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SERMON,

*Preached at Belle-Air, Dec. 6, 1835, at the Funeral of Rev. R. H. Davis,
Principal of the Belle-Air Academy, by Samuel Martin, D. D. of
Chanceford, Pennsylvania.*

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt surely die, and not live." II Kings, xx: 1.

THE best of men are the subjects of infirmities, and are so liable to be ensnared by their enemies, that they need the constant attention of their heavenly guardian, to correct their wanderings. The mind of the good Hezekiah, flushed with a signal victory over the proud Sennacherib and his mighty hosts, had forgotten to render the praise to him, who had so signally brought him deliverance. When the Assyrian King was ready to make Hezekiah, his country, and his people a prey, the Lord sent forth his angel, who in one night, destroyed 185,000 of his army; and on the return of Sennacherib, he himself was slain by his two sons, when prostrate before the idol in his temple. Though every thing in this deliverance, was plainly the work of God, and therefore demanded the glory and praise of those who were delivered; the heart of the King of Judah was elated, he forgot the Lord, that had fought his battles, and given him safety. As a correction for this, the Lord visits him with a sore disease; with a disease whose common issue was death. Under the influence of affliction, threatening death, the prophet Isaiah is sent to him to deliver the message in our text, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt surely die, and not live." This threatening is surely uttered under a silent condition, the condition of repentance. Had it been absolute, there had been no propriety in prayer, nor had he obtained the answer to his request. The declaration of the prophet was not that he should die with that affliction, neither at that time, but it was reasonable, that such an intimation given him, in a special and even extraordinary manner, when under a disease ordinarily fatal, should lead him to the conclusion, that the messenger of death had come. The end of the visitation, thus was answered. Hezekiah prayed and wept sore, and the Lord said, "I have heard thy prayers, I have

seen thy tears; behold I will heal thee." Blessed was the memento of the heavenly visitant in the case before us, and a blessed memento shall it be, to every one who reads or hears it, and lays it to heart. That our minds may be called to ponder, the necessity of habitual readiness for the event of dying, we ask your attention to the following views of death. 1. Let us consider it as inevitable, yet uncertain as to the time. 2. As a departure from this world; and 3. As to its effects on the bodies and souls of men.

I. That the "years of God are throughout all generations," fills us at once, with a sense of the eternity of his existence and of his unchangeableness. The thought however, is applicable exclusively to him. The heavens, the earth, the sun that enlightens them, and that measures the years of their continuance, will waste with age; they will be changed into forms adapting them to the ethereal and celestial estate of his regenerated world, when the son shall have closed his reign, and shall have had delivered up the kingdom to the Father. The moral world has been undergoing the wanted change, since the beginning. One generation has succeeded another, like waves of the ocean; when one breaks upon the shore, another is rolling forward to its fate, while a third makes its advances and expires; and so on, with uninterrupted succession. As each generation falls, the heavenly places, ordained for the ransomed, are filled with their proper, their purified inhabitants, while the place Tophet receives, to its burnings, the filthy, the impenitent, and the unbelieving. The tale of our experience, taken from the mouths of multitudes on this subject, becomes monotonous. It is composed materially of the same incidents. The man who has reached his three score and ten, may, and often does feel as though he furnished entertainment to the youth now touching manhood, while he relates the events of his early years. He calls into requisition his agonized feelings, while he gazed on expiring infancy, while he witnessed the fall of youth and vigor; while he beheld the wife and the husband severed from each other's arms, and while he heard the heart melting wailings of the deserted orphan; but in all this, there is nothing new to him that hath stepped but a little way from the threshold of life. So accordant to universal experience, is the divine attestation, "That it is appointed unto all men, once to die." How strange the delusion, and how great the madness in circumstances like these, to yield to the allurements of the world, to cherish a fondness for its possessions, and to indulge the fancy, that it has rewards to give, worthy of our labor and expectation. Or if our hearts shrink from the contemplation of the melancholy, the dying scene, and we employ means to exclude the painful expectation from our thoughts; O how unwise! O what cruelty to ourselves! Is the agony of ruin lessened by overtaking us unawares? Is an enemy less sure of a victory by an assault, when unexpected? Such inattention might find an apology, in a case where there was no hope of sustaining the attack, or of gaining a victory. If there were no means of providing for the onset, and if there was no prize to be won; then might we wrap ourselves up in our impotence and despair, and without a struggle die. But it is

not so; a victory may be achieved! A prize, even a heavenly one may be won. The Divine Saviour looking on death in the fullness of his power and triumph, bearing down all before him, filled with commiseration, exclaimed; "O Death, I will be thy plagues! O Grave, I will be thy destruction." The diligent in seeking to be prepared to die, are furnished by this heavenly friend, with the means of victory. By his spirit in the hearts of such, he works faith in the covenant of God, sealed by his own blood, where the soul finds all the fulness of God treasured up for him, as the reward of his victory. He obtains the Holy Spirit to sustain him in the conflict, and to prepare him for his crown. "It is God that giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

That death is certain, may plainly be inferred from the complexity of our frame, and the materials of which it is constructed. Whatever is constituted by composition, is capable of being decomposed. Man is a creature of most mysterious workmanship. Into forms how numerous is matter modified in his construction. By bonds, how tender and delicate are the various members united? To a balance, how correct are the different fluids adjusted? By what divinely contrived impulse, is the blood driven from the heart to the remotest members; through channels so diverse, in size and direction? And by what windings does it return and supply the cistern from whence it was discharged? Do we not at once conclude, that a small derangement in a system of such mutual dependence in all its parts, will soon produce inevitable destruction? Indolence may cause to stagnate the streams of life. A little excess of labour may produce debility; and again, exhaustion not to be repaired. A cold blast may stay the process of perspiration, and beget disease. A scorching sun may stimulate action, which our frame cannot sustain. A damp atmosphere, or a breath of putrid air, may be the instruments of death. A thousand avenues lie open for admitting the shafts of this wakeful enemy! Accident too, leaping from its covert, lights upon his prey; in forms most varied, and at times most unexpected, he hurries us away; he often approaches without the utterance of a premonitory sentence; he does not even say, "this night shall thy soul be required of thee," but strikes the fatal blow that brings us to the judgment seat. We all then, are doomed to die; but who can tell the day or the hour? Who can tell what will be on the morrow? How often have we seen our friends and neighbours, laid low on a bed of sickness, and covered with all the imagery of death, raised from their beds and restored to health and usefulness! How often again, when all was well, when no monitory shuddering agitated our bosom, when no cloud hung upon the atmosphere, no leaf rustled in the breeze, when all was tranquil as the air of heaven; how often has death broken the spell of peace, and turned the paradise into a field of blood, of wailing and distress! Why then, do we not maintain the steady conviction, that our lives are a tribute, which we are bound to pay whenever the Lord shall demand them? Will nothing excite us to prepare for an event so certain, attended with consequences so disastrous, if we are unprepared? Will nothing excite us to watch for its approach? Thought, that in an instant outleaps the boundaries of worlds; impatient desire, the

winged arrow, the lightning of heaven, are not more swift than death in its approach. And O the wreck of both soul and body, when it comes unawares! Were our thoughts and feelings rightly set upon this, we would think ourselves safe and happy only, when we could lift our eyes to heaven and say, "Thou art my God. My times are in thy hand!"

But suppose the opposite of this, to be the true state of things; suppose the life of every one is to be extended to the longest period allotted to any; and suppose too, that the record of heaven, containing the day and the hour of our dissolution, were put into each of our hands. Would these discoveries justify negligence in preparing for the closing scene? Would this delay, this certainty of the time of dying, justify the indulgence of passions, already domineering, already beyond your individual controul? Might the voluptuary be devoted more unreservedly to sensual delights? Might the miser fearlessly employ all the arts of injustice, and fraud, and oppression, in the pursuit of his idle gain? Might the profane, brave without terror, the thunders of Omnipotence, and utter with louder accents, his blasphemies? Might every favourite passion take its range? And might men cast off the fear of God, and convert into reasons of rebellion, the goodness of God? The whole of life however long, is due to God. The longer our lives, if spent in wickedness, the greater and more awful will be our condemnation. Protracted life, to them that neglect its duties, can only render their ruin more ruinous. Will not appetites indulged, be difficult to be overcome in proportion to the period in which they have reigned? And if these are to be subdued, and their opposites cultivated and carried forward to perfection; what is to be looked for when the whole is neglected? There is indeed a time, when passions will cease their demands; when life is in wane; when the blood curdles through the coldness of its channels; when taste is palled; when beauty is lost through exhausted powers of vision, when a tottering frame shows that the grave is near; then will they cease to demand! But is this to be called a reform? Is it a virtue to cease from evil, when exhausted powers disqualify from doing it? Will God regard as a victory over sin, that which is the mere result of the decay of time, and the fruit of excessive indulgence? And suppose that pressed down with the weight of years, and looking pensive to the setting sun, bitter crying, and tears should be lifted up, and shed over their forlorn hopes. Can it be supposed that God, though infinitely compassionate, will hear the cries that arise from the fearful apprehension of the wrath that awaits them, when they lived so long, and never listened to the voice that so earnestly entreated them, saying, "return." "Turn ye, turn ye," why will ye die!

II. I was to consider death as a departure from the world. At the spot, and at the moment where death meets us, we must bid farewell to all personal advantages. The stateliness of our form, the elegance of our demeanour, the symmetry of our countenances, strength of body, activity of limbs, in the decisive moment are lost forever. The active body lately erect towards heaven, lies prostrate; the countenance is covered with essential paleness; every member is frozen and motionless, and thus

prepared for embracing its kindred dust. No mental endowments, nor worth, nor excellence, can save from this calamity. Whatever the ties may be, by which we are bound to earth, they are broken without apology; wealth can neither redeem from death the souls of its possessors, nor can they apply it to the redemption of their brethren. They must yield up the keys of their treasure to survivors, be the last glance ever so painful. We must bid adieu to our country, to our public connections and relations, and embark for other shores unexplored, if not by faith frequented. And must we indeed bid farewell to those pleasant groves, in whose cooling shade we have so often taken protection from the summer's heat! Must we say, farewell ye pleasant meadows and fertile lawns, over whose verdure intermixed with flowers, we have often strayed and stole from time more than half its tedium? Farewell sun, moon and stars, ye lights of heaven, by whose beams I have so often been directed, cheered, and comforted; farewell earth with all your productions, I have no more need of you! Such, the melancholy scene that is to be acted by every one of us; and how soon, to us is utterly unknown. Thou son of wealth, to what end are these riches, which have been gathered with so much wakeful toil and labor! Why this disposition to oppress, rather than fail in making increase. Why this close locking of your treasures, this sparing use of them, this holding them back from all ends that are profitable to the needy? Do you never reflect that death may stop your career in the midst, and defeat all your projects? Do you never consider that while you are set upon heaping up wealth, your souls are not only neglected, but are employed about objects which alienate them from God, just in proportion to the ardour and duration of the pursuit? Do you never judge, that in proportion to the amount of your riches, and to the degree with which you set your hearts upon them, will be the pain of leaving them? Have you never in a sober moment, calculated and set over against each other, the comparative value of the things that are temporal, and the things that are eternal? Have you never been convinced of the dreadful estate of the man seated in the midst of his riches, at the moment when they put on their wings, fly away and leave him worse than naked, even covered with worldly-mindedness, at the tribunal of his judge. Where now are the profits of his toil and labour? In yonder world to which he looks from afar, but to which there is no return! And where his soul? It is lost forever! The all of time, the all of eternity, are lost together! Deprived of all on earth and all in heaven, where is his gain? Sons of ambition, why indulge the fancy that all the prospects which fame opens to your view, will ever be realized? What can have given you the assurance that all those titles and honours which imagination has painted, will indeed be yours to wear? Or should they be reached and enjoyed; art thou contented to exchange them for "the narrow house which is appointed for all the living." At your entrance here, you will be placed on a level with the meanest of our race. In common with them, you may embrace corruption as your Father, and unto the worm you may say, "thou art my mother and my sister." When we pass hence, must we too for-

sake all that delights us in social life? Yes, dear friends, the social circle shall no longer be enlivened with our sprightliness of manners, nor with our conversation, whether interesting or amusing. And must we leave all the endearments of friendship, at the moment of death's approach? Heart rending thought! We must say, farewell father and mother, wife and children! Farewell home with all its endearments! Farewell ye lights of the world, welcome the light of heaven! Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by whose grace, free and sovereign, I have been redeemed from death and hell! Hail happy angels! Hail spirits of the just made perfect!

