THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum;] "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." [12s. 6d. if paid in advance.

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THE CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DONALD & Co., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church street.

Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra.

Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

Weekly Almanack.

June.		R. Sun.	S. mon.	H. W.
18	Saturday,	4 33 7 27	1 7 7 31	
19	Sunday,	4 33 7 28	1 34 8 45	
20	Monday,	4 33 7 28	2 13 9 50	
21	Tuesday,	4 33 7 28	2 54 10 38	
22	Wednesday,	4 33 7 28	rises 11 23	
23	Thursday,	4 33 7 28	7 54 11 54	
24	Friday,	4 32 7 27	8 26	morn

Full Moon 24th, 4h 25m. evening.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq., President.—Discount days. Tuesday and Friday. Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days. Director next week: Chas. C. Stewart, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—John Duncan, Esq., President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: James Travis, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(St. John Branch.)—A. Smithers, Esq., Manager.—Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Hours of Business, from 10 to 3.—Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

NEW BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John Boyd, Esquire, President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock.—[All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVING'S BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—James Kirk, Esq., President.—Office open every day (Sunday's excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

—For One Year or more,

THAT neat COTTAGE, with Ten Acres of Land, situated in King's County, opposite Hampton Church: a certain part of the land is laid down to grass, and a snug Orchard on the ... good Fences, &c. eligibly situated, ... for a decent family. The whole ... at a low rate to a good tenant.

Apply to JOSEPH FAIRWEATHER.

...b. 4, 1842.

...w Bed rooms, with frost proof cellar, ...ms, &c. in a central situation, to let. ...Office. April 8.

TO LET,

...HOP in Horsfield street, suitable for ...t maker or Painter. Apply at this ... 6th may.

...able Building Lots.

...scribers will lease for a term of years, ... Lots on the North Market Wharf, ...2, belonging to R. W. Crookshank, ...ey will be let separately or together. ...to SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

TO LET.

...scriber will Let from 1st May next, a ...erior finished House on the East side ...mare, in Mecklenburgh street, or the ...occupied by himself, in Charlotte st. ...side of Queen's square. JAMES WHITNEY.

TO LET,

...W BRICK BUILDING, 23x28 feet, ...four stories, with a Cellar underneath, ...ng on Nelson street. Possession can ...ediately, apply to JOHN ROBERTSON.

TO LET,

...D possession given 1st May next—The eligibly situated STORE and ...ng House in Prince William street, ...cupation of THOMPSON & WALLACE. ...s apply to W. P. RANNEY.

TO LET,

...OM 1st May next—That handsomely ...ed up STORE, and two flats above, ...g on Prince William street, presently ...Mr. T. S. HARDING, being part of the ...e fire proof building occupied by the W. H. STREET.

...y.

To Let.

...r flat of the subscriber's HOUSE in ...William Street, Apply to WM. MAJOR.

...A Good Stand.

...Possession given the 1st of May next: ...f the ALBION HOUSE, now used as a ...Tavern. The premises can be had ...a rent. Apply to JOHN HOOPER, Bragg's building.

To Let,

...ear from the First of May next—...mmodious Two story DWELLING ...and Premises situate in Hazen street, ...ill, (so called.) For particulars in... ROBERT C. FROST, ...the store of Sancton & Crookshank. ...y.

...RTMENTS TO LET,

...occupied by Mrs. Durant, corner of ...Charlotte streets. Apply on the pre... Feb. 18.

...OLD OR LET—with immediate possession:

...acious Dwelling HOUSE and Pre...ises at Hampton Ferry, consisting of ...od Rooms which have lately under...gh repair. To an active person desi...g into a Country business, it affords ...unity being well situated for trade. ...ars apply to JOSEPH SUMMERS.

...Cour 31 Market Square.

...and Farm for sale.

...BLE FARM situated about 40 miles ... city, containing 700 acres of excel... hundred and fifty acres of which is ...nder cultivation, cuts annually from ...ns of Hay, and might be divided in...ent Farms, the main road from Shef...n passing through the centre. ...comprises twelve head horned Cattle. ...Farming utensils, &c. £250 of the ...y, only would be required the remain...from six to eight years as might be ...being secured by bond and mortgage, ...semi-annually. A plan of the land ...the grant with other information may ...application at the Hibernian Hotel to ...n. JAMES NETHERY.

