseries and mortifications which naturally attach to the wife of a poor curate, or even a chaplain of a garrison or regiment, were it not for these high and praise-worthy considerations, it was perfectly demonstrated to Clara that he would declare himself more openly, and give her, by marriage, a final and more convincing proof of the sincerity of his attachment. Indeed, there was that congeniality between their characters, that all but very dull observers could instantly determine, "That couple were surely born to contribute to the happiness of each other." And when they un-

bent their thoughts in private, with the charms of music and poetry ; when they read together the poems of Milton, Young, Thompson, and Pope, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them ! His feelings were dull compared to her's : she seemed herself to be the muse, who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres, to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the Most High God. But, alas ! the time was approaching, when Clara was to view her Henry in a strange inverse light ; when she was to consider him totally undeserving of her favours, and to determine to banish herself from his presence for ever !

I shall account for this unexpected and calamitous resolution. The height which Elvira lived in above Clara's sphere, hindered her from seeing her as often as she could wish ; and as she desired to confine her misfortunes to the knowledge of Henry and her own breast, she charged

him to secrecy, and on no account to divulge her affairs to his friends. This charge, added to his frequent and necessary attendance on Elvira, gave his conduct and manners latterly a shade of mystery, but which might have escaped the attention of Clara, had her whole soul not been roused into action by the following note, which Henry had to leave, in consequence of finding her absent from home, on the eve of his departure for Ireland.

“ ’Tis with the greatest grief imaginable I find myself obliged to leave England, without taking my leave of Miss Williams. I never could have done it, and would have trusted you with my design, were I not under the government of circumstances over which I have no controul. As to the rest; I fear your happiness should bid you forget me, as my duty and honour so often concur to make me fly the place of your abode. Pity a fate which thus forces me from you; bestow a com-

passionate sigh, and shed a friendly tear, when you reflect upon the obstacles which oppose the felicity of your

“ HENRY.”

Clara thought her condition miserable enough when she read this strange and mystical note ; but how much more were her calamities aggravated when the *Satirist* of the day published a detailed account of the elopement of the beautiful Elvira Richmond with the pious and popular curate of St. George. “ For,” said the cold-blooded *Satirist*, “ we cannot believe that the Reverend Mr. Percy would leave his illustrious patrons, and abandon an honourable post, from the effects of mere friendship ! No, no — flying off with the lovely companion of the amiable Duchess, was directed by a motive which will blacken his reputation, and destroy his fame.” This tirade was taken up, with emendations and amplifications, by the minor crew of infernal *Satirists*,

till at length Henry was held up to the public as a monster, who, under the mask of piety, was in the practice of every human vice, and in the constant habit of exercising the most undeviating depravity. That he committed scandalous frauds on the charitable establishments for which he preached, and that at the Magdalen he debauched two of the girls of the number he went occasionally to instruct. Nor were these infamous aspersions circulated merely by the *Satirists* of the day; they were adopted and propagated by envy, and authenticated by all those who have a natural antipathy to transcendent superiority, and exalted worth.

“ Gracious God !” exclaimed Clara, “ how have I been deceived ! And yet, was it but last Sunday, on hearing him preach, that I said, on my return home to my friends—‘ The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him : he is a philosopher all of fire ; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right,

that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence!—Thus did he appear to me. But now, oh, indignant Clara! he is exhibited to my view as a wretch, who gives a dreadful and conspicuous proof of how small estimation is exorbitant talent in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals?”

Under such impressions, that is, regarding Henry as a reproach to his sex, and disgrace to human nature, Clara consoled herself for his loss; and after the first meltings of the warmth of nature, she was thankful to heaven for having opened her eyes to the dangers of so licentious an acquaintance, and made the recovery of her peace the ultimate reward of her delusion! She resolved to compose her mind, and, if possible, to learn to forget that she had ever loved so base a being as Henry Percy!!!



Such were the effects of slander to our hero: of a slander arising from the malignity of *The Satirist* of the day, which could not endure the exalted character of Henry; and who, thinking it an opaque reproach, dipped his pen in gall the instant he could execute the heinous crime of sacrificing not only truth, but every other virtue, to this depraved and unlucky passion. And yet the slander of *The Satirist* is, in its own nature, a crime so offensive to heaven, as to have been made the object of a particular interdiction in the Divine Commands, and thereby marked as a general head, under which every kind of infamy is comprised; and the consequences are so obvious, and so dreadful, that the most guilty abjure, with the strongest seeming abhorrence, sensible that every eye must trace it to the blackest depravity that can stain the human heart.—The conscience of *The Lying Satirist* must be so seared against every sense of virtue, before he could sink so low as

this vice of slandering, that I pretend not to write to him who is guilty of it. I look upon him as irreclaimable by every human means, and only draw the horrid picture of *The Liar*, as a scare-crow, to terrify others from falling into the same detestable condition, and set unwary credulity upon its guard against the poison of such a serpent's tongue.

I hope I am now, after this short explanatory chapter, at liberty to believe, that the reader is acquainted with the cause of Henry's arrival in Ireland, and why, without the smallest vice or blemish of mind on his part, he lost the benefits of all that fair fame, and unsullied reputation, which he once enjoyed in England. It is necessary that these circumstances should be well understood, to justify the conduct of Clara, and his Grace of Northumberland, &c. in withdrawing their friendship from him, and also to make it known why he adventured on a new theatre of life, remote from, and unconnected

with, those good and great friends, who were so eminently qualified to give him effectual support and profitable patronage.

But, in regard to Henry himself, the change of sentiment being unknown to him, could not operate against his happiness; and as to the change of circumstances, it was rather in his favour, for he found that the clergy in Ireland stand upon much higher ground than in England, and that even the curates of Dublin were treated with more respect and consideration than what he had seen the beneficed clergy of England ever experience. In Ireland, the curate is invited to every public, and welcome to every private party. He is seated on the right hand of the lady of the house, and addressed in a manner that conveys an idea of affection for the individual, and of peculiar reverence for the church. Whereas in England, when the poor curate is suffered to come to a respectable table, he meets with a cold reception, and is scarcely treated with

common decency by the heads of the family. And the servants, taking advantage of this example, never give him a clean plate without his asking for it, and at every bit he puts in his mouth, they jog each other's elbows, and leer at him with a side-look, that seems to say—" twig the parson—Lord ! how he lays it in !"

This contrast of conduct to the inferior clergy, made a very strong impression on the mind of Henry in favour of the Irish people, and made him resolve to cultivate a knowledge of their character more perfect than what he found he had acquired from the opinions of his learned country, who judge of the whole of the Irish nation from the estimate they form of the manners and principles of those Irish who inhabit St. Giles's, Wapping, and other depraved parts of the city and vicinity of London. This very first remark of Henry, the instinctive respect of the people of Ireland for their clergy, was sufficient to convince him, that they could not be so

abominably ignorant, and so desperately ferocious, as the prejudices of the English literati represent them to be; and, as I have observed, this primary prejudice made him resolve to observe for himself, and to form his opinion of the Irish character from such features as his industry and experience might produce to his hand. In the mean time, he commenced his professional duties, and began to acquire the esteem and applause of the highest subjects of the island.

## CHAP. XXXVII.

The period of Henry's arrival in Ireland—a very turbulent one—philippics upon that portion of the government which intended to reduce that unfortunate country to a state of indigence and decay—the Irish are to have no opinion of their own—they dare not express their sentiments—the liberality of Henry's sentiments make him an object of suspicion—he receives a hint to be silent—he perseveres—alas! had Ireland many such friends.