III. The effect of death upon the souls and bodies of men. Death prepares the body for the grave, the place of its abode until the resurrection. The soul quits the body, as no longer capable of the exercises or offices to which it would excite or incline it. The soul, to which activity is essential, can no longer remain the inhabitant of a body essentially inert. "The body now returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns to the God who gave it." No sooner are the eyes sealed. No sooner does life's last effort fail, than the soul is translated to the judgment seat of Christ. Christ consoled his fellow sufferer on the cross, with this assurance, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Lazarus on dying, was carried with angelic wings to Abraham's bosom. The third item in the history of the rich man's death, upon the crumbs of whose table Lazarus was fed, was that he was in hell. He died, was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment. Death fixes the estate of man for eternity. To the good man, the follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, it is the end of his labours, cares and sorrows. Through his earthly pilgrimage, the christian can look back on life, and recognize the hand of God as having brought him many deliverances, for which his heart is grateful; but now, from the heights of heaven he looks down upon scenes of danger, wherein he was an actor; upon the battle ground where the victory was won, and in loudest accents ascribes all the praise to God who has gotten him the victory. Filled with holy surprize at his escape to the place of safety, and joyful in the possession of his crown and his appointed mansion, he sings exultingly, "To him that loved me and washed me from my sins in his blood, and that hath made me a king and a priest to my God, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever."

Death brings the impenitent and unbelieving to the judgment seat of Christ. There their crimes are spread before them in countless array, dressed in the blackness of their malignity. There the holy law asserts its rights, there the righteous judge exercises his authority, there exhausted forbearance yields to the claims of justice; and there the righteous award is heard, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Then the subtle fire, ordained for the torment of fallen spirits shall kindle upon them; eternity shall not quench it! "O that men were wise! O that they understood this! O that they would consider their latter end!"

The Rev. Reuben H. Davis, whose unexpected demise, gave occasion to the preceding address, possessed a constitution vigor-

ous and active, beyond what is common. Though past the meridian of life, and by the reckoning of years, on his descent toward the setting sun, he possessed much of the sprightliness and activity of youth. In discharging the duties of his active life, he was punctual and faithful to the admiration of all who knew him. As a teacher he was popular and successful. Many parents, whose children were most unpromising, have reason to consecrate the day on which they placed their sons under the care of this faithful master. In the walks of social life, many will be seen moving, whose usefulness will be traced to the spot, where his voice was heard, giving lessons of science and morality. As a minister of the gospel; he was punctual to his appointments, abundant in zeal and in close adherence to the form of sound words, taught by Christ and his apostles, as they are exhibited in the standard of the Presbyterian church. In the domestic virtues he excelled. As a husband he was prudent, tender and affectionate. His amiable consort long since removed from his bosom, in the place of her rest, stands a true witness of his tender care and unwearied anxieties spent over her, feeble and afflicted, yet more dear, more beloved, and more precious on that account. His only daughter lives to testify the continual flow of affection towards her, and to recount with sobbing heart, attentions never to be renewed. His domestics will not fail to join issue that he was forgiving and kind. All who had intercourse with him lament his loss. His times were in God's hands; they had reached their crisis. The will of God is done. Our friend is gone.

If instances of death were of rare occurrence, we might perhaps, have the shadow of a reason for neglecting to "put our houses in order, and prepare to die." But occurrences of this kind are far from rare. We have only to look around us to be convinced of the fact, that it is surely appointed for man to die, and that death reigns over the whole human race. In the sudden desolation which it brings into families, and the abrupt and unexpected destruction of our earthly hopes, we have mournful evidence, that death awaits not our convenience, and that "the son of man cometh in an hour when we think not."

This life is indeed a sea of troubles. And yet when left to buffet the wave alone, how pleasant is the reflection that our departed friends are safe; and that far away over the billows, they are secure in the haven of eternal rest. The event which has called us together to day, is one of those dispensations in the providence of God; all the reasons of which, we cannot see, and on that account, it might be called mysterious. But so far as its *author* is concerned, it is free from mystery. For purposes unexplained to us, it has pleased a sovereign God to remove his servant, who was anointed with holy oil, who was a minister of the New Testament, and his ambassador of peace to dying men, to a loftier field of activity, and to a more exalted department of his government.

Many of my hearers have heard from his lips, the invitations of mercy, and the terrors of the law. He has often and affectionately urged them to flee from the wrath to come. He speaks to you to-

day, not from the pulpit but from the grave. He addresses you, not in the living voice that falls upon the ear, but in the low, unearthly, solemn whisper, that breathes upon the heart. You have heard his living testimony to the preciousness of the Gospel. But there was a thrilling interest, and an indescribable impressiveness belonged to his dying testimony, that no one can realize, who had not been a spectator of the solemn scene. It was a privilege to witness his departing hours, and mark the sweet and hallowed influence which the religion of Jesus can throw around the believer's dying bed. His end was full of peace, and hope, and joy. Not a cloud overshadowed eternity, or interrupted his ardent heavenward gaze. His faith, in its full career of triumph, seemed to overlook the valley of death, through which he had to travel, and the stream he must cross to the promised land. It is to be regretted, that so little is retained of what he said, as expressive of his views and feelings, in the near prospect of death. I am able however, to give you a short specimen, which I shall quote in his own words: "The law (said he) is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. The law from Sinai's fearful, smoking, rocking summit, says to the sinner, thou shalt die. I, a sinner, flee from Sinai to Zion. There I find that the gospel declares that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. I believe. Jesus! Saviour of Sinners! Strengthen my feeble energies of faith! I cannot let thee go unless thou bless me. Saviour of Sinners! Thou knowest that I love thee, that I have long loved thee; and now in the exercise of that love, I feel assured that I shall go down to the grave, and that for me it will be gain unspeakable to die."

At another time, when asked if he wanted any thing, he exclaimed "yes, I want Christ and the glories of his redemption, and that is all; and that is worth the whole created universe. My interest in that, I would not exchange for a thousand worlds. Oh! that is it which makes it so easy to die. Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I fear no evil, for the rod and staff of the heavenly shepherd sustain me. I have had many conflicts and strifes and trials, but have been brought in safety through them all. And now I am made to triumph over my last foe! Oh death! Where is thy sting! Oh grave! Where is thy victory! And at the moment when he ceased to breathe, he exclaimed, "I shall soon be on the throne with Jesus!"

Who among my hearers is not ready to exclaim, Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! But be assured dying fellow sinner, if you would experience the christian's death, you must live the christian's life. And can you not, will you not in this hour, so full of solemn interest, resolve that you will set your houses in order, and prepare to die? Will you not determine to seek an interest in that religion, which imparts such a hallowed charm to the death bed scene, which throws the beams of a setting sun, upon the rayless valley, and supports, and animates, and cheers the deathless, triumphant spirit, in preparing for its flight?

THE TRIAL OF ANTICHRIST.

(Continued from page 310.)

Martin Luther, sworn.

When this witness appeared, the people were very anxious to be gratified with a sight of the old Reformer. The Prisoner, however, did not seem to enjoy any satisfaction in viewing him upon the green cloth; on the contrary, he hung down his head, gave him a malicious look, and appeared much confused.

Q. Where was you born?

A. I was born at *Isleben* in *Saxony*, on the 10th of *November*, in the year of our Lord 1483.

Q. Look at the Prisoner. Do you know him?

A. I do; and I believe he recollects me. When I knew him at *Rome*, he went by the names of Pope *Alexander VI.* *Pius III.* *Julius II.* *Leo X.* *Adrian VI.* *Clement VII.* *Paul III.*

Q. Was you not once, one of his priests?

A. I was. I was called a Monk of the order of *St. Augustine*, and professor of Divinity at *Wittenberg*. But though I was his deluded slave, yet I was never so happy in his service as others appeared to be. I shall long remember, that when I was at *Rome*, how awfully devoted I was to his despotic laws, although I derived no solid satisfaction in my own breast, for my obedience to them. There is at *Rome*, placed in one of the churches, a (pretended) very holy, and celebrated staircase, consisting of twenty-eight steps of marble, said to be taken from the house of *Pontius Pilate*, and which Christ is reported to have ascended and descended several times. These steps can only be ascended kneeling—And so blinded was I and thousands by the Prisoner, that to crawl up these stairs was thought to be one of the most meritorious actions that could be performed.

At the bottom of these steps are frequently seen, ten or twelve carriages of the first people of *Rome*, waiting to perform this duty.* Up and down these very stairs I have often crept, but without that pleasure which ignorant devotees find in this ridiculous ceremony. For although I was then unacquainted with our beloved Sovereign, yet some words that I had read of his, seemed continually resounding in my ears, which led me to be dissatisfied with what I did. The words were, "The just shall live by faith."

Previous to the year 1517, the Lord was pleased to enlighten my eyes to discover the lawful government of our Lord the King, by the reading of his own word. But being surrounded by bigotry and superstition, and retaining too much of my former ignorance, I scarcely knew how to disentangle myself from his service. However in the year 1517, an opportunity offered to unfold, as far as I then discovered, my views of the truth.

The Prisoner had now set up the money making trade of selling pardons and indulgences, and had published a catalogue of his wares.† These were distributed by his agents, with every pos-

* Vide sketch of a Tour on the Continent, in 1786 & 7, by J. E. Smith, M. D. Vol. ii. 37. † Vide. *Taxa Cancellar. Rom.*

ble addition, to excite the attention and pick the pockets of such as were duped by him. One *John Tetzel*, a Dominican Friar, had been chosen on account of his uncommon impudence by *Albert*, Archbishop of *Mentz* and *Magdeburg*, to preach and proclaim in *Germany* these infamous indulgences, and to promise the pardon of all sins, however enormous, to all who were rich enough to purchase them. This frontless Monk executed his iniquitous commission with matchless insolence, indecency, and fraud.

Unable to smother my indignation at the insult offered to my lawful Sovereign, King Jesus, I raised my voice against this most abominable traffic, and on the 30th of September, in the year 1517, did publicly at *Wittenberg*, in ninety-nine propositions, condemn the whole as diametrically opposite to the laws and statutes of Christ Jesus. Many in *Germany* had long groaned under the iron sceptre of the Prisoner, and grievously murmured against the extortions of his tax-gatherers, who daily put in practice various stratagems to fleece the rich and grind the face of the poor. Many of these gladly received the declaration I made of the all-sufficiency of Jesus and his atoning blood, and consequently despised the pardons and indulgences offered for sale by *Tetzel* and the Dominicans.

The alarm of controversy was now sounded, and *Tetzel* himself immediately appeared against me, and pretended to refute what I had declared, in two discourses he delivered when he was made a Doctor in Divinity. In the following year two famous Dominicans *Sylvester De Priero*, and *Hoolgstart*, rose up against me, and attacked me at *Cologn*, with the utmost violence. Their example was followed by another, named *Eckius*, a celebrated professor of Divinity at *Ingolstadt*, and one of the most zealous supporters of the Dominican order. I was enabled to stand my ground against their united efforts, and the more I disputed with them, the more I was convinced that truth was on my side. At first the prisoner, then called *Leo X.* seemed to view the controversy with total indifference, as he thought that a poor insignificant monk was not worth his notice.

At length the Emperor informed him of what was likely to follow my labours in *Germany*, when he summoned me to appear before his tribunal at *Rome*. But the Elector of *Saxony*, *Frederic* the wise, pretending that my cause belonged to a German Tribunal, this summons was superseded. I was ordered to justify my conduct before one of his Cardinals, named *Cajetan*, who was at that time his Legate, at the diet of *Augsburg*. This man was my decided enemy, a friend of *Tetzel*, and a Dominican, yet I repaired to *Augsburg* in October 1518. But had I even been disposed to yield to the Prisoner, this imperious Legate was of all others the most improper to obtain my submission. He, in an overbearing tone, desired me to renounce my opinions, without ever attempting to prove them erroneous; and insisted on my immediate obedience to the Pontiff's commands.

I could never think of yielding to terms so unreasonable in themselves, and so despotically proposed; and as I found my judge and adversary inaccessible to reason and arguments, I left *Augsburg*

immediately. The Prisoner then published a special *Edict*, "commanding his spiritual subjects to acknowledge his power of delivering from all the punishment due to sin and transgression of every kind." As soon as I perceived this public decree, I repaired to *Wittenburg*, and on the 28th day of November appealed from him to a General Council. After this the Prisoner appeared to think that *Cajetan* was not a proper person to reconcile me to him, and he resolved to employ one more moderate and insinuating. Accordingly one *Charles Miltitz*, a Saxon Knight belonging to the court of *Rome*, was delegated by him to make a second attempt to restore me. This new Legate was therefore sent into *Saxony*, to present to *Frederic the Golden Consecrated Rose*, and to treat with me about a reconciliation.

Q. Did not *Cajetan*, make use of some very awful expressions to prove the power of the Prisoner to pardon sin, &c.?

A. He did. He said, among many other absurd expressions, "That one drop of Christ's blood being sufficient to redeem the whole human race, the remaining quantity that was shed in the Garden and upon the Cross, was left as a legacy to the Church to be a treasure from whence indulgences were to be drawn and administered by the Roman Pontiff!" The Prisoner had published the same before in one of his *Decretals*, when he was known by the name of Pope *Clement VI.* which is called, and that justly, for more reasons than one, *Extravagants.*

Q. Do you recollect what arguments *Miltitz* made use of to persuade you to return to the Prisoner's authority?

A. I do. He first proceeded to demand of the *Elector*, that he would either oblige me to return to the obedience of the *See of Rome*, or withdraw his protection from me. But, perceiving that he was received by the *Elector*, with a degree of coldness bordering on contempt, and that the cause for which I pleaded was too far advanced to be destroyed by the effects of mere authority, he had recourse to gentler methods. He loaded *Tetzel* with the bitterest reproaches, on account of the irregular and superstitious means he had employed, for promoting the sale of indulgences, and attributed to this miserable wretch all the abuses I had complained of.