TO LET,

From 1st May next:

...e in Horsefield street, at present oc...Mrs. Thomas; and the apartments ...recently occupied by Mr. Watson as ...a flat of the adjoining house. Ap... W. MACDOUGALL.

TO LET,

...D possession given 1st of May next—...he whole or a part of that three story ...in Water street, now occupied by ...acon and Mr. James Finn, as liquor ...elling apartments. There are three ...ch flat, with back room and half of ...enement. Its vicinity to the steam ...together with being so long establish...line, makes it a desirable stand for ...quire at the Hibernian Hotel. ...our.) JAMES NETHERY.

To Let,

...ossession given 1st May next:

...AT very convenient House in Church ...reet, now occupied by Mr. Robert ...y, and formerly by Mrs. Brooks, as ...ase establishment. Its convenience ...and the extensive accommodation it ...es it a desirable situation for a public ...tel private Boarding House. ...and immediate possession given:—...f that newly finished House in Car..., containing a Kitchen, vegetable and ...with several Rooms having Frank... ...set on the first and second flats. ...information, terms, &c., apply at the ...tel. JAMES NETHERY. ...r. Cour.

...H PAPER HANGINGS.

...S. K. FOSTER,

...of King and Germain streets.

...received per ship "Perkshire," an ...e and splendid assortment of English ...PAPER HANGINGS, suitable for ...rawing Rooms, Parlours, Halls, En...rs, &c., which he offers for sale at ...rice of 1 1-3d., 2d., 3d., and 4d. per ...—each piece contains 12 yards, 21 ...BORDERINGS of all width and ...tch. May 20, 1842.

...urpentine, Bright Varnish and PITCH.

...have received per Margaret, which is ...now landing—

...DS. MOLASSES; 4 Barrels Spirits TURPENTINE:

...Bright Varnish; 10 ditto PITCH; ...which they offer for sale on moderate ...proved payment. ...SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

Life Assurance.

Participation of Profits—Immediate Reduction of Premium—Complete Protection against all Liabilities.

The Minerva Life Assurance Company,

FOR THE ASSURANCE OF LIVES AND SURVIVORSHIPS,

AND FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF REVERSIONS AND ANNUITIES.

King William street, Mansion House, London.

Capital £1,000,000.

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Francis Mills, Esq.: Jas. Walkinshaw, Esq.

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A general statement of the affairs of the company will be submitted every Five Years; and of the Profits ascertained to have accrued, *four fifths* will be apportioned among the assured by the Participating scale, for the whole term of life, or one or more years standing, in proportion to the premiums paid by each, and appropriated at the option of the assured, either in a present payment in cash, to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

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☞ NOTICE.

THE subscribers having this day entered into Co Partnership, the business heretofore carried on by L. H. Deveber will in future be conducted under the Firm of

L. H. DEVEBER & SON.

L. H. DEVEBER,
RICHARD SANDS DEVEBER.

St. John, 7th May, 1842.

Removal.

DAVID PATERSON has removed his *Boot & Shoe* Establishment from Prince Wm. street, to the Brick Building lately erected by John Johnston, Esq., west side of Dock street, three doors from the Market square. *May* 6.

Removal.

THE subscribers have removed their place of business from *Water street*, to the new Fire proof store, lately erected by them at the foot of *Union street*, on the property belonging to R. W. Crookshank, Esq.

SANCTON & CROOKSHANK.

April 29, 1842.

CROOKSHANK & WALKER have removed their Counting House to the same building. *April* 29.

REMOVAL.

THE General Agency for Moffatt's Life Pills and Phœnix Bitters is removed to the store on *King's Square*, adjoining Mr. Follows' Commercial Hotel. J. ELLIOTT.

6th may.

Winterbon's

ANTI-BILIOUS SOLUTION.

THIS Invaluable Medicine has only within a few years been offered to the Public, the Proprietor having used it in his private practice for many years, and has experienced the most wonderful success by its use in the undermentioned diseases.

In a few moments after taking it the patient is entirely relieved of the most painful heartburn, or pain occasioned by a superabundant quantity of bile in the stomach and bowels. Though the effects of the Anti-Bilious Solution are so instantaneous, they are not the less permanent; it strengthens the stomach, improves the appetite, removes all acidity and bile from the stomach and bowels, raises the spirits, and strengthens and invigorates the whole constitution.

