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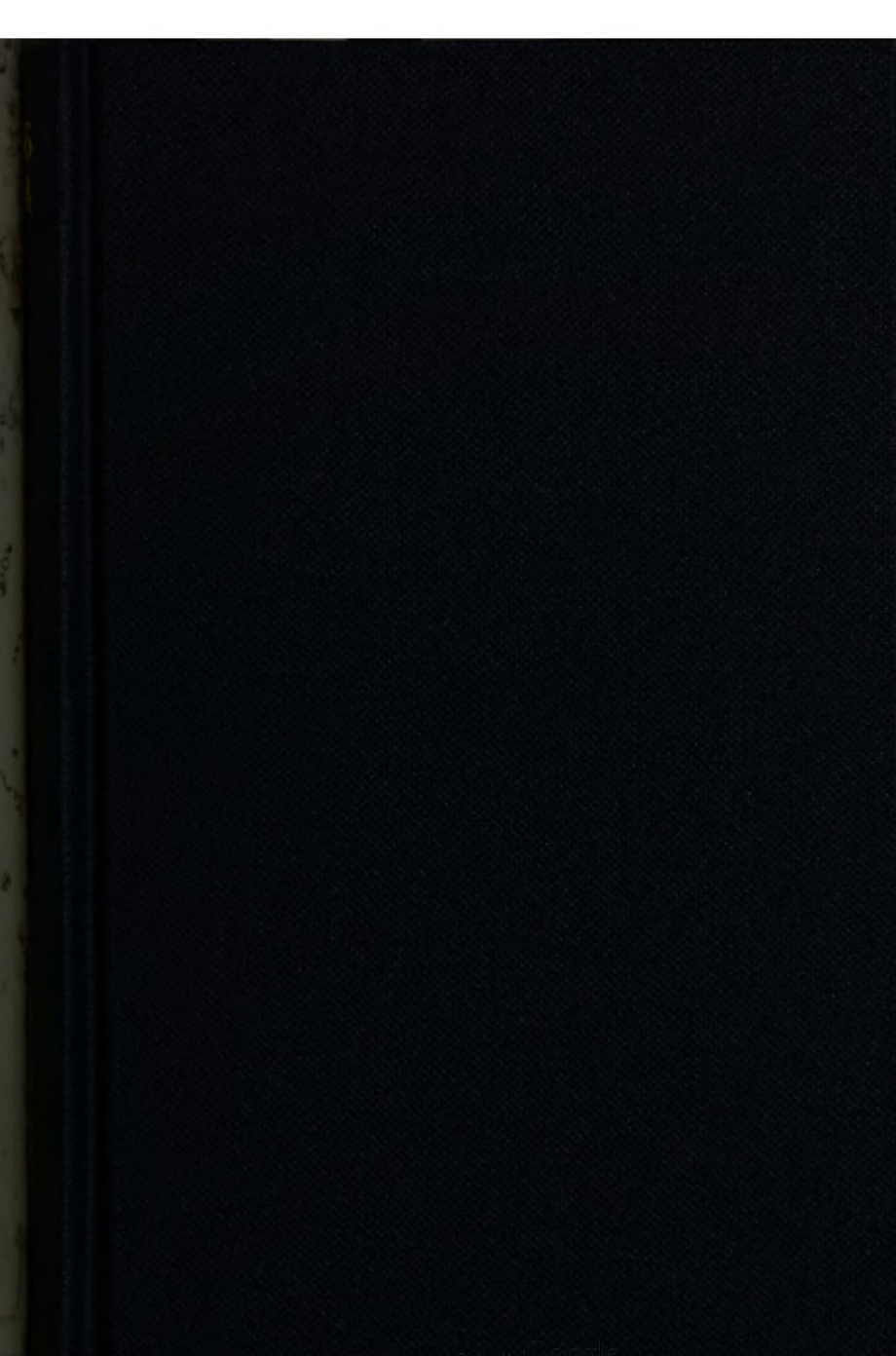
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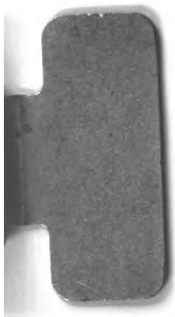
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1/10 1844

*THE SINNER DETECTED.*

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A

**SERMON**

PREACHED IN THE OPEN AIR,

NEAR THE

**Red Barn at Polstead,**

AND AT THE

MEETING-HOUSE, BOXFORD, SUFFOLK,

AND IN THE

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

OF

SUNDAY, THE 17<sup>TH</sup> OF AUGUST, 1828,

ON OCCASION OF THE

**EXECUTION OF WILLIAM CORDER**

FOR THE

*MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN,*

INCLUDING

PARTICULARS OF HIS LIFE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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**BY CHARLES HYATT,**

MINISTER OF EBENEZER CHAPEL, SHADWELL, LONDON.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE Author thinks it may be necessary to explain the reason of his appearing so prominent in noticing the fatal affair at Polstead, which from its nefarious character has engaged the attention of the whole Kingdom.

Having a son-in-law settled at Boxford, only two miles and a half from Polstead, on whose ministry the deceased culprit had, during a season of transient repentance, often attended; having also, some slight personal knowledge of him, and being desirous of improving so impressive an event, which as a stranger he could do with perhaps more effect than even a resident minister, he resolved on preparing the discourse now submitted to the public, which he delivered to an attentive and numerous auditory both at Polstead and Boxford; at the former place, although the afternoon was unfavourable, the crowd, as was expected, was too large for any walls near the spot to contain them, and the congregation were therefore assembled with all the impressive objects around them, with which are associated the horrible facts here narrated.

The discourse was intended more to alarm than to comfort. The event itself and the class of people addressed, required that the wound which sin has made in those parts, should not be slightly healed. This may apologize for the preacher's dwelling so at length on the abandoned habit to which the deceased was, and many survivors of the neighbourhood still are addicted.