Tetzel, on the other hand, burdened with the iniquities of *Rome*, tormented with the consciousness of his own injustice and extortions, died of grief and despair. I confess I was so affected by the agonies of despair under which this unhappy rebel laboured, that I wrote him a pathetic letter. And as I knew in a degree the freedom and fulness of our King's Grace, to pardon the vilest traitor upon earth, I endeavoured to the utmost of my power to beseech him to be reconciled to our Lord the King. But it produced no good effect, for as he lived, so he died, a great traitor to the Government of Heaven. His infamy was perpetuated by a picture placed in the Church of *Penna*, in which he is represented on an ass, selling indulgences to a deluded multitude.

This incendiary, being sacrificed as a victim to cover the Roman Pontiff from reproach, *Miltitz* entered into particular conversation with me at *Altenburg*. He did not pretend to justify the scandal-

ous traffic of Indulgences, but requested me to acknowledge the four following things; "1st. That the people had been seduced by false notions of Indulgences. 2d. That I had been the cause of that seduction, by representing indulgences much more heinous than they really were. 3d. That the odious conduct of *Tetzel* alone had given occasion to these representations. And 4th, That though the avarice of *Albert*, Archbishop of *Mentz*, had set on *Tetzel*, yet that his rapacious tax-gatherer had exceeded by far, the bounds of his commission." These proposals were accompanied with many soothing words and pompous encomiums on my character, capacity and talents; and with the softest and most pathetic expostulations in favor of union and concord: all which he joined together with the greatest dexterity and address, in order to touch and disarm me; and at first I must confess it produced too much effect. But the result was, I refused to comply with his request; and the Prisoner issued out a Bull against me, dated the 15th day of June, 1520, in which forty-one pretended heresies extracted from my writings were solemnly condemned, all my writings ordered to be publicly burnt, I, on pain of excommunication, to confess and retract my errors within the space of sixty days, and cast myself upon the clemency and mercy of the Pontiff. I then resolved to shew in the most public manner that I had withdrawn from the Prisoner's authority, despised his papal thunder, and in future would own no other Sovereign but our Lord and Everlasting King. I therefore, on the 10th day of December, in the year 1520, caused a pile of wood to be erected without the walls of the city of *Wittenberg*; and there, in the presence of a prodigious multitude of people of all ranks and orders, I committed to the flames both his Bull that he published against me; and the Decretals and Canons relating to his supreme jurisdiction, as the pretended Vicar of Christ.

By this act I designed to declare to the world that I was no longer a subject of the Pope. For the man who commits to the flames, the code that contains the laws of his Sovereign, shews thereby, that he has no longer any respect for his government, nor any design to submit to his authority. In less than a month another Bull was proclaimed against me, bearing date the 6th day of January, 1521, by which I was expelled from the communion of the church of *Rome*, for having "Insulted the Majesty and disowned the Supremacy of the" prisoner at the bar.

Such iniquitous laws, enacted against me, produced an effect very different from what the imperious Pontiff expected. The Lord enabled me to wax more bold against his traitorous government; and the numbers who deserted his standard, and came over and professed allegiance to our beloved Sovereign, encouraged me yet more. The Lord stirred up others also in different countries, to oppose the Sovereignty of the Prisoner, and the pillars of *Babylon*, his strong hold, began to tremble. Several heralds were also engaged by our King, to proclaim pardon to rebels who rejected *Antichrist*, and returned to their allegiance.

The Emperor *Maximilian* I. having departed this life, and his grandson, *Charles V.* King of *Spain*, succeeding him, the Prisoner

took this opportunity of venting and executing his vengeance, as far as he could, on such as dared to call in question his power. He put the new Emperor in mind of his character, as *Advocate and Defender of the Church*, and demanded on me exemplary punishment. *Frederic* the Elector, however, employed his interest with *Charles*, so far as to prevent any unjust sentence being pronounced against me till I was heard. I was therefore ordered to repair to *Worms* within 21 days, in order that my conduct might be examined, and decided upon in the public Diet.

When I appeared before the Emperor, Princes, and assembly, I was desired to recant and retract what I had published; but which I absolutely refused, unless it could be proved that what I had written was contrary to the word of God. I insisted, that I could prove, that the Pope of *Rome* and his general councils had frequently erred, and that grievously; and therefore it would be an ungodly thing in me, or any other, to assent to them and depart from the holy Scriptures, which could not err. Some attempted to persuade the Emperor to violate his promise of protection to me, as *Sigismond* had done before to *John Huss*; but he would not. I therefore was permitted to depart, and the Emperor gave me 21 days' protection on my way home. After my departure from the Diet, I was condemned as an enemy to the *Holy Roman Empire*. The elector *Frederic*, who saw the storm raising against me, used such precautions as he could to secure me from its violence. For this purpose he sent three or four persons, in whom he could confide, to meet on my return from the Diet, in order to conduct me to a place of safety, who disguised my masks, executed their commission with the utmost secrecy and success. I was taken to the castle of *Wartenburg*, where I continued full ten months, and employed this involuntary leisure, in translating the Scriptures into the Dutch Language, and writing several works which I afterwards published.

I left this *Patmos*, in the month of *March*, 1522, without either the knowledge or consent of *Frederic*, my protector, as I could not bear to be hid in the hour of danger. Having returned to *Wittenburg*, and translated some part of the Scriptures into the German tongue, it is almost incredible the sudden and blessed effects it produced, when circulated among the people. From the minds of many it extirpated, root and branch, the superstition, idolatry, and rebellion, scattered over the earth by the Prisoner.

While the proclamation of the Laws of our King produced wonders, the Prisoner changed his name to *Adrian VI*. By this name he sent a Legate to the Diet assembled at *Nuremberg*, in the year 1522, to demand the speedy and vigorous execution of the sentence pronounced against me at *Worms*. The next year, the same demand was made by him in the most violent manner, by the name of Pope *Clement VII*. *Frederic*, Elector of *Saxony*, died in the year 1425, and *John* his brother succeeded him. He immediately acted a decided part; for being fully convinced that the authority of the Prisoner was usurped, he rejected him and his superstitious laws.

One assembly met after another in *Germany*, which rather increased than checked the progress of the Reformation. The Prisoner not meeting with the support he wished from the Emperor *Charles V.* entered into a confederacy with the *French* and *Venetians* against that Prince. *Charles*, though one of the Prisoner's Church or Society, being greatly exasperated at his conduct, abolished the Papal authority in his Spanish Dominions, made war upon the Pope in *Italy*, and laid siege to *Rome* in the year 1527. The Prisoner, then *Clement VII.* was blocked up in the Castle of *St. Angelo*, and exposed to severe but legal treatment; during which time the Princes of the Empire enjoyed some tranquillity.

After this, *Charles* made peace with the Prisoner, and again supported him in rebellion: and in an assembly held at *Spires* in the year 1529, decreed it unlawful for any person to change or alter his religious government. This decree was justly considered as iniquitous and intolerable by the Elector of *Saxony*, Landgrave of *Hesse*, and others, who remonstrated, but in vain. They then entered a solemn *protest* against the decree and Prisoner on the 19th day of April; and from that day the appellation of *Protestant* has been given to such as protest against his vile authority.

At last, the famous Council of *Trent* was proposed, and after much altercation, assembled on the 13th day of December, 1545. The Emperor and Prisoner had mutually resolved the destruction of all who should oppose this Council, and the meeting of the assembly was to be the signal for taking arms. Accordingly its deliberations were scarcely began before armies appeared ready to deluge *Germany* in human gore.

Notwithstanding this, several Princes publicly rejected the Prisoner's authority, and his convention of Rebels at *Trent*; and appeared in the field to defend their rights—Of the scenes of tumult and the calamities that followed I can say but little, for being sixty-three years of age, my Sovereign thought proper to withdraw me from the scene, while I was at *Isleben* on the 18th day of February, 1546. Being superannuated I have from that day lived upon a liberal pension of everlasting life, and have not seen the Prisoner from that day to this

Cross-examined by Mr. Jesuit.

Q. Did you not vow, as a Monk; to observe Celibacy.

A. I did, when I was ignorant of God and his laws.

Q. Do not all Nuns solemnly vow the same?

A. They do: and when people have taken leave of their reason, they may promise any thing.

Q. Did you not marry contrary to your vow? and was not the woman you married a Nun, who violated her oath to marry you?

A. I did marry contrary to my vows which I made when a stranger to my Lord the King; and I married a Nun, so called, contrary to her vows. I had God's authority to marry, and the Pope's to live a single life. When, therefore, I rejected the Prisoner's usurped government, I rejected his laws; and when I became a subject of my Lord's kingdom, I rendered obedience to him.

Q. But did you not do it contrary to your oath?

A. I have before observed, that I did it contrary to my Monkish vows. I had also promised as a Priest to own the Prisoner's rebellious authority; but can it be supposed, that *because* a man has been reared in rebellion, ignorant of his lawful sovereign, and a stranger to his laws, and has been made to vow or promise obedience to a tyrant, that he is always bound to remain a traitor all the days of his life? The laws and statutes of my Prince, as well as the laws of reason, justify the act I did.

Q. Where was your religion before you?

A. In the Bible, and in the hearts of all the faithful subjects of our Lord the King.—Where was my religion before me! Attend to the witnesses that have been examined. They prove that God has, in all ages, had a people to serve him. Look also into the Vallies of *Piedmont*, at the *Waldenses*, and ask Popish writers themselves, they will tell you they were five hundred years before me, and some of them say that from the time of the Apostles, they were continued. And if there were no enemies to Antichrist before me, how came it to pass that he chained so many to the stake for *heresy*, many centuries before I was born?

(To be continued)

MEMORANDA OF FOREIGN TRAVEL;

BY RO. J. BRECKINRIDGE.

Woodstock.—Blenhiem.—The corruption of the English Aristocracy.—Oxford.—The University.—Professors at Oxford.—Lack of Theological Training.—State of the Established Clergy.—State of the University.—Road to London.—River Thames.—Face of the Country.—Working classes.—Chiltern Hundreds.—Interview with three Coloured Men.—Eaton school.—Windsor Palace.—William Penn.—Hounslow Heath.—Entrance into London.—Police.—Hotels.—Small traders.—Public carriages.—Popular ignorance.—Feelings towards America.—Temper of the Public Journals. Popery in America.—Lodgings.—Expences.

We had diverged to the northward of the main road to London, in our visit to Warwick and its vicinity, and at Woodstock near Oxford, found ourselves again in the greater line of communication. All the readers of romance are familiar with the history of this little village—famous for the doings of Henry I. and II. during their occasional residence at it,—and doubly so, by reason of Fair Rosamond's connexion with it, and with the last named monarch. In the immediate vicinity, on the right hand of the spacious avenue connecting Woodstock (whose only present fame is derived from its glove manufactory—and the excesses of Oxford students)—with Oxford, which is but a few miles distant, stands the noble castle of Blenheim. Many English travellers in America have complained that we still celebrate the 4th of July annually, as the birth-day of our national independence. We may content ourselves, to offset the opinions of those who consider our practice objectionable—or the instrument itself still more so; by referring to the extremely opposite views of him,—who honoured above all men of his day, deemed it the worthiest part of his history to be remembered by his country, and so ordered it to be first written in his simple epitaph—that he had written that paper.—But above all mankind,

the English are the last people to open their mouths on such a subject. For go where you will, in England—if you find any monument public or private, in a church, a public square, a promenade, or any where; the chances are nine out of ten, that it was set up to record some action of blood. And the more peculiarly the thing done was considered *British*,—on the person or state triumphed over considered dishonoured; the greater is the certainty of a commemoration stone.

It may perhaps be known to all who will glance over these pages, that this magnificent palace, was presented by the British nation, about the beginning of the last century to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. All may not know, that it was for a decisive—but a single victory gained by him, at a village of its own name, somewhere in Germany; and still fewer may remember that it was the French and Bavarians, whom he overthrew. I did not visit it, but the view of it from the road is very fine,—and the long avenue in front of it—and the noble park of fine trees, (amongst which were the only deer I have seen in England)—with the column erected by the Duchess of Marlborough to commemorate the actions of her great consort, visible in the distance; altogether make one imposing spectacle. The present duke, is represented to be a poor, and a bad man, having lost the character, and squandered the estates of his illustrious family.

