



# AMERICAN CHRISTIAN EXPOSITOR.

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NO. 1.

## CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."—*The Creed.*

*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.*—JACOB.

It was customary with the patriarchs, before they left the world, to pronounce a benediction on their offspring. The head of the family was the prophet and the priest, as well as the governor of the household. "By faith, Isaac blessed Jacob and Esau, concerning things to come; and Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph." He also "called unto his own sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days." My text is part of his predictions concerning Judah. He was the fourth son of Israel; and unto him, the father, guided by the spirit of prophecy, gave the pre-eminence. His name is Praise; his character, a Lion; his hand is in the neck of his enemies; and even his father's children bow down before him: the sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.

The *sceptre* is the rod of office, and denotes the authority of him who holds it in his hand, or before whom it is carried in state, by another. *Strong rods*, in the language of another prophet, were used for the *sceptres* of them that bare rule.\* The word † is never employed in scripture without indicating power under some form or another; and it is generally associated with the throne and the kingdom. In this case, it is evidently the symbol of Judah's chieftainship; and being connected with the power of giving law, must certainly be understood as denoting national polity.

The *lawgiver* too, as well as the *sceptre*, is said to continue in the tribe of Judah through successive generations. One of this description shall not depart from between his feet—shall not cease to exist among his offspring until the specified time. The *lawgiver* is not merely a scribe, or a teacher; but one who proclaims the law by his power both to enact and to execute. The phrase indicates the continuance of some legislative power, whether civil or ecclesiastical; and "of Judah he

\* Ezek. xix. 11.

† The Jews have a quibble on the word שֵׁבֶט *shebet*, sceptre, they say it signifies staff, and may be a rod, denoting afflictions, meaning that affliction shall not depart from the Jews until Messiah comes; and as they are still under affliction, that the Messiah is not come. Their own chief Targumist, Onkelos, however, understood the word as we do, and this meaning is adopted by the Jerusalem Targum and the ancient versions.

generations. I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness\*—with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye."†

In the mean time, all that love the Lord are *one* in him, and drink together out of the same wells of salvation. Though separated by partition walls, reared by the folly and founded on the prejudices and carnal interests of corrupt men, though tempted by jealousies, and deceived by contending passions and rivalries, to perpetuate the sectional distinctions of ecclesiastical denomination, they who are born of the Spirit walk in the light, and recognizing one another, enjoy an intellectual and spiritual fellowship of complacency and mutual good will. Christian affection is a sacred flame "which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown: and if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.—Every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him."

*To be continued,*

#### A VOYAGE OVER THE ATLANTIC.

My dear S.,

Designing to give you an account of my tour in the British Islands, and of my observations on their present religious and moral condition in connexion with their antiquities; I now address you through the medium of the Christian Expositor. The motives I had to cross the ocean in midst

of winter storms, are detailed in my letter introductory to this series, and shall now receive no further notice. I begin the extracts from my journal with an account of the voyage from New York to Liverpool.

Tuesday, 16th February, 1830, at 10 o'clock, A. M. I stood on the deck of the packet, of that day, bound for the commercial metropolis of the west of England.—

The ship CALEDONIA belongs to "the Old Line," and is one of the finest in the trade, which employs many elegant specimens of naval architecture, to the admiration, not only of our own enterprising citizens, but also of sea-faring men skilled in the art in all the ports of Europe. It was full tide, and we stood high above the level of the Beekman street wharf, although the vessel was deep in the water. With her clean deck, cleared of every incumbrance, her lofty masts with their spars and their rigging tight and trim, the noble vehicle stood motionless, moored fast to the pier as if designed to remain stationary for the gaze of the community. The wharf was covered with spectators, and the deck was crowded with friends, visiting those who were about to take their departure for a foreign shore, and exchanging a farewell with esteemed relatives about to risk the terrors of the deep. Many a Christian hand was extended to my grasp on that morning, the shaking of which made every chord of my heart to vibrate, for I knew not whether we should ever again meet on earth. Every mariner was at his post, and the officers, with a calm steadiness of look, stood, or walked

\* Isa. lx. 4, 15, 18.

† Isa. lii. 8.

with a self-possession, which indicated that every one understood what was going on around him. It was a cold morning. The Fahrenheit thermometer stood at the door of my house, when I departed, at nine above zero. The whole bay, and both the East and North rivers displayed to the eye a field of ice. The steamboat Rufus King was fastened to the Caledonia sea-ward, and the chimney of her furnace sent forth its stream of circling smoke higher than the mast-head: for although cold, there was not a breath of wind to cause a fluttering in our eagle banner with its stripes and its stars. All was still on the frozen waters. On the shore was motion. The hum of business was heard from a distance, and the number of spectators increasing and approaching to the side of the ship, when the word was pronounced distinctly, but not boisterously, "ashore." Many of those on deck descended the steps, the crowd was in motion toward the point of the wharf; hands and hats were waved, and many an eye beamed a benevolent adieu.

The whizzing steam was heard. the moorings had been unfastened in a moment: the ebb tide had applied its force: the ice floated forward; and the stately Caledonia without exertion slipped away from the shore, led by her little consort in midst of sheets of floating ice, while the hammers of the clocks told eleven, from the steeples of beautiful New York. The sound seemed the knell of my departure, from my chosen land, and from the living beings most near my heart. I repressed these feelings; for as yet there stood at my

side an old friend—the Rev. Dr. —, and two of my own sons, who escorted me to Sandy Hook.

At two P. M. They dined with me on board, outside the Hook, and returned in the steamboat to the city, with my prayers at parting that they might be preserved in safety. Just at the moment of their departure a swift row-boat came along side with an additional passenger for Liverpool. He was accompanied by my young friend, Mr. W., a preacher, who ventured thus far amidst the frozen waters, for the melancholy gratification of taking his farewell. He instantly returned.

Our sails were unloosed. The Caledonia yielded to the pressure of a young northeast wind; and at three o'clock we were out at sea, leaving the heights of Neversink to the right, and gradually losing sight of the southern shores of New Jersey. The curtain of night was soon drawn upon this prospect and America became invisible. I descended to the cabin, to which my fellow-passengers had retired before me. Each now commenced arranging his own travelling furniture in his neat, commodious, and appropriated state-room. All these bed-chambers open into a spacious and elegant cabin, furnished with a fixed dining-table, with rows of sofas also fixed immovably, whatever may be the motion of the ship. The berth, however, in his own apartment, soon became the chosen place of each of the passengers. Every one of them, except myself, became sea-sick and disappeared. The night was dark and cold. The wind was high and increas-

ing. Toward morning it settled to a steady gale which lasted until Friday, 19th. At noon of that day we were in latitude  $37^{\circ} 40'$ , longitude  $56^{\circ} 39'$ .

During the time of this first gale I had all desirable solitude. My fellow-passengers were still invisible. I was in health, with time at command to read and to reflect. Writing was nearly out of the question. In conversation I occasionally indulged with the captain, both below and on deck; for I frequently ventured up to contemplate the wonderful works of God on the deep. This always afforded entertainment to the mind. Captain Rogers is a gentleman of intelligence and polished manners. Cradled, it might be said, on the ocean, and educated for the several duties of a seafaring life, he had for years enjoyed the company of accomplished officers in the navy of the United States. His conversation was rarely professional; and only when my inquiries led in that direction: but it never became uninteresting; for he is always at home. Every thing is in keeping aloft, and in the cabin; his orders are given with promptness, and his eye is as impressive as the tones of his voice in securing obedience. Often in command of ships of the first class, and always in actual service and in various seas and seasons of the year, he never lost a spar. As a seaman he has probably no superior of his own years. He is still in his prime.

Friday night the wind abated, coming round, a few points, to the west: and next day at noon we were in latitude  $33^{\circ} 40'$ , longitude  $40^{\circ}$ . The wind however increas-

ing—and, in the afternoon, to a gale. Scudding before it, under closely reefed topsails, I enjoyed the deck. The sun poured down his light, at intervals, between showers of rain and hail. The other passengers were now recovered, and coming forth to contemplate the ocean scenery. All on board appeared fearless and cheerful. With every spar and cord firm and strong, the Caledonia, buoyant over the billows, stretched along her course with great celerity. By the diversities of the lights and shadows, occasioned by the agitation of the waters and the swiftness of the passing clouds, the prospect was ever varying and grand. Chased at the stern by waves of twenty feet high, they soon passed us roaring and foaming under our bowsprit, yielding their place behind to a sea rising up with a mightier force and a darker frown. These blue ridges of water might measure from the bottom of the intervening trough 30 feet to the summit. At a distance you might occasionally see an extensive plain of dazzling white, and again resembling hills of alabaster sand scattering their glittering dust before the storm. The eye would soon behold what appeared to be ranges of lofty mountains covered with deep green and capped in every form by the clouds. While the spray, at a distance from the ship toward the left, displayed every color of the rainbow, and at times a fine segment of the bow itself. Admiring the powers of human genius, as displayed in constructing and navigating the floating palace, in which I dwelt upon the waters, let me praise Him who

made man in his own image, and gave him the dominion over the inferior creation!

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths."\*

The storm continued all night. The rolling of the ship was great: the creaking of doors and spars was incessant. Neither chair nor sofa served for a seat of rest. Reading became fatiguing, and the berth allowed no sleep. So passed Saturday night; sad preparations for the sabbath.