May God in his infinite mercy, attend the effects of this discourse may be to leave lasting impressions on the minds of those who heard it, and such as shall lead them to forsake the wickedness of life, and that many who may give it a perusal, may be induced to forsake their evil ways and live lives of Faith upon the Son of God.

*Shadwell, Aug. 22nd, 1828.*



## A SERMON,

&c.

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THE melancholy occasion of our assembling together this day, is an awful proof of what Solomon said, "*The way of transgressors is hard*;" and will serve to illustrate a passage in the Word of God, recorded in NUMBERS xxxii. 23.—"BE SURE YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT."

There is something remarkably interesting in this holy book, as there is no situation in which we can be placed, but we shall find something in it adapted for our use; and no circumstance transpiring but we find here something to resemble it: the reason is obvious, for while it is an authentic history of the creation of a world—a faithful history of nations—it is at the same time a history of *man*, and that in all the various degrees of society in which he may or can be placed—and wherever you find the human being, in whatever circumstances he may be, from the fall of Adam down to the present time, there is a strong resemblance, a family likeness, especially in the features of sin—"For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not," "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

The bible as a history gives us not only a beautiful description of a paradise of unmixed pleasure—of a "land flowing with milk and honey," but also a faithful account of many a wilderness of "*thorns and briars*," and even many a

“field of blood;” and as a history of man it presents us with many a noble example of true patriotism—of genuine humility—of fervent piety—and of disinterested christian zeal—which we shall do well to follow: yet, at the same time, it tells us of characters who have disgraced human nature by their vices and their crimes; thus if it shews us a pious Abel, it exhibits a murderous Cain; if a praying Isaac, also a mocking Ishmael; and such is the history of our own country and times: we have many a lovely spot in our land of light and liberty, even like the “garden of God,” but we have too, our fields of blood, and ’awful to relate, *Polstead* now adds one to their number: yes, we have many a noble example of true patriotism, piety and zeal, but sorry we are to admit, we have also infidels and scoffers, sabbath-breakers and swearers, fornicators and murderers, and to the dreadful list of these we must add in future the name of CORDER. Oh may the Lord grant that your village may never again be stained with the blood of the murdered, nor one of its inhabitants be numbered with such transgressors! May the tragic scene committed in yonder Red Barn, be a warning to sabbath-breakers, fornicators, and infidels!

I am now before you to warn, to caution, to exhort you all that you may break off your sins, and with “full purpose of heart cleave unto the Lord.” I have therefore selected the words of our text, which Moses addressed to two of the tribes of Israel under some fear and holy jealousy, lest they should disgrace their character by an unfaithful conduct, and thus bring the judgment of God upon themselves and their fellow-countrymen, assuring them that if they “dissembled and cloaked their sins before Almighty God,” their “*sins would surely find them out*”—and that punishment, as a matter of course, would follow.

We propose to speak on

I. The nature of sin.

II. The certainty that sooner or later your sins will be disclosed, or in the words of holy writ "the hidden things of darkness," be brought to light; and

III. The awful consequences of such a disclosure.

And now may that Divine Being in whose awful presence we stand, assist the speaker and aid the hearers, that we may not meet in vain. Let us reflect on

I. *The nature of sin.*—What is sin? There is, my dear hearers, a standard to which we must all appeal for an answer, and that standard is far different to that of *public opinion*—men in general do not view sin in the light in which the sacred scriptures describe it. They often mistake its nature, and endeavour to misrepresent it by terms and names unknown there—lying they call wit, and it is by some represented as absolutely necessary in trade and commerce; evasions or falsehoods in trade are deemed but 'white lies'—swearing is thought to give dignity and importance to the man of fashion—the man of the world—and hence you will find the beardless boy, even he who can scarcely speak plain, aspire by oaths and curses to mimic the man of fashion—adultery is called gallantry, and murder in duelling is only reckoned a point of honour: but, whatever public opinion may say of such things, the bible declares they are *sins*, and all sin is rebellion against the majesty of heaven—a transgression of his holy law—a direct violation of that obedience the creature owes to the Creator.

The all-wise and merciful Creator at first placed man in a state of honourable subjection to his righteous and holy will, and said 'obey me and live'—live in the noble enjoyment of intercourse with thy Maker; live in the delightful state of knowledge and *increasing* knowledge of the one living and true God; live in all the happiness of

internal peace and external prosperity. Such was man's "first estate," but by sinning he said "*I will not obey and live*"—and every act of sin committed by sinners now, has the same criminality attached to it. It is a violation of God's righteous will—it is saying to the Eternal I AM, "depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy name;" it is renouncing the authority of God and obeying that of satan; it is "perverting the right ways of the Lord," and walking in their own ways; it is "a transgression of the law," and is the greatest insult the subject can offer to his lord and king. Consider sin as a voluntary act of the creature—"be sure *your sin will find you out.*" I am anxious to press this important consideration on your attention, because we fear many persons endeavour, if not to justify sin, yet to plead an excuse for the sinner, by saying his course was pre-determined, and therefore could not be avoided. How often do we hear this saying from many of our villagers, "*what is to be shall be.*" I cannot forget two months ago, entering yonder barn and speaking to one of your neighbours on the heinous offence of murder, he replied with seeming indifference, "Ah sir, what is to be shall be," and "*what is appointed must take place.*" My hearers, I raise my voice and protest against such an awful abuse of the sovereignty of the Eternal I AM. God never placed man under any necessity at first to sin against him; if he had, it would have been cruel and unjust to have punished him for what he was compelled to do, and therefore he could not avoid. Nor are we placed in any circumstances now in which sinning against God is not voluntary; it must be so or else there can be no crime in sin. You are under no necessity of sinning but that which arises from depraved inclinations, and this is the effect of depraved natures. Hear the Apostle James say, (i. 13.) "Let no man say when he is

tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man. But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and is enticed, then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death; do not err my beloved brethren." The charging God with sin, is a doctrine of devils.