IT is but common justice to the people of Ireland to observe, that the period of Henry's arrival there was the period the most favourable to the observation of the manners and principles of the times. It was at a period when Providence seemed resolved to make the kingdom atone for its sins by scourging it with arbitrary ministers, and hollow patriots. While the former openly attacked, the latter secretly undermined the pillars of the constitution, and instead of propping it up, insiduously

removed every buttress on which it leaned. As it was violently stormed by C—hs, the W—gs, the O—ls, and the C—ks, it was clandestinely betrayed by the opposition members of the house. Those for the places which they possessed, these for the places which they wanted, were unanimous in tearing to pieces unfortunate Ireland, which lay between them as a common prey.

This rapacity was no more than what was to be expected from those experienced vultures, who had from their infancy been nursed with the bowels of the island; but to think that the patriotic natives themselves should abandon the cause of liberty, list under the castle standard, repair to the drum-head of despotism, and accept of lucrative contracts, and bounty-money, to become the active or the passive machine of a government, determined on the political annihilation of the whole community, was to Henry so abominable an outrage on the national character of the

Irish, that he turned with averted eyes from the passing scene, and explored the page of history, to discover what the people had been, before he would dare to determine what they then actually were. For, in short, the more he attended to the nature and interests of Ireland, the more confounded he became, and was at one time so confused in his notions, as to write to his father to the following ludicrous effect:

“ In reading our books of geography, and also in looking into different maps, I find that in all of them there is put a country called Ireland. I am certain that I have not made any misnomers, nor wrongly spelt the words: and therefore I am the more surprized at the universality of the error, as I can prove from those very books themselves, that no such country exists on the face of the globe as the one they describe.

“ In proof of this, I beg to observe, that this country, called Ireland, is, in all these



books, uniformly said to be governed by king, lords, and commons. Had it been said, that the country was governed by one minister, and two-thirds of a house of commons, I should have deemed it a decisive proof of the existence of such a country. It is further said, that this Ireland is a free nation: that it elects representatives to parliament. Was this true, I should believe the geographical works to be correct: but, surely, where such representatives are returned by noblemen, not by the people, no proof of its existence can be drawn from such an absurd statement. And as to the freedom of the nation so called, it is entirely fanciful. The man who is bold enough to affirm any such thing, is branded as an incendiary, an enemy to good government. In this all the wise and respectable part of the nation uniformly agree, and sometimes even decline the society of a person who is disposed to be free in his language and opinions. The higher order rejoice in the

name of slaves, and conceive it a great distinction to have no opinion of their own, and to be entirely obsequious to the minister or secretary of the king's lieutenant. Further, in a free nation the taxes and offices are bestowed for the service of the nation; but how can this statement be any proof of the existence of this country called Ireland, when all the places, &c. are merely lucrative provisions for the younger children of the Great; when they only dispose of them *pro arbitrio*, it would surely be ridiculous to say, that this is a free nation, since all the places are absolutely and *bona fide* the property of the Great as much as their estates.

“I certainly should feel excessively happy were it possible to demonstrate, that there is such a place as Ireland, and such people as Irishmen. But when we read such accounts of this pretended place and inhabitants, such as they are a generous, open-minded, sensible nation, I must own it is utterly inapplicable to the place so called.

For, in the first place, how can any generosity exist in a government who persecute even for political and religious opinions, and how can they be noble-minded, when, to a man of them, they would cheat their own country by a contract to the utmost possible extent? Or how can they be sensible, who are always making rods for their own back, by selling even their votes, which, if uninfluenced, would be the very palladium of their liberties."

Such were Henry's fanciful communications to his father on this political absurdity, but how was his sorrow aggravated, though at the same time his vanity flattered, when he found that the British government concurred so entirely in his opinion of the error of the geographics and charts, that they determined to annihilate the country altogether, and to make it a question for posterity, whether the place described as Ireland was not the Juan Fernandez of Robinson Crusoe, or l'Isle Fortunée of Don Pedre de Veraguaz. As

so extraordinary a circumstance does hardly exist in the vicissitude of human affairs, and as it is also connected with the fortunes of Henry, I shall here give his account of the manner in which it was effected in a very few words: instead of his account, I should say his anticipation, for what I shall now offer is an exact extract from a sermon which he preached before the lord-lieutenant, and the other members of the legislature, and which he delivered for the distinct purpose of saving the government from the disgrace and ruin in which they were about to involve both the country and themselves. After passing through a variety of religious and moral disquisitions, he observed:

“ From nature the people possess the right of expressing their sentiments, and maintaining their liberty by every possible means, and entirely independent of any civil code. And to defend the constitution, which the people has chosen as the instrument of happiness, if necessary,

by force, is a sacred duty imposed on them also by nature; but, as a prior duty, to defend the constitution by the way of peace rather than by the sword: and this duty does the same constitution anxiously inculcate, in the various means which it provides for the free expression of the public will. Is not the government then aware, that they are calling upon the people of Ireland to feel the nature of these united obligations? When the constitution summons the people to its defence, is the government to be told from the pulpit, that by every principle of reason, of interest, and of glory, the people are bound to obey the call.

“That the necessity for such a summons may exist the conduct of the administration forbids us to doubt. If, for instance, a time should arrive, when a part of the government of Ireland, forgetting the right by which the government exists; and the ends for which it was created, forgetting that it exists by the people, and

for their use, should attempt the subversion of the constitution, to which the government itself is but ministerial, while both are but ministerial to the happiness of the people, and while both can by the people alone be rightly destroyed—if it should attempt this subversion by means the most diabolical and foul; if it should artfully promote religious feuds among the people, in order to make the animosity of contending sects subservient to a remote and deep-laid scheme of common subjugation; if it should, with the same infernal policy, instigate a starved and tortured peasantry to rebellion against the state, in order at once to terrify the titled and the rich, and to have a pretence for thinning the population of the land; if, in quelling that rebellion, it should exercise cruelties unparalleled in the annals of fanaticism; if it should make the gentry of the country instruments of torture, in order to fix in the mind of the poor a deep and lasting rancour against the higher ranks in

society; if it should afterwards hold out to the mangled peasantry a hollow and treacherous peace, to conceal, under the mask of mercy, the demon of perdition; if it should, by every insidious artifice, by addressing itself to pride, avarice, and fear, to all the malignant and sordid passions of the human breast, goad on the parliament to the enacting of sanguinary laws, in order to excite the terror and abhorrence of the people, that feeling the existence of parliament a curse, the people might seek relief in its annihilation; if it should with unequalled insolence and effrontery publish and boast of its crimes, and unfeelingly urge them as arguments for destroying the constitution; if, finding all these means unsuccessful, its detestable arts exposed and defeated, one portion of the people restored from fanaticism to the empire of reason and humanity, the rest willing to forget the instruments in the instigation of their sufferings; if, finding itself thus baffled, it should change its me-

thod of attack, if it should assail the constitution by parliament, and the parliament by corruption; if this corruption should become unmeasured, open, and avowed; if this corruption should succeed, and the parliament should be ready to destroy the constitution; if nothing could arrest this most impudent and infamous traffic of the rights, independence, and glory of the island, but the united voices of the people, the universal protest of the nation against the act of its eternal subjection; if nothing but this, or a revolution, could rescue Ireland from the grave; if Irishman, feeling the inevitable alternative, should wisely resolve to try first the way of peace, and endeavour to appeal, by the public voice, this vile portion of the government, thus wickedly and arrogantly assailing the constitution; if such a time as this should arrive, government of Ireland, could you expect therefore to see the dissolution of the body politic without a convulsive struggle and national



groan? The government should know, that government is a mere machine, to which the people has ordained its laws of action, without an iota of power beyond the laws prescribed. It is monstrous to maintain that the government can change the constitution. It is speculative tyranny, a mental usurpation of the rights of the people. The government change the constitution!! By force or by fraud it may—by right it never can. Such an act instantly dissolves its own constitutional existence; it cannot rightfully subsist a moment longer, and is a crime of so heinous a nature, that I, as a lover of liberty and of peace, must solemnly protest against its commission, in a country where I am sent to inculcate, not only religious wisdom, but moral and political virtue.”