*The Lord's day, 21st*, was the fifth day at sea. The weather, during the morning, continued as yesterday. At twelve o'clock, when about to begin divine worship in the cabin, the gale increased, accompanied occasionally by hail, rain, thunder, and lightening, and lasted until, notwithstanding fair wind, orders were given to *heave to*. Thus we were compelled to submit to a retrograde motion until the storm abated at noon of Monday, 22d inst. We then commenced on our course, under reefed topsails, scudding at the rate of twelve miles an hour, until five o'clock P. M., when we were again compelled to "lie to" until next morning. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday afforded little variety, and added nothing to the comforts of the crew, except good progress on the voyage, having, on the eighth day at sea,

attained nearly half way to Liverpool from New York.

*Thursday, 25th*, is the day appointed for humiliation and special prayer in my congregation. I observed it, for that purpose, in my own apartment; and had communion with my people, though removed to the distance of fifteen hundred miles from the place of their assembly, *being taken from them for a short time in presence, not in heart.*† Our holy religion is a comfort—the true and only true comfort of an imperfect man. God appointed it as such. "This is my comfort in my affliction.‡ Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God."§ It is also a fine feature of the constitution of man, that his spirit may have fellowship with those of others, to whatever distance they may happen to be separated. Devotional exercises strengthen the faculties of the mind instead of impairing them; and the tone of the mind affects the bodily system. They who go to sea in ships are not precluded from this advantage. I found the employments of this day had an effect in elevating the affections and in fortifying the nerves to resist the ENNUI of my present condition. I seldom slept, since I came on board, more than two hours at a time. I was too restless to keep my bed, when awake; and not a night passed without a visit to the deck at the change of the watch. Every occurrence of a noise aloft induced me to mount the stairs. But on this night I could remain in my berth when awake; and I slept soundly for many hours together.

\* Ps. cvii. 23. 25.

† 1 Thes. ii. 17.

‡ Ps. cxli. 50.

§ Isa. xl. 1.

I arose early and was refreshed. On Friday the wind was still fair; but so moderate as to permit all sails to be set—a fine cheering sight to all on board. Our ship appeared in her glory; and she coursed over the boundless plain, with all the pride of a racer equipped and let loose.

With such sailing, who would not be a mariner? Like the pleasures of earth, however, those of the sea are evanescent. In the afternoon the wind lulled; and at nine P. M. came round briskly to the south. At twelve, we heard the call of "all hands." It was a sudden squall, with hail of enormous size. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and for fifteen minutes a splendid phenomenon occurred. Globes of brilliant light appeared on the tops of the foremast and the mainmast, illuminating the deck and the cordage in midst of the storm. The electric fluid played in its peculiar effulgence, on both those elevated points, after the noise of thunder ceased, and could be seen on the more elevated point, even after the cloud had passed far away to the north. The wind continued favorable and daylight soon restored to their use the studding sails of yesterday.

*Saturday, 27th.* Fine morning. At noon, latitude  $44^{\circ}$ , longitude  $30^{\circ}$ . Afternoon wet; wind light; progress slow. At even, all is dull. The clouds thickened; the wind arose from the southwest; the rains descended; our course was unaltered, and during the night we continued, under reefed topsails, in rapid progress for our destined haven. On sabbath we had social worship in the cabin;

yet I had to conduct it in a sitting posture. I must lean even during prayer: and none of the mariners from the deck could be spared to give attendance. The wind became more moderate at evening; and at nine P. M. we moved at the rate of nine knots an hour. Thus passed my second sabbath from home; but not without many thoughts of those whom I left behind, and were wont in crowds to wait on the ordinances.

*Monday, 1st March.* With winds fair enough to make good progress and hold on our course, we were glad to have a few hours of clear weather and enjoy the sight of sunshine. Tuesday passed off in the same manner, and Wednesday the 13th day of our voyage, brought us, by reckoning, within one hundred miles of European land; and at eight, P. M., we had soundings in ninety fathoms water. All were delighted with inspecting the glittering particles of Irish sand which adhered to the bottom of the lead. Next morning, *Thursday, 4th March*, we saw land ten miles distant. It was understood to be a part of the rugged coast of the county of *Kerry*, north of Bantry bay, far famed on account of the French disastrous invasion of Ireland, 24th December, 1796.

Many times in the course of this day did the passengers strain the eye and apply to the glass, in order to get a sight of the numerous rocks, islets, and headlands of the south of the great county of *Cork*. The *bull*, the *cow*, and the *crow*, loomed in the haze, and diverted all, naturally disposed to be gratified by the sight of *terra firma* under any form. There was, not-

withstanding, during the day, much solicitude for a view of the island of Cape Clear, the southernmost point of Hibernia. It was in vain. The curtain of night dropped around us, and the waters above the firmament poured down in torrents. This kind of weather tried our patience at the mouth of the British channel; and there was no change until forty hours had gone by, in the flight of time.

*Saturday, 6th March*, brought us, according to the reckoning, as far as between *Cork* on the west and *Milford Haven* on the eastern shore. We were all in suspense, notwithstanding our confidence in the captain's judgment: for no observation was had for two days and two nights. There was not a sight of the sun by day or of the moon by night. The stars did not shine. No lighthouse was discovered—no land to be seen. England and Ireland were all enveloped together with the intervening waters, in one impenetrable sheet of darkness. We could feel the bottom and observe the ship's course, and the mariners could calculate only from the compass and the soundings, together with the rate of sailing by the hour. At four o'clock we spoke a sloop steering directly from *Milford* to *Cork*, which satisfactorily confirmed the calculation of Captain Rogers.

The 7th March was the third and the last Lord's day at sea. I preached in the cabin after twelve

o'clock, and at four P. M. a fine wind favored our progress in St. George's channel. At seven we were in the narrowest part of that sound. The *Tuskar* lights on the Irish shore, the lights on Bardsley Island; the light-house of Holy Head and those of the *Skilly* rocks, were all left behind before eight o'clock on Monday morning. Opposite to Old Point *Linus*, off the Isle of Anglesea in Wales, we shipped our pilot, who brought us the Liverpool papers of Saturday. Row boats came along side with eggs, and milk, and herring, and other refreshments. The scenery of the Welsh coast is fine. The Snowden hill, Penman Mour, Great and Small, and the points of Orme, with the intervening bays, were distinctly in view. The distant mountains with their mantles of snow, reflected the rays of the western sun, while ships under sail, the steamers, and the pilot-boats, with craft of every name and size, passing to and fro, satisfied us that we were near the mart of commerce, and again in company with the busy world. We came to anchor for the night fifteen miles from the harbor for which we were bound.

*Tuesday morning at nine o'clock*, the 9th of March, we landed, in health and safety, on the wharf at the entrance of Prince's dock, Liverpool. God's goodness is great: to him be ascribed the glory of our preservation.

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JUNE 1, 1831.

NO. 2.

## CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

"I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."—*The Creed.*

*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.*—JACOB.

(Concluded.)

II. The Lord Jesus is perfectly fit to be the appointed centre of fellowship among the saints of all lands.

In order to bring together into one great communion of life, intelligence, and cordiality, rational creatures detached by conflicting tastes, opinions, and interests, the head of the system behoves himself to be desirable, beneficent, exalted, and powerful. In whomsoever these qualities exist in an infinite degree, every thing is confessedly found which becomes the moral centre of the spiritual world. Christ possesseth such fitness for his station. Sent of God, the people are gathered to him.

1. He is infinitely desirable. As a friend and a chief, he stands unrivaled. He is the only Savior from sorrow and from sin. Every way adapted to the condition of our fallen race for the purposes of effectual recovery from condemnation, he is the pearl of great price, and is therefore emphatically denominated by the spi-

rit of prophecy, "the desire of all nations."

The Creator of the world has provided for the preservation and government of the material system attractions which bind the several elements into distinct masses, and which connect together the several bodies so cohering by their tendency to a common centre. The union of the moral system is by a voluntary attraction. "Draw me, we will run after thee." It operates not by force or without consciousness. The object is seen. Its fitness for the purposes to be accomplished appreciated, and therefore it is desired. The God of mercy and of truth would not have proposed as "the desire of nations," a Savior who is not, in all respects, qualified to accomplish the deliverance of those who trust in him. What sort of a Redeemer is necessary? Such a one as is provided. He is alone. "Besides me there is no Savior."

We need a Savior, who is possessed of the *divine nature*; for a creature can do nothing effectual for our redemption. We need a Redeemer, who is *distinct* from the Father's Person; and so capable of being sent by *him*, and accepted by *us*, as a mediator between us. We need a mediator who is truly man, to identify himself with his people, to obey, and to suffer in their stead. We need one who is in fact a person in the most perfect sense of the term, a divine person himself, proper and



## LIVERPOOL.—LETTER II.

My Dear S.,

I now find myself again in this place, after a lapse of nearly forty years. It is altered entirely, from my young recollections, though the interest I take in its present appearance is great, and, indeed, increased from a view of its location, and a knowledge of its history and progressive improvements. The town is finely fitted for displaying the *connection* between the *old* and the *new* world, which, by its commerce, it so happily promotes; and yet, though extensive and opulent, it is apparently an appurtenance neither of the one nor of the other. It is a link between them, and, indeed, in its general appearance, very much resembles our own New York. The streets have been laid out with no respect to uniformity in length, breadth, or the quality of the buildings on either side. The houses are of brick; the storehouses are lofty; the shops commodious and splendid: an elegant public edifice often meets the eye, and gives variety to the scenery. In the construction of the buildings, there is not so much of *granite*, or of *marble*, as the citizens of New York have employed; but the English have more of the *red freestone* cut and carved. Their brick works are dull and heavy, for the painting and pointing are both neglected. There is evidently more stateliness, and less vivacity, in this style of building.