The most delicate and feeble invalid labouring under Dyspepsia will by continuing the use of the Anti-Bilious Solution for a few weeks, experience its most happy effects in being restored to the enjoyment of perfect health.

Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Languor, Coldness of the Extremities, Morbid Acidity in the stomach and bowels, headache, drowsiness, habitual costiveness, and general debility, bilious complaints of every description, diarrhœa, vomiting, sour stomach, wind and flatulency of the stomach and bowels, jaundice heartburn, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, and red gravel, Asthma and Coughs in old Persons.—For these and many other complaints the proprietor has experienced the greatest benefit in his general practice, and can confidently assert that others may experience the same result by merely attending to the directions in taking this Medicine.

The subscriber has received, and a supply of the above for sale at the late Circulating Library Germain Street JOHN ELLIOT,

November 7th

SEEDS! SEEDS!!

A SPLENDID assortment of *Garden and Flower Seeds*, warranted to grow, just opening and for sale at the lowest cash prices.

J. ELLIOTT.

King's square, adjoining Commercial Hotel.

May.

AN EPISODE OF REAL LIFE.

[Concluded.]

"Strange I should meet you here, Leyden; but there is a fate in all things, and a cruel one has been mine! There are those, I know, who disbelieve this; but you shall hear. I need not ask if you remember her, or the anxiety with which I strove to win affections, that, at the very time, were comparatively worthless in my eyes. You seem astonished; but so it was. I was not half so eager to possess her as I was to rival you. You had boasted of your security; you had openly defied me; you had baffled me in more ways than one; you had preserved your temper, your equanimity in all our differences. In all essential things you were more than my superior; but the peculiar fact that can call forth all the fascinating bitterness of every-day existence, and mould them to the best advantage, was fatally awarded to me. To mortify you, and show forth my own power as best I might, I resolved to try my success with the innocent Cicely. At first I trifled in more but wicked wantonness, as I had done with others; but gradually I felt her acquiring a powerful ascendency. Her innocence, her purity, her full and perfect simplicity, and the celestial character of her beauty, which gained instead of losing by more intimate acquaintance, overpowered me. I might well be compared to a second Satan, tempting a second Eve, who dwelt in the paradise of pure and holy imaginings. I had little faith in women, whom I had long regarded only as the object of sensual pleasure; a compound of the affections, but destitute of the mental powers that elevate our higher natures. For a length of time the untaught girl of eighteen baffled the practised libertine of five-and twenty. But in the end a secret marriage, as I called it, gratified my passion, and gave me nothing more to wish for. The rifled flower withered at my touch. Cicely was too holy, too refined, to enchain a wandering profligate. Her silent but visible virtues rose up in judgment against me. Her voice—Leyden you remember *her* voice—its very tones gave me positive pain; her small white hand, when resting on my bosom, felt heavy and cold as lead: and all those little offices of kindness which women only can render, became absolutely disgusting to me. When, with blushes and many tears, she told me that she must in time become a mother, and begged me, *for my infant's sake*, to confess our marriage, I thrust her from me. When again we met, she did not curse, but blessed me! I urged my uncle to procure for me the situation in India I had once offended him by refusing to accept. He seemed pleased, as he expressed it, at my recovering my senses; and, much sooner than I anticipated, I was informed that my departure was immediately required. I sought out Cicely, whom, under various pretexts, I had declined to see from time to time, and whom I now sought most particularly to avoid; for, as I said to one of my companions in iniquity, 'I hated scenes.' I enclosed her a sum of money, scathed with the intelligence that she was not my wife; but (wretch that I was!) containing the cold assurance of my friendship and good wishes. This I sent from ship board, where we were under sailing orders, waiting only for a fair wind. While I was lounging the next evening on deck, and longing for the moment when the sails should fill and we should go rejoicing over the clear blue waves, a note was presented to me from Cicely, returning my money, containing no word of reproach, but adjuring me, in the most solemn manner, to meet her for five minutes, for the last time. The simple appeal concluded by naming a little creek, where, she said, she waited for me——My spirit revolted at seeing that the note was signed 'C. B.' I felt irritated that she should presume to use a name to which I had said she was unentitled. You cannot conceive how that small circumstance rankled in my bosom. I had caroused more than usual with my shipmates—my brain was fevered and confused—my resolves, bewildered and changing. I thought of Cicely, discern the trysting-place, and distinguish the fluttering of a white robe. I determined, at last, not to shrink from a meeting with a woman, and asked the captain if he would lend me a boat, adding, with a bravo's tone and a bravo's feeling, that an affair of gallantry called me on shore for about an hour. As I rowed towards the creek, the spire of Milton Church stood coldly, and I thought reproachfully, out against the sky; there was nothing else which indicated the proximity of human habitation; for the little town of Gravesend, then only a straggling village, was concealed by a sudden winding of the river. Amid this solitude the fiend was busy with me, and whispered devilish suggestions in my ear. Cicely seemed resolved to retain my name. I felt that she would be an everlasting barrier to my advancement, as I called it; and the affair, if bruited abroad was almost too serious to receive the applause of even my gayest friends. I believe I was coward enough to dread the resentment of her grey headed father. I trembled at my own imaginings, and passed my hands across my burning brow, as if to dissipate ideas, which, congregating there, become too strong for my enfeebled brain. My boat touched the strand, and Cicely sprang upon my bosom. Oh! how I hated her, even when her arms were clasped, with all the intensity of woman's love around my neck! when, unmindful of the injuries I had heaped upon her innocent head, she covered my hand with kisses, and, crouching at my feet, implored me not to desert her—not to leave her to shame and misery—to the scorn of the scorner—to the bitterness of self-reproach. Her long dark hair clustered over her figure, and her soft eyes were turned upon me—as the dove turns in its agony, its last gaze upon the vulture that destroys its most sweet life—yet, in that hour, Leyden, I hated with a deadly hatred——