This portion of Henry's discourse made too visible an impression on the minds of the congregation to escape the attention of the government: and it was the more irritated, because it discovered that the gallant spirit, the disinterested zeal of this

young adventurer, were soon echoed throughout the country, and that several, not content with pronouncing his panegyric, were resolved to follow his example, and to express their sentiments without consulting the temper of the castle. When this accomplished Englishman declared himself the champion of the Irish people, the world was busy in enquiring what honours or dignities could be a sufficient recompence to a young man of his family and profession, for submitting to mark his entrance into Ireland with the universal enmity and detestation of the government. For it should be known, that the government influenced the clergy, and prevailed on them to prepare the necks of the devoted people for the detestable yoke of the meditated union. But Henry both rejected their offers, and set their threats at defiance: and yet, such is the domination of virtue and talent over vice and oppression, that the secretary dreaded his power, and was known to declare, “ I protest there is in this young man’s conduct a strain of in-

dependence, which, for its singularity, I cannot but admire. He has discovered a new line in the clerical character; he has exalted even the name of Percy, but his eloquence and principles form a host against government; I must write to him, and compel him to alter his tone." And he did write to Henry in the following terms:—

“SIR,—That a person of your family, in your situation, ought to be above dependence, and ready on all occasions to speak his sentiments freely, is what every man must grant; but that, forgetting your own station, and losing all sense of places, and all respect to persons, you should go about opposing the views of his majesty’s servants, is unbecoming, and what the government of this country cannot permit. You must therefore see an advantage and propriety in assisting those views, or of being silent on that head, &c. &c.

“L——s.”

own poison, how can it otherwise happen but your debates must be corrupted, your councils ineffectual, your reputation blasted, and disgrace accumulated upon disgrace, whilst those illustrious parasites flourish and prosper by their country's ruin!

“Observe, I beseech you, how different this conduct is from that of your ancestors; I shall be short, and alledge no instance but what is notorious; to induce you to be patriotic and wise, there will be no need of foreign examples; the domestic will be sufficient.

“Your ancestors knew well the value of unanimous consultations, resolutions, and perseverance; they were attentive to their honor, at the same time that they were tender of their interest; they had no sudden flights, nor wished, for the sake of change, to pursue measures that were unconstitutional, unprecedented, or of which, in the nature of things, it was impossible they could be competent judges. Ever

diligent to promote their prosperity at home, they were ever ready to maintain their rights and privileges from foreign invasion; the good and the wise disdained all principles but such as were good and wise, and all distinctions but that of patriots; not the nominal, but the evident, the practical distinction.

“ This their enemies felt, and this their enemies acknowledged; this was their public merit; and when we consider their private merit, how worthy shall we find them of imitation. They were no friends to the luxuries of life; no such stain is to be met with in their patriotism, as waiving the national concerns for the splendor of life. Your ancestors would have shuddered at the sacrilege, for their moments were sacred to their own country's service; they meddled not in government to enrich themselves, but the public; nor knew any interest but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of the country, by an exemplary piety, by a

own poison, how can it otherwise happen but your debates must be corrupted, your councils ineffectual, your reputation blasted, and disgrace accumulated upon disgrace, whilst those illustrious parasites flourish and prosper by their country's ruin!

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strict faith, and religious honesty between man and man, and a moderation always uniform, and of a piece, they established that reputation whose remains you possess to this day, and which ought to have lasted entire to the latest posterity.

“ Such were your ancestors, so glorious in the eye of the world, so bountiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, and so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find in the present generation of those great men? How much unlike! What a provoking reflection! But though much might be said, I shall observe only this. At a time when your ancestors had left the way open before you; at the time that your sovereign might have received the happiest impressions; at a time when all party feuds were lost, and the very distinction sinking into oblivion, instead of uniting the powerful, that is, the honest and the wise against the weak, that is, the little-minded and the vicious; instead of remaining firm, and by



perseverance compelling your enemies, the enemies of Ireland and of virtue, to fly, and forcing fair truth upon the royal, and then unprejudiced optics, you meanly give ground, leave the important cause, in which you are now feebly clamorous, to perish, and lay the foundation of every succeeding calamity. Yes, I repeat it, you yourselves are occasioning your own ruin. Lives there a man that has confidence to deny it? Let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause for the declining prosperity, fatal confusions, and approaching disgrace and ruin of the country.

“ But you reply, “ What Ireland has lost in reputation she has gained in splendor. Was there ever such an appearance of taste in our buildings? Was there ever more improvement in our manners? And is not the city greatly enlarged? Are not the streets better paved? The houses repaired and beautified?” Away! away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with coun-

ters? New pavements, enlarged gates, or elegant squares; are these acquisitions to brag of? Cast your eyes on the magistrates under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creatures, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts been taken from herding with gamblers and jockies? I value not their fortunes; a knave is a knave whatever his rank may be. And how have the finances of these blessed minions been increased, while the unfortunate people of Ireland have been ruined and impoverished?

## CHAP. XXXVIII.

The moral, religious, and political disorders of Ireland attributed to their proper cause--Henry preaches against the venality of the parliament, and opposes the characters of several dead senators against the miserable offspring of the day--Malone, Lord Percy, Mr. Brownlow, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Flood, Mr. Burgh, Mr. Daley, Mr. Forbes, Lord Charlemont, and the magnanimous and patriotic Swift.

“TO what are we to impute these moral, religious, and political disorders? And to what cause assign the decay of an island so powerful and so flourishing in past times? The reason is plain: the servant is now become the master. The magistrate was subservient to the people; punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honors, dignities, and preferments, were disposed of by the voice and by the favor of the people. But what are

that people now? What their suffrages, their liberties, their rights, or their privileges? All, all are lost. The magistrate has, by your desertion of yourselves, usurped your right, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. The miserable people, the mean while, without money, without friend, the supports of power, from being the ruler are become the servant, from being the master the dependant. Happy those governors into whose hands they have thus resigned their power, are so good, are so gracious, as to amuse them with mock elections, till tired of the farce of state, they kick the country itself into dust.

“And yet who dare deny that the freedom of voice is the very essence of the constitution? Had you not retreated, could your enemies have advanced? Had you not ceased to watch what you fancy is your darling object, could it ever have been infringed? Did you not know, that the little, sly, slow reptiles, were at work?

Did you not perceive that they meant to *tire* you into concessions? And were you not aware, that you would at last be rendered as thankful, well pleased, and acknowledging, as if these creatures of your making were your real benefactors; as if the obligation of breathing the free air was derived from their country; and as if they had not extracted their power from your folly. It is by means of your idle hopes, your groundless fears, that these imposers have, by little and little, worked themselves into arbitrary power, undermined your liberties, and prepared you for slavery. Neither is it in nature, that from men of vicious and selfish principles any generous or noble design can be expected. There can be no better rule to judge of a man than by his ordinary occupations and common course of life.