The town shows well, when the stranger approaches it from the channel. We turned short to the right at "the Rock," which,

with its proper lighted towers, and those on the adjacent hills, serves as an elegant beacon to the mariner by night and by day. Our course was south, up the *Mersey*, as if entering into the heart of the "fast-anchored Isle." The rich grounds and beautiful villas and valleys of Cheshire, are seen on the western shore, and the fields, in the beginning of March, were in complete verdure. The opposite side of the river exhibited a contrast. A forest of masts rose up to view, inclosed in a series of spacious docks, surrounded with keys of a magnificent structure, of cutstone, and crowned with a busy population, contributing to the opulence of "merry old England." The flowing tide soon bore the *Caledonia* to the basin, which opens by a drawbridge to Prince's dock. There we stepped on shore. I was conducted by *Mr. Connel*, a merchant of Montreal, acquainted in Liverpool, to the Hotel No. 1, Old Church Yard. Here, after traveling over a pavement of grave stones, he and I, together with *Mr. Burchell*, another fellow passenger, found apartments and entertainment. Thus, my first lodgings on the shores of Europe, was over the *grave yard*, and in consonance with my own solemn, but not sad feelings. For years, my dear S., I have familiarized my mind with the place where "the weary are at rest." It is a pleasant prospect, when, as in this case literally, we may overlook the tabernacles of the dead, and distinctly view the course beyond; for there is a course which conducts believers to the *haven which they desire to see*.

We ordered an early dinner, and, in the mean time, took a walk, to see what objects were at hand. At the custom house, treated with great courtesy and dispatch, we soon settled our concerns; and from Mr. HORNE, our host, we had, in time, and with due attention, all that we selected from "the bill of fare." We had, of course, a long afternoon for reconnoitering, and a longer evening for reflection. To employ most of it in writing is the task to which I subjected myself, when retiring from company, I entered my own apartment for the night.

*Wednesday, 10th March*, I continued my survey.

This is a modern sea-port, having its position in the county palatine of Lancashire, which associates in recollection, and in fact, the days of old with the present improvements in the useful arts. It is not to be compared with London, or Paris, or Rome. It bears no resemblance to our city of Washington. Of yesterday compared with the age of Romulus, it is of old compared with him who gave name to the federal city—the seat of the government of the United States; and yet, though but recently emerged from obscurity, its political and commercial relations have become so important that it cannot be visited without interest. The antiquarian, it is true, finds no obsolete inscriptions to decipher; there are no signs of barbarous or classic remains, but there is much to show the power of enterprise, conducted by science and taste. Situated on the eastern shore of the river Mersey, it stretches about two miles from

north to south, and is almost of the same extent from west to east, in latitude  $53^{\circ} 22'$ , and longitude  $2^{\circ} 57'$ .

The Mersey rises and flows an inconsiderable stream from the borders of Derby and Yorkshire, but meeting the tide water, it opens into an estuary a few miles above Liverpool, and separating the Chester shore from that of Lancashire, it empties itself among the sand banks between the mouths of the *Dee* and the *Ribble*, in the Irish channel.\* The orthography of Liverpool is now settled, by universal usage. For a long time it was otherwise, because the etymology was unknown. The sounds were similar, but the letters which composed the word very different, according to the opinions of discordant writers. The origin, indeed, of the last syllable has generally been admitted; therefore, *Puyl* and *Pole* no longer obtrude themselves. Even Poole itself has dropped the final *e*. The meaning of a pool is not to be mistaken: and there was a pool or natural basin in a creek from the estuary, to which a road led—the present Pool-lane. Into the same

\* "From Warrington, the Mersey grows broader; opens into a wide mouth near *Lither-pool*: it is the most convenient place for setting sail to Ireland." CAMPDEN, 1607.

*Derrick*, in his letter to the earl of Cork, thus writes, August 20, 1760 "Leverpoole stands on the decline of a hill, about six miles from the sea. It is washed by a broad, rapid stream, called the Mersee, where ships lying at anchor are quite exposed to the sudden squalls of wind that often sweep the surface from the flat Cheshire shore on the west, or the highlands of Lancashire that overlook the town from the east. I need not inform your lordship that the principal exports of Leverpoole, are all kinds of woollen and worsted goods, with other Manchester and Yorkshire, Sheffield and Birmingham wares. There are here three good inns. For *ten pence* a man dines elegantly, at an ordinary, consisting of ten or a dozen dishes." (The worthy writer, were he now to visit this town, would find good living more expensive.)

place, a few years since, the old dock received the shipping; and now, being filled up, it forms the large square on which the new custom-house is about to be erected. *Lever* was the name of a man of note; and *Lither* or *Liver*, that of a sea-fowl, now recognized only on the arms of the town. The honorable corporation have, by embracing this bird in their heraldry, sanctioned the etymology, which derives the name of the town from that of the swamp on the margin of which it grew, and that of the water-fowl, in which it abounded—*Liver-pool*. During the civil wars the place was more than once the scene of strife. Being even then the chief port of England, in its transactions with the Isle of Man, and its commerce with Ireland, it was an object worth contending for by the royalists and the whigs of that belligerent period. The population of Lancashire were favorable to the commonwealth; and the EARL OF MANCHESTER himself took arms against the Stuarts. Force, however, prevailed in obtaining the mastery over the castle of Liverpool; and accordingly it fell, alternately, into the possession of the party of the commonwealth and that of the crown.\* Cheshire, on the west side of the river, was much affected by the leaven of the Puri-

\* *Roger of Poitiers*, who was lord of the manor of Lancaster, built a castle here: for all the land between the Ribble and the Mersey belonged to the same *Roger*. The town, in 1664, was in the hands of the commonwealth, under the command of Col. Moore, who defended it some time against Prince Rupert, nephew to Charles I. After a bloody battle, the castle surrendered on 26th June. On the 5th Nov. it was again in the hands of the Parliament. There is still a *Castle street*, but no remains of the castle of Poitiers. An act was passed for its demolition, 1659.

tans, and continued so, in some degree, down to the times of pious James Harvey and good Matthew Henry. Lancashire itself was still more remarkable for its attachment to the principles of civil liberty, presbyterial church-government, and evangelical doctrine.—It was perhaps next to London, the place famous for its faithful adherence to the whole covenanted reformation. Eighty-four ministers in this county actually took the covenant; and sixty-seven were ejected from their pulpits and their people, by royal mandate, on St. Bartholomew's day of painful recollection. There is still an unhappy memorandum of the former *presbyterianism* of the country around Liverpool. There are seventy-three churches with their glebe lands secured by law to the old presbyterians, occupied by Socinians who have outlived the faith, though they retain so much of the name as is necessary to the possession of the revenue. There is even now in England some gain made by a good, though proscribed name, assumed falsely; but there must be loss, at last, to all who employ fraud and untruth. It required many years of deception before the followers of *Socinus* succeeded in securing unquestioned possession of the temporal benefices intended for the orthodox Presbyterians. It has, alas! been done: but religion is departed from the churches of that name, and the congregations are scattered. Yet, blessed be the God of heaven, piety still exists in other circles; and there are many of a sounder faith and a purer practice worshipping in

meeting-houses under other dissenting names. Many dissenters from the establishment love liberty, and understand the gospel; and, though negligent of the ecclesiastical *uniformity* once respected over the land, they often unite in noble schemes of benevolence, to co-operate in the Christian charities for which Great Britain is justly celebrated among the nations.

The town of Liverpool is not deficient in public charities, which evince the meliorating effects of the Christian religion among a civilized people. However far those who have the wealth of the land, and have influence in society, come short of their own duty in personal religion, it is cause of gratitude to Him who has the hearts of all classes at his disposal, that he makes them provide for the wants of the needy. On the first day I sought for evidence of English compassion, and walked up to the top of *Shaw's brow*, to see the site of the old infirmary opened in 1749; it gave place to the more extensive building in Brownlow street, 1824.

Yon spacious roof, where, hush'd in calm repose,  
The drooping widow half forgets her woes.  
Yon calm retreat, where, screened from every ill,  
The helpless orphan's throbbing heart lies still.

There is an imposing grandeur in the general effect of this edifice, far exceeding that of any similar erection in the town. The width, including the wings, is 204 feet, and the depth, from the front of the colonnade to the back, 108. Six massive columns, of the Ionic order, with corresponding pilasters in the angles, support a plain

broad frieze, and a bold projecting cornice continued along the entire front. There are 138 windows in the front of the main building and its wings. The infirmary occupies, with its gardens, the parallelogram formed by the London road, continued to Pembroke place on the north, Dover street on the south, Astor street on the east, and Brownlow street on the west. It is a subject of regret, that of this sumptuous edifice there is not a distant view sufficient to embrace, at once, an idea of its magnificence; for there is nothing in the town equal to it in grandeur, except the exchange buildings, with the town hall in front.