It is not however fair to him to permit any one to suppose that his case is peculiar in these respects. If one tenth of what every body says about the English Aristocracy is true,—they are the greatest nuisance in the land;—and the higher they are, the greater nuisance. There are now depending two suits, by the honourable Mr. Norton, for Crim-Con: with his wife; who is grand-daughter to Sheridan, sister to lord somebody's wife—and aunt to, I dont know who. One of these criminal prosecutions is against lord Melbourne, the present prime minister of England; and in the other, which is against an officer in the army, his lordship is the principal witness relied on to prove the honourable lady's guilt. Indeed it is universally believed that but for the somewhat too public difficulties between his lordship and Capt. Campbell—which forced poor Mr. Norton to know, what he did not wish to know—the low courts at least would never have known any thing on the subject. I have asked men of sense and piety—what effect these things would produce on the prime minister's standing. None, is the uniform answer: or none beyond a week's restication, under pretence of gout or influenza. Effect!—how could it be; who is to move in it? Will the king take offence? Then what becomes of his housefull of lord, colonel, admiral, and reverend Fitz-Clarances,—who were once considered the children of Mrs. Joundon, the actress; but who now figure away with Royal Dukes—and German Princes! If lord Wellington should open his mouth, lady A—— would slap his dukal face with her fan. And even if lord Lyndhurst, should open his plebeian lips, (which began life by eating bread in a garret at our Boston, and lately expounded the destiny of Britain as her lord high chancellor)—if he should say any thing, it could only be to remind their lordships, that the very same things or worse, were

told and believed of him, when he not only sat on the Woolsack, but kept the conscience of the Defender of the Faith, the head of the established, episcopal, apostolic church of England. For the duke of Marlborough's sake—I have much more, that should be said; but I were better out of John Bull's way perhaps, before more be added.

The chief attraction of Oxfordshire, and one of the most interesting spots in England, is the ancient city of Oxford; to which we came on the day we left Warwick—and where we remained about one day;—sorrowing that the time was so short, and fully resolving if Providence permitted to see the place again.

The town contains about 25,000 souls—exclusive I suppose of four or five thousand students, who are usually in attendance on the various colleges attached to its renowned university. The place itself is exceedingly beautiful;—situated in a plain at the junction of two small streams called the Cherwell and the Isis. The latter is the real Thames, which name it gets after receiving the Thame, near Dorchester, some miles below;—and which junction and change of name, the people use to justify, by etymology their strange pronunciation of the word. *Tems*, say they, which is their mode of pronouncing Thames,—is *Thame—Isis*, abbreviated. But Oxford, as I have said is a very fine city. Its old and peculiar looking churches; its elegant dwellings, its fine trees; its numerous, and noble public edifices, give it altogether an appearance of great stateliness—I might almost say grandeur. Its High street, is said to be one of the most picturesque streets in Europe. I confess it was rather a deformity in my eye—to behold the exceedingly grotesque dresses, and high caps, without any rims, and with great rectangular tops, of the students that paraded it.

The University which is one of the most ancient and celebrated in Europe; contains twenty five colleges and halls, all of them connected with circumstances and events, of thrilling interest or intense curiosity. Amongst them are those founded by Alfred the Great, by Baliol, father of him that was king of Scotland, by archbishop Chicheley, by cardinal Wolsey, by bishop Merton, by queen Elizabeth—and many other great patrons of letters. In suitable edifices are the Pomfret statues;—the Arundelion marbles; and above all the magnificent collection of books and manuscripts, founded by Duke Humphrey, and restored by Sir Thomas Bodley, after whom it is called the Bodleian library; and which constitutes, perhaps, next to the Royal library at Paris, the best collection now existing. The multitude of professors, teachers, official persons, and various hangers-on, about the establishment—under one appellation and another is prodigious. The multifarious offices discharged by them, in their various conditions, concern not only the teaching of every branch of human learning, as they say—but relate to matters, which according to our notions are utterly inconsistent with their place and calling. Thus is the University represented by two members in the imperial parliament; some of the officers exercise extensive judicial powers, both of a civil and criminal, as well as of an ecclesiastical kind; while the corporation has no less than 202 Rectories, and 112 vicarages in its gift;—

that is, it appoints three hundred and fourteen ministers of the established church—to enjoy all the income attached by law to that number of specified churches, or livings;—without the least regard to the wishes of the people to whom these presentees, are to preach—and who are not only to pay their salaries fixed by statute, but to receive the most momentous instructions at their hands—or the hands of those, appointed by them!*

*UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD (1835.)

Chancellor—the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, elected in 1834.

High Steward—the EARL OF ELDON D. C. L. appointed 1801.

Vice Chancellor—G. ROWLEY, D. D. Master of University College.

Pro Vice Chancellors { RICHARD JENKYN D. D. Master of Balliol College.
JOHN C. JONES D. D. Rector of Exeter College.
A. T. GILBERT D. D. Principal of Brazen-Nose College.
T. E. BRIDGES D. D. President of Corpus Christi College.
J. H. DYER M. A. Trinity College.
W. HARDING M. A. Wadham College.

Proctors.

<i>Colleges & Halls.</i>	<i>Founded.</i>	<i>Heads of Colleges.</i>	<i>Elected.</i>
University, - - -	872,	George Rowley, D. D., Master, - -	1821
Baliol, - - -	1263,	Richard Jenkyns, D. D., Master, - -	1819
Merton, - - -	1274,	Robert Marsham, D. C. L., Warden, -	1826
Exeter, - - -	1314,	John Collier Jones, D. D., Rector, - -	1819
Oriel, - - -	1323,	E. Hawkins D. D. F. A. S., Provost, -	1828
Queen's - - -	1340,	John Fox, D. D., Provost, - -	1827
New College, - -	1386,	P. N. Shuttleworth, D. D., Warden, -	1822
Lincoln, - - -	1427,	T. Radford, D. D., Rector, - -	1834
All Souls, - - -	1437,	Lewis Sneyd, M. A., Warden, - -	1827
Magdalen, - - -	1456,	Martin J. Routh, D. D., President, -	1791
Brazen-Nose, - -	1509,	Ash T. Gilbert, D. D., Principal, - -	1822
Corpus Christi, -	1516,	T. E. Bridges, D. D., President, - -	1823
Christ Church, -	1532,	Thomas Gaisford, D. D., Dean, - -	1831
Trinity, - - -	1554,	James Ingram, D. D., President, - -	1824
St. John's, - - -	1557,	Philip Wynter, D. D., President, - -	1838
Jesus, - - -	1571,	Henry Foulkes, D. D., Principal, - -	1817
Wadham, - - -	1613,	Benjamin P. Symons, D. D., Warden, -	1831
Pembroke, - - -	1624,	George William Hall, D., D. Master, -	1809
Worcester, - - -	1714,	Dean of Exeter, D. D., Provost, - -	1795
St. Mary Hall, -	1333,	R. D. Hampden, D. D., Principal, - -	1833
Magdalen Hall, -	1480,	J. D. Macbride, D. C. L., Principal, -	1813
New Inn Hall, -	1438,	John A. Camer, D. D., Principal, - -	1831
St. Alban's Hall, -	1547,	Edward Cordwell, D. D., Principal, -	1831
St. Edmund's Hall, -	1559,	Anthony Grayson, D. D., Principal, -	1834

	<i>Founded.</i>	<i>Professors.</i>	<i>Appointed or elected.</i>
Regius Divinity, - -	1535,	Edward Burton, D. D., - -	1829
Regius Hebrew, - -	1540,	Honble Edward B. Pusey, B. D., - -	1828
Regius Greek, - - -	1540,	Thomas Gasford, D. D., - -	1811
Regius Civil Law, -	1546,	Joseph Phillimore, D. C. L., - -	1801
Regius Medicine, - -	1535,	John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S., - -	1822
Regius Modern History,	1724,	Edward Nares, D. D., - -	1813
Regius Botany, - - -	1793,	C. G. B. Danberry, D. M., - -	1834
Margaret Divinity,	1407,	Godfrey Faussett, D. D., - -	1827
Savile's Astronomy, -	1619,	Stephen P. Rigand, M. A. F. R. S., -	1827
" Geometry, - - -	"	Baden Powell, M. A., - -	1827
Natural Philosophy,	1618,	George Leigh Cooke, B. D., - -	1810
Com. Ant. History, -	1622,	Edward Cordwell, D. D., - -	1825
Alep. Land's Ambic, -	1636,	Wyndham Knatchbull, D. D., - -	1823
Lord Alm. Arobic, -	1780,	John David Macbride D. C. L., - -	1813
Experim. Philosophy; -	1700,	Stephen P. Rigand, M. A. F. R. S. -	1810
Poetry, - - -	1708,	John Keble, M. A., - -	1831
Viner's Common Law, -	1758,	Philip Williams, D. C. L., - -	1824
Ld. Litchfield's Chir. Med.	1780,	James Adey Ogle, M. D., - -	1830
Anglo-Saxon, - - -	1795,	R. M. White, M. A., - -	1834
Aldr. Anat. - - -	1803,	John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S., - -	1816
" Med. - - -	"	James Adey Ogle, M. D., - -	1824
" Chem. - - -	"	C. G. B. Danberry, M. D. F. R. S., -	1822
Minerology, - - -	1813,	William Buckland, D. D. F. R. S., -	1813
Geology, - - -	1818,	" "	1816

All the clergy of the established church, are in general required to take their degrees—I will not say be educated, at Oxford or Cambridge. In very extraordinary cases, as where great merit is found, without the individuals having passed the University—or where unusual rank and influence and united with rather more than usual ignorance and dulness—the degrees indispensable, in practice if not by canon to the getting of church ordination and preferment, are given, by the Archbishop, in the exercise of plenary power. The opportunities of getting knowledge are necessarily immense, though unhappily surrounded by obstructions, which exclude all the poor; and by temptations which overcome too many alas! of those who might enjoy the real advantages of the place. Dissenters of all kinds are excluded almost entirely from both Universities; strictly, and absolutely excluded from this. Subscription to the thirty nine articles, is indispensable, to admission into Oxford.

There are no theological schools, in the Episcopal church in England: and the admission is universal that the training furnished for their ministers in this most important department—bears no comparison with that, given in every other. The consequence is, that while the clergy of the establishment as a body, are well educated men—good Greek and Latin scholars—well read gentlemen, and so on, very few of them, are learned theologians. Why should this be? They have every thing made to hand, and are solemnly sworn to use nothing but what is so provided! If any should say their sermons are not so made; I reply, if they be not, the homilies are useless—and the public fame here greatly mistaken. A friend told me this story. He was arguing with a prebendary of the Cathedral of Durham, to convince him, that he was mistaken in charging the dissenters with plagiarism, in their preaching. He justified his opinion, by admitting and approving its universality in the establishment,—which he illustrated by this anecdote. The son of a deceased fellow prebend; out of respect to his father's memory, published a volume containing twelve of his manuscript sermons. Before a great while eleven of them were pointed out in various printed books of other men, nearly verbatim; and by and by, the twelfth was found to have been patched up out of three, of the same kind. And the names of all the parties given! But after all, preaching is but the smallest part of the duty of the ministers in the Episcopal church of England. The bishops seldom preach. Hundreds of Rectors and Vicars, never preach at all: very few preach more than once a week; when they do officiate, nearly all read, and most of their discourses va-

<i>Founded.</i>		<i>Professors.</i>		<i>Appointed or elected.</i>
Political Economy,	-	1825,	William Foster Loyd, M. A.,	- - - 1832
White's MoralPhilos.	-	1829,	R. D. Hampden, D. D.,	- - - 1834
Boaden's Sanscrit,	-	1830,	Horace H. Wilson, M. A.,	- - - 1832
Music,	- - -	1626,	William Cratch. D. Mus.	- - - 1797
<i>Founded.</i>		<i>University Officers.</i>		<i>Appointed or elected.</i>
Public Orator,	- -	1564,	J. A. Cramer, D. D.,	New Inn Hall, - 1831
Bodley's Librarian,	-	1540,	B. Bandinal, D. D.,	New College, - 1831
			{ S. Reay, M. A.	St. Alban's Hall, 1828
<i>Sub-Librarians.</i>	-		{ W. Cureton, M. A.,	Christ Church, - 1834
Keeper of the Archives,	1634,		P. Bliss, D. C. L.	St. John's, - 1826
Keeper Ashm. Mus.	1683,		P. B. Duncan, M. A.,	New College, - 1829
Radcliffe, Librarian,	1747,		John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S.	- - - 1834

ry from fifteen to thirty minutes in length. He must be a sad dunce who cannot write a decent moral lecture once a week which half an hour can be consumed in reading. If ninety-nine hundredths of the high-church men, who constitute probably nine tenths of the establishment do so much—they are foully belied.

Amongst the worst features of this lack of theological training in churchmen—is to be found in the proneness to all species of plausible religious error, to which it inclines.—I should more properly say subjects, the really pious and enquiring portion of the clergy. With hearts alive to religious impressions—and minds awakened keenly to religious contemplations,—but really unprovided with proper guides—unskilled in the minute history of error, and destitute of clear systematic, well digested views of Christian doctrine,—this most interesting, and I rejoice to add increasing body of men—is of all others the most liable to be seduced into religious errors of a certain kind. It is undeniable that the follies, they deserve no better name—of the late Edward Irving—while they found no advocates in any class of dissenters, tinctured most deeply—many pious, but untrained minds, in the small evangelical part of the establishment. I state the fact, on undeniable authority, and merely to illustrate my meaning. So far from intending offence, I can say with an honest conscience that there are no men in the world, who in my judgment occupy at this moment a posture more critical, and profoundly interesting; none for whom my heart is more tenderly engaged, than for these very men—these comparatively few, but increasing ministers of the established church of England, who really love God, and faithfully adhere to the real spirit of their own evangelical creed.