“ I should not be surprized if I incurred your displeasure by my frankness; nor if, by seeking to open your eyes, I should be treated more like an enemy than those

who blind and abuse you. But I have been called upon to deliver in this place a political sermon, and I shall execute that duty at least with a spirit of truth. I know; very well, notwithstanding; that you are seldom in humour to suffer bold truth; but believe me, as I have already observed, if even now you would effectually recover from your lethargy, and assume the spirit of your fathers; if you would be your own friends, and your own counselors, separating the honest from the dishonest, and calling the former, however recently distinguished, your brother; the latter an alien; if you would, with mild submission, and the arguments of reason, the evidences of truth, make your way to the throne; if you would charge yourselves with what you now entrust to your enemies, the world would once more behold you making a figure worthy of your country; but unanimity must be the ground of every thing, the unanimity of the just and the judicious.

“ But you are to be told, and that to your very face, and within these very walls, that Ireland is incapable of self-government, and that she possesses no inhabitants competent to the conduct of her affairs. I do not hesitate to pronounce this to be the most audacious, profligate, and libellous charge which ever disgraced the tyranny of a government, or insulted the feelings of a nation. A bad head, and a bad heart, must have concurred to compose it, and the most unblushing and unfeeling effrontery alone can be equal to the publication of it. I rely upon the remaining wisdom and spirit of this parliament, not to suffer this charge to escape with impunity, and I trust one of the first motions made may be, ‘ That his Majesty’s attorney-general be ordered to prosecute the infamous and licentious libeller of the whole body of the Irish people.’

“ It would look like flattery to direct the intended libeller to the list of distinguished characters of the day, but he shall follow

me through the graves of many honourable dead men; and I beg to raise up their tombstones, as the libeller throws them down; you will feel it more instructive to converse with their ashes, than with his monstrous and unnatural charges against the country which gave them birth.

“ Mr. Malone, one of the characters of 1753, was a man of the finest intellect that any country ever produced.” ‘ The three ablest men I have ever heard, were Lord Chatham, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Malone. For a popular assembly I would chuse Lord Chatham; for a privy-council, Murray; for twelve wise men, Malone.’— “ This was the opinion of Lord Sackville. And ‘ he is a great sea in a calm,’ said Mr. Hamilton, another great judge of men and talents:—‘ Aye,’ it was replied, ‘ but had you seen him when he was young, you would have said he was a great sea in a storm;’ and, like the sea, whether in a calm or storm, he was a great production of nature.



“ Lord Percy, he is not yet canonized by death ; but he, like the rest of your great men, has been canonized by slander. He was more or less a party in all those measures which the secretary condemns ; and, indeed, in every great statute and measure that took place in Ireland for the last fifty years ; a man of the most legislative capacity ever known, and the most comprehensive reach of understanding ever seen ; with a deep engraven impression of public care, accompanied by a temper which was tranquillity itself, and a personal firmness that was adamant ; in his train, is every private virtue that can adorn human nature.

“ Mr. Brownlow, Sir William Osborne, I wish you had more of these criminals ; the former seconded the celebrated Addresses of 1782 ; and in the latter, and in both, there was a station of mind that would have become the proudest senate in Europe.

“ Mr. Flood, the rival of Mr. Grattan,

and he should be unworthy the character of his rival, if in his grave he did not do him justice; he had his faults; but he had great powers; great public effect; he persuaded the old, he inspired the young; the Castle, and all its pageantry, vanished before him. On a small subject he was miserable; put into his hand a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of Jupiter. He misjudged when he transferred himself to the English Parliament; he forgot that he was a tree of the frost, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty; and his seat in the British Parliament is a caution to the advocates of Union to stay at home, and make the country of their birth the seat of their action.

“ Mr. Burgh, another great person in those scenes, which it is not in the libellous tongue of your calumniator to depreciate. He was a man singularly gifted—with great talent; great variety; wit,

oratory, and logic;—it may be said, he, too, had his weakness;—but he had the pride of genius also; and strove to raise his country along with himself; and never sought to build his elevation upon the degradation of Ireland.—You may remember, Mr. Grattan moved an Amendment for a free export, Mr. Burgh moved a better Amendment, and he lost his place. Mr. Grattan moved a declaration of right; ‘With my last breath will I support the right of the Irish Parliament,’ was his note to Mr. Grattan, when he applied to him for his support. By this conduct he lost the chance of recovering his place, and his way to the seals, for which he might have bartered.—The gates of promotion were shut upon him, as those of glory opened.

“Mr. Daly, the beloved friend of Mr. Grattan; he, in a great measure, drew the Addresses of 1779 in favour of your trade; that ‘ungracious measure:’ and he saw, read, and approved of the Address of 1782, in favour of the Constitu-

tion ; that address of ‘ separation.’ He visited Mr. Grattan in his illness, and Mr. Grattan had communications on those important subjects, with that man whose powers of oratory were next to perfection ; and whose powers of understanding, I might say, from what has lately happened, bordered on the spirit of prophecy.

“ Mr. Forbes, a name you should ever regard, and a death you should ever deplore. Enlightened, sensible, laborious, and useful ; proud in poverty, and patriotic, he preferred exile to apostacy, and met his death. I speak of the dead, I say nothing of the living, but that I attribute to this constellation of men, in a great measure, the privileges of your country ; and I attribute such a generation of men to the residence of this your Parliament.

“ The Ministers of the Crown, who, in these times, did the King’s business, were respectable and able men ; they supported sometimes acts of power, but they ne-

ver, by any shocking declaration, outraged the Constitution; they adjusted themselves to the idea of liberty, even when they might have offended against the principle, and always kept on terms of decency with the people and their privileges; least of all did they indulge in a termagant vulgarity, debasing, to a plebeian level, Courts and Senates, and mortgaging Irish infancy on a speculation of British promotion.

“ In the list of injured characters, I beg leave to say a few words for the good and gracious Earl of Charlemont; an attack not only on his measures, but on his representative, by your Libeller, makes his vindication seasonable.—Formed to unite aristocracy and the people with the manners of a Court, and the principles of a patriot; with the flame of liberty, and the love of order; unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom, a veneration for order; and cast on the crowd

that followed him, the gracious shade of his own accomplishments: so that the very rabble grew civilized, as it approached his person. For years did he preside over a great army, without pay or reward; and he helped to accomplish a great revolution, without a drop of blood.

“Let slaves utter their slander, and bark at glory that is conferred by the people; his name will stand:—and when their clay shall be gathered to the dirt, to which they belong, his monument, whether in marble, or in the hearts of his countrymen, shall be consulted as a subject of sorrow, and a source of virtue. Should the author of his calumnies pray, he could not ask for his son, a greater blessing, than to resemble the good Earl of Charlemont; nor could that son repay that blessing by any act of gratitude more filial, than by committing to the flames all the records of his father’s calumnies.

“ I have attempted to vindicate your

dead legislators only. The list of other great men, who made Ireland tenacious of her rights and proud of her understanding, I must pass over—with one proud exception. On the gloom of 1700, a luminary rose, and Ireland worshipped it with Persian idolatry: her true patriot—her first, almost her last friend. Sagacious and intrepid, he saw, he dared;—above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved; above rivalry, he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic; remedial for the present, warning for the future: he first taught Ireland that she might become a nation; and England, that she might cease to be a despot. But he was a churchman. His gown impeded his course, and entangled his efforts:—guiding a senate, or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England: as it was, he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned

her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame. His mission was of but ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government; but, though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence, like his writings, has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity you have since erected, are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of SWIFT!