The low choking of his voice, and the impeded utterance with which he pronounced the last words, made my blood run cold. He paused; but I could neither speak nor move—every power of vitality was paralysed; and when he recommenced, I listened with swollen veins and strained eye-balls:—

"I am sure she read my purpose; for she implored that, for the sake of the unborn, I would spare her life. I flung her from me with violence;—she shuddered, and, exhausted by exertion, fainted at my feet. I gazed upon her pale but beautiful features, which grief had touched, but not destroyed. 'Why,' whispered the ready demon that dwells within the bosom of the wicked, and impels him to destruction—'why should she awaken to the shame and disgrace that must await her? Why should she awaken to mar your fortunes? What is death but everlasting sleep? Leyden, I raised her in my arms, and, turning away my head, consigned her to the everlasting waters! O God! O God! that this had been all—that she had departed without the knowledge which, for a brief moment she acquired. The sudden plunge revived her paralysed senses; and, with a wild and fearful shriek, she sprang upwards. She would have grasped the boat, but—I—I—"

Cleveland, the blood rushed foaming and boiling through my brain. I was no longer master of myself. Cicely's murderer was there—there before me—her acknowledged murderer. His vile sentence remained unfinished, for my grasp was on his throat, and the wretched being, twisting like a reptile among the tombs, was at my mercy. Suddenly I remembered that your friend was but anticipating the hangman's office; and letting loose my hands and throwing myself upon the long grass which contained her mouldering tomb, I found relief in a violent burst of tears. One weight, one dreadful weight was removed from my mind. She had not the horrid guilt of self-destruction on her soul: for that I fervently blessed the Almighty. And, when I turned and beheld the creature "who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," crawling amid the receptacles of the tranquil dead, unable to arise like a man and erect before his Maker, but trembling with fear and sin, even in that hallowed solitude, I felt ashamed that I had degraded myself by yielding to the momentary impulse of revenge.