Others endeavour to lay the blame on Satan as a tempter—this is equally as mistaken an idea. It is true he is a "*busy enemy, always going about seeking whom he may devour*;" he is called for his subtilty "the old serpent;" but remember there is a vast difference between his power of temptation and power of compelling to sin; if Satan could and did force us to sin, we should be involuntary agents, and consequently could not be criminal; the sin, the guilt, would be his, and not ours; and could he compel to sin, we should not now and then only, have to deplore the horrid evil of murder, but the whole world would soon be a "field of blood." O young men, young women! the temptations of Satan are not irresistible; if they were, why did an apostle exhort, saying, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you?"

Some again endeavour to excuse themselves by laying the fault on their guilty companions. They tell us they were enticed to sin, and could not resist their influence. Something of this is seen in Adam blaming his wife, and she the tempter; but after all, sin is *your own*. I am fully aware that "*Evil communications corrupt good manners*;" no man is more sensible than I am of the bad tendency of evil company; and I firmly believe that nine-tenths of our wicked population may be said to be ruined by evil example and evil company: the unhappy CORDER might, I doubt not, have traced up most of his sorrows to evil companions; yet, after all, though sinners may *allure—ensnare—seduce*—yet the sin and compliance is your own act. Listen to



Solomon: "*My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;*" if you do, you shall surely find that "*the way of transgressors is hard,*" and that your guilty companions will not be able to extract one bitter drop from the cup of wrath that the Almighty will put into your hands. If you die impenitent sinners, then will you find the truth of God's holy word, "*Thou hast destroyed thyself.*" What would it have availed the unhappy prisoner last week, to have pleaded before his judge, and the jury of his country, that Satan tempted, that sinners enticed? Nothing. He was tried for his *own sin*; and for his own transgression he suffered: and so will you, unholy impenitent sinner, if you live and die in that state, be tried and condemned at the bar of a Righteous Judge in the last day.

SIN is described by the prophet Jeremiah, (ii. 19,) "*as an evil and bitter thing;*" it is "*that abominable thing that God hates,*" and the fruitful cause of all our sorrows and troubles, *personal, relative, and national.* If you wish to know what it is in personal suffering, read the miserable words of unhappy Cain: "*My punishment is greater than I can bear.*" Behold Belshazzar in the midst of a royal feast and a drunken banquet, when the fingers of a man's hand appeared writing over against the wall of his palace; and it is remarkable that, while he knew not what the writing was, yet, his conscience did its office—his "*Sin found him out:*" "And the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." To know that sin is a bitter thing, follow the footsteps of Judas, and see him "*going out and hanging himself!*" O, could you have been in Bury Goal the last two or three months, then, indeed, you would have had a striking proof of its bitterness. However, it is not unlikely that some present are now feeling what it is, and are secretly

saying, “ *a wounded spirit who can bear?*” and now that the arrows of the Almighty are sticking fast in the bosom, you feel it an “ *evil and bitter thing.*”—O then, let us all look at sin as that which has ruined the noblest earthly being God ever created, and is now degrading him on a level with, nay, below, the brute, enslaving his passions, and debasing his whole soul. From the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, all is diseased; “ the whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint.” Let all look at sin as destroying man’s peace upon Earth, and at last hurling his polluted soul down to endless perdition. O let us “ humble ourselves, and confess our manifold sins and wickedness before Almighty God,” “ to the end we may obtain forgiveness of the same by His infinite goodness and mercy.”

We must also take a view of sin in our relative state, to see what an evil and bitter thing it is. Imagine to yourselves Adam present, when the body of Abel, his pious son, was raised from the ground or grave into which it is supposed by many that Cain hid it. O look at the unhappy father and mother—language cannot describe, and infinite wisdom seems apparent in not telling us *what they said*, or “ *what they looked.*” Look on the poor old patriarch, Jacob, amidst family troubles and family sins, saying, “ you will bring my grey hairs in sorrow to the grave; all these things are against me.” Nor can we forget the old and blind prophet, Eli, sitting by the way side, and hearing about the result of a battle, and the capture of his two ungodly sons: then he could no longer sustain the weight of a heavy body, and a more weighty distress of soul, but he “ fell from off his seat backwards, by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died.” David’s tears for Absalom, teach the same tale of woe. But why do I go back to sacred history? your own village will prove what a bitter thing sin is in our relative connexions. Turn your

eyes and your thoughts to yonder *farm house*, in which lives the widow, the mother of CORDER—hers indeed are the tears of a “Rachael weeping for her children because they are not.” Think of four sons all taken away in the days of their youth.\* Turn from the farm house to the humble cottage in the lane, and you will behold the same sad effects of sin—a father, a step-mother, sister, and brother of a murdered MARIA MARTEN, all, all crying out that “*sin is an evil and a bitter thing* ;” in both these cases we think on what Solomon says: “*The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked.*”

And we fear, these are not the only proofs in your village. What is the cottage of the poacher, the man who prowls about at night, (too idle to work by day, and yet works and toils, much harder than the honest labourer,) after game; mark his progress; when a boy, he was the constant companion of his idle young master; then he was the drunken youth at your village fair, the first to dance with the farmer’s servant, then to ruin her, and by the parish officers obliged to marry her: now see the wages of his iniquity; behold him coming home at day-break, like the beast of prey to his den; his wife and children all horrified and afraid to speak to such a savage brute, the more savage because he has been disappointed in his prey, or perhaps fighting with the game-keepers of Sir W. R—. Now he wreaks his vengeance on a defenceless wife and children.