“Excuse this digression; perhaps digression it should not be called; justice to the dead—it is example to the living. It is the debt we owe, and the precept we should inculcate. When you emulate those men, your country will be redeemed. And why do I state these things?—I state these facts, because it is my first duty to oppose your slanderers, to defend your country from clamour, to restore her from calumny, and to restore from oblivion the decaying evidences of her



glory. As a Minister of the Gospel, it is my first duty to tell the slanderers of your Constitution to retire to their closets, and to ask pardon of God for what they have said and written against their country !”

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Strictures on the women of Ireland—contrast between an English and an Irish wife—reasons why the Irish gentlemen prefer the ladies of England—character of Letterinda, a proper Irish slattern—the conduct, manners, and domestic habits of the Irish reprobated, and those of the English set up for imitation and praise—Henry visits a friend, whose wife is more filthy than a squaw of Nootka Sound.

FROM what I have observed of the clerical and political conduct of Henry, the reader may form some idea of the high estimation in which he was held by the men; and, although I have been silent on the subject, it may be equally well understood, that he enjoyed the greatest favour, and highest commendations amongst the women.

As the graces combine to enrich the Irish women with every beauty capable of charming the eye of man, it cannot be

a subject of surprize, that they make a ready conquest over the hearts of their English visitors, and that they sometimes get intermarried with them. Having made use of the word "sometimes," I must observe, that, notwithstanding the extent of their personal charms, and the sudden dominion they possess over the passions, it is only "sometimes," that the Irish ladies make permanent conquests of the English, or that they gain them as admirers for life; and the reason is, that an Englishman is seldom so unwary as to marry from a street or a ball-room impression, but prefers to make up his mind for so important an undertaking from the opinion he has an opportunity of forming of the domestic virtues of his intended wife.— And as the hospitality of the Irish affords the most unbounded range for this kind of observation, the sudden admirer is allowed leisure to form a chain of contrasts, and to examine till his love cools, or his reason rebels. In visiting an English lady,

—he finds nothing can be more decent than her apartments ; her whole house from the cellar to the stairs, from the kitchen to the closet, are so many varied scenes of finished neatness ; not the meanest piece of furniture owes its situation to the hand of chance ; every table has its proper post ; every picture its fellow ; there is not a chair a hair's-breadth from its place ; not a carpet but what is mathematically spread ; and such an orderly œconomy in the conduct of every person, and in the distribution of every particular thing, that the entire establishment assumes the appearance of a little Commonwealth, where peace, comfort, and decorum have taken up their abode. And the lady of the house herself, the English wife!—he finds her charming, lovely, making the husband eternally bless himself for the happiness of his choice. In her person is all beauty, softness, ease, and delicacy. And then she is good beyond what fancy can conceit of woman, and wise enough to

copy from her husband such accomplishments as may be moulded into female virtues: yet her virtue neither renders her formal nor censoring; and her wisdom but serves to make her easily reserved, and modestly free. Her only pride is to enrich her mind with such useful knowledge as may complete her a perfect mother, wife, and friend. Without the ambition to appear learned, she can make herself an agreeable companion to her husband, and all who converse with her. But her chief care is to please and be useful to that husband; to nurse his children, to educate them in virtue, and to instil into them, by her precepts and example, an early aversion to vice, folly, idleness, and trifling. And her next pride is, the œconomy and government of her family; in which, with suitable subordination to her husband, she is absolute mistress without being imperious, frugal without meanness, hospitable without prodigality, and neat, to a degree, without affectation. She can manage her

domestic affairs without neglecting the service of her friends. Ever assiduous to please, she has the air of doing it without making obligation a burden. The poor, the sick, and the distressed, all look upon her as a common mother; and that truly christian piety, which gives life to all she does or thinks, inspires her with means to assist them all, which she does without the least exterior ostentation or inward vanity. The visitor is delighted, and concludes, that if he could marry the daughter of such a woman, he should be blessed with a wife deficient in no one commendable quality, and who would be respectful to those above her, courteous to her equals, affable to her dependants, and beneficent to all: reigning the object of just admiration, respect, and esteem in every heart, and making the partner of her days exultingly exclaim, What a friend! what a wife! what a mother!

Well! but it is not his fortune to obtain such a woman: business calls him to Ire-

land, and he there sees a lovely being, whom nature fashioned as if for the express purpose of shewing how far the charms of ocular perfection can be carried. He becomes enamoured, discovers her name, obtains an introduction, and after the ordinary formalities, gets an invitation to tea. But a moment's patience, and the all-divulging tea-table, sets his passion at rest, or throws him into the confusion of the qualms. An insufferable troop of ill-trained brats are called in to expose their want of manners, and puts him to the trial. Pretty miss must throw his hat about; Master Jacky must put his hands in his pockets; Billy must have a sup out of a dish, and when Harry is the mother's favorite, for never doing what his father bids him, offered to wipe his greasy fingers on his coat, he must suffer him to do so, or be thought a peevish old bachelor who was not accustomed to children.

Never did he behold such a scene! the children sure never to be corrected; but

when they behaved well, were incessantly rude and unruly; and the servants, who knew they would never be thought to do any thing right, were always doing wrong, with as sedate a confusion as the workmen of Babel. If he called for a tea-spoon, they hustled together, and wrangled with each other to know what he wanted; and if he had a mind for sugar, he found he had better call for the milk-pot. As for Litterinda, the daughter, whom he so much admired, he was astonished to behold her with incredible calmness witness all this disorder, and see the house in a dirty state of confusion, when a little attention on her part might set it all to rights. But this attention would ill become the fortune she is to have, and the figure she affects. She has been too genteelly bred to be able to give any directions towards the vulgar arrangement of domestic affairs, and too indolently brought up even to exercise the common industry of mending her own raiment. Carelessly



sluttish, she could form no idea of English neatness, and would sooner coax the holes of her stockings into her shoes, than sit down for half an hour to repair them. The lightning of love which originally kindled up in the Englishman's eyes, at length changed its character, and looked portentous of a storm; and the fear of its breaking out made him hasten his departure, and determined never more to see his once lovely Litterinda; but this resolution he was compelled, from a sense of generosity, to break; for his maintaining it would be an offence to the hospitable father; who, meeting him one day disengaged, insisted on his company to dinner. He complied, and the mistress of the house being from home, the generous father desired his daughter to add another dish to the table, because the English gentleman had promised to dine with him. Litterinda did exactly as she was ordered; and the father, and the gentleman, and Jackey, and Harry, Billy, Viny, and Lit-

terinda, sat down to the solid satisfaction of two boiled legs of mutton and turnips to feed on at the first course.

