

man ? We know not ; but if there is, he must be possessed of a mind capable of dwelling on the possible blood-thirstiness of a William Penn, or the possible misanthropy of a Howard.

Turn we now to the supporters of this work, and let us ask, where is the evidence in justification of the unheard of charges they have brought ? Let them point to it. Will they have the hardihood to pretend that the testimony of an unhappy female, recently imprisoned for theft, and still more recently the inmate of an Asylum for repentant sinners, will serve such purpose ? Does the corroboration of a man repudiated by his class for dishonesty and speculation—the paramour of their wretched protegee—does it give assurance of their conscientious persuasion ? Is it even true that they have produced the evidence of the thief and prostitute ? Is the book which bears her name, really written by Maria Monk ? Impossible, for she is in fact, and by her own confession, an ignorant and uneducated girl. It cannot be received as her own evidence, although produced in her name. It may be alleged that all the materials were obtained from her own lips, and that the editor or editors have merely arranged for the public eye the matter she supplied. In that case they have been guilty of tampering with the evidence, a misdemeanor for which there is no excuse nor palliation. We again refer to the life of Ricci as an unexceptionable model in this respect. There the minutes of all the examinations which occurred in the