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\* There is something remarkable in the frequent visits of death to this unhappy family.—In the winter of 1825, the father died at the age of 60.—In January 1826, Thomas, the second son, being in the act of crossing a pond in the village, the ice gave way, and he was drowned at the age of 25.—In the spring of 1827, the typhus fever entered the house, and hurried to the grave John, the eldest son, at the age of 30, and James, the youngest son at the age of 21.—And now William has died by the hand of the public executioner, at the age of 24.

Yes, the house of the wicked is a scene of "lamentation and wo." There are, indeed, others less guilty in the eye of the law, but not less miserable and criminal before man. I mean the drunken, swearing, sabbath-breaking father of a family, the man who never attends any place of worship on the Lord's day, but spends his hours, if he can raise a few pence, at the public house, and thus wastes his time and his money—money that ought to have been laid out for the comfort of his family. But this man tells you that he injures nobody but himself, and that he has a right to do what he will with his own. We deny his statement. Injure no one but himself!—what becomes of the wife whom at the altar of God he has sworn to "*nourish and cherish.*" Can this man forget the claims of the poor little innocent children he has been the means of bringing into the world? by such conduct he injures both; and not only them, but the parish at large are injured; for no sooner is he out of work, or for a few days ill and unable to work, than he is obliged immediately to apply to the parish for relief, and they are obliged to support a family, which, if its head had been sober and thoughtful, might have avoided this extremity by laying up a portion of that money in the Savings Bank, or elsewhere, which he has wasted in the ale-house. Thus he might have been an example of prudence and industry to others, and have enjoyed that high feeling of noble-mindedness of the peasantry of past days, who gloried in living above the degradation of a parish pauper. Your time forbids my enlarging, or many other such scenes could be represented in villages around you in this county. Here, then, are the fruits of sin. Let a few words suffice to complete the representation: Parents neglecting to train up their children in a moral and religious way, by sending them to Sunday schools: parents setting a bad example to their children, by never going to their church or other place

place of religious worship. Nor are these bad examples alone among the poor, but also among many who, from their education and rank in society, ought to know better; who are giving to their servants and labourers no encouragement to be conscientious and devout, but often become even persecutors of the poor, if they from choice should attend any other place of worship but the church; and neglect of attending that, is not treated with any displeasure. Is it then any wonder that our village population is deteriorating, and that neglect of religious duties should end in *drunkenness, idleness, swearing, fornication, poaching, theft, and murder?* No. Irreligion is the fruitful cause of most of our crimes, and thus "*Sin becomes an evil and a bitter thing,*" personal and relative.

The second branch of my subject is—

II. The certainty that sooner or later Sin will be discovered, and the "*hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light.*"

Nothing is more common than for sinners, in the commission of crimes, to hope and believe they will never be discovered; and as the psalmist says, in the sixty-fourth Psalm, "*They encourage themselves in an evil matter, they commune of laying snares privily; they say, who shall see it?*" They thus hope for secrecy, because they *love sin*, and therefore they indulge in it, and put the best constructions they can upon their actions. Satan is always ready to encourage to sin, and persuade it shall never be discovered. Secrecy is expected, because the transgressors, and many others before, have sinned in the same way, and no discovery has been made; and thus they go on with greater boldness, and sin with impunity. Now their schemes are better laid, new plans of greater intricacy are invented, and thus they cry, "*Who shall see it?*" But to all the well laid plans of the sinner, we reply in our text, "*Be sure your sins will find you out;*" and we shall prove it from

history, sacred and profane. That great transgression from which all others flow, I mean the sin of our first parents, was committed with the hope of secrecy: and they "*hid themselves from the presence of the Lord;*" but soon indeed were they dislodged by that awful inquiry, "*Adam, where art thou?*" and forth from his hiding-place man came and confessed his guilt. With what supposed secrecy was *the first murder* committed, of which you will find an account in the fourth chapter of Genesis. Cain, we are told, invited his brother out into the field, and there he talked with him; proposed, perhaps, some dishonourable plan with which so good a man as Abel could not comply; the villain then became enraged, and lifted up the murderous weapon, or cast the stone, with which he had been previously prepared, and slew his brother. Now see the murderer digs a hole wherein to secrete the body. Look at the sly Cain creeping away from the place with the instrument on his shoulder with which he dug the hole: and now the sinful wretch supposed all was well; but an inquiry was made after his brother. I think I hear Adam and Eve saying, "Where is Abel." The monster would soon invent a lie to silence their inquiry; but further inquiry was made by HIM who will make "*inquisition for blood.*" And the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And quite in character, quite like what we have recently heard, ready with a lie, he replied, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" O Cain! be sure thy sins will find thee out; for, "*The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto God from the ground.*"

Jcseph's brethren laid a good scheme, as they supposed, to get rid of this "dreamer" of dreams, but Providence brought the darkness to light. "*Time would fail me to tell of*" Achan's covetousness—his well-laid plans—his burying the wealth in the earth, of which you will find an

account in the seventh chapter of the book of Joshua ; and likewise of Gehazi, and others, mentioned in the Old Testament ; and of two remarkable instances in the New Testament ; namely, Judas betraying his Lord and Master with a kiss ; and Ananias and Sapphira lying to the Holy Ghost : these are facts in history that cannot be doubted—and if more of a modern date are necessary, read the Newgate Calendar ; the history of the courts of justice in your own country, in which, within a few years, a number of singular murders have been committed, and the parties found out and punished as their crimes deserved : and now the black catalogue must be increased with the details of Polstead—the Red Barn—Maria Marten and WILLIAM CORDER : thus history unites with our text to say, “ Be sure your sins will find you out ;” because the Omnipresence of God is against the sinner’s boasted secrecy : for His eyes run to and fro throughout all the earth, beholding the righteous and the wicked. “ The darkness and the light are both alike ” to Him.