The buildings for the accommodation and instruction of the blind command respect on another account. It is for their use, not for their elegance, that they deserve the attention of the visitant. The external appearance is characterized by its neatness and simplicity. It is situate in **LONDON ROAD**, at the corner of *Duncan street*; and has been carried on since the year 1791, with remarkable success. Here a class of beings, otherwise wretched, are by proper culture rendered happy themselves and useful members of society. An example is set to other towns in the kingdom, which has been happily followed. Five similar schools have been established upon the plan of this one, namely, in the cities of London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Bristol, and Norwich. In this asylum nearly **EIGHT HUNDRED** blind persons have found a resting place. They are taught *memoriter*, and learn readily from the reading of

others. They cheerfully join in the spiritual songs during public worship, for they have a church also for the blind;\* and a strict attention is paid to their health, their morals, and their religious conduct. The pupils who have an ear for music, and many of them are so, are instructed on the system of Dr. Bell, to practice that fine art themselves, and to teach it to others; and in tuning and stringing musical instruments they are proficient. Fifty organists have already come forth from this school. But the principal occupation of the bereaved of sight are spinning, basket making, manufacturing of twine, &c. and weaving of worsted rugs. Many of the inmates are supported by their own means and their friends; and they all appear cheerful and happy.

The ophthalmic institution, that for relieving diseases of the ear—the lunatic asylum—the school of industry—the alms-house—and the stranger's friend society, will all amply reward the visits of the traveler. Religious societies, under various names, also abound in Liverpool; and those which contribute to the sciences are many in number.

The building called the *New*

\* The church communicates with the school by a subterraneous passage, and is a beautiful piece of architecture. The portico cannot fail to attract the attention of the connoisseur. It is of the Doric order, and an exact copy, it is said, of the portico of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenus in the island of Egina. The architect, Mr. J. Foster, made many discoveries valuable to antiquarians, during his residence in that island in 1814. The church was opened by Bishop Law on the 6th Oct. 1819. One half of the pews are reserved for the accommodation of strangers; and it is capable of admitting more than a thousand hearers without inconvenience to the blind, for whose use it was constructed. The number in the school at present does not exceed 150, with their attendants.

*exchange* attracts, however, the chief notice. Its location is the best which the town could afford, but it is not so good as would be desirable. It is better every way than the site of the exchange in New York, but far inferior to that of the city hall.

The first stone of the structure was laid the 30th June, 1803; and the entire cost of the building is not far from half a million of dollars. The area, inclosed by four fronts, 197 feet by 178. To the exchange itself properly belongs only three of the sides. The fourth is on the town hall, in front. This elegant building stands at the north end of Castle street, where it joins with Dale street, which is extended, nearly at a right angle, to Shaw's brow eastward, and is itself the widest in the town. This building, once intended for an exchange, is the most superb erection in the town. It is sumptuously fitted up. The offices, dining-rooms, banquet and ball rooms are spacious, and, while replete with minute beauties, display elegant proportions. The inside of the grand dome, when viewed from the floor, presents one of the noblest *coups d'œil* imaginable. It is illuminated by spacious lateral lights; the stucco work is admirably colored; the entire height, from the pavement to the centre of the dome, is 106 feet, and the whole is in the purest style of Grecian architecture. A figure of Britannia, in a sitting posture, crowns the dome, and below, outside, is a circular gallery, which will amply repay the labor of ascent by the panoramic prospect it affords. The town falls under the eye in a

circular form, the streets and the churches are almost all visible. The surrounding heights and villas, the Cheshire shore, the river is full in view, and its course to the Irish sea, which terminates the prospect.

The monument of Lord Nelson is erected before the exchange, in the rear of the town hall. It was designed by M. C. Wyatt, and was modeled and cast by R. Westmacott, and completed in October, 1813. In the centre of the area, on a basement of Westmoreland marble, stands a circular pedestal of the same material. Four figures of heroic size surround the base of the pedestal. They appear as vanquished enemies, alluding to the four victories of St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar; and in a moulding round the upper part of it, is inscribed in letters of brass, the impressive charge of this naval commander, previous to the commencement of the battle of *Trafalgar*: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY." The figures constituting the principal design are the Admiral, Victory, and Death: his country mourning, and her navy eager to avenge his death. The visit to St. John's market closed the day. The evening upon which I parted from my companions, bound for London, I devoted to my pen.

THURSDAY, the 11th.—After finishing my letter for America, I sallied forth to find a conveyance over the Atlantic, and shipped my epistles in the *Concordia*, Capt. Britton, for New York.

I breakfasted with Dr. Raffles, at his house. I met with Mr. McLean, formerly of the Dutch

church, now Dr. Brodhead's, New York, corner of Broome and Greene. He has given up the pastoral charge which he undertook here, and now cultivates a garden on the brow of Edge-hill, near to the residence of Dr. Raffles. The latter gentleman is well known in the literary world. He is an able, eloquent, and evangelical minister of the Independent church. He is a frank, open-hearted Englishman: or, rather, he is a citizen of the commonwealth of letters, and an ardent disciple of Christ. To know him is to love him, on the part of those who love mankind, and who love their God.

From him I took my leave to visit Dr. Stewart, of the United Secession Church. It was one of his days of seclusion, and his orders were not to be interrupted in his studies. I love those days, and admire the magnanimity of a minister of God who devotes some stated days of every week to his proper work of preparation for the instruction of the public, and who, moreover, teaches his family to call them by the right name. "He was at home, but he saw no company," was the answer of Mrs. Stewart to the ordinary interrogatories. She, nevertheless, upon discovering who I was, informed him, and he devoted the day to me. We traveled together in quest of a few religious connections, whose names, as residents in Liverpool, I had heard in New York, and I dined with his hospitable family.

FRIDAY, 12th.—I rode along the Mersey, visited the outskirts of the town, gave a call on Dr. Ralph, a minister of the Scottish

establishment, and at 5 P. M., I was on board the packet *Thetis*, Captain Townsend, on my way to DUBLIN. Few days occur in Liverpool of such clear and fine weather as I enjoyed in town. The climate on the west of England is humid and stormy, but not until I was again on the water did the weather frown upon me. The mail packet was far inferior in accommodation to our Hudson

river steam-boats: and a heavy storm from the south, prolonged our voyage across the channel to twice its ordinary time, while it also rendered sick and joyless all the passengers. I landed in Kingstown half past 6, and in one hour more, having taken the coach for the capital of Ireland, I found myself in Gresham's elegant hotel, Upper Sackville street, at half past 7 o'clock, on Saturday, 13th March.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

### IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL PROCEEDINGS.

*Extracts from Minutes of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.*

(Concluded.)

It was finally resolved that the synod is desirous of entering into such arrangements respecting the third proposition, as may be found necessary and practicable.

31. Dr. McLeod was requested to append to his discourse the statements which he had made to synod: with this request the Doctor manifested his disposition to comply, should he find it practicable.

32. The following appointments with regard to the missionary station in Liverpool were made:

Rev. J. Alexander, for September; Rev. J. Stewart, for October; Rev. James P. Sweeny, for January; Rev. James Dick, for February; Rev. James Smyth, for June.

33. The consideration of the motion on the nature and powers of interlocutory courts was deferred till the next meeting of synod.

34. Moved and agreed, that the synod, regarding themselves called upon, by the state of the churches, to take measures for a more open maintenance and advocacy, and for the

wider extension of the principles of the covenanted reformation, and regarding the public press as a powerful instrument which may be rendered subservient to the high advancement of the cause of truth, recommend to such of its members, as may be able to give attention to the matter, to make arrangements for the publication of a periodical to be circulated throughout the bounds of our religious community; and the members hold themselves engaged to use endeavors in order to obtain sufficient support for the undertaking from the several congregations.

35. Moved and seconded, that Mr. Dick, the moderator for the last year, be appointed to preach at the opening of the next meeting of synod. Moved as *amendment*, that Messrs. Houston and Dick should each be required to deliver a discourse on that occasion, according to whatever arrangement they may agree upon. The amendment was unanimously adopted.

The synod closed its proceedings at 4 o'clock, P. M. and the session was concluded by the moderator with prayer.

Signed, THOMAS HOUSTON,  
Syn. Clerk. *pro tem*

# AMERICAN CHRISTIAN EXPOSITOR.

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NO. 11.

## NECESSITY OF THE ATONEMENT.

(Continued from page 388.)

3. God's goodness requires the punishment of sin. Goodness is that attribute which prompted God to create beings capable of enjoyment, to prefer their happiness to their misery, and to confer upon them every means of gratification in consistency with his other perfections. It is stamped upon all created objects, and if there exists any causes of unhappiness in the world it is not from the fountain of goodness that they have proceeded. Evil is an intruder in God's universe with all its base concomitants, and shall he not act for its expulsion? He beholds it exerting all its influence to thwart his benevolent purposes towards his creatures. Breaking in upon the happiness of heaven, and hurling down to the pit of eternal misery myriads of the once pure and happy sons of the morning. He views it, insinuating itself, disguised under the garb of good, into the terrestrial paradise, deceiving the unsophisticated inhabitants of the new born world, and infusing misery, reproach, and shame, where the purest felicity lately dwelt; plucking the crown of honor from the head of the first man, and with him as a federal head involving in guilt and consequent misery all the countless generations of his offspring. His goodness, his love for his creatures, must then influ-

ence him to punish those who commit iniquity, and to urge the rendering of an adequate satisfaction. But it may be asked, how is it consistent with the divine goodness, which wishes well to every creature, to inflict pain and unhappiness upon them, even though they may have transgressed? "It is upon the principle that partial evil is universal good." Upon the same principle, that in human society the infliction of pain follows the violation of the law. The offender is punished, that others by a sight of his misery may be deterred from a commission of a similar crime, the intention is the prevention of the spread of misery. Thus in the mighty empire of Jehovah, he punishes a part of the rebel province to keep the other parts from committing a like offense; he inflicts misery on the rebel province itself to prevent the other provinces from being rendered miserable by a like rebellion. We know not what effect a knowledge of the misery which pervades the habitable globe—what effect the lurid glare of the flames of tophet which they behold burning high to the praises of God's vindictive justice, may have upon the inhabitants of the other departments of God's empire in preserving them free from sin—and they doubt not the example is powerful. But one thing we know, and that is, that God's goodness never shone with so conspicuous a lustre as when he was inflicting



sion of the ideas I intended to convey, which, I readily admit, might have been occasioned by a want of sufficient distinctness and accuracy in my mode of expression; but not by any fair representation of any statement made by Mr. McCalla.