This was too much for the Englishman. "I dare not marry this woman," said he: "for the very economy of a table she is totally ignorant of. She will, all her life, be forced to depend upon the direction of servants: and if her housekeeper should desert her, she must be as much puzzled to order a dinner, as a blind woman is to find her way without a guide. What a lucky accident brought me acquainted with her domestic imperfections. Two boiled legs of mutton! Oh! 'tis horrible! most horrible!" In this manner did he break off, and never more return to the otherwise hospitable house. Litterinda was as much astonished as the family was perplexed; for, notwithstanding the number of authors who have favoured the world with Irish characteristics, Irish manners, and Irish bulls, no writer has ever yet had the honesty or the intelli-

gence to open their eyes to their real defects, and to prove why an Englishman, who reflects, shudders at the idea of an Irish wife. Nor is this apprehension confined to the breasts of Englishmen. The very Irish gentlemen themselves, who are acquainted with the domestic qualities of the English ladies, consider it a fortunate circumstance to get married to an amiable Englishwoman, even without a shilling to her fortune; whereas they dare not marry a woman at home unless she had several thousand pounds, from a certainty that the poorest of the female natives have that consummate indolence, that ignorant pride, and that inordinate extravagance, which are so admirably adapted for hurrying their unfortunate husbands into the jaws of insolvency, and bringing down beggary and ruin upon the whole illustrious tribe. I also am particular in mentioning these things, because they made a considerable impression upon the mind of Henry, who, at first, was extremely attached to the in-

terests of the Irish ladies. But when he contrasted their manners and habits with the principles and conduct of his well-remembered Clara, and his own fair countrywomen, he felt his heart fail, and his bosom revolt, immediately after he paid the involuntary tribute of admiration which personal beauty is so incomparably calculated to excite. “ It is with the Irish ladies,” Henry used to say, “ as it is in nature—the brightest colours are always found blended with the shades of frailty ; and I lament that a strict and impartial justice requires me to confess that those shades are rather deeper in the composition of their portraiture. Their eloquence is nervous, yet polished ; their wit, prompt and fine ; their humour delightful, and their satire cutting. Their heart is penetrated with the love of virtue, and they are possessed at all times with the noblest feelings. I admire the capacity of their minds, for their conversation is such as speaks its fountain to be genius,

nor am I insensible to the other unnumbered charms of their brilliant fancy; but, they do not perceive the beauties of a domestic life, and that the primary virtue of a woman is to promote the happiness of man; and though this is a duty the Irish ladies frequently wish to perform, it is always with a proviso that it does not interfere with their love of rambling by day, and the dissipations and fashionable bagatelle amusement of the night. There never was a stronger proof of the imperfections of human nature; this moment, elegant, amiable, and wise; the next, capricious, vulgar, and absurd. If their minds could be wholly bent to the advancement of their family interests, they would be more than women; and were it not that there is such an alloy in their temperament, they would even now make Englishmen blush for inferiority of character, and force Englishwomen to tremble in fear of the dazzled lustre of such consummate beauty of person and transient blazon of mind."

But the shade of frailty which Henry had to condemn and reprobate the most was the astonishing rapidity with which an Irish lady degenerates when married to an Englishman of too much principle and sensibility to “ whip her about the house,” and compel her to attend to the economy of domestic affairs. An old fellow-student of Henry’s, a poor curate in fact, married a Dublin lady of this description. He could do no other than invite Henry to breakfast ; and yet his invitation was so faint that Henry might have esteemed it equivocal, had he not a high opinion of the integrity and worth of his friend. On his first visit he discovered what the curate would willingly have concealed. The house was a mere charnel-house. The servant too busy in helping the mistress to litter the rooms ever to be clean herself : neither was it fit she should disgrace her mistress by being less dirty than what she was.

The dirty disorder of the room Henry

was introduced into, offended him less than the appearance of the family poisoned him. It is true, he was forced to stand for some time, every chair in the place being taken up with some greasy heap; one with foul plates; another with the lady's stays; and the rest with miscellaneous dirt, which he had neither talent nor disposition to understand. At length, however, he was helped to a chair; and a dish of insipid coffee from a *silver* tea-tray, placed on a large table near his old friend; and jumbled together with a mangled bone of beef, a woman's dirty night-cap, a comb-brush, an old stocking, and a child's urinal. The conversation he was entertained with was of a piece with the persons who held it. It was an argument between the lady and her husband, who would fain have persuaded her, that a clean breakfast-cloth a week could not prejudice her health or her income. But with all her meekness, she had been put out of temper, if "mamma's own

daughter" had not taken up the argument, and insisted that the trouble was needless, when the dirty did just as well as the clean. It must be thought Henry could not be fond of staying during such disorderly jokes of a house: accordingly, he took leave of his poor friend, who pressed his hand with a sentiment that said, "Alas, Percy, you take leave never, I fear, to return here again." Henry did not return again, and the good curate followed his example not long after: he died in about two months, and was sent to rot in a decent tomb, after having lived many years buried in a disorderly sink of sluttery. However, Henry was informed, that in a little space after this happy event, that this lady had put her children in a terrible fright, by turning cleanly at last. They were under dreadful apprehensions of her marrying again; and not without some reason, for she washed her hands and face twice a-week since her husband's death, had the dining-room swept out, and had



shifted herself no less than three times in one fortnight. Ha, ha! what, and is no lesson conveyed in the conduct of this widow to her fair countrywomen? Undoubtedly there is, but they all know that cleanliness and industry are the best lures for obtaining a good husband, as well as that dirt and indolence are the most certain means to generate a bad one. This reminds me of an expression of a very coarse and vulgar nature I have made use of, in saying, “ whip her about the house.” It cannot be denied, this charge operates against the gallantry and sentiment of Irishmen. “ But what are we to do,” say they, “ if nothing will give us cleanliness, comfort, and regularity, but *strokes of a stick*; are we not justified in the exercise of it? If nothing will confine our wives to home, and bend their minds to the wants of their family, and to the numerous cares of their domestic concerns, but the terror of the whip, are we not to lay it on, and obtain from violence what is not to be pur-

chased by the rewards of generosity, or the solicitation of prayers." Such were the arguments of those gentlemen whom Henry condemned for brutality to their wives, and although he condemned the arguments, and reprobated the act, the cruel and cowardly act of raising even the naked hand against a woman, yet was he strangely perplexed when it was demanded of him—"what he would do with a wife who was so dogged as to neglect every duty of civil life without she got a *hiding* some two or three times a month."

But it really is a matter of astonishment that the ladies of Ireland, for whom nature has done every thing in so prodigal a manner, should neglect to do any thing whatever for themselves: and if they are too high-minded to be improved by chastisement, why, in the name of goodness, will they not be corrected by example? Example offers them instruction in every possible form. They find that Englishmen esteem them as mistresses, al-

though they detest them as wives ; and they find that their countrymen will marry English women of inferior beauty and property, in preference to them, however gifted in graces of person and extent of pecuniary means. A striking instance of a preference of this nature operated immediately before Henry's eyes. Two young ladies from Swansea came on a visit to Mr. Williams, of the Black-rock. They were far from being beauties, and had no fortune, no expectations, no influence whatever, through the medium of friends. Their only distinguishing feature was that exquisite degree of outward cleanliness which is taken by every person as a proof of inward neatness, and as a convincing indication of a heart free from vice, and a mind under no confusion or wanderings of thought. One of those young ladies was married extremely well after a few weeks' residence in Dublin, and the hand of the other was frequently and importunately solicited ; but she preferred

a life of single blessedness, and returned to superintend her father's family in South Wales. Now, if the Irish ladies would ask this simple question: "From whence comes it, that these poor and dwarfish exotics are taken to the bosoms of our men; while we, the luxuriant blossoms of the country, are suffered to wither on the virgin thorn, and are passed by as the neglected offspring of the shade?"—Let them but ask themselves this question, and they will find the answer in these pages, if they will look for it in the examples that are every day passing before their eyes; if they will not see it in the fact, that Ireland is a more ready market for an English lady than the East Indies. For in the East they require beauty, whereas it is notoriously known, that an Englishwoman can get married in Dublin without any commendation, but what arises from a conviction of her neatness and industry; and of her pious and orderly disposition of mind. Here is, exactly, the calcula-