The doctrine of a *particular* providence is against the sinner. Are you saying the Lord shall not see, neither doth the God of heaven regard. Such may be the fond wish or the faint hope of the infatuated sinner, but Jehovah takes cognizance of the individual, and of the minute, as well as the general and more important transactions of time. Hear what the pious psalmist says in Psalm xciv. 6. “ They slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless, yet they say the Lord shall not see ; understand ye brutish among the people, and ye fools when will ye be wise. He that planted the ear, shall he not hear, he that formed the eye, shall he not see. The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man.”

The sacred scriptures are in all its parts against the idea that sin shall not be punished. 1. Cor. iv. 5. “ Therefore

judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will manifest the counsels of the heart," and in Luke viii. 17. "For nothing is secret that shall not be made manifest, neither any thing hid, that shall not be known and come abroad."

And if any one present is not convinced by these testimonies, then we add, the life and character of William Corder will confirm our assertion.\*

It is worth your notice to reflect on some of those seasons and circumstances when sin has been brought to light.

It has often been discovered in the moment of commission, when the parties little thought it could be detected.

\* The circumstances connected with the discovery of this murder by the dream of Mrs. Marten, have given rise to various conjectures. Many of our public prints say it is easy to be accounted for from the distressed state of her mind, respecting her daughter-in-law. It is true that may account for her dreaming: but still it does not account for her dreaming of her being buried in the particular spot in the barn. This fact she has attested upon oath before the coroner and grand jury of the county of Suffolk, although not named in the trial: and she has declared to me, that before the dream, she had not the most distant idea on her mind that Maria was dead, but supposed that Corder had got her confined in some place in London, I presume such as the Magdalen or the Female Penitentiary, and it is very remarkable that twice did she thus dream; the first time about the latter end of January, and again in February, but it was April before the body was found, between which time she frequently spoke of her dream to her husband.

I am far from wishing to encourage superstition and enthusiastic notions of dreams and visions, at the same time nothing that I have heard or read on this very singular circumstance, has tended in the least to remove from my mind a deep impression that it must be ascribed to an overruling providence bringing 'to light the hidden things of darkness:' and be it remembered Mrs. Marten is not a person that some people would call a religious enthusiast among the methodists or dissenters, but avows herself as belonging to the Church of England.



Sometimes a change of circumstances has been overruled to bring to light the hidden things of dishonesty. It was the need of Joseph's brethren that brought their guilt to light. How frequently have the guilty been dragged to justice by the treachery of partners in guilt, base enough to unite and devils enough to betray: in modern history we have nothing equal to the case of Thurtle four years ago, when three equally guilty wretches combined, and each of the informers was ready to betray the other, only to prolong his own miserable life. In an hour of sickness and death how often have we seen the truth illustrated, "*a death bed is a detector of the heart.*" Such have been the feelings of many that they could not die till they had disclosed their crimes, till they had unbosomed an aching heart, and relieved it in some small degree of an intolerable load, by confession of sin to the minister of religion or to others. I witnessed such a scene once in the death of an infidel, a scene I never can forget.

As these remarks refer principally to open exposure of sin, some may object and say, this is not always the case, granted: yet there is a finding out of sin in two other respects. Sin may be committed and *conscience* sleep, but soon it will awake, and rouse itself like the sleeping lion, as in the case of Belshazzar, "whose countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." How often is conscience aroused under the faithful minister, as in the case of Felix before the apostle Paul, and of David before Nathan, "*Thou art the man,*" yet, should you by sinning have your "*conscience seared as with an hot iron,*" should you by infidel principles brave all these ideas, and laugh them to scorn, as did the unhappy Corder, still O sinner there is a day coming when "*your sins will find you out,*" I mean the "*day of judgment*" when

**“we must all account for the deeds done in the body :”** then the books shall be opened, and the secrets of the heart shall be known, then sinner, you will appear what you really are. Now men may be only wolves in sheep’s cloathing, now they may rank amongst the people of God as Judas amongst the Apostles, or Simon Magus with the church; but then the hypocrite will be stripped, and the convicted wretch exposed, and appear before an assembled world to receive his righteous doom to everlasting perdition. O sinner, flee, flee for refuge to the hope set before you in the gospel, before this great day of God’s wrath is come, against which none that are impenitent shall be able to stand! Consider,

III. The awful consequence of a disclosure of sin. And are there in this vast assembly sinners of the “*baser sort*”—I should hope not. The murderer or assassin is not amongst us, yet there are some whose open sins are a disgrace to them. O think before you commit another heinous offence, such as *thieving, poaching* or *uncleanness*—think I say on the consequence of detection and disclosure. To yourselves a walking hell, like Cain, you will carry your crime in your forehead, and think every one that sees you must of necessity know you and abhor you. Your character once confirmed as a liar, who will give you credit for what you say? O young females, if you lose your character for virtue, consider the degradation and insult you must be exposed to, and never forget the unhappy fate of **Maria Marten**. O think how sinning thus degrades the female in the scale of society, “*A good name is better than precious ointment,*” but sin robs you of that good name. Look at its consequence to your connexions as well as to yourselves—your *parents* or *friends*. What my young friends have you no compassion for the mother that in sorrow bore you, and in tenderness nursed you? Will

you by your unholy conduct bring down the grey hairs of the parent in sorrow to the grave? Will you disgrace your connexions by continuing in a course of sin? God forbid! O think on the consequence of such conduct, and let not Polstead add another victim to the destroyer in one of its young females—another name that your parents and neighbours will be ashamed to pronounce.

*Old sinner* “*be sure your sins will find you out,*” and what will be the consequence to your children? Why when you are gone into eternity it will be brought against them, that their father—their mother—committed such and such offences. O stop sinner, this day, in your evil courses; and before it be too late, redeem your character by your future virtuous and pious life, and let not posterity be ashamed to mention your name. I do not wonder that some have changed their name; who can feel any thing but shame in the name of *Brownrigg, Wall, Thurtle, and Corder*. We ought not to “*visit the sins of the fathers upon the children,*” but such is the state of society that there are some who are always glad so to do. Prevent it, prevent it sinner! now break off your sins by repentance, and let your few remaining days be spent as far as possible, in redeeming your character and time, and thus prove that this discourse has not been delivered in vain.