Many of the kings of England have resided at Oxford; and several parliaments have in former times been summoned to meet here. Charles I. held his court here during the whole of the civil wars: and from that day to this, it has been in full possession of the Tory party—and formed one of the chief seats of High church influence. Several years ago the elite of the aristocracy connected with this university, got together here, with the duke of Wellington (who is its chancellor—or chief magistrate and governor, invested with extensive powers) and nearly went into spasms, from the excess of their demonstrations against the progress of reform. Very lately the corporation has received another shock, in consequence of the appointment, by the prime minister, of a certain Dr. Hampden, late moral philosophical professor, to divinity professor. They say he is heterodox; what is worse still—he is suspected of being a radical. In two meetings, consisting of above five hundred persons each time—they have said and done, all manner of hard and contemptuous things about him, still he holds on; and they have made a case*both for the courts and the politicians, out of it, as little becoming the character of the University on the one hand, as the nature of the chair the reverend gentleman is so anxious to occupy, or the venerated name he bears on the other; the place seems fatal to the name (I hope he is not of that noble race;) for glorious John Hampden, was killed in this shire, a few miles from this spot, at

Chalgrave near Watlington, in 1613,—in resisting some attempt of the followers of Charles I.—After what is said in a preceding page, nothing need be added to illustrate the admirable qualifications of my Lord Melbourne to select a teacher of divinity,—whose duty it is, to train the future preachers of the land.

The distance from Oxford to London is about sixty miles. The main road passes down the general course of the Thames, though not only in its valley,—and crosses it twice, first at Henley, upon Thames, to its south bank—then back again to the north bank at Mardenhead. Above the former place, you pass through Dorchester on the Thame, before its junction with the Isis; which is a mean, straggling, thatched hamlet,—the reverse in all respects, of its beautiful, and airy namesake, near Boston, Massachusetts. After leaving Oxfordshire, you pass through one end of Berkshire, (called by the natives *Barkshire*;) thence through one corner of Buckinghamshire on the opposite side of the Thames; thence into Middlesex, in one corner of which is situated the greatest city in the world. Part of London however is in the county of Surry on the south side of the Thames; as I shall presently have more particular occasion to remark. The Thames at London is a broad and deep river; and thence upwards, it is a very beautiful stream; by far the most important one in the island, and comparing favourably with most of those of western Europe. But all the natural objects of America are projected on so vast a scale, that those in England, look diminutive and mean, in comparison. Important as this river is to this country,—and dilated as the conceptions of the people seem to be, when they speak of its greatness; how can its course of less than one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth to its source, seem otherwise than insignificant, to an American, who after navigating the Ohio for one thousand miles, meets at its mouth, a traveller who has descended the Missouri nearly twice as far; and yet both are compelled to course the majestic Mississippi, twelve hundred miles farther, to see these vast waters, disembogue by a hundred channels into the deep.

Through the shires of which I now speak, the appearance of the country is generally delightful. Every where cultivated, highly adorned with excellent houses, and fine rural scenery, and skirted with irregular clumps or ranges of trees, which though small, knotty, and exceedingly scant compared with our giant forests, are yet a relief to the scenery. The country people of England are the best housed people, I presume in the world, of their cast; the very poorest of them, who have houses at all being provided with substantial, and roomy, stone, brick, or frame filled in with brick. Generally too, they are well clad. And though their dress is peculiar, (the laboring people wearing the large smack shirt over tight knee breeches,) is generally speaking, both tidy and comfortable. Labour is now better rewarded, than for many years past; although still it is comparatively low, money worth little, and bread high. The necessary results of such a state of things must be the overworking of the poor, the enormous prosperity of those who own the soil, and the highest possible cultivation of it. And such are the agricultural districts, beautiful, pro-

ductive, and constantly improving;—new lands yearly subjected to the plow, so that the precincts and commons of many villages, meant for the enjoyment and health of the poor, are constantly being inclosed. But at the same time, the labouring people, burdened in every comfort, taxed to the third or fourth part of their earnings, hemmed in by every sort of restriction, and watched over by thousands of soldiers and police men beyond counting; owning almost nothing, and destitute of all hope of ever owning much;—it requires indeed all possible exertion, to provide the indispensable comforts belonging to their condition by immemorial custom, and to retain from year to year, their existing state.

I have heard from my childhood of the Chiltern Hundreds of persons who had served in Parliament, *accepting the Chiltern Hundreds*. For the first time I now got a distinct idea of what was meant. Our road led over an extensive tract of hills, covered in many places with beach woods, interspersed with considerable wastes, whose surface presents only brakes of furse, and the peculiar moss formation, in small hillocks over the ground, which were once of great extent, in many parts of the country. These cold and high hills, stretch nearly across the kingdom, occupying especially large portions of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. They are composed of chalk, mixed with some loam and clay, and full of flints. On the Berkshire side of the Thames, at Hurley, there is an immense cut in one of these chalk hills, through which the road passes; and in the sides of which there is a very fine exhibition of this formation, which is so extensive in England. These are the Chiltern Hills; and the *Chiltern Hundreds* was one of the ancient territorial divisions of this region, (the whole country being divided into districts called *hundreds*); which being still retained the appointment of the stewards of it, is in the hands of the chancellor of the Exchequer. The place is a synecure; and the compensation nominal. Now according to the monarchical notion of representation, the Barons who sit in the house of Peers, are called to that dignity, solely by the King's Majesty; while the Burgesses who sit in the commons, although they might be elected by certain constituencies—could meet deliberate, or be prorogued or dissolved, only in obedience to the will of the sovereign. The commons therefore are bound to the king, as well as to their immediate constituents; to sit in the parliament for which they are chosen, and it is a received and settled practice if not law, that a member cannot resign his seat. To help out the case, another nation comes in, namely that the member vacates his seat, by accepting any new appointment whatever of an official kind from the King. Even the Prime Minister, if a member, vacates his seat, by accepting office; and must be re-elected by the same, or another constituency. To *accept the Chiltern Hundreds* therefore, is to get out of Parliament by the back door, the front door being locked and barred; and gentlemen occasionally finding the place too hot to hold them.

On one occasion during this journey three coloured men, who were travelling on foot towards Liverpool approached us, and their spokesman, a stout, and very black negro solicited alms, in broken French. He said he was from one of the West Indian Islands. He spake neither French nor English; and having a good deal of

difficulty in understanding him, I addressed myself to a mulatto, who accompanied him, and who I found to speak English perfectly. He was ashamed to beg, and so had set his less enlightened companion to do it for the party. He announced himself, as a native of the Isle of France, in the East Indies, the son of an Englishman, who had sent him home, to be educated and taught a trade; in both of which he had succeeded; but had lost his character, squandered his means, and turned vagabond. His black companion was a sailor, out of employment. The third and smallest of the party was a light, well formed and very young man, of high, thin features—with very black hair, and small mustaches, and of a bright olive complexion. He struck my attention forcibly; for I had never seen one like him. He spake but little of our tongue; and proved to be a Lascar from Southern Asia, who had come out in some menial capacity on board a merchantman; been discharged, perhaps cheated afterwards, probably corrupted more than he was when he left his heathen home and was now a street beggar. Poor fellows! We seemed the representatives of each line, back to our common ancestor; Shem, Ham, Japhet,—with one also to represent the general mixture of races; drawn from the ends of the world, and meeting by the way-side, in this remote corner of it—to meet no more, till we meet at the bar of God! One look up the dark stream of time, revealed our common origin, in the second great subduer of the earth, leading his little rescued household forth out of the ark to possess his wide inheritance! One look downwards toward the open gate of death, and the vast eternity beyond it, revealed with equal clearness our common destiny! My heart melted before such conceptions; and while I rejoiced in the privilege of contributing to their temporal necessities; I felt most keenly, the sense of obligation which rests upon all christian people to provide at once; and fully for the spiritual wants, of our ruined world.

About 22 miles above London, are situated the villages of Eaton and Windsor—the former in Buckinghamshire on the north, and the latter in Berkshire, on the south side of the Thames. At the first named village is Eaton School, now and for many years, one of the most celebrated in the Kingdom. It was established by Henry VI., in 1440, who founded it for “a provost, ten priests, six clerks, six choristers, twenty five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor old men.” It now supports, seventy scholars, (called King’s scholars,) together with professors and tutors enough to teach; in addition to them, 300 pupils;—usually the sons of the principal nobility and gentry. In full view of Eaton College is Stoke Page, a very noble edifice, the seat of the family of the immortal William Penn. And in the adjoining church yard of Stoke Page lies the dust of Gray, the sweetest of English poets; whom no one can look upon this lovely scene, without recalling with renewed tenderness.

As you pass amidst these stirring scenes, looking to the left hand on Stoke, and meditating on the good life and great actions of the illustrious founder of the key state of our great confederacy; then turning to the right, and taking in at a single view the superb proportions of the Royal Palace at Windsor, which has been since

the days of William the Conqueror, the occasional residence of British Kings,—and remember how few of them are more to us, than if they had never lived; it is impossible to avoid feeling, as if realized before you, the utter meanness of rank and power as compared with real worth. William Penn, received from Charles II., after the restoration a grant of what is now the state of Pennsylvania, in full discharge of the sum of £14,000 due him, from the government. Forced by the meanness of a licentious and unjust King, to found a foreign state, that he might obtain the payment of a debt of ordinary character, and moderate extent; God used him as his instrument, to lay in peace, in justice, in mercy, in foresighted wisdom, the basis of a commonwealth at this day unsurpassed in temporal blessings; and rewarded him for his part in the sacred enterprize, by writing his name forever to the glory of that state, and making him the benefactor of generations of generations! And where may be Mr. Charles Stewart Rex? Or who of all the long line that went before, or that has followed him, has done a deed, that in its toute ensemble, exceeds this of an unpretending comonomer,—itself the fruit of royal perfidy? The same kingdom that grudged Penn his small and honest debt, paid when George IV. was King, a *single* upholsterer's bill, by act of Parliament, to Messrs. Morel and Sidden for *furnishing* this very Castle of Windsor £179,300. 13s. 9d. equal to about \$896,500! And what has become of Mr. George Quartus Guelph Rex; after he had finished all his sumptuous fareing, and all his delicious living? Who is there to-day, that would take the place of any George or Charles of them all, either with God or man, in preference to that of William Penn?

A few miles before reaching London the road conducts the traveller through the midst of what was once Hounslow Heath, a place famous through successive generations, and indeed until within the last twenty-five years for robberies and murders, and whatever else, thieves, pick-pockets, villains, and desperadoes, could do. At present the greatest part of it is occupied with highly cultivated fields, gardens and nurseries; dotted over with rows of cottages, and smiling villages. For some distance before you enter the city proper, the houses become, first more frequent; then they are found in rows; then they become villages, with short intervals; and finally melt into the world of brick and mortar, which constitutes London. The approach by which I entered it for the first time, is from the South West, along the left bank of the Thames. And as I actually drew onward into its vast dimensions, there was less of imposing circumstance, about it, than I had anticipated. Yet it is an amazing thing, and for a long distance before reaching its heart, one is, as it were, swallowed up and lost. The travel is exceedingly rapid; the road perfect. Beginning at ten or a dozen miles from the metropolis, some fellow traveller, familiar with surrounding objects will say, that is Hampton Court, near the Thames, in that distance, renounced over the earth. Then before the mind is composed, and in the midst of hurried thoughts of Wolsey, and Raphael, and all the wonders of that princely abode; some one says, there stands Strawberry Hill the residence of Horace Wallpole; and that is the place of Kew, the present re-

sidence of the Dutchess of Kent, and her daughter Victoria, heiress of the British throne. In a few moments, you are roused again to look at Holland House, once the abode of the delightful Addison, now of the noble family of Fox. There is Lion House, adds another the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, possessing the finest conservatory in the world. That is Hyde Park on the left, full of foot passengers, and horsemen, and all sorts of equipages; and that on the right is St. James's Park, with the palace of St. James, the Royal residence, and the new one of Buckingham, nearly hid, in its aristocratic shades. This is Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's; these are streets of palaces. We are now in Pall Mall,—here is Pickadilly,—Charing Cross—we are really in London,—nay have passed through, or by, two-thirds of its renowned *West end*.