"I deserved it, Leyden," he exclaimed, "in a low and broken tone; "but justice shall not be deprived of her prey. I came to England with the intention of delivering myself as a murderer to the offended laws of my country; for I could no longer support the load of misery that each year brings more heavily upon my soul God of mercy! have I not been punished? I seem to have an eternity of remorse. Each night I see her at my bedside, with outstretched arms, and the same sad and unreproached face as when she sank into the pitiless waters. How could I reply to *her* father's letter? For years I wrestled with my feelings: I tried to believe there was no God; I drank the richest, the most intoxicating wines, they blistered my throat. The jest and song was as funeral music in mine ears. The young and the beautiful would have been mine—mine only; but I could not bring the earthly to meet the spirit bride. Honours poured upon me; gold cursed me, with its yellow and pestilential abundance. I was called brave—brave at the moment when I felt that I only rushed into the battle, courting death to be released from misery. How little does the world know of the motives that actuate men! How little does it care, provided its own comforts are not disturbed by the misfortunes of those who excite its curiosity! Cicely is never absent from me by day or night,—Is there now—now"—and he pointed his finger upward as he spake,—"there—pure, transparent, so transparent that I can count the stars through its shadowy form; and yet, with that ever before me, the world called me fortunate. O rare world! Oh wise-judging mortality! *Fortunate!* ay, as hell's own devils."

Loud and terrific laughter succeeded this horrid summary; and at the same instant, the bright moon discovered features riven, as it were, by madness.

I conducted him to the inn, where his valet assured me that his master was subject to such insane fits. "He says strange things, sir," said the old man in a compassionate tone, "but the wildness soon passes." I must hasten to conclude. The wretched man was dying. I will not harrow up your feelings by a detail of his last agonies: they are over. Oh! it was awful to hear him imploring the spirit of the departed Cicely to stand away from between him and heaven!"

Speech of the Rev. H. STOWELL, at the last Annual Meeting of the Protestant Association, held in Exeter Hall on the 11th of May. Lord KENYON in the Chair.

[Concluded.]