Yet, if after all you are determined to “*care for none of those things,*” there will be one more awful consequence than any of the foregoing, connected with sin. It will consist in banishment from the “*glorified spirits of the just made perfect*”—from heaven—from God—and endless duration of punishment amongst the devil and his angels, and damned spirits, where the “*worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.*”

And now my hearers, I am arrived at that part of my discourse in which I shall introduce to your notice some

things connected with the character and early habits of the young man whose awful end is the cause of our meeting together to-day, and I can assure you I feel reluctant to tell this "*tale of wo,*" not wishing to wound the feelings of a mother, whose already wounded spirit will never be thoroughly healed in this world. O may the Lord grant that all her sorrows may be confined to time; and now in her old age of widowhood and in a state almost childless, may she seek mercy of that God who never denies mercy to the humble penitent, and thus, if all her days are days of sorrow, yet may she at the last day "*find mercy of the Lord,*" that sanctified and pardoned she may enter into that state where the "*wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.*"

Nor am I at all desirous of heaping infamy on a character that all ranks of society have pronounced as with one voice, to be *sly, debauched, and infamous*—and that without scarcely one redeeming quality, but I stand before you as the minister of religion, anxious to improve passing events, and desirous that some good may arise out of this awful event to the young, especially in your village; and if but one sinner is stopped in his course of iniquity, if but one young female should this day have her mind set against the dreadful evil that disgraces so many of our village females, and above all, if one soul should be saved through my feeble efforts, then indeed I shall be highly honoured, and God, even our God, eternally glorified.

I shall not detain you with details taken from the newspapers or other such sources of information, but relate facts which I have received from persons who at some time of his life associated with CORDER; and from others that well knew his character, and relying on their veracity I pledge my word for the correctness of the account. WILLIAM CORDER was born in the year 1804, in the house in which

his mother now lives, in this village. It has been said he received an education above many of his rank in society ; this is not correct. He was first sent to school on the village-green, where he continued till thirteen or fourteen years of age, when he was removed to a boarding-school at Hadleigh, for two or three years. From this school he returned home at the age of sixteen, and from this time was engaged about the business of his father's farm, so that the advantages which he enjoyed were not greater than those of many farmer's sons in this neighbourhood. Of his habits at school there is nothing favourable to relate, but quite the reverse. From one who was a schoolfellow with him, I am told that when quite a boy he was awfully addicted to lying, and the words of his companion were, he would "*lie like truth.*" Yet there always appeared so much artlessness and apparent veracity in his manner of telling a lie, that his unsuspecting schoolfellows could not doubt of its truth, and for his planning and scheming he obtained the nick name of "*Foxy.*"

The sin to which through life he was addicted, and which we may say was his ruin, he commenced very soon after his return from school. Even at that tender age, it is well known he became acquainted with a poor girl nearly of his own age, of the name of H—— who lived in the village. She used to accompany him into the fields, from which, as the wages of her iniquity, he would load her home with Peas gathered from his father's crops. How the parents of such a girl could suffer her to bring home such things without suspicion, I know not. Very soon his general profligacy commenced, and frequently would he leave home for the fairs and revels held within eight or ten miles of the village, and occasionally stop out all night. At this time by his artful insinuations he enticed a youth that went to school with him, to accompany him to several

of these scenes of wickedness, and he well remembers going especially to Hadleigh fair, where he took him to a bad house and stopt all night. Corder always was ready to pay expences, having more money at command than most of his companions, and by his treating them he laid them under greater obligations to secrecy; and it is much to be feared he obtained money at this early age by defrauding his father. A tale is told, and I believe from good authority, that at one time when he was very young, he drove away a litter of pigs from the farm, and sold them to a person but a few miles from Polstead, and kept the money. For some time he kept up his intercourse with the girl above referred to, but she soon left the village for London, where she lived in open and abandoned prostitution. He however, was not long before he became acquainted with another, by whom he had a child, which child has died since his confinement in Bury goal. He now appeared to be, what all who live in such an abandoned course of life must be, to use the appropriate language of scripture, "*Like the troubled sea never at rest.*" He kept the lowest company, resorted to bell-ringing as a diversion, and frequented the public-house where he was always ready to treat the pot-companion; but though fond of this kind of company he was himself no great drinker, and seldom or ever was in a state of drunkenness. About three years of his life were thus spent, and to follow his steps would only to be to detail the same things. During this time all was a scene of dissatisfaction and discord in his family, and suffering in his own conscience the just rewards of such a course of life, he himself was any thing but happy.

I shall now direct your attention to a circumstance which appeared for a while to have given a new bias to his actions; and happy would it have been for him had he

followed up what seemed auspiciously begun. In the month of April 1824, the ordination of my son-in-law, the Rev. B. Moore, took place at Boxford meeting. The novelty of such a service in this part of the country, brought many persons from the surrounding villages, and amongst the rest William Corder. The solemn and interesting proceedings of that day made a strong impression on his mind, and all at once he broke off from his companions and vicious habits, and became for a short time an altered youth. He now took to reading the Bible, spent many hours especially on the Lord's-day at home, and read to his aged parents. His mother especially, was delighted with his conduct, and said to one who has informed me of the fact, that William who was her most wicked son, now seemed likely to be 'her best boy.' The young man his schoolfellow before referred to, had long before this seen the error of his way, and become a decidedly pious youth, Corder immediately again sought his company, and he was happy to meet CORDER as a penitent, for he expressed, in the strongest terms, his aversion to his former habits, and often did they accompany each other to Boxford meeting, and other places where the gospel was preached.