At the time my letter was written, I had not heard of Dr. W.'s intention to write for "The Presbyterian;" nor did I see any thing of his essay until it appeared in public. From these circumstances it will be perceived, that my letter could not have been intended by me, either to sanction or condemn any thing contained in the Doctor's essay.

J. H. SYMMES.

A certain writer rashly names this glorious doctrine of the gospel one of the "fiends of the reformation." It seems now in some danger of becoming the occasion of stirring up the *fiend of discord* among divines of the same orthodox sentiments, though they employ diversified phraseology in the explanation and defense of justification by the imputation of the righteousness of Christ. It is to be hoped, that the love of controversy will not induce them to marshal, under party spirit, the arguments which should be employed in illustration of the scripture, and in maintenance of their own ecclesiastical standards. The parties admit that justification is an act of God's grace; that it is passed on the sinner, only for the righteousness of Christ imputed and received; that it is received by faith; and that he who believeth on him that justifieth can never fall into con-

demnation. No one affirms that an unbeliever is justified in time or from eternity. No one affirms that righteousness is imputed or *imputable* to an unbeliever. And no one denies that justification is *JUST*, as surely as it is an act of grace. No one denies that regeneration, faith, union with Christ, imputation, and justification, are simultaneous and inseparable, though we distinguish them by separate words and conceptions.

Divine wisdom has devised the system of grace; *it reigns thro' righteousness*. The power of the Spirit, the justice of the Judge, the righteousness of the Savior, and the salvation of the sinner, are displayed in the one act of grace. **IMPUTATION** and **JUSTIFICATION** are not *two* acts but *ONE*. Imputation justifies. They are two words, and the one explains the other. Each includes the sentence of acquittal. Justification is the declaration of the fact; imputation, of the manner. Am I asked the question, *how* is the sinner justified? I answer, by imputation. **WHY?** To glorify the grace of God. On what principle do you vindicate the equity of this act? Upon the principle of union with Christ, *that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.*

EDITOR.

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#### A VOYAGE OVER THE ATLANTIC.

[We now continue, after some interruption, this Journal.]

#### IRELAND—LETTER III.

My dear S.

Leaving England, for a short time, but intending to make more extensive and minute observations

upon my return to it; this ancient kingdom shall at present occupy my attention. *Dublin* is the capital of Ireland. It is situated in lat. 53. 2. N. and long. 6. 15. W., on the western end of a beautiful bay which bears its name, and it is divided into nearly two equal parts by the *ANNA LIFFEY* river.

The *LIFFEY* is a stream of no great magnitude, especially in the estimation of an American accustomed to the sight of the *Hudson*, the *Delaware*, and the *Susquehanna*; for it is not more than from forty to fifty yards wide; but it is very interesting to the admirers of ancient history, of modern arts, and of natural scenery. Arising in the mountains of the picturesque county of *Wicklów*, and flowing rapidly through that of *Kildare*, it intersects the county of *Dublin*, and smoothly gliding in its meandering course for ten miles, it enters the basin below the city, mingling partially with its waters along the strand during the ebb; and in full flood spreading over the noble expanse. Eight several bridges constructed of cut stone, all substantially, and some elegantly, built over it, connect the two sections of the city, and render the principal streets passable without perceptible impediment. It is skirted with numerous quays for accommodation of trade, and also furnishes a fine salmon-fishery for the supply of the markets.

The *BAY* of *Dublin* is formed by its separation from the sea, on the north by the *Hill of Howth*, a bold peninsula seven miles from the city; and on the south by *Dalky*, a small rocky island containing about eighteen acres of

land. It is marshy as well as stony, and is separated from the main by a narrow but navigable channel. The isle was dedicated, in olden time, to *St. Benedict*, of whose church there are still to be seen some ruins. The highest elevation of land is crowned with a *Martello tower*, an erection not uncommon in this country. Between the two points, the breadth of the bay is upwards of five miles. On the north shore, five miles from *Dublin*, is *Clontarf*, famous for the decisive and bloody battle which was fought by the native Irish led on by the brave *Brian Boroihme* against the *Cestmen* under their own king *SITRIC*. This victory prepared the way for the overthrow of the Danes and Norwegians, who had for three centuries, from the 8th to the 11th domineered in *Ierne*. On the south side, the shore is more rocky, but it exhibits a delightful variety of villages and villas, of woods, and of pastures, gradually ascending from the sea, until you observe in the back ground the romantic mountains of *Wicklów*, extending as far as the eye can see to the southwest. The intervening expanse of water, bound as it is with granite rocks and embellished by art from point to point; almost surrounded by a spacious *McAdamized* road, lined by other improvements which indicate both industry and opulence; inclosed too, within a natural amphitheatre of hills, and bearing upon its bosom the boats and sails which are on their way to the canals and the quays, affords to the eye a charming prospect, in approaching from the

sea, the city of the "black channel—*Eblana*, *Dublana*, or *Dublin*," the *Eblana* of Ptolemy, A. D. 140. It has many names.

Ancient *DUBLANA* will not now disappoint the expectations to which an elegant entrance gives rise. Besides the opportunity I had of admiring it during the evening ride to Sackville street from Kingstown, I strolled out after eight o'clock; it was a fine night, the sky uncommonly serene, and the moon shone in mild grandeur. The principal sights were near at hand, and the bookstores furnished without delay the maps and pictures that are useful to entertain the stranger and to guide the traveler. The light but convenient literature of the day is abundant in the *shops*, manufactured at home, or imported from the neighbouring island, chiefly from the press of what is emphatically called "the intellectual city." History, particularly good history, of *Old Erin*, it is difficult to find. I picked up a few interesting volumes for occasional reference, and returned to my lodging to read and reflect at the close of the week, postponing until Monday personal visitation of the curiosities of the capital of *Hibernia*.

On *Sabbath*, 14th *March*, I found myself in a strange land, and to me a novel situation. This day four weeks, 14th Feb., I was at home in New York, worshipping in the sanctuary and in the society of a beloved family and flock. I preached in the morning, and heard a son in the afternoon. Though not without fear and anxiety about the con-

cerns of the church, not without sorrow for the afflictions of my house and not without trepidation at the idea of my departure being so nigh; I was withal among my well known friends, and it was before the Lord's people a day of enjoyment for my soul. How changed my condition! Here I am in the far famed capital of Ireland, in a splendid and crowded hotel. I pass my sabbath in solitude; yet I am not alone; God is omnipresent. I have undisturbed possession of a well furnished and spacious apartment in a great house, in as fine a street as I ever saw, and in the centre of one of the finest cities in Europe. The day of the Lord passed in quietness uninterrupted. In numbering my days that I might apply my heart to learn wisdom, I did not forget that the 14th of *March* is the birthday of my *now* only daughter, since her sister was called so recently away from me to her Maker, literally by fire. Her sudden death was occasioned by her clothes taking flame. *The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!*

*Monday*, I traversed this magnificent town, saw and admired its noble establishments; indulged melancholy thoughts at its present dejection, and sorrowed at the sight of its numberless and half naked beggars. *Dublin* presents an astonishing contrast of wretchedness and grandeur. The present population is upwards of 200,000: calculation differs from 220 to 278,000. Previous to the union with Great Britain, Jan. 7, 1801, it was the constant or occasional residence of 271, peers,

and 300 members of the house of commons. Now, about half a dozen of the former and less than twenty of the latter have settled dwellings within its precincts. Including merchants, private gentlemen, and all the learned professions, the number of persons in the higher and middle ranks of society will not, in all, amount far above 50,000. More than two-thirds of the inhabitants are in poverty, or actual beggary. Every street gives evidence of wretchedness; but the district called "*the liberties*," ought to be visited by him who would be an eyewitness of its magnitude. The scene is distressing to humanity.

There are however, many views to excite admiration. *Sackville street* itself excels in splendor. In its centre stands *Nelson's Pillar*, an elegant monument. On the left the new post-office, a specimen of chaste architecture, the view being terminated toward the north by the *Rotunda*, and *Rutland square*. On the south, you behold *Trinity college* to the left, and to the right the bank of *Ireland*, formerly the parliament-house. In his walk, the observer will remark a number of superior buildings, originally intended for the residence of the nobility, but now converted into *hotels*, meeting places for societies, or mercantile shops and warehouses.