It was with a start, I heard the driver, after he asked several times, "where will you be put down sir?"—"Put down? Any where. What is this?" "The Golden Cross, in Charing Cross, a very good house sir," said he looking at my dress, which seemed to puzzle him, and to confess the truth, it was far inferior to his own—"a very good house, and will I think suit you sir." I had before been advised by a very sensible and well bred English gentleman, who had travelled with us all day, to put no confidence whatever, in any body in London. I smiled at his caution, but felt rather grave when he added, a minute description of the dress of a city policeman, to enable me to recognize them at once, and a strong injunction to me, to hand over to them, man, woman or child, who should give me the least annoyance, in a city which he seemed to look on, as being made up in great part, of the wickedest of mankind. He stopped at a Club House, which is one of the million of devices of the aristocratic spirit of this nation which eternally prompts all to get as nigh to those above them, and as far from those below them, as possible; and being left to chance, I disobeyed his council, took the coachman's word and stopped at the Golden Cross. The house was full; I remembered the name of a hotel which a fellow voyager across the ocean had mentioned, and started to seek it. "Will you have a coach sir," said two or three voices the moment my foot was on the pavement; Yes. "Will you buy a pocket book sir," said one. No. "An Almanac" said another. No. "A walking stick," said a third. No. "A pair of boot straps," "a key ring," "an eye glass," "a guard chain," &c. &c. All declaring their articles to be the best in the world, and cheaper than dirt. I bore this very tolerably, for I looked for instant relief in the arrival of the coach. It came, but to enter it was out of the question; as to use it would I supposed exclude me from any decent hotel to which I might drive. By the way, one will hardly in all England find a *decent two horse hackney coach*. But this one, both horses, coach and driver, beggared all description. I said at once the thing would not answer; and being willing to pay for experience, offered the man who went for it, and the driver of it, six-pence each; equal to about 12 cents of our money. They both peremptorily refused it, and considered a shilling each very little; while at the same moment, the throng of small traders, renewed their attack.

The advice of my fellow traveller flashed across my mind; and coolly returning my two sixpences to my pocket; and by a broad allusion to a police man, who was in hearing, I got sufficient respite to escape into the house. The police of London, is the most numerous and the best organized in the world. They are every where in that great city—at all hours, and are really amongst its chiefest comforts.

As poor Col. Crockett would have said I was fairly treed. But my circumstances forced me to make another sally. This time I rang for a servant, and told him I wanted a coach. He said he would send up '*boots*' and disappeared. Up came the *porter* of the establishment, who as I have since learned, is called every where and only—*boots*. 'Get me a carriage of some kind' said I. "Will you have a coach, a fly, or a cab sir?" "A what?" He repeated the three names. It was all guessing, so I ordered a Cab; and in a few moments I was seated in a *Cabriolet*, which I found the vehicle to be, that is a gig, drawn by one horse, and capable of holding two persons; with the driver's seat outside of it, on the right side; and defended in front by a curious wooden top, that is hung so as to move back and forward, or sideways at pleasure. They are very convenient, and number nearly two thousand in London. There are nearly as many of the most miserable hackney coaches I have ever seen; and besides both, a much smaller number of flies, that is small close carriages, with one seat, and a single horse.

I drove to the Union Hotel, Cockspur street, kept by Mrs. Chamberlain (most of their hotels are kept by women, and I give names and places, as I have a queer story to tell,) which is rather an important one, in the immediate vicinity of Regent street. That street is the very vortex of the West end, where they wish to show themselves, in the city rather than in the parks; and is of recent origin, being cut through well built squares at a cost to the government of £1,833,000. This hotel was also full; and not knowing what to do, I again disregarded advice and besought Mrs. Chamberlain, to commend me to some suitable place, telling her at the same time my circumstances and condition. She very kindly recommended me, with *her* compliments to Mrs. Osborne's hotel, at the corner of John's street in the Adelphi; and by way of commending it to me, added that many Americans stopped there, "Indeed" said she, "the king and queen of America put up there the last time they were in town!" "The *who*, madam?" "The king and queen of America sir?" I knew the utter ignorance which prevailed in England, over ninety-nine hundredths of the people, about every thing, but their own especial personal business. I knew their still more general ignorance of America. For I had heard them very often express surprise that I and my friends were white; and as many times, unfeigned curiosity to know how we had been enabled to speak English! But this seemed to me so prodigious that I endeavoured afterwards to get some cure to such barbarous stupidity.

It is due to the good hostess to say that I pretty soon found two bases for her mistake, either of which was quite sufficient to account for it; in the existing state of knowledge, amongst the common

people of England. It appears first that no great while ago, some royal couple from some Island, or Group in the South Pacific Ocean, had actually been in London, and put up, at the house in question. The material parts of the story being true therefore, so much of it namely as touched the facts of king or no king, this tavern or another; it was of small moment, whether Otabite were in America, or America one of the Sandwich Islands, either, both, or neither; it is all one to Mr. Bull. How true this is, can be made apparent to all, when the following statement, which contains my second solution of the lady's error, manifests that the very streams of popular knowledge are polluted at their fountains. The Times newspaper, was for a long period, more extensively circulated than any other in Britain. It is still edited with more ability perhaps than any other paper. And although its total and as is generally believed, corrupt, change from low radical to high tory politics, since the passage of the Reform Bill, has greatly weakened its moral power; it is still possessed of immense influence.

Within a few months M. Mendizabel, the late Prime Minister of Spain, stated in a speech in the Cortes; that during the invasion of Portugal by Don Pedro, and while his agents were negotiating a loan in Paris, the Times spake disparagingly of his cause, in a transient paragraph; that the Paris bankers immediately, and for that reason, refused to make the loan; in consequence of which, Miguel was able to protract the contest for the crown of Portugal during another whole year! Now all the English journals of every kind and degree, more or less, misrepresent every thing American. Some through utter indifference about us; many through total ignorance; some out of sheer malice, and amongst these, we may safely enumerate the Quarterly Review, long their ablest periodical; and the Times, long their ablest journal. America, and all in it, are gall and wormwood—to all king-craft, priest-craft, and the whole round of abuses, corruptions, and intolerable nuisances that inhere in every kind of oligarchy. I will prove the crime of the Times against us by one signal and very recent instance; which at the same moment reveals the atrocious manner in which the people here, are drilled and bred to ignorance. A leading article in one of the numbers of that paper, about the first of May 1836, contains the following, amongst numerous statements like it. "Whoever has been in the United States, and has "since his return marked the "progressing" of public events in "England; must be forcibly struck with the awful facts, that where—"as the wisest statesmen there—General Jackson at the head of "them—endeavour gradually and quietly to bring about the revolution they know to be inevitable, from republicanism to despot—"ism; our infatuated rulers, who play at statesmanship, are about "by spurious republican notions, to consummate an event they "little dream of;—namely the overthrow of a monarchy, under the "protection of which, *every native born American* would give his "ears to place himself, and his property."

This is taken from a communication, whose author gives the following account of himself, and his means of getting correct information in America. "When I was in the United States, I was "a member of the Catholic Association at New York; and wanting

"to become personally, practically, and perfectly acquainted with every thing in that country. I, under the advice of friends who well knew that every stranger, wherever he might be, in that *"pays de la libertie,"* had better be subjected to the surveillance of the police at Vienna than travel without a palpable, declared, and approved object; took upon myself the office of traveller for a newspaper, which was the express and especial organ of the Catholic Association. The accounts due to the proprietors of that paper, were my credentials throughout the union. In this way then I had experience of a peculiar kind. As a citizen of the world, with plenty of money in my pocket, I went into all kinds of American society; and as the representative of adopted citizens, conducting a newspaper, I had daily intercourse with those (especially Irish) who formed the innumerable branches throughout the union of the Catholic Association at New York."

Here is much food for serious meditation. Amidst many false opinions, these two extracts contain some undeniable and momentous truths. The false opinions mislead the British public, and are therefore valued by the Times. The facts concern the American people, and deserve their profound attention. For though we all know, that no American statesman high or low meditates, or would tolerate revolution of any kind, last off all, towards despotism; and that no *native American* exists who would not willingly die to prevent the rise of monarchy in his beloved country;—yet it is true, that there is a Catholic Association at New-York; that its branches are ramified through the nation,—that it controls a newspaper; that it is composed chiefly of adopted citizens and especially Irishmen. It is also true that all newspapers employ collectors; and that the possession of the accounts of one, would give a certain access to every class of subscribers to it. [Above all, it is true, that this fatal Roman Catholic superstition, has been in all ages and countries, the deadly enemy of civil and religious liberty. Here then is the source of the false opinions,—in the true facts. And here is most emphatic testimony—subject to whatever drawback, any may choose to make, on the score of mistake, ignorance, or falsehood,—here is emphatic testimony, that the great body of papists, in America—not only contemplate the ruin of our republic as inevitable, and busy themselves in preparation to meet such an event, but that they firmly believe civil revolution in America to be desirable,—and actually desired by the great bulk of the people. Let us distinguish between what is actually true, and what papists believe to be true; between what is desired by the nation, and what they imagine it desires; between what will actually be, and what they think ought to be, and will be, and we shall have the clue perhaps to guide us, through these and a thousand similar proofs. They who believe while on this side of the ocean that Americans, are black, talk gibberish, and have a king; would not be hard to convince on the other side, that they neither deserved nor cared about freedom. Let us add the power of the priest to that of the newspaper, as a means of delusion; and the power of religious intolerance, to that of political fanaticism, as a motive for action; and instead of being marvellous, the story most probably exhibits the real opinions, principles, and efforts of the great body of foreign papists in the United States.

After a good deal of trouble and several days of odd enough adventure, we finally got settled in No. 8 Norfolk-street, Strand; a wide, quiet, short street, running from the Thames to the Strand (Which is a portion of the greatest thoroughfare in London): about mid-way between the Temple Bar (which terminates the city proper) and Exeter Hall,—which was the object that drew us to this vicinity.—For three capacious apartments, on what is here called the first floor, but with us the second; namely, a front parlour and two chambers, we paid six guineas a week. For board (of the plainest kind) for three adult persons, six guineas a week more. Extra charges; fire one shilling a day; lights the same; washing table linen, &c. two shillings a week; 'boots', three shillings a week; servant seven shillings a week; door keeper a shilling a week; cook two shillings a week—the two last being mere gratuities. Making a grand total of rather more than £14 per week:—nearly three and an half dollars per diem, for each person. To this the stranger in London,—especially if he is somewhat restricted for time, and desirous of seeing what is to be seen, in the way of public curiosities,—may add about one dollar and a half a day, additional, to be paid to coachmen, showmen, beggars, and impostors,—counting of course, that he shall have escaped many, and curtailed many,—if he gets off with this additional daily expenditure,—in the midst of the most greedy, rapacious, and venal population that is to be found on earth. I should suppose that about one sovereign a day—and not less—would cover the necessary expenses of a transient person, who would live respectably, in London,—see its sights,—and conform to its lawful habits and notions. If these details seem too minute—or even trifling to some, I must bear their censure for the sake of the greater number, to whom this will be curious, and the few to whom this may impart useful hints.

UNIVERSALISM.

LETTER XIII.

Reply. Universalist contempt of the Scriptures.

As the time draws near when we shall be obliged to bring this discussion to an end; we avail ourselves of an hour's leisure, to examine several of those passages of the New Testament, which we have cited to prove the reality of an awful judgment to come, and the final condemnation of the wicked to eternal punishment after it; but which you interpret, sometimes to mean the coming of Christ in his kingdom or power, or glory, as the case may be, sometimes the destruction of Jerusalem, and sometimes almost nothing at all.

We may perhaps without offence, jog your memory, in regard to your excuse, towards the close of your fourth letter, for not then taking any notice of our exposition of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, contained in the 16th chapter of Luke;—and your intimation that, by and by, we might expect to hear from

you, in regard to it. We are writing our thirteenth letter; yet we are still looking for the promised notice, of a most important part of our fourth. Now considering that you have preached on this parable—that your Berean society has discussed it,—that Christ spoke it, directly showing the feelings and state of a man, who not only was in hell, but who is the expositor of his own agony and hopeless ruin therein; considering that in a discussion precisely turning on the point, is there any hell or not, the testimony of a man, represented by Christ himself, to be in hell, must be important, and was so urged: really sir, we think you should expound us that parable. And we have the more ground for this claim; as you so often, and so explicitly declare, that you have not only met and refuted, *every thing*, we have been able to say, as fast as we could say it; but have so often and so piteously complained, that our weakness and barrenness left you almost without materials for argument. This far at least you are excusable; you had the *intention* to explain that parable; and the papists, (whom you court with such sycophancy, and who in return despise you, and have the *intention* of burning you as a heretic, as soon as they have the power)—hold, that what is *intended to be done, is done*. Therefore we may *suppose* the parable *expounded*; and you may, on the like ground, *consider yourself burnt*. We beg the reader to examine the latter part of our fourth letter.

We had incidentally referred to Rev. xxi: 4, 5. not even quoting it however, in the first paragraph of our *third* letter, to sustain our declaration of the eternal blessedness of *the righteous* in heaven.—The paragraph was written to explain our reasons, for not attempting to prove, that blessed truth; a truth which we did you the unmerited honor of supposing, that even you would not question. But so insupportable does it appear to be to you, that any good thing should happen *to the righteous*, either on earth or in heaven; that you not only revile their principles, and insult their Saviour, and ridicule their hopes, but rave against the goodness of their God, for allowing them to be saved, *being righteous*. Really sir, we suspect you believe in your heart, *that all the righteous ought to be damned*, on that very score; and that you may not after all, contend for, or desire the salvation, of any, but those whose crimes entitle them, to admission, into your new heavens.—The following quotation from your *third* letter, will fully justify these remarks; as they warrant much harsher censure. “You seem to have been careful, in your first paragraph, to keep out of sight *one fact* which God saw proper to reveal. You affirm that the *righteous* are to experience no more pain, sorrow, &c. and refer to Rev. xxi: 4, 5; as proof of your assertion. But *why did you not quote the text?* Because, *you knew it would prove too much for your purpose*. Believing as I do, that *honesty* is “one of the first and fundamental principles of Christianity,” I shall quote the passage entire, for your edification. Rev. xxi: 1—5. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven, and the first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of

heaven, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, (whose eyes? Not a few, but "men"—ALL men) and THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, (what becomes of your "eternal death," then?) neither SORROW nor CRYING, neither shall there be any more PAIN: for the former things are passed away:—And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW!" What, now, becomes of your "endless" sorrow, when there is to be *no more of any kind*? What becomes of your "endless" weeping, when there is to be *no more crying*? What becomes of your "endless" pain, when there is to be *no more pain*? And when God makes "ALL THINGS NEW," will he *make a new hell for the wicked*?"