They especially attended worship on the Lord's-day evening's at the cottage in the villiage, where the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Neyland, and others preach. It has been said in the newspapers that Corder once preached a sermon in this place, this is not correct; but the report might have arisen from his having given out a hymn in the cottage. His transient change continued during the summer of 1824, and at the Anniversary held in Boxford meeting, in September following, he was present, and spent the day in religious services. This his young friend well remembers, because Corder's father came into his house that very day,

and said with much seeming satisfaction, "My son Bill has taken the gig and is gone off to chapel." This circumstance I wish you to notice, on account of something which I shall presently relate. At another time in conversation with his father, he urged him to attend with him at the preaching in the village or at Boxford meeting, and referred to several passages of the New Testament on the importance of attending public worship. The father replied, 'I have gone to church all my life time, and shall not now change my religion, but *you may go where you please.*' Corder did not keep up his attendance quite so frequently through the winter, yet he did not return, at least outwardly to his former practices.

In the beginning of the following summer, I happened to be in his company. I came down from London to spend a few days with my daughter, and preached in the morning of the Lord's day at Boxford and in the afternoon at Hadleigh, in behalf of the Sunday schools in that place. Here I met Corder, at the house of an esteemed friend in that town. He was introduced to me as the son of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood. My friend at that time had no idea of what his former habits of life had been. I well recollect the conversation on that occasion. He told me he had to encounter a good deal of opposition from his parents, who were church people, on account of his attending a dissenting place of worship. I particularly urged on him, as a man arrived at the years of maturity, to judge for himself where he could receive the most profit and information on religious subjects, and by all means to go there; but pressed upon him, by a prudent and dutiful conduct to his parents, to let them see that religion taught him to honour and respect them. And I can well remember urging him, when he came down to *Boxford*, not to stop to the evening lec-



ture, but to return home to attend to the cattle and other things which necessity required to be done on the Lord's-day in a farm yard, to which he seemed cheerfully to accede. I am now inclined to believe that his tale of opposition from his parents was an artful lie, and that he was imposing on me and others, by his ungodly practice of falsehood. The opinion rests on the words of his father before-mentioned, and on the conduct of his aged mother who is still living, who said she was glad to see any change in him for the better, and deeply regretted that he ever left off going to the meeting.

In the month of July, 1825, an occurrence took place that at once lead him away again into all his former habits of licentiousness. In this month the annual fair is held at Polstead, which is a scene of drunkenness and riot. The girl H—, first mentioned, came down from London—a polished prostitute. Her showy appearance and insinuating manner completely ensnared him, he again commenced an intimacy with her, and threw off all his former restraints, and in a day or two after entered the cottage of his young adviser, and proved by his conversation, that this unhappy girl had mastered and enslaved his passions. After a few weeks, she again went off to London, where, I understand, she has since died in a most awful and miserable way; Corder, having first drawn from the bank a considerable sum of money in his father's name, unknown to him, soon after went to London, and there is reason to believe he found her out. It was now reported in the village that he was gone to sea, but I believe he only went to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, for in a few months he returned again to Polstead. Without the least signs of amendment in his conduct, he called again on the youth I have called his young adviser, but was soon informed that his visits there were not acceptable. In one of these visits he brought

the hymn book he had before purchased, and gave it to the young man's mother, having first erased his own name from it and written hers : which book I now hold in my hand. On receiving it she pressed him to say why he left off going to meeting, and why he parted with his book ; his only reply was, he had reasons for it which he should not tell them, but, said he, I recommend you and your son by all means to go there ; you are right, there you will be happy, but I cannot go.

And now he commenced his acquaintance with the unfortunate Maria Marten, who had been before this, by her vices, prepared to encourage such a youth, for she had had a child first by Corder's own brother Thomas, who first violated her chastity under a promise of marriage. Thus her ruin commenced and her career was terminated in the same family : she had also another child by Mr. M—, which last is still living and is a beautiful little boy, about four years of age. His companions were now, if possible, worse than before. It is well known he became acquainted with, and was in company with a fellow that stole a pig, for which offence he was transported at the last summer assizes at Chelmsford. He was also the companion of another notorious character, who has since left the village in disgrace. This debased conduct and expensive habits, soon brought him into pecuniary difficulties, and he could only support himself by fraud ; hence the act of forgery which he has admitted, and the abstracting of the five pounds from Maria's letter, of which you have all heard. I do not feel myself justified in tracing the character of this unhappy man further, as you are in possession of the facts as well as myself.

But now the pious christian will not be surprised when I tell him that Corder had been preparing his mind for al this wickedness by *infidelity and the perusal of infidel*

*publications*. It is well known that at this period he was fond of a particular book which he usually carried in his pocket, and was seen reading it in the fields and by the way side. For this book I have made considerable inquiry but have not been able to obtain it. Those who know its contents will soon cease to wonder at its effects on so depraved a heart—it was “*Volney’s Ruin of Empires.*” Corder’s mind was not prepared to resist the influence of such an infamous work, as it had not received any fixed principles of religion in early life, and now he became a disciple of that school which has done more mischief than all the other erroneous principles which are propagated in the world.

On one occasion, in a cottage in this village, he pointed to the Bible, and said to a pious reader, “You don’t believe that book, do you?” “Certainly I do,” was the reply. “Ah, so did I *once*,” said he, “but I do not *now*. That book is not,” added he, “a revelation from heaven—the apostles and prophets were only men like ourselves, and we are not bound to believe their writings. As to such places as heaven and hell, they are all a fiction. When we die the body returns to dust, and the soul to rest.” Shocked at such principles the party addressed desired that he might have no more of his company. He had impressed these horrid principles on the mind of the unhappy victim of his rage. I have learnt from the mother in law, that but a few nights, if not the night immediately before the murder, he took from his pocket this infamous production, and read page after page of it to Maria, at the same time he ridiculed the religion of Christ, and made very free remarks against some of the clergy in this neighbourhood, well pleased where he could find any defect. And thus while he had been for days, if not weeks before, preparing for the murder of this poor creature, he endeavoured in

what he knew to be her last days and almost last moments, to imbue her already depraved mind with prejudices against christianity. And now the wretch closed his infamous book, and left the cottage at eleven o'clock the night before the murder, having appointed to meet Maria at twelve o'clock on the following day. What an infernal feeling must that man's heart have cherished! There is nothing like it in the *annals of murder*—he had eradicated from Maria's mind all reverence of our holy religion, if indeed she had any, and then deliberately walked away from her cottage, pronouncing in his own mind, "to-morrow shall be thy last day of probation in this world."