To review the public buildings and squares, and bridges, and monuments, requires time and attention, not at my command. Of the six elegant squares within the buildings of the city, *St. Stephen's green* is the largest. It

is 400 by 300 yards, and now given up, by the corporation, and adorned to correspond with a memorial to the Duke of Wellington—the *Testimonial*, an expensive pile, and far from being an elegant erection. The inhabitants refused it a place in *St. Stephen's*, being displeased, it is said, with the construction of the monument, and it consequently stands in the *Phoenix park*. The whole structure is of mountain granite without any decoration. It is 205 feet high. Opposite to this once *regal*, and still very extensive park, is the *Irish Rialto*—*Sarah bridge*. It takes its name from *Sarah Countess of Westmoreland*, by whom the foundation was laid in 1791, and its descriptive appellation from the far famed Venetian *Rialto*. This bridge is 256 feet long, and 38 broad, consisting of a single elliptic arch, several feet wider in the span than its namesake in *Venice*.

Besides the numberless monuments, erected in the churches and elsewhere, to commemorate their bishops, their heroes, and their nobles, they have in conspicuous places, statues, some equestrian and some pedestrian, of *Kings William III.* and the *four Georges*.

Some ancient writers inform us that schools of learning were established in Ireland in pagan times by a colony of Grecians, and that the *Druids* maintained seminaries for the instruction of their youth. "We have the united testimony of all the ancient Irish, as well as of many foreign historians, that about the sixth or seventh century of the

Christian era many eminent schools were established in this island, to which youth resorted from the various parts of Europe, as at Armagh, Clonard, Bangor, and Down, &c." The university of Dublin is at present, as it has long been, a celebrated seat of literature. Indeed it is admitted that *Trinity college* is one of the noblest structures of the kind in Europe. There is also a college at *Maynooth* for the Roman Catholics, about ten miles from Dublin. It is a splendid well endowed institution of modern erection; and in the city itself are several minor establishments for the promotion of the various branches of literature. Indeed few cities in the world excel Dublin in the number of benevolent and literary institutions; and the distinguished men whom Ireland has so liberally furnished for other countries, show abundantly that education has neither been slighted nor forgotten.

Good scholarship is studied and cherished at home among all denominations, and there is an honorable competition between whig and tory, churchmen and dissenters, ecclesiastics, and the laity, to obtain the prize of literary, scientific, and benevolent excellence. Yet with all this there are many thousands, even in the capital, who can neither read nor write. There is a vast and awful amount of ignorance as well as poverty in this great city. With all the wealth of the established hierarchy, and the enterprise and industry of dissenters, there is not provision for one-third of the population to attend, for orderly instruction in a place of wor-

ship. They have in the too well endowed establishment not much above twenty churches, about an equal number among dissenters of all names, and perhaps a greater number among the Papists, who are a great majority of the community.

History assures us that the Irish do not hold the comparative rank to which they were once entitled in the family of nations, with regard to information and religion. I quote in confirmation of this remark, from the *NEW PICTURE* of Dublin, extracted chiefly from *McGregor's*.

"By whose ministry the gospel was first introduced into Ireland is not known; some have thought by Romish missionaries. From various circumstances, however, particularly the forms, &c. being similar to those of the Greek church, it would appear it came directly from Greece. That it was preached to the inhabitants of this island a considerable period before its introduction into most other parts of western Europe is an undisputed fact, as we find from every document of the middle ages, both ecclesiastical and literary, that a great part of the continent, Gaul, Italy, and Britain, received the rudiments of the Christian religion through Irish missionaries.

"By a reference to the historic pages of the nations of Europe, it will be seen that Ireland was the seat of the muses and the best of learning, at a period when almost every other part of western Europe resounded with the clang of the Roman arms. It was here, says the learned Usher, that the knowledge of the scriptures and

all other good learning was preserved in that inundation of barbarism, wherewith the whole west was in a manner overwhelmed, upon the dissolution of the Roman empire by the northern nations.

“Numerous are the testimonies upon this head, and in proof of Ireland being at one period resorted to from all the neighboring nations, as to one common university. Indeed, as some one has pertinently observed, Ireland appears to have been to Europe what Athens and Rome were to the other parts of the world in times of old.

“Camden, Bede, and Usher confirm the truth of this. Usher says, that such were the crowds of students who resorted to Ireland from Britain alone, that it required fleets to carry them. Camden vouches the same, and so does the venerable Bede. By these we are informed that Irish students founded schools among the Picts, Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Swiss, Burgundians, and French.

In the eighth century flourished Virgilius Solivagus, who, by his erudition and sanctity, acquired the notice of Pepin, king of the Franks, and who, by his perspicuous research in the discovery of the real figure of the earth, and his benevolent love of truth in the publication of that discovery, brought on himself degradation from Pope Zachary. In the ninth century, when so many seminaries of learning were desolated by Danish depredation, the honor of Irish literature was maintained in foreign countries by her native students,

particularly by Albinus, Clement, and Johannes Scotus Erigena. The two former, patronized by the Emperor Charlemagne, became the first professors of the famous universities of Paris and Pavia; the last, much favored in the French court by Charles the Bald, was afterwards invited into England by Alfred the Great, for a professorship in the schools of Oxford.

“Mr. Ledwich, in his ‘Antiquities of Ireland,’ says that ‘In the ninth century the muses began to desert their ancient seats, and seek protection in foreign climates, from the *Æstmen* invasion—that in this century Greek was commonly taught, and well understood in Ireland—and that in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries she still preserved her literary reputation, though she could not escape the contagion and infelicity of the times.’

“From the concluding part of the eighth century to the beginning of the eleventh, the island was miserably distressed by the sanguinary depredations of the Scandinavian bands, under the names of Danes, Normans, *Æstmen*, or Easterlings, who, ascending the rivers in their fleets of light vessels, laid waste the country wherever they came, with fire and sword, most mercilessly butchering the inhabitants, without regard to sex or age, or carrying them into slavery, and bearing away the plunder.”

In perusing works on Irish antiquities I was particularly pleased to find well attested facts and documents for completing the history of THE TWO WITNESSES mentioned in the eleventh chapter of

*the Revelation.* Many of the early Christian inhabitants of that long oppressed country, are worthy of a place in the catalogue of names opposed to the corruptions of "the man of sin."

Ireland was peopled 300 years before the birth of Christ. The *Celtes* were its original inhabitants. Its name Western Island, for so *Ierne*, latinized *Hibernia*, signifies, is Celtic. True, the Germans, the Scythians, the Spaniards, the Belgæ or *Firbolg*, sent their colonies to it; but the same people who settled on the Cimbric Chersonese, were scattered over Norway, Germany, Gaul, and Britain, and passed over to Erin from the continent, through England and North Britain. Eratosthenes, the librarian of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about two and a half centuries before our era, had his collection of maps; and *Strabo* says he gives the distance between Ireland and *Celtica*. Phenician and Grecian traders, and colonists, explored the coast of Britain, describe the Western Islands, and proceed as far north as the Orkneys. The great body of the *Erinich*, as appears from the common language, was Celtic. There was indeed a variety. The prevailing religion differed at different times, and never was any more than it now is universally uniform. The heathen Celts were chiefly *Druidical*, and many of their rites bear a resemblance to the ancient idolatries of the East. The *Cairns*, and the *Cromleach*, are still to be seen. Christianity was introduced in the 3d century, and existed long before the Roman claims of supremacy were admitted, or the

papal lordships even proposed to the churches of the nations. So soon as these claims began to be urged by ecclesiastics, they met with powerful opposition in this kingdom, and it was more or less effectual until the 10th century. The state of literature and Christianity was much superior in Ireland and the Scottish Hebrudæ, to that of the neighboring nations, especially from the 6th to the 9th century. When the Emerald Isle, however, became despoiled by the Danish and Norwegian invasions, the seminaries were broken up, their books were destroyed, the *Witnesses* were slain or scattered, and the remaining ecclesiastics easily subdued under the power of Antichrist. From the 12th to the 16th century ignorance and superstition reigned over "this country of verdure, of mirth, and of song."

The name of *Columba* deserves particular mention. Many have been the historians of his fame, near his own time, although of late it has not been often mentioned. The prevalence of English and Irish prejudice, under the influence of royalty and the hierarchy, whether *papal* or *prelatical*, in both countries, secured neglect for the name of a mere *presbyter* which it mentioned, could not be easily traduced. The name of a man, remarkable for self-denial, enterprise, learning, and opposition to error and arbitrary power in church and in state. *Venerable Bede* and *Cambellis in Hibern.* mention him in their histories. *Ware* affirms, that some of his own writings were extant in modern times, and the late Dr. Smith, of Campble-

town, informs us, that histories of this distinguished man, by his personal friends and successors in *Iona*, Cummin, and Adomnan, have survived the wreck of literature. Of these, antiquarians have made a liberal use.

Columba was born, A. D. 521. His father, Felim, was the son of *Fergus* of the royal family of Ireland, and of *Aithne*, of Lorn, of the royal blood of the Scots—or *Dalreudini*. The influence of princes in both countries, secured for Columba wealth and patronage, which he liberally employed for the defense and promotion of religion and literature. The system which he and his followers maintained for 400 years, was essentially Protestant Presbyterian, and orthodox. They admitted the marriage of the clergy; they elected their own pastors; their bishops had no distinct ordination from presbyters; they professed and defended the evangelical doctrines; they lived a holy life; they rejected the claims of the papacy, and they prevailed in support of their liberties in Ireland and Scotland, until the northern invaders, ruthless as the Goths and the Vandals, commenced their depredations with ruin in their train, and left little power to resist the swarms of Romish priests which poured in, like locusts, to the several kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland. In the year 563, *Colum* emigrated with a colony to the Hebrides. He was then in the 42d year of his age. There he founded the monastery, cathedral, and colleges of **I COLUM KIL**, which long continued to be the chief seminary of Christianity

and learning in Europe. The immense ruins of *Iona*—the burying place of heroes, of nobles, of 42 kings of different nations, bear witness still of the princely resources which were at command in support of this expensive undertaking. Before, however, he emigrated to the Western islands of Scotland, *Colum*, in latin Columba, or Columbus, visited France, and Italy, and Greece, in a tour of observation of their customs, their literature, and their religious order. He lived to see upwards of 300 churches supplied with able divines, as teachers and pastors, from the university of this remarkable island.

