

Pope's Supremacy? Have I not shaken his system, when I evinced, in particular, that every one of our Primates, from St. Augustin, in the sixth century, down to Cranmer, in the sixteenth, received his *confirmation* or *institution* [from which alone he derives his Archiepiscopal jurisdiction,] by a *Special grant of the Pope*?—Should the Right Rev. Prelate, after this, signify, in my hearing, that I have not sufficiently answered him, he will not find me backward in so doing

But, it seems, the work itself was, in the opinion of the Prelate to whom the Address is made, answered a century before it was written. In fact, he says: 'In this elaborate correspondence, though not without its interest of learning and research, there is nothing material advanced in defence of Popery, to which the reader will not find an answer in Bishop Bull's *Letters to Bossuet*, and Smith's *Errors of the Church of Rome detected*.*' Bull, who was Bishop of St. David's at the beginning of the last century, was certainly an able and learned divine, and drove his Arian adversaries before him; but, after this, levelling his horns at the rock of St. Peter, they were broken short by a Catholic Divine of equal talents and superior learning, Dr. Edward Hawarden, S. T. P.† Smith, of Dover, was one of those wretched Priests, who, wanting the grace necessary for living up to the strictness of their obligations, have attempted to excuse their breach of them, by abusing the Church which imposes them upon them. His puny embryo was stifled in the birth, and he himself, soon after his fall, met with that awful end, which has been the general fate, within our own memory, of this class of *converts*,‡ as the Prelate calls them.§ But,

* P. 14.

† See Preface to his *True Church of Christ*, vol. ii.

‡ Dean Swift used to say of such 'converts from Popery;' *I wish, when the Pope weeds his garden, he would not throw his nettles over our wall.*

§ Smith dropped down dead in Canterbury Cathedral, about the year 1780. About the same time an unprincipled priest of Staffordshire, of the name of Tayler, met with the same awful fate in stepping into a stage coach. Another still more unprincipled priest, who chose to incur excommunication, and who even denied the inspiration of Scripture, Dr. Geddes, used to send for the helps of the Church when he was sick, and to laugh at them when he recovered. At last a priest actually coming to reconcile him to God and the Church, found that he had unexpectedly expired. Lewis of Leominster, having sent his concubine to bring up his breakfast to his bed, was found a corpse by her. Holmes of Essex, and Rogers, alias Rozier, of Birmingham, who the evening before ailed nothing, were found in the morning breathless. James Quesnel and James Nolan, having both been warned by their friends, to my certain knowledge, of the fate they might expect, but continuing to waver about returning to their duty, dropped down dead in the streets, the former at Worcester, the latter in London. My townsman, Billinge, finding himself summoned