Now sir, is it not, almost out of the bounds of belief,—that these verses, thus interlarded by your folly, and wickedly wrested from their real sense; stand almost in juxtaposition, with one of the very clearest portions of divine truth, declaring the *eternal punishment of no less than eight classes of wicked men!!* You quote Rev. 21: 1. 5, and boast, and triumph and exult—through the frothy nonsense printed above; when the 8th verse of the very chapter you are expounding, and only *seven lines* distant from the end of your quotation, most positively disproves, all your comments;—and sentences, in its sweeping denunciation, perhaps ninety nine, out of every hundred who hold your doctrines, to the pains of the second death! In verse seventh the fate of the righteous is thus declared: "*He that overcometh shall inherit all things: and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.*" Then follows in verse eighth the fate of the wicked.—"*BUT* (note Sir the awful distinction:) "*BUT* the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part" (where? in the new heaven? No Sir, but) *in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death.*" Does that prove too much for our purpose? Did your boasted love of honesty induce you to quote the whole passage? Then be so good as to reconcile your comments on Rev. xxi: 1—5; with the 7th and 8th of the same chapter: remembering that as verses 1—5, relate to future and eternal events—by your own showing, verses 7 and 8, can *hardly refer to the destruction of Jerusalem!*—And to contribute our mite towards the elucidation of the subject, we would beg you to observe that in the next chapter of Revelations (the 22nd) which is the last one of the Bible, a somewhat minute account is given of those, who are *admitted into*, and those who are *excluded from* that paradise of God; of which the glorious city which the apostle describes in the two last chapters of his heavenly vision, is so faint a type.—Amongst those *excluded*; he mentions most of the persons, described in the 8th verse of the 21st chapter; and of whom in the 15th verse of the 22nd chapter he thus speaks: "*For WITHOUT*" (without what? the holy city—that is heaven!—) "*are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.*"

The *fifth proposition*, of our second letter was, "That the righteous result of the judgment will be, the entrance of those who love God into a state of perfect happiness; and the entrance of those who do not love God, into a state of dreadful torment." To prove both these assertions, we quoted Mat. 25: 31—46. In your reply to the latter part of the proposition, and quotation adduced to prove it; you use the following language. "The quotation from Mat. 25 has reference, not to any result of a future judgment, but to the events that were to transpire, at the coming of Christ in his kingdom." If by the words "*coming of Christ in his kingdom*," you mean the same that Matthew does by the words "*when the Son of Man shall come in his glory*;" then you are lucky enough for once to *mean* the truth; then you express it in equivocal language.—But when you say, that the passage has reference not to a future judgment, *but* to the coming of Christ; you both contradict the Saviour, and write nonsense. For our Lord not only asserts expressly, that he will come in glory; but that he will *then* sit upon his throne of glory, and surrounded by all his angels,—call all nations before him—judge them all—and divide them from each other, according to their deserts;—saying to those on the right hand, "come ye blessed, &c." and to those on the left hand, "depart from me ye cursed, &c." So that not only is the whole account of the future *glorious* coming of Christ, expressly related to the final judgment; but the two events are so perfectly identical, that both are related by the Master himself, of himself, as accomplished together; and the account is concluded, with this solemn summary of the whole transaction: "and these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal." In short, human language could not be more explicit. And it may with reverence be said, that if our dear Lord did not mean to be understood, in the plain import of his words; the whole transaction recorded in the 24 and 25 chapters of Matthew,—is the most extraordinary and inexplicable that ever occurred. On any other supposition, what is the meaning of his words, now so plain? His throne of glory—what and where was it? His holy angels—who were they? All nations gathered, judged, separated, blessed, and cursed before him; who and what are they all? The kingdom prepared for the blessed, and which they are told to inherit; the everlasting fire, prepared at first for the devil and his angels, and made the abode of the cursed; what mean these terrible images? Attempt to explain them on any hypothesis except the literal truth of the assertions; and every thing becomes perplexed, foolish, contradictory, insignificant, and false. Let them stand in their plain, naked, awful truth, as uttered by the voice of God; and all is clear, sublime, and if terrible to the wicked, yet full of joy to the Christian's heart?

You attempt to evade the force of the passage however, by a reference to two texts of scripture; eked out with your usual accompaniments. That the foregoing passage has no such sense, as the words import; you say, "is manifest from Mat. 24: 34—and 16: 27, 28. Here in the first, we find it asserted, in strict reference to the events spoken of, "that this generation shall not pass till all these things, be fulfilled"—and that there might be no mis-

take, the Saviour expressly declared in the second, that, "the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels, and THEN shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, *There be some standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man, coming in his Kingdom.*" How our theological Solomons can get over these facts, and blunder into the opinion, that the passage quoted (that is Math. xxv: 31—46)—relates to another world, is a mystery."

We pass the intended insult, in total indifference. We take our shoes from off our feet; for this is holy ground; and these perverted passages are amongst the clearest in the word of life, concerning the kingdom, the power, and the glory of our King!—Then let us examine the passages in order.—Our first remark is; that your attempt to make the statement in Mat. xvi: 27, 28, prove that the passage in Mat. xxv: 31—46 applies only to the things of this world; is not only a gross fraud, but a chronological absurdity. The former passage was uttered, if our Bible chronology is correct, a year or more, before the latter: so that even if they both related to the same event, (as we shall immediately show they did not)—it is impossible, that what was said in Gallilee in the year 32, could be spoken "*in strict reference*" to, and peculiar limitation of what was uttered, on the Mount of Olives, in the year 33. Here sir, you confound time, place, and circumstance; in the same way, as you did, the Apostle Matthew with the Evangelist Mark, in your famous "*age-lasting punishment*," exposed in our eleventh letter. But we say further; you confound sense, as well as all things else. In relation *to the coming of Christ*, he himself, and all the scriptures, speak repeatedly of *three distinct events*, under that phrase. Our Saviour in the form of prayer he taught his disciples, directed them to ascribe to God "*the kingdom, the power, and the glory*;" and in strict accordance with the fact that Christ is very God, his coming, first in his *kingdom*, then afterwards with his *great power*, then last of all, in the *very glory of his Father*, are amongst the *familiar things*, spoken of by himself and all the prophets. Indeed, so minute is the accuracy of this beautiful analogy, that the Greek, as well as the English, sedulously uses the same expressive and peculiar terms, as each event is spoken of; and after some search, we can find no case, of any confusion, or substitution, in the use of the very words. Thus, in Mat. xvi: 27, Christ speaks of his final coming: but he is very far from intimating, that any then alive, should live to see it. But in the *next verse* (the 28,) he changes the expression entirely, and the discourse with it; and says that some to whom he spake, should not taste death till they should see the Son of Man come *in his kingdom*; (*Basileia*) not his glory. And doubtless many of them lived, for a year or two, and saw or knew the reality of his death, resurrection,—and glorious ascension; with the real and mighty setting up of *his kingdom*. In Mark ix: 1; we have an example of the *second kind*; where the coming of the kingdom of God *with power* (*dunamei*;) is declared to be near enough, for many then alive to see it. And who will say, that very many of them, did not behold the glorious things of Pentecost: and witness and partake of the gifts and graces of that Di-

vine Spirit, sent forth from the Father, to convince the world of that sin, of whose pollution you have so little conception; of that righteousness which you revile; and of that judgment to come, at which you scoff!—Finally, in Mat. xxv: 31, we have an example of the *third kind*; when his last advent, will be without sin unto the salvation of the righteous, and the condemnation of his enemies; and he will sit on the throne of that *glory* (*doxes*,) in whose plenitude he will thenceforth reign forever! Then shall he come with *power* and *great glory* (*meta dunameos kai doxes polles*; the very words sir; Mat. xxiv: 30.) Then also shall he come in "*the clouds of heaven*;" (a fact which causes you so much merriment) into which he had been received (Acts i: 9.) and from which according to the prediction, (Acts i: 11. Mat. xxiv: 30.) he is to come again in *power* and *glory*. Then shall the stupendous events of the last times, thicken upon the world; and the judgment will set, and they who are in their graves shall hear the voice of God, and come forth; and even they who are alive, of the saints of God, shall first be changed (as to our vile bodies,) then caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord and abide with him, to all eternity. (1 Thess. iv: 14—17.) Glorious day;—the scoff of fools! Blessed, enduring hope; though a scandal to some, and a stumbling block to more, to us who believe, sweeter than the balm of life!

It may appear nearly useless to remark on the slight appearance of support, derived to your views from the misapplication of Mat. xxiv: 34. The whole of the 24 and 25 chapters of Mat. seem to contain a part—perhaps only a small part of one single discourse, delivered by our Saviour to his disciples. Many things are embraced in it. But it is clear that the destruction of the Jewish state and religion; the setting up, and progress, and persecution, and trial, and final triumph of Christ's kingdom; his glorious reign—the end of the world, the general judgment, and the eternal results of all things; all are set forth, and summed up, in these sublime chapters. Keeping in view what we have said before; there is no difficulty in applying, to the *kingdom*, or the *power*, or the *glory* of Christ; that which respectively relates to each. Thus at the 31st verse of the 24th chapter, a grand description of the *last* of the three closes.—And in verse 32nd, a parable concerning the *first* of the three, is commenced; in the course of which it is said, in verse 34th, and was, as we have shown true; that the then living generation should not pass away, till all the things relating to the *setting up of Christ's kingdom*, had been fulfilled. But to suppose that Christ promised the people, that they should live till the end of the world and the general judgment, is most ridiculous. And to deny that the passage contained in the two chapters, relates to these awful events; is as we have just abundantly shown, to confound all sense, reason, and knowledge.

The statement in the preceding paragraph, proceeds on the admission, that the 34th verse of the 24th chapter, means literally what you say is to be understood by its words. That is to say; that the word "generation" means, those then alive; and the word "fulfilled" means, to happen. But it is very obvious, that even the English words admit of several other senses; either of which would

destroy your argument entirely. While a very scanty share of knowledge, would convince you that the Greek words, are capable of several meanings at least as natural, as that expressed; either of which would turn the whole passage still more forcibly, than even at present, against your wicked doctrines. If you wish to prove the truth of this assertion, we advise you to get some smart boy who has been learning Greek, for half a year, and who does not remember the English of the passage; to translate that verse for you. You may perhaps then see the absolute futility of your criticism and argument on these solemn passages.

Now the end of all these things is this. If the word of God is to be understood in its plain and natural import; then it is as certain as language can make any thing, *that the wicked shall be condemned to a never ending hell; from (not out of) which they can escape only, by repenting of their sins, believing on Jesus Christ, and obeying his commandments.* But sin being agreeable to the natural man,—and many times apparently advantageous for the present; many are desirous of enjoying those pleasures and advantages, who are nevertheless extremely *reluctant to go to hell afterward.* This conflict produces various results, on various minds. But of all these amongst the worst is, on those who fall so in love with sin, as to lose all sense of its ill desert; become so alienated from God, as to lose all ideas of his character; and at last considering him altogether such an one as themselves, proceed to *deny that there is any hell at all,—or that God has ever said there was one!* Hence all these attempts to pervert the scriptures. Hence all these requisitions on our credulity; that we should first believe the most gigantic of all absurdities; and then believe, in succession all other absurdities necessary to sustain the first.

MARIA MONK.

Conjectures as to the truth of her book—Course of the Priests if false—Case of Blanco White's book—Refusal to open the Convent for examination during one year—The persons selected to examine—The whole is a sham—and proves the truth of the book—Nunneries in Europe—Priests and Popes—Holy Fathers, &c. &c.

Why have you said nothing about Maria Monk? Don't you believe what she says? are questions often put to us in relation to this book. Every body seems to have heard or read something about it. Thousands upon thousands of copies of it have been published, and sold, and read. Many have made up their minds as to the truth or falsehood of it. One penitent, of one of the holy fathers of this city by some chance or other read it, and her eyes were opened. What answer will you give to your priest when he asks you why you do not come to confession, said an individual not long since to a Catholic who had read it and determined not to visit her priest. "I will tell him," said she, "that I will go to confession, when I can forget Maria Monk, but not until then." Such things we often hear of Catholics who have dared to read for themselves. We have delayed expressing our opinion of it until we had seen what would be said against it, and what measures would be adopted with res-

pect to it. We do not regret our delay. We read and judge for ourselves. Delays do not injure the truth, while time brings falsehood to light, and makes manifest the wickedness of the wicked.