Enough, at present. I will revert to this subject which commanded so much of the attention, and employed so much of the eloquence of Dr. Samuel Johnson. I also bid farewell to the chief city of the land and its admirable scenery. I set my face toward the north of Ireland. There I expect to see living *witnesses* who are more occupied in finishing their testimony in a more explicit form, than Columba could give to it in the south, when Antichrist was advancing to subdue the church in the Western Roman Empire, and before Mahomedanism rose for the ruin of the Eastern churches in Greece, and in both Africa and Asia.

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THE CAUSE OF THE SCOTTISH  
MARTYRS.

The nature of this cause will be best understood from a specification of some of those leading



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We quote "P." from the Philadelphia Presbyterian, in connection with Dr. W. and Mr. S., on Imputation, continued from page 425. Together, they exhibit an excellent specimen of temper and argument, ornamental to Christian controversy.

## IMPUTATION.

*Mr. Editor*—While I entertain the highest respect for the talents and diversified learning of the Rev. Dr. Wylie, whose views on imputation were presented to your readers in the last number of "The Presbyterian," I feel obliged to enter my *caveat* against the doctrine which he there so strenuously advocates. I do this, not in the spirit of controversy, but from a simple regard to, what I consider to be, the truth; and more especially am I induced to adopt this course in the present instance, from the consideration, that as this Rev. brother occupies a very prominent place in a reformed branch of the Presbyterian church, to which we have been accustomed to appeal as the uncompromising advocates of orthodoxy, his high example may prove injurious. In my remarks, I shall endeavor to be as brief as possible.

The point in question, may be considered as referring not only to the *precedency*, but also to the *use and efficacy* of imputation, in the sinner's justification. Dr. Wylie insists, that at the moment of regeneration a sinner is justified, *inasmuch* as he then *legally* possesses the righteousness of Christ in consequence of his federal union with Christ; and

that *then*, as a subsequent act, God imputes to him this righteousness, *because* it is legally his as much as Christ's. Or in other words, Dr. W. affirms that justifying righteousness becomes the sinner's property *before* imputation, and that imputation is nothing more than a reckoning of this righteousness to the sinner's account, *after* he has secured it another way, and *after* it has served its purpose in justifying him. In this view, it may be perceived that imputation is reduced, in theology, to a mere nonentity, as to any efficiency or use in the scheme of doctrine. But I am not disposed to abandon even the term, much less its prominent rank and use, in the exposition of justification.

There is no disagreement as to the necessity of a justifying righteousness; neither is there any, as to the fact that the righteousness of Christ is the only one, which can justify; but the question relates to the mode in which this righteousness becomes available to a sinner for justification. It is manifest that the *mere fact*, that such a righteousness has been completed by Christ, will avail nothing. Nutritious food can never sustain life, unless it be appropriated and assimilated; neither can the righteousness of Christ, however complete, justify a sinner, unless in some sense he can plead it as his own.

The question then recurs,—how does this righteousness become ours?

government; and that government perfectly accords, in its administration, with the powers, character, and acting of its subjects. Pharaoh, the Egyptian king, furnishes an example of this hardening process. Him the providence of God found a sinner ere he occupied the throne of the sons of Ham. Pharaoh the Lord purposed to leave in his sinful state. The depravity of his haughty heart taught that despot to abuse every favor bestowed upon him by the hand of Heaven. Pharaoh's heart needed no extrinsic influence to make it hard. Leave him to himself, as a distinct agent, under the power of sin, and the hardening process will go on. Hence we are repeatedly informed that he hardened his own heart; and took occasion from the acts of divine kindness toward him, to do so. *But when Pharaoh saw that there was respite, he hardened his heart, as the Lord had said.* Exod. viii. 15; and chap. ix. 34. *He sinned yet more, and hardened his heart.* God purposed not to interpose by his mollifying grace, and, in the idiom of the eastern language, employed in the Bible, and which, when viewed under established rules of fair interpretation, cannot be easily misunderstood, is therefore said to harden the tyrant's heart.\* The purpose of God was not to prevent it.

To be continued.

\* Upon the mode of expression used, Exod. vii. 3. and x. 1., let the reader remark, that the Hebrew idiom is often carried into our very literal version of sacred scripture. According to that idiom, verbs of action often signify no more than to know, declare, foretell, or permit, what is said to be affected. Thus Psalm cxix. 128., *יִשְׁרֵטִי Isheretti, I make right*, imports no more than I know or reckon thy precepts to be right. So Lev. xiii. 3, *נִשְׂמָה Vethema, and*

## A VOYAGE OVER THE ATLANTIC.

### IRELAND—LETTER IV.

My dear S.

On the morning of the 16th March, I found myself beside the river Boyne, in the town of Drogheda, where I stepped out of the Belfast coach on the preceding evening. I sallied forth, according to habit, for an early walk. Historical recollections of the contest between the *Orange-men* and the native Irish, and of the triumphs of *king William*, excited to inquiry and observation, now while I was on the spot. The battle of the Boyne, 12th July, 1689, which decided the sovereignty of Ireland, is not unknown or forgotten in America. Even in New York, on its anniversary, opposite parties banter one another; and they have sometimes "fought the battle over again," until restrained by the strong arm of the law (our *republican* king), and compelled to keep the peace.

DROGHEDA is an old, a handsome, and regularly built town, 24 miles from Dublin, on the road

*he shall defile him.* The priest did not pollute the leper; he only pronounced him unclean. Again, Gen. xli. 13. *me he restored, and him he hanged.* Joseph only foretold these events; he did not cause them. Once more: *The Lord hath taken away*, Job. i. 21. The Lord permitted the Sabeans, Chaldeans, and Satan, to do so, as the history shows. In the sense in which Joseph caused Pharaoh's butler to be restored, and the baker to be hanged, or that in which the Lord took away the substance of Job, did he harden Pharaoh's heart: he foretold the fact, he permitted the event. Man's agency, and that of God, are as distinct as their being or personality. Our acts are not his. Setting aside the blasphemy of asserting God to be the author of our sins, the moral tendency of the revolting sentiment is to be deprecated. If God causes all our sins, he will not punish us for his doings. Man, if he believe all this, will not fear to sin. It is happy for our world that all the original principles of man's constitution are not obliterated. "The work of the law written in the heart," testifies against the wild notion of God being the author of sin.

to the north. It is situated in the province of *Leinster*, is of itself a county, and contains from 15 to 20,000 inhabitants. The *bay*, which bears its name, and on the west of which the town stands, is the estuary of the Boyne, furnishing an excellent harbor, and navigable for large ships to the quays or docks. It is a place of considerable commerce, and small craft can proceed as far up the river as *Navan*. Drogheda stretches from the bay along the north side of the river, and commands very striking prospects of the scenery on both sides.\* There are many recent improvements in fine taste, as well as some remembrancers of the ancient wars, for which the place has been noticed in history. Several times, in the strife of ages, the town has been taken and retaken by the belligerents; and when stormed by General (Oliver) Cromwell, in the days of the *first Charles*, all its inhabitants were put to the sword. In the victory of William over the forces of his father-in-law, James II., it met with milder treatment; for it peaceably yielded to the summons of the conqueror. The victory is commemorated by an *OBELISK*, erected at the old bridge, two miles above the new structure over which the main road now passes. Near *old bridge* there have been discovered some objects interesting to the antiquarian. There are two large crosses, on the south side of the ruins of the church of *Monasterbute*, at which a modern grave-

digger found some old coins, *one* bearing the inscription *EDMUND REX*, and *another* *ATHELSTANE*. This cathedral took its name from *St. Bute*: for it has been the fashion in these Roman Catholic countries, to canonize and so to name eminent men, who were reputed saints. The place is now called *Monasterboice*. *St. Bute* himself lived about 60 years after the time of *St. Patrick*, and died in 521, the year of *St. Columba's* birth; an evidence that Christianity was introduced into Ireland at a very early period; and long before the church of Rome became papistical. Churches, saints, seminaries, and monasteries, existed here at least two hundred years before the emperor *Phocas* passed an edict that pope *Boniface III.* should be owned as universal bishop. This church was plundered in 968 by the *Danes*: but it is certain that the ancient Romans and the Anglo-Saxons had some hand in the erection or endowment of the neighboring monasteries. At *Grange*, near Drogheda, there is still seen a vaulted cave, dug in the shape of a cross, in which was discovered a gold coin of the emperor *Valentinian*, who flourished in the fourth century.

There are indeed striking indications, everywhere, over this country, of the transitoriness of worldly things. Arts and industry change hands; the face of the ground undergoes mutations; nobles and even sovereigns are as uncertain of continuance as the vulgar whom they contemn. Near the same spot of earth, you may see traces of the footsteps of the Celt and the Scythian, the Greek and the Roman, the Dane and the

\* At the mouth of the river in Meath county, is Mornington Castle, where the Duke of Wellington first drew the breath of life. It is elegantly situated.