My Lord, let it not be said that we are wishing to create or promote discordancy in the Church; from our hearts we deplore it; but who has made this dissension in the Church? who has thrown into our peaceful camp differences of opinion and dissension? Differences in a circumstantial point of view will obtain amongst us; we are free-born citizens of the true Church of God; for God appeals to our reason, and appeals to our consciences; true faith is a rational faith. Therefore, while we think differently upon minor points, and are willing to merge them to a great extent, we yet would avoid the anomalous unity of Rome, which consists in the compromise of truth. We take our stand upon one common and central ground, the word of God, where we can meet together and shake hands, which we cannot when we come to man's authority. In this way the Church of England becomes the admiration of her friends and the terror of her enemies. The apple of discord was flung from one of our Universities; and because we stand up and say that we will not retract from the principles of the Reformation, because we do not view religion as it existed in the darkness of the middle centuries, because, third life, we have soared in the pure clear sky of truth; because we say, Peace, peace to the good old Church of England, but no peace with Rome, and no peace to the worshippers of Rome; because we say this we are denounced as accusers of the brethren. God knows we have often been accused, and been too silent in our vindication, from the insidious attacks of men who profess to hold with the forms of our Church, but have shown that they no longer wish to read our Liturgy, or to maintain our Protestant principles, and have led our youth step by step, from their Protestant *Alma Mater*; led them away, step by step, until they have seen there was nothing but one single narrow bridge between them and the Church of Rome, and wearied with uncertainty, and anxious for repose, they have stepped over the barrier, and found themselves asleep in the lap of Rome. (Hear.) It has been said, that Meetings like this produce more apostates from Protestants than anything else. I can from fact prove the reverse, and if any man choose to write to me I will give him facts and details to that effect. But can our enemies deny that their doctrines do not tend to Rome? Can they deny that one beloved man who used to stand among us has been led by those doctrines to apostatize from the truth? We do not exult over his fall. May God restore him! For we believe that his heart is in the right place; and when the delusion has passed away, he will find that the Catholic Church is not on the seven hills of Rome, but in the bosom of his own mother country; and we believe he will return to the Church that nursed him. It has been said, that he was affected with Latitudinarianism, but did that bring him to Popery? Surely it was Tractarianism that laid the foundation. What is this new system? The voice is that of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau. It is held out in the attitude of peace and friendship; but when we grasp it we find it rough and hairy, and it reminds us of the beast, and we shrink back from the embrace. My Lord, we say we repudiate Popery, and shall we shake hands with her emissaries? We must not give the right hand to Popery, lest we be drawn over to the left. I am persuaded, my Lord, that in this great controversy we are maintaining most strictly the directions of our own blessed Church. Even these men do not disguise that they consider the Prayer-book too meagre, the Articles of our Church too Puritanical, her services too simple and too clear for them; they want to turn the beauty of the temple of the Lord into the magnificence of a theatre; and thus we should have Christianity dramatized and Christ crucified afresh. Their Catholic tradition is like the rainbow which, when we try to grasp, vanishes in air. As for Catholic traditions and Rome's boasted antiquity, those learned doctors have given us no substantial proof of their accuracy. They make tradition just what they please, anything and everything. My Lord, we are not going to leave the fixed star of the truth of our Church, but we shall continue to steer our bark, by its light and direction, to the haven where we desire to be; we are not going to follow a will-o'-the-wisp, a mere meteor of the marsh, which, the more you pursue, the deeper you get into the mire, till at last you sink into the quicksands of error, and find your delusion is your ruin. My Lord, we have Catholic tradition, as far as it is worth having, in the Confessions, Homilies, and Articles of our own Church. Were not Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, equally good divines with those of the modern University of Oxford? Were they not as likely to know the truth as those men who have done so much harm to our cause? Is the learning of our modern divines to be found in their misquotations from the Fathers? They have quarrelled with Mr. Good's book, and thrown it overboard, because it was too ponderous for them to move at all. My Lord, what would you think of a small body of Presbyters, none of them dignified men, setting up to tell our bishops what they ought to do and what they ought to say? Think God for the Archbishop of Canterbury!—thank God for the good Bishop of Chester!—thank God for that excellent man the Bishop of Winchester!—that God for Ripon, and Chichester, and Exeter, and for our other bishops! My Lord, how stands the case? We are on the bishops' side against a few false Presbyters;—they hold up their Romish traditions, and we adhere to our Protestant faith. Are we, then, traitors to our Church, or are they? We do not put on the garments of infallibility. Dr. Pusey says, "If you do not let us alone, we are such a powerful party, and your young men are so fat gone, that we cannot answer for the consequences." They are dissatisfied with England's Church;—we, my Lord, have been brought up under the fostering care of the glorious Reformation, and bless God for our redemption and for giving us the Articles of our Church in their *tenor fide simplicity*. These are, my Lord, those who would sign those Protestant Articles, and yet are of the Church of Rome in their hearts; they make use of Catholicism in the closet, and denounce it in the pulpit; they eat the bread of Protestantism, but help Rome to recover her ascendancy over our Church. I say this, not in anger, but I say it in