Of the particulars of this horrid deed you are all in possession from his trial, and especially from his confession—a confession which though meagre, admitted the justice of his sentence, and so virtually attested the discrimination of the judge and jury and the overruling providence of God.

I shall now close my address with some general observations.

### IMPROVEMENT.

1. Let us endeavour to have our minds properly affected with right views of the nature of sin, that we may be deeply impressed with its awful tendency in hardening the heart against God, and not regulate our ideas of it by human opinions but by the word of truth. Let us always remember that a depraved and corrupt being like man, is not to make his own judgment the standard of right and wrong. The eternal God has promulgated the law of truth and equity, and by this rule all our actions must be regulated. Considering sin as the fruitful cause of all our miseries through life, and the only thing that can make us dread a death-bed and a future judgment, we must see that the wicked—the guilty alone are they that tremble at the final day of scrutiny.

2. How naturally are we lead to say, especially to the young on such an occasion as that which has now called us together, "*Beware of evil workers.*" Man is a social creature, and much of his happiness and misery in time and in eternity may arise out of the choice of companions. Are you saying with David, in reference to the last day, "*Gather not my soul with sinners.*" O then take care you do not unnecessarily mix with them *now*. Let the awful end of your neighbour serve as a solemn warning to you. Such a young man of respectable connexions in life, ought not to have been the companion of notorious drunkards and thieves—of low and abandoned prostitutes. If once you make such your companions your ruin is inevitable. Thank God, depraved as men are, wicked as the majority of your neighbours appear, there are many around you whom we may designate the "*excellent of the earth.*" O make choice of such for your *friends*, and say with the psalmist, "*I am the companion of them that fear God,*" always disregarding the terms of reproach the ignorant and prejudiced may cast on such.

Remember also that the vices of our times are not confined to the poor, and let the young man of respectable connexions and good education neither degrade himself by association with the profligate rich, nor like Corder mingle with the sabbath-breaking swearing herd at the ale-house, but let piety be the test of character, and if you can find it amongst the poor only, it will be no degradation to mingle with those in humbler circumstances than yourself who will "*teach you the fear of the Lord,*" and promote your present and everlasting welfare.

And young women I exhort also to be sober-minded. For you, especially, the tragic scene is awfully impressive. Young females in the humble walks of life, let me intreat you in the words of an inspired apostle, "*Learn to be*

*content with such things as you have."* Be particularly careful to avoid a love of dress beyond what becomes your station in society, as the daughters of village labourers. If you wish to gain the esteem of wise and respectable persons in life, you are sure to gain it by a proper attention to this. Well pleased indeed will be your aged clergyman, or the dissenting pastor, to see you enter the place of worship on the sabbath-day in the modest but clean attire of poor men's daughters. Stand at the greatest distance from the seducer, that would whisper in your ear the licentious tale. Receive no presents from the man that tells you he should like to see you better dressed. Forget not the history of H. whose love of dress proved her ruin. Mark the wretch, who may appear as the gentleman, coming on a visit to some respectable family in your neighbourhood, and who prowls through the village like Satan himself, with lustful eye, seeking whom he may ruin. O! I think I see such an individual passing down yonder lane, beholding at the door of that humble cottage the unfortunate Maria Marten, dressed in a manner by no means becoming so humble a dwelling, and at once selecting her for his victim; she had indeed strayed before, but now she is confirmed in the error of her ways, and lost for ever. By the laws of your country you transport the villain who robs your neighbour of his poultry, or the esquire of his game, but what does he deserve who robs the daughter of a poor man of her virtue, and her parents of the happiness and pleasure of female innocence. Such names ought to be gibbeted as a disgrace to society. This is not a solitary case. You are many of you aware I could tell other tales of wo, as the result of the crimes of men called gentlemen from London, on visits to families in this neighbourhood—but I forbear. Young women, I must also avail myself of this opportunity of intreating you to take care of the man who entices you

away to the fairs and the revels which take place in your villages! These abominable evils may be considered as a grand cause of so much wickedness amongst the labouring classes of society. The *drunkenness, dancing, and debauchery* that take place on such occasions ought not to be witnessed by any young female that lays claim to virtue, or even delicacy of feeling. O ye fathers and mothers, I urge on you never to suffer your daughters, under any pretence, to be present at such scenes of wickedness! Remember there is a progress in sin, and that when once it begins, it is impossible to know where it may end. Men do not become confirmed villains at once, nor women confirmed prostitutes. Take care, young person, of the *first step in vice*. “*Turn away thine eyes from beholding iniquity,*” and thy “*feet from the paths of the destroyer.*”

3. Again, sinner, impenitent sinner, you must be told “*The way of transgressors is hard,*” the service of Satan is a hard service, and his wages misery and death; but the religion of Jesus Christ has “*The promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come.*” Who does not see the “*advantage of him that serves God over him that serves him not?*” I will not now lead you in your imagination to the kraal of the Hottentot to tell you what christianity has done for the most degraded of people, whom it has in the words of holy writ “*raised from the dunghill and placed amongst the princes;*” nor will I place before you the striking difference between Scotland as a religious nation and disturbed Ireland, but look into your own neighbourhood, and behold what the