tion of a prudent Irishman : if I marry a woman of beauty and fortune at home, I shall have to keep a carriage to send her abroad to be stared at; I shall have to see her hands every hour the prey of whoever thinks fit to seize them, to hear the charms of her wit displayed to every ear, and those of her bosom to every eye; to see her every day dressed for plays and assemblies, attract admirers, and listen to the pert adulation of every coxcomb that thinks fit to approach her; while I, to maintain her in this prodigal vanity, distress my tenants, rob my tradesmen, and allow my children to languish in neglect, and my house to be a disgrace to my family. Whereas, had I married an Englishwoman, without a groat, my fortune would daily encrease, my children would improve in knowledge and virtue, and my house improve in comfort and taste. There is not a secret of domestic management unknown to such a woman. She can metamorphose a leg of mutton to a haunch of

venison, make the lark transmigrate to an ortolan, and transform hog's flesh into Westphalia ham. She is perfectly acquainted with the mystery of making butter and cheese, jellies, conserves, sweetmeats, cordials, and what not. Gardening she is quite learned in, and at the needle she is perfect mistress. She is even a good accomptant too; and, instead of sinking my property, and embarrassing my affairs, she would restore them to order, and, above all, would never set her foot into a carriage, if it caused a single tradesman to go unpaid from my door."

But I must here revert to my subject, and shew, that it was neither the frailties of the Irish women, nor Henry's attachment to Clara, that hindered him from attending to them more than what he really did. His heart was engrossed with other concerns; his whole mind was occupied with the real interests of Ireland; and as he found that the venal clergy were instructed to preach against those interests,

he resolved to oppose their slavish doctrines, and to propagate his opinions from every pulpit to which he had access. This determination, therefore, withdrew him considerably from all female intercourse, and absorbed his faculties to such a degree, that he again attracted the attention of the Castle, but more particularly by the following discourse, which I confine to a chapter distinct of itself.

## CHAP. XL.

Strictures on the rebellion—Character of the Irish people—Henry deploras their sufferings—Declains against the Union—Appeals to the feelings and principles of England—Offends the Irish Government, and gets turned out of his post—Alas! poor Ireland!!!

I WILL not wade through the blood of a continued rebellion and intermittent massacre, nor through recriminations nearly as odious, and retaliations quite as bloody. I shall say nothing of the king's deputies, and the deputies of the deputies; I shall not say that they were strangers and soldiers, needy and tyrannical; their duty, conquest; their reward, plunder; their residence, an encampment; their administration, a campaign. Nor shall I say, prized should the land be, every foot of which has been fought; and fertile the country, manured by the indiscriminate



slaughter of her sons and her step-sons ! Suffice it to say, that the riotous discontent of the half-subdued soon drew down the suspicious severity of the half-established, and the subjugation of the former effected by degrees the degradation of both. A supremacy more complete than she dared to claim as a right, England now endeavoured to establish by *Union*—a courteous name for profligacy on one side, and prostitution on the other ! This is what Henry apprehended from the rebellion which he saw instigated—and he was correct. Hence a degraded population, a hireling aristocracy, a corrupt government ; hence the low intrigues, the meanness, and misery, of the present generation of Irish. But why do I waste my own opinions ? The reader will surely be better pleased with those which Henry actually delivered in the most numerous and illustrious assembly that ever filled St. Patrick's Church. After his official preamble, he emphatically said—

“ It is at length deemed expedient to extinguish the Irish constitution, and to abolish the legislative independence of this kingdom, immediately, totally, and for ever! I do think, that every Irishman, without regard to his rank and significance in life; without regard to a difference in the colours of party, or the rites of religion, who worships the same God, and is born and bred in the same land, is summoned, at this extremity, not merely by honour or interest, but by the urgency of self-preservation; not merely by motives of personal or social duty, but by the sacred responsibility you are under to posterity, which, although not to be bound by your bondage, will suffer, for a time at least, the penalty of your errors and your crimes: every Irishman, I repeat it, is called upon by every predominant duty, human or divine, by every tie of the heart, from the grave of his ancestors to the cradle of his children, to record his public protest against this surrender of

his native country, causeless, totally ineffectual for its pretended purposes, without the possibility of adequate compensation, and were it possible, without even the shadow of a guarantee to sanction and establish the conditions of the agreement.

“ I must, as a minister of the church, with my whole heart and understanding, protest against an union of Ireland with Great Britain, thus desiring to grow greater by the absorption of your native country; a country which is dear even to me, and which should be dearer to those men of superior talents and approved patriotism, who raised their hearts, their voices, their arms, and their country, to the elevated prospects of 1782. Nature, habit, virtuous pride, honorable ambition, where are you fled, that there is now not one ready to lift at least the *naked* hand against a blow which must annihilate Ireland, make it only heard of as a sound in the title of a sovereign, and close a century of glory so ingloriously!—Wondering that

Irishmen have left for such as me to say, I, notwithstanding, do say—

“ In the first place, that there is not upon this earth a rightful power competent to such a measure; not the parliament, who were neither empowered to dispose of the trust, much less the trustees; not even the people themselves, who have not a right to chaffer for their country, or to barter away their birthdom. Your country is, by right, divine, entailed to the latest posterity; not to be docked by any fiction of law; not to be abrogated by any disuse; not to be curtailed by any self-made state necessity; not to be defeated by any desiciency of the present generation. Were the whole people of Ireland to be penned in the Curragh of Kildare, and as sheep follow sheep, man should leap after man, in pursuit of an Union, I certainly should think the Cappadocians a nobler people, who slighted the proffer of freedom, than those who first tasted, and then parted, with the blessing; but I should not, on;

this account, think the parties more competent to make such a compact, or conceive the compact in itself more valid. It is void *ab initio*. It has neither moral or political virtue, and Adam might have as well assigned over the whole world in a lease of 1800 years to the Serpent, as your representatives, who are themselves but trustees, could condition such a surrender of the indefeasible rights and claims of their posterity. The right of country is paramount to any regal authority or human legislature.

“ I protest against this measure in the second place, because it despoils the people of Ireland of their country; and country, I conceive, to be the great and virtuous spring and excitement to every thing generous in speculation, or magnanimous in action. With a consciousness of this sentiment, a man becomes capable of every thing good or great; without it, he loses much more than the half of his value in the estimation of others, and even in his

own: and a people, like you, in losing their country, lose that dementery principle which gives them the character and courage of a nation. They lose—Alas! what do they retain? They become a mere number, not a nation, without any inherent principle or motive of common action; unattached to each other; degraded in their own eyes; contemptible and contemned, they degenerate into the infamous and contented subjects of mockery or maltreatment, as it suits the humour of their masters. I do lament that confidence, the life-blood of a public body, which ought to circulate through all ranks and conditions, has long fled from among you; I lament that you have not yet been able to become members of one Irish body, having the same friends and the same foes; that the fidelity of the lower people to each other has not as yet been converted into fidelity for the country; and that the loyalty of the upper people should be so replete with aristocratical arrogance, and

political as well as religious intolerance, joined with the extreme of political severity. When I look on the names of so many Irishmen renouncing their country, and with prone obsequiousness filling up the lists presented to them by the civil or military agents of corruption, I shudder at the prostitution of internal principle and conviction. Nevertheless, I think I see an underworking common sense and natural affection, which must, in spite of factionary fury and personal selfishness, in no long time generate, from the present disorder, a common-weal; a constitution, the best practical education for any people; and a country blest in the right administration of righteous laws, and respected abroad by paying proper respect to herself at home.—Unless this natural incorporation, and entire Union, should be counteracted and broken up, by giving another country the keeping of your affections, your interests, your understandings, and your lives; and I do more than sus-