coolness of judgment and decision of mind. It is due to Protestant parents of this great country, and to our university youth, who go up to their *Alma Mater* in all simplicity and confidence, whence our Church derives so many ministers; it is due to the University and to us who are ministers of integrity and honesty and truth, these men should tell us what they mean: and whether or not they are Popish traitors in a Protestant University, using their influence to poison the minds of the rising generation. (Cheers.) My Lord, some of them have had the honesty to go over to the Church of Rome, and I respect such men twenty times more than I do him who remains to betray us. (Cheers.) My Lord, I fear less the storm than I fear the insidious leak which would sink our vessel; I fear less the hurricane, than the secret earthquake which would shake the earth until its cities were scattered to the dust. If these men will not leave Roman Catholic superstition; if they will not join the Protestant faith; if they will not relinquish the breviary, it is far better they should say so. My Lord, I am taking no unadvised position, and, did time permit, I could bring forward ample quotations from a book I have here, which would bear me out in all I have advanced, and if any individual wishes to discuss them in private, I refer him to a little book entitled, *The Case as it Is*, by W. Good, of Trinity College, Cambridge; if, on reading it, it does not prove all I have said, then brand me as not worthy of credit. (Cheers.) I will give you a proof of Roman Catholic retractation. At one of our clerical Meetings we discussed some of their tracts: now, they tell us we have never read any of them; we have, and digested them, and hard of digestion we found them; at first we thought we were gathering some of the fruit of true Catholicism from them, but we soon found them to be nothing but the apples of Sodom: we soon found that the leaves were Protestant leaves, but the fruit was the fruit of Rome. We had one young clergyman, of High Church principles, who admitted that there was much of good truth in their tracts;—and if there were not some truth there would be no danger; they sweeten with truth their bitter draught, for they could not give it all in one large dose. But to return to this young clergyman; he had read the tracts for some time, and when we met, as was customary at times, because, third life, we have soared in the pure clear sky of truth; because we say, Peace, peace to the good old Church of England, but no peace with Rome, and no peace to the worshippers of Rome; because we say this we are denounced as accusers of the brethren. God knows we have often been accused, and been too silent in our vindication, from the insidious attacks of men who profess to hold with the forms of our Church, but have shown that they no longer wish to read our Liturgy, or to maintain our Protestant principles, and have led our youth step by step, from their Protestant *Alma Mater*; led them away, step by step, until they have seen there was nothing but one single narrow bridge between them and the Church of Rome, and wearied with uncertainty, and anxious for repose, they have stepped over the barrier, and found themselves asleep in the lap of Rome. (Hear.) It has been said, that Meetings like this produce more apostates from Protestants than anything else. I can from fact prove the reverse, and if any man choose to write to me I will give him facts and details to that effect. But can our enemies deny that their doctrines do not tend to Rome? Can they deny that one beloved man who used to stand among us has been led by those doctrines to apostatize from the truth? We do not exult over his fall. May God restore him! For we believe that his heart is in the right place; and when the delusion has passed away, he will find that the Catholic Church is not on the seven hills of Rome, but in the bosom of his own mother country; and we believe he will return to the Church that nursed him. It has been said, that he was affected with Latitudinarianism, but did that bring him to Popery? Surely it was Tractarianism that laid the foundation. What is this new system? The voice is that of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau. It is held out in the attitude of peace and friendship; but when we grasp it we find it rough and hairy, and it reminds us of the beast, and we shrink back from the embrace. My Lord, we say we repudiate Popery, and shall we shake hands with her emissaries? We must not give the right hand to Popery, lest we be drawn over to the left. I am persuaded, my Lord, that in this great controversy we are maintaining most strictly the directions of our own blessed Church. Even these men do not disguise that they consider the Prayer-book too meagre, the Articles of our Church too Puritanical, her services too simple and too clear for them; they want to turn the beauty of the temple of the Lord into the magnificence of a theatre; and thus we should have Christianity dramatized and Christ crucified afresh. Their Catholic tradition is like the rainbow which, when we try to grasp, vanishes in air. As for Catholic traditions and Rome's boasted antiquity, those learned doctors have given us no substantial proof of their accuracy. They make tradition just what they please, anything and everything. My Lord, we are not going to leave the fixed star of the truth of our Church, but we shall continue to steer our bark, by its light and direction, to the haven where we desire to be; we are not going to follow a will-o'-the-wisp, a mere meteor of the marsh, which, the more you pursue, the deeper you get into the mire, till at last you sink into the quicksands of error, and find your delusion is your ruin. My Lord, we have Catholic tradition, as far as it is worth having, in the Confessions, Homilies, and Articles of our own Church. Were not Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, equally good divines with those of the modern University of Oxford? Were they not as likely to know the truth as those men who have done so much harm to our cause? Is the learning of our modern divines to be found in their misquotations from the Fathers? They have quarrelled with Mr. Good's book, and thrown it overboard, because it was too ponderous for them to move at all. My Lord, what would you think of a small body of Presbyters, none of them dignified men, setting up to tell our bishops what they ought to do and what they ought to say? Think God for the Archbishop of Canterbury!