

cret intrigue, and the rash and culpable adoption of idle and flimsily constructed stories, to attain their ends. The principle is in both cases the same, although differently manifested. It will be in vain for the supporters of Monk to protest the sincerity of their belief in her pretended narrative.—The question, why believe? still remains unsatisfied. Have they anticipated the question? They have not. Are they looking about for evidence to sustain their pre-judgment? They notoriously are, and in this consists the infamy of their conduct. We are right in describing as infamous the conduct of men, whether lay or clerical, who have come before the world and preferred the most atrocious charges, in the hope or expectation that subsequent events might demonstrate them to be true, or that they might with their sanction pass with the mass without further examination. To believe things that are not, and cannot be, is a chapter in the history of man; whether his credulity has been rightly calculated upon in the case before us, we have no opportunity of determining; but much has been done to influence him, and men of a sacred calling have sacrilegiously abused their opportunities, and presented from the altar of God the poison to his lips, gilded with a blasphemous application of the language of the Holy Writ.

We should have supposed *a priori* that the marked inconsistencies of this scandalous work would have sufficed to render its effects on most readers comparatively innocuous; we hoped at