Gaul, as well as of the Briton, the Scot and Hibernian. The Druid, the Christian, yea, the many sects and mixtures of both, are severally commemorated by the tumuli, the towers, and the steeples, discovered amidst the ruins of Erin.

The providence of God is displayed in the shaking of thrones and removal of dynasties; and especially in the preservation of his church during the great, and almost bloodless revolution, effected in the three kingdoms by the brave and prudent prince, who, for years, had been the principal bulwark of Protestantism against the combination of powers in Popish continental Europe. The *prince of Orange* was a native of Holland, but married to the Lady Mary of England, daughter of James duke of York, who afterwards became James the II. of England and the VII. of Scotland, where he reigned with the most barbarous and intolerant despotism.

The principles, nevertheless, which were espoused by the martyrs of Great Britain, illustrated in their testimonies, and sealed with their blood, were not altogether forgotten during the persecution. The cloud of heroic witnesses had not been seen in vain. The valiant contendings for religious and civil liberty, which many a man and woman, upwards of twenty thousand in Scotland alone, sealed with their blood, at last served to convince the nation of the necessity of wakening to a sense of danger and exertions for reform. The *house of Stewart*, long tottering, and always faithless and vicious,

at last fell from the throne to rise no more. The revolution of 1688 deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance. With all its imperfections, it has but few parallels in the history of the Christian dispensation, in regard to the political movements of the world. Inferior in splendor to the revolution of the Roman empire from Paganism to Christianity, A. D. 323, under the sixth apocalyptic seal, there was in it a nearer approach to civil and religious freedom than could have been expected in the system established by Constantine the Great; and it may justly be considered as the closing of the fifth vial, which was poured on the seat of the beast, Rev. xvi. 10. The American revolution, which commenced the era of the sixth vial, and the effects of which are still to be recognized in the modern political agitations of the nations, brings down the history of Messiah's providence still nearer to the *time of the end* of the antichristian reign. The liberties of men are since better understood and more firmly established; and the rights of the church better guaranteed, notwithstanding the criminal neglect of mere politicians, than they could have been by the exclusive establishment of popery or prelacy, or indeed of any ERASTIAN intermixture of ecclesiastical and civil concerns. Yet, however much we ought to appreciate the good accomplished through the instrumentality of the illustrious Washington and his confederates, there is much to be remembered, with gratitude to God, in the more defective settlement which obtained in the

British empire, at the accession of William and Mary to regal power. It brought great deliverance to the church and to the patriot.

James II. goaded his peaceable subjects to revolt. In order to procure passive obedience and non-resistance to his throne, his measures became so generally tyrannical as to cause universal reaction. Overdoing the business hastens the crisis. His own children could no longer endure the yoke of bondage. They deserted him. His son-in-law was the renowned patron of civil liberty. His name was now dear to the friends of freedom in Europe, and those who were high Tories from principle looked to him for the personal safety which is naturally desired by every man. All parties agreed to employ his power in their defense, and he speedily followed with decisive actions his judiciously composed and well received declarations to the British nation. On the 21st October, 1688, he embarked from *Helvoet sluice* with a fleet of 500 vessels, and an army of 14,000 men, and landed them safely in *Torbay* on the 5th of November. England was in commotion. James was terrified. He sent off to France the queen and infant prince, and on the 12th of December, having thrown away the reins of government, he disappeared in the night. As he was striving to make his escape in disguise, he was seized by the populace at *Feverham*, and soon conducted to London. No personal injury was threatened. He requested permission, which was granted, to retire to *Rochester* ;

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and after lingering some days on the coast, he embarked on board a frigate, and soon arrived at *Ambleleure* in *Picardy*, whence he hastened to *St. Germain*s.

On the 12th of January, 1689, the prince of Orange, for he made no attempt to usurp the crown, took the advice of the Scottish gentlemen whom he found present in London. Thirty noblemen and fourscore others met together on the occasion, and having chosen the duke of *Hamilton* as president, they made an offer to *William* of the administration of the kingdom of *Scotland*. The English very soon followed the prudent example. On the 22d of January, a convention of lords and commons met ; and after many delays and protracted debates between whig and tory, the memorable vote was passed in these words :

“That king *James II.* having endeavored to subvert the constitution of the kingdom by breaking the original contract between king and people ; and having by the advice of *Jesuits* and other wicked persons violated the fundamental laws, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and that the throne is thereby vacant.”\*

The convention passed a bill in which they settled the crown on the prince and princess, committing to *him* the sole administration, and annexing a declaration of RIGHTS, circumscribing the royal prerogative, and defining it more exactly than in any former period. The Scottish

\* HUME, London, 1794, duod. vol. xlii., p. 107 and 115.  
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convention met in Edinburgh 22d March, and passed a vote, "that king James, by his maladministration and abuse of power, had FORFEITED all title to the crown; and that a tender be made of it to the prince and princess of Orange." Thus was William elected king, persecution of the saints arrested, and although the abominable practice of subjugating the church of God to the political management of the nations was recognized in both ecclesiastico-political establishments and in the act of toleration, the people were protected and allowed to live in comparative peace. Zion might now again sing the 82d Psalm: "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods."

In this kingdom the advocates of liberal principles were a small minority; and the lord lieutenant, TYRCONNEL, a crafty politician, undertook, Jesuit-like, to deceive William, and raise an army for James. He succeeded in enrolling nearly 40,000 men; and *his* king came in person, with the aid of France, to lead on his papist armament. James II. embarked at Brest, 7th March, 1689, and on the 22d landed in Kinsale, Ireland. Before the end of that month he entered Dublin, and May 7th met the Irish parliament. King William set out from England on the 4th June, 1690, and landed in Carrick-Fergus on the 14th. He thence proceeded to Belfast, where he reposed a few days, and then marched for the capital at the head of an army of 36,000. His father-in-law came

in search of him, and they met near the Boyne Water on the 12th July. The battle of the Boyne was fought. James fled back to Dublin, and William slowly pursued. Ere he arrived, however, in the city, his rival was on ship-board, on his way back again to St. Germain's. William soon returned to England. The contest lingered until the battle of *Aughrim* and the surrender of LIMERICK put an end to the war in 1690.

Such reflections occurred at my visit to this now peaceful, flowing stream, for really it is in my eye nothing more than a creek, though named a river. I left it, however, at noon, and took a seat in the *Armagh* coach, in search of other objects. A fine day, a smooth road, and an excellent conveyance rapidly over a picturesque country, are pleasant accompaniments to the traveling, and they are not unfrequent in beautiful Ireland. This day's journey was a good specimen. It was not long before our drive took us through Dunleer, Greenmount, and Lurgan green, across the White water, the Dee and the Fam, to the ancient town of *Dundalk*. In the reign of Edward II., this was a royal city, and it is the last place we read of where a monarch of all Ireland was actually crowned and resided. It is a large town, and still a thriving one, commanding an excellent inland trade, with a commodious harbor and extensive manufactories, and in the neighborhood of several fine seats and villages; it wears the aspect of neatness and industry. From this to Newry river, which

divides the province of Ulster from Leinster, is a delightful ride of an hour. The distance does not exceed nine miles. The town of Newry is situated on this river at the head of Carlington bay, and is one of the most considerable in the county of Down. There is also a canal connecting Carlington bay with Lough Neagh. In 1689 the town was burnt by order of the Duke of Berwick, of the army of James II., to secure the retreat of his forces to Dundalk, when pursued by the English army under the Duke of Schomburgh, a veteran general of eighty-two years of age, who was commander in chief until William himself had arrived in Ireland. The venerable soldier fell by the accidental fire of his own troops at the battle of the Boyne, while bravely fighting at the head of the French protestants. Here I relinquished the Armagh coach, and took up my lodging for the night. It was early in the afternoon, and there was time enough to take a view of the place, which was diligently improved.

NEWRY is almost surrounded by rocks and hills; but to the northwest the prospect opens along the canal, through a luxuriant and well cultivated valley, in which may be seen vessels of sixty tons burden, passing through the heart of Ulster. The export trade and the manufactories are extensive. It is thirty miles from Belfast, and in lat.  $54^{\circ}$  north, long.  $6^{\circ} 15'$  west. The population 17,000.

Wednesday, 17th March, my repose was disturbed by the noise of mirth and song, ushering

in the morning of St. Patrick's day. It was wet and dark; yet at two o'clock I took a seat in the mail for Belfast. Darkness still precluded me from a sight of Banbridge, in the valley of the Laggan; but light began to dawn as the coach halted at *Hillsborough*, a town comparatively of recent origin, pleasantly situated, and built much in the style of an English town. The country around is rich, and finely variegated. It commands a prospect of *Lisburne*, the bay and the castle of Carrick Fergus, and of Belfast, the commercial capital of the north. Here I rested at eight in the morning, and will permit you, my dear S., to rest from following my hasty course, and my imperfect animadversions.

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A REPLY TO SIGMA, ON THE QUESTION, P. 277, IS BAPTISM BY A ROMISH PRIEST VALID?

This is a question more easily asked than satisfactorily answered. Presbyterians are not prone to the exercise of implicit faith in the words of any man. They must have a reason for the decision to which they will agree. I say Presbyterians, for this question cannot be seriously agitated by any other denomination than that to which they belong. The principles involved in the inquiry are essentially *Presbyterian*; for it implies that a valid ministry is necessary to the administration of the sacrament of baptism. Papists, however, and both Episcopalians and Independents, do not insist on this as necessary, though