—thank God for the good Bishop of Chester!—thank God for that excellent man the Bishop of Winchester!—that God for Ripon, and Chichester, and Exeter, and for our other bishops! My Lord, how stands the case? We are on the bishops' side against a few false Presbyters;—they hold up their Romish traditions, and we adhere to our Protestant faith. Are we, then, traitors to our Church, or are they? We do not put on the garments of infallibility. Dr. Pusey says, "If you do not let us alone, we are such a powerful party, and your young men are so fat gone, that we cannot answer for the consequences." They are dissatisfied with England's Church;—we, my Lord, have been brought up under the fostering care of the glorious Reformation, and bless God for our redemption and for giving us the Articles of our Church in their *tenor fide simplicity*. These are, my Lord, those who would sign those Protestant Articles, and yet are of the Church of Rome in their hearts; they make use of Catholicism in the closet, and denounce it in the pulpit; they eat the bread of Protestantism, but help Rome to recover her ascendancy over our Church. I say this, not in anger, but I say it in coolness of judgment and decision of mind. It is due to Protestant parents of this great country, and to our university youth, who go up to their *Alma Mater* in all simplicity and confidence, whence our Church derives so many ministers; it is due to the University and to us who are ministers of integrity and honesty and truth, these men should tell us what they mean: and whether or not they are Popish traitors in a Protestant University, using their influence to poison the minds of the rising generation. (Cheers.) My Lord, some of them have had the honesty to go over to the Church of Rome, and I respect such men twenty times more than I do him who remains to betray us. (Cheers.) My Lord, I fear less the storm than I fear the insidious leak which would sink our vessel; I fear less the hurricane, than the secret earthquake which would shake the earth until its cities were scattered to the dust. 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I said, "Could any Romish priest have spoken more strongly than this? Is it not blasphemy to speak of the creature creating his Creator?" "Oh, Sir," said the young man, "you must misrepresent the matter, for in my copy it is quite different." He showed me his copy of the tract, where the language was, "the awful mystery and power of *dispensing* the body and blood of Christ." We compared our tracts, and found that mine was the first edition, and his the second. I said, "Here is a retractation!" (Hear, hear.) My Lord, this young man flung down the book and said, "I have done with them, if they can be guilty of such deception. I will have no more to do with them." (Cheers.) I believe that the conspiracy at Oxford has not its origin there; I have no doubt there is some wise man in the back-ground, wise as a serpent, though not harmless as a dove. I believe that by him the train is laid, and that our Protestant brethren at Oxford are to throw in the match. My Lord, it is not, however, simply because our Church may be endangered,—it is not because certain outward circumstances may be affected, that we are engaged in this controversy, but because justification by faith alone is denied, and the "Tridentine imparted"—not imputed—righteousness is put on in its place; it is not because we are taught by our own Church to live and do; but because they say, as in the Church of Rome, "Do and live;" it is not because we are not taught that baptism is the sign and rite of the grace whereby we are engrafted into the Church of God, and made heirs of Christ's kingdom, but that it is declared by them to be a washing away of sin, and if a man sin afterwards, there is no free pardon, but he must go mourning all his days; no, but because they would change a burden which is light, and a yoke that is easy, into one more weighty than Jewish ordinances, from which Christ has set us free; because their system goes to the very root of the supremacy of Christ in his Church; because they would exalt the sacraments beyond their character as the simple channels of God's grace; because they would introduce manifold mediators between us and the one great Mediator; because they would introduce penance and purgatory, and all the monstrosities that go to transform God's truth into Romanized error; because they would take from our Church the pearl of great price given to her by God; because they would virtually make Christianity anti Christianity, and would rest the sinner's hope more upon man and himself than on his Saviour,—because of all this we say, "No peace, no peace, with Rome." (Cheers.) And if the cry is raised, "Unprotestantize the Church of England," we will raise the cry, "Unromanize the Church of Rome." (Renewed cheers.) Our conflict is not with the Church of Rome, but with Popery. My Lord, there is, thank God, in the great body of our clergy no disposition to go back to Romish principles; but I trust they would rather draw nearer to our own beloved Church. Thank God, our bishops have joined our common cause. (Loud cheers.) I am aware that our good Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London were reprehended and censured by many for consecrating our Hebrew Bishop Alexander; but I cry shame upon them who would have deprived our Church of the laurels which she gained by that act. (Hear, hear.) My Lord, I thank God for our bishops, and let us not blame them because they have not proceeded more rapidly in what we might have desired, for we remember that we younger clergymen might be carried away more in our heat to decide too quickly upon matters which require consideration and experience and care than we might be able to give to them. Thank God, I do not believe that we have one bishop on the bench who wishes well to the movements at Oxford! (Hear, hear.) Thank God, we have an Administration at the junctore at the helm of power—an Administration which has not admitted one Papist into its power, and not one Tractarian on its bench. (Great cheering.) They have done more than this—they have singled out Dr. O'Brien for the bench in Ireland, the noblest defender of the doctrine of justification by faith since a Luther's day; and Dr. Gilbert, the Principal of Brazennose College, just after he had led on the battle against reserve and for the communication of truth. (Applause.) They