pect it has been the foreboding of such a coalition so truly auspicious to the present and future interests of Ireland, and a presentiment of the difficulty of holding the higher orders and authorities, as at present constituted, much longer in the trammels of Castle influence, which is making the British minister substitute, in place of this expensive and unavailing system, his summary and simple system, which consolidates the executive power, while it scatters the country itself into dust. By birth, breeding, and bigotry, a Briton, he fears that the Irish infant of 1782 may come to maturity, and he would stifle it in the cradle. He fears the natural developement of its capacities and its powers. He fears that political and religious schism, that Whiteboyism, Defenderism, Presbyterianism, Catholicism, United-Irishism, may gradually, yet not slowly, change into patriotism, the conspiracy of the universal people for their own good. And to avert this imperial evil, he



wishes, as soon as he can, to expatriate your Parliament, to suck into the vortex of venality all the genius, and all the literature of Ireland; all the propertied community which must have assimilated with the mass of popular opinion; and thus make a basis on which to set his obscene yoke on the neck of a once proud and spirited public. He would remove all the aliament for personal and professional ambition; and after thus impoverishing the soil, and exhausting it of all its generous juices, he will tell you to go along and cultivate with the harrow, and bleach with the beetling engine. I do, therefore, protest against a measure which turns Ireland into a headless and heartless trunk, annihilates its rights, withers its capacities and its prospects, and promises it in return the indignant blessing of a sterile Union!

“ He is a mean man who thinks meanly of his country. I hope you do not think

your geographical situation so neglected by Providence, your climate so frigid, your soil so infertile, your minds so stolid, that you could very long have been se- creted from the world, and from your- selves; nor do I think that you should have continued so long, in such an outcast condition, had Ireland met with the fair- play which nature, humanity, and just po- licy would have allowed her. Long since would she have cast off the slough of bar- barism, and shown a smooth, fair, and flo- rid civilization. But now, when the name and nature of country begins to agitate and interest the public mind; when there begins to appear a judgment, and a taste for that self-government, without which neither individual nor public body can en- joy freedom or happiness, to take this country, just emerging from the oblivious pool, and awakening to life and recollec- tion, and then to plunge it, again and for ever, into the same filth of neglect, in-

famy, and abandonment, what shall I say of such an assassinating measure? What shall I say?—

“ I declare, in the third place, that this measure will indefinitely increase the influence of the Crown, to a degree most assuredly incompatible with the liberty of the subject, while the mock and miserable Representative of the country in another Parliament, will, like that of Scotland, serve only to countenance a plan of government which must break the seal of social society, and place general liberty, the industry of the poor, and the property of the rich, under the arbitrement of the British Government. Better would it become the people of both countries to recollect how much their political constitutions have approximated to the nature and effects of a military government, during the course of a war, indefinite in its principles, its purposes, and its period; and so to have acted, that when peace did ar-

rive, it might arrive with healing under its wings, with amnesty and reconciliation; with the discipline, not of the camp, but of the good old British Constitution, with prerogative limited, and a privileged people.—Better would it have become you, Britons! by vindicating Ireland's rights as a nation, to secure your own. And you, Irishmen! by rendering peace the prolific parent of public credit and domestic comfort, to shut up your native country in the closet of kings, in the conscience of ministers, in the market of the world, than to have blotted the public prints with wretched and ignominious names, thus pilloried to the latest posterity. I speak only to your intended assumption of political character, assentive to, or applausive of an Union, with many of you the first time, and with all of you, probably, the last time of declaring yourselves Irishmen. I do say, that the majority of such subscribers, however elevated

in rank, or by their property, are, in my eyes, despicable and dishonourable citizens ; and as to the sincere and well-intended few, they are entitled to pity, but can never be rescued from contempt.

“ For these three reasons, as good, if not better, than *three hundred*, to be valued only by their number, do I express my fixed abhorrence ; and my instinctive antipathy against this intended UNION, that must take away the body as well as the soul of the Irish people. As to the mercantile effects of the measure, were I competent to the discussion of the little question, I should disdain to meddle with it. Woe to the man and to the million, who are willing or are able to calculate the profit or the loss resulting from the sale of their country ! The man must have the heart of a butcher, and the million must be destined to wander, like the Jews, over the earth, without the honour or happiness of a home. But it is contrary

to the nature of things and to human nature, that either capital or speculation should ever fix their choice upon a land where there was no political liberty, and of consequence, no personal security; where virtue, talent, and property, had annually to expatriate; where all the regular distinctions of rank in society had resolved itself into mob and military; and where the compelling power was drawing every thing of use, or ornament, in the country, to the central point of the British empire.

“ It has been said, and well said, that men became slaves from not knowing how to pronounce the monosyllable, No.—Against this disastrous and most unrighteous measure, with my whole soul and strength do I utter it—No. And if from ignorance, from pique, from apathy, from infatuation, or from corruption, you, Irishmen! become accessory to the destruction of your own liberties, and your country’s

character, and do not reiterate without ceasing the same unqualified negative; then adieu to IRELAND. To the mercy of God is she left, and to the hearts and hands of posterity."

Little did Henry think, that, in one hour after he concluded this discourse, he himself should be left to the mercy of God, and to the vicissitudes of a life of unprovided uncertainty. Yet so it was, for in one hour after, he received an intimation from authority, that "His Majesty had no further occasion for his services!"—Although Henry was in some degree prepared for this event, by his knowledge of the jealousy he had created at the Castle, still had he the boldness to call on the Secretary, and to interrogate him as to the cause of his dismissal from his chaplaincy. He was informed, that he gave offence by departing from the line of conduct which the other clergy pursued, &c. Henry replied, "These clergy lay themselves out

for gratifying the Government, and have an eye towards their own selfish ends; while they entirely neglect the public good; they treat their governors, as I usually do children, by speaking only what is agreeable to their humours. This, sir, is vile flattery, and a base art of cajoling the administration. I, for my part, shall never be guilty of it.”—“No, sir,” returned the Secretary, “not in this country at least; for I must further require you to leave Ireland without delay. Indeed, had it not been for the repeated intercession of Colonel Richmond, I should have ordered you out of it long since.”—To this Henry made an insulting reply, and retired with an expression of horror, menace, and contempt.

He next waited on his good friends Elvira and Richmond, from whom he ever experienced the most affectionate marks of friendship; and, on bidding them farewell, he observed, with a sensibility not



to be suppressed, that rather than struggle with the wickedness of men, he would retire from the world. He would enjoy himself in some quiet curacy, and retire from the tempestuous hurricane; for, in Ireland, he was like a man falling among wild beasts, he could neither be of use to himself nor to the public.

To rouse him out of such a fatal lethargy, and make him shake off his determinations before they fettered him with chains, Richmond and his amiable wife exerted all the means in their power, but all they could gain over Henry was, that he would resolve on nothing till he spent some time, and advised with his father, who had lately taken up his residence in Bristol, with the view of giving a finish to the education of his younger children, whom he had bred up in Wales. To Bristol, therefore, did Henry repair—consigning his persecutors to judges more severe than he could be, and to them the most

awful, and, on this side the grave, the most tremendous — THEIR COUNTRY AND THEIR CONSCIENCE !

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.











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