On reading it there was one thing that we expected, in regard to its reception. That the publishers would be assailed with bitterness and even violence, by papists and half-Protestants; by papers political and religious. Every thing that could be said against the publishers we looked for, and this only, if there was a *strong* probability of the truth of the book. If *false*, or even *doubtful*, we looked for a prosecution, *instantly*, of all those concerned in issuing it, as was done by Priest Reilly (of Pittsburgh) when only a suspicion (as to his character) was thrown out. We have yet heard of no prosecution for slander. The parties are unharmed, and to our knowledge, no civil suit has been entered.

When *Blanco White's Internal Evidence of Catholicism*, was published in Georgetown in 1826, a Priest either there or in the City of Washington, we have been informed, spent two sabbath days, in defaming the character of the author, a Popish plan for disproving facts! a plan as old as the slander of the reformers. When that book was offered for sale by Mr. S. Young, in this city, recommended by a number of Protestant ministers, &c. threats of the most diabolical character were made: that their houses should be burned down and their lives destroyed! *Bishop Kemp* and *Mr. Young* each received private admonitions (that probably originated among some of the fathers) threatening them personally, in case the sale of the book was continued. Communications from such courageous champions, we have often had the honour of receiving. But the precious relics have had little effect upon our dull devotions.

The same course has been pursued with respect to these *Disclosures of the internal system of these Popish Prisons where helpless females are kept in confinement*. It is a sore point with the *Priests*, and one which needs thorough investigation, and an explicit explanation. The way for men to acquit themselves of such charges is at once manly and boldly, to challenge and demand an instant examination into every particular. What honest man, or innocent man, when certain that justice would be done him, hesitated to have his character examined when false accusations were brought against him? When an honest merchant fails through misfortune, does he refuse to let his creditors know how his losses came? what he will be able to pay? in a word, to give all the satisfaction in his power? Let the case be changed. Take a man who has failed to a very large amount, one who refuses to give his creditors any information as to the cause; will not allow any one to see his books. Suppose there is a rumour that it is for the purpose of cheating his creditors, and the delay on his part is to alter his books and make such changes that the accounts cannot be understood, and nothing satisfactorily made known to the party concerned. What will, what must be the conviction of every mind? These were the thoughts that occurred to us on reading the preface of the book when it first appeared. Here is the moral character of a mass of priests, each one of whom claims to be venerated as the Lord Jesus Christ,

and to have in their hands the power to save and damn the souls of their fellow men.

The book before us accuses the Priests of Montreal, of the most inconceivable brutality, the very cruelty of fiends; if fiends could be guilty of such, presented in such particulars that any, or every one would prove the truth or falsity of the narrative. *It is the treatment that the Nuns of that place receive from the Priests.* Our limits will not suffer us to make extracts as we would wish, from the book. Many think it wrong and demoralizing even to notice them, but truth, and duty often demand that we should lay aside our own desires to save others. *Labelling the Poison* gives the malicious an opportunity of knowing where the instrument of death may be found, and thus may do harm; but wisdom says *label the poison*, lest the innocent should mistake the fatal poison. So it is the duty to put a sign post up where danger is.

The doctrine of the priests requires of the Nuns absolute and unreserved obedience to their desires. They teach that there is great merit in so doing.

The practice of the Priests is the most corrupt that can be imagined.

The buildings are constructed with Prisons and Dungeons for the confinement and punishment of disobedient Nuns. There are secret communications, under ground, between the nunnery and another building in the town.

To vices the most abominable, they add greater cruelty. Murders of Nuns and Infants are of common occurrence. Every thing is in readiness for preventing discovery; a large hole in the cellar, with great quantities of lime, &c. to cover the bodies and destroy the offensive smell produced by their corruption.

The punishment of the Nuns is almost beyond conception. We could hardly believe men capable of such things, had we not learned of the doings of Priests in the Inquisition, for which Nunneries are only a more inoffensive name.

When we read these fearful charges some months since, we could not but conclude that they demanded the attention of the whole Priesthood. It demands it now. Just as things are. The Priests are now living. The parties for and against. The accuser and the accused. Every Priest—every Bishop, owes it to himself, to his people—to the Protestant community,—to the world, to see into the truth or falsehood of this thing. The time to do it was when the thing appeared, while all could be brought forward, when the publishers, should be compelled to retract, and be punished for slander if such it be.

What should be done? What could be done that would have given satisfaction; that would at once have established the truth or the falsehood of the work? Read the following from her Preface to the book:

"Impressed as I am continually with the frightful reality of the painful communications that I have made in this volume, I can only offer to all persons who may doubt or disbelieve my statements, these two things;

"Permit me to go through the Hotel Dieu Nunnery at Montreal, with some impartial Ladies and Gentlemen, that they may compare my account with the interior parts of that building into which no persons, but the Roman Bishop and Priests are ever admitted; and if they do not find my description true, then discard me as an Impostor.

"Bring me before a court of justice—there I am willing to meet Latargue, Dufresne, Phelan, Bonin and Richards, and their wicked companions, with the Superior and any of them, before ten thousand men.

"New York, Jan. 11, 1836.

MARIA MONK."

Is that a fair proposal on her part? could she have done more? ought the Bishops or Priests to have desired more? should they not gladly have accepted of her offer?

But as these *single* men, might have objections to having any thing to do publicly with a female, here is another offer on the part of the Protestant Association of New-York. For several months, they have publicly challenged, by name, the Bishops and Priests of Montreal, of New-York and Boston, Bishop Hughes of Philadelphia, *The Right Rev. Archbishop ECCLESTON of Baltimore*, and such as they shall choose, to meet an investigation of this affair, before an impartial assembly, over which seven gentlemen shall preside—the Protestants choosing three—the Roman Priests three, and the chairman to be chosen by the six.

Well, is not this offer worthy of notice? Can they expect an offer to be made by the one party to the other which will be more fair, candid, and equal? Why then have they not been accepted? Are they above noticing the thing in any shape? We once concluded that this would be the hole by which they would slip out, as the Archbishop and Priests do, when some of their gentle principles are brought out to the gaze of an indignant community.

But not so! They have noticed the book. They have written article upon article in almost every Popish Journal in the land, in abuse of the author and her friends. They have not stopped here, but have published to the world that they are going to give an opportunity for an examination—*There's the rub!* On a day appointed, it is to be open for examination. To be examined by whom? By three men chosen in the city of Montreal by the bishop! Who are the men? None other than those that have all along taken part with the bishop, who have defended the nunnery, who have actually been charged from the beginning of the rumors until the present time with enmity to the book and its author, and as friends to the priests. These are the very persons that we should have supposed the bishop would choose. Several things now connected with this affair, lead us to believe with stronger confidence than ever the truth of the facts mentioned in the book.

I. The examination, was demanded *at once*, before there would be time to alter the building. This was not granted, nor any examination until many months after the book had been published; and ten months after it had been published that they would use every means to make such alterations, before *any* investigation would be suffered. What does this look like?

The offer made by M. Monk herself to go with any one, and point out what she had asserted, was rejected. The request of Mr. Clary of Montreal to be permitted to examine it at the time that it was visited by the bishop's friends, Messrs. Perkins and Curry was refused.

Mr. Clary writes from Montreal July 26, 1836. "All the five gentlemen who examined the Convent were strongly prejudiced against the book, and none of them were more so than Messrs. Perkins and Curry: that prejudice in them is the result of personal dislike of Hoyt, and perhaps to others who were active in the first movement that was made in regard to these disclosures."

"Another reason why such an examination will not and ought not to satisfy the community is this—*Material alterations have been made in and around the Convent!!!* Those persons living where they can look over the wall into the enclosure of the convent,

say, that cartmen and masons have been at work there much of the winter and spring overhauling and fixing for an examination—So that with such views as those gentlemen had—is it likely the world will have the subject fairly before them in the report?

“I have tried to get permission for a committee of gentlemen from New York, with others FROM THIS PLACE, to go in, and take Maria Monk with them, but I have not succeeded.” See Mr. Clary's letter in the Protestant Vindicator, Aug. 3, 1836.

The examination in the case, as suffered, or rather prepared by the priests, has led us to a more settled belief in the truth of the narrative, and we are not alone in it. It is but a short time since we were conversing with two friends, who had not only considered the book a hoax, but for a long time had been rather favourably inclined to the Catholics. We were struck with the effect of this examination on their minds, the course pursued by the bishop, had convinced them of its truth. “Why did not the bishop make this offer before?” When he did, why did he not give the offer to such as were willing to examine it? Why did he choose the persons? Why was she not invited as she offered to go?

Aside from every thing said in the book, every thing surmised by the readers, we are ready to prove from history, not only just such things, but if there can be, even worse things. The popish doctrine of celibacy—the unreserved obedience due to bishops and priests from all nuns and females in all the holy orders, opens the way for the corruptions that would be expected. The holy fathers, in the papal chair, who have left so many successors of their own blood, and used so many artifices to destroy any that stood in the way of their purposes, are rather confirmatory of what they might do.

The abolition of these cages of uncleanness in Popish countries from their shocking depravity, does not say much in their favour. As usual they attack the character, and endeavour to prove that she was, what every one suspects happens in the case of Nuns, which is only confirmation of what has been said of the Priests, for they are the only individuals who have access to these houses, and if they be, what the priests say she is, then who are the authors of all that they charge upon her? They seem to be aware of this, as they had committed themselves on the point of her character, and now they endeavour to prove that she never was in the Nunnery, from the account she gives of the buildings; and yet they will not suffer her, nor any person unless chosen by themselves to examine, and compare what she has said, with the building. How easy would it be for her to detect alterations! How quietly might she take some one to the spot in which have long been deposited the murdered bodies of the nuns and their children! Examination, to do justice, would at least require the opening of the ground at the spot spoken of by her, and suspicion might require holes to be made in the walls, where once had been the door to the cells; that, would let out the secret. The cost would be nothing, the damage done the building of no account. But the proof would be invaluable. If it be therefore proven that she is wrong, if her statements are proved false; let the world know it; let it be published as far as the news of the report has gone. We will most cheerfully give our aid to correct any false reports we may have given currency to; we do not believe in doing evil that good may come; by the

truth we would commend ourselves to every man's conscience. By the truth we will stand or fall. We seek nothing more, we desire nothing more. In the present investigation, we do not see the slightest evidence to believe that one particular of all in the above book is false. We want proof and must have it, less on one side, and less from the persons who are charged with the crimes. Nothing else ever can give satisfaction to the community. Until we do have some such proof, such an investigation as will bring the parties together, and let the things be fairly, clearly and thoroughly tried, we will unite with almost every reader of the book, and say; *we believe the book to be true—the Priests to be abandoned and licentious; cruel and murderous.*

We believe the book on the authority of the Bishop, being confident that if the statements were false, he would at once have opened the building for examination, and not have delayed for a year, and then would not have chosen men who have always manifested their sympathy towards him—and opposition to the narrative.

THE PRESENT POPE CURSED BY THE CHURCH, AND PRIESTS.

GOTHER, in his *Papist Represented and Misrepresented* (a book so popular with the papists of England that in the year 1808, it had gone through 19 editions in London) has on page 91 (of the Baltimore ed. of 1808) the following anathema "*Cursed is every Goddess worshipper, that believes the Virgin Mary to be any more than a creature; that worships her, or puts his trust in her more than in God; that believes her above her Son, or that she can in any thing command him. Amen.*"

"Cursed is he that believes the saints in heaven to be his redeemers, that prays to them as such, or that gives God's honour to them or any creature whatsoever. Amen."

These quotations are from a book that is circulating constantly among papists, (we will follow Mr. Gother who calls them by that name.) There is not, probably a papist in the city who is well informed on the doctrines of his church, that has not read this book. Mark who are cursed!

Now let us turn to the Encyclical letter of the present Pope Gregory XVI. in the last section of the letter. "*But that we may have a successful and happy issue, let us raise our eyes to the most blessed Virgin Mary, WHO ALONE destroys all heresies, WHO IS OUR GREATEST HOPE; YEA, THE ENTIRE GROUND OF OUR HOPE.*"

"*We will also implore, in humble prayer, from Peter, the prince of the apostles, and from his fellow apostle Paul, that you may all stand as a wall to prevent any other foundation than what hath been laid.*" The whole letter will be found in this Magazine for May, 1836.

What strange, and inconsistent creatures, these infallible papists are! When accused, and proved to be Idolaters; they deny it; and utter anathemas against any one who shall hold to the things of which they are accused. "Cursed say they, is the man that shall do these things;" and strange to tell, the very man that avows these things, is the man at Rome, to whom every Roman Catholic has sworn true obedience.

In what a position is every Roman Catholic; sworn to believe what the Pope teaches, and when he does believe it, is taught the man who does believe thus is *cursed*! What shall he do? The Pope an Idolater, the people and priests curse him for his Idolatry. The people and priests believe in his Idolatry, and cursed by the church for believing it.

Truly this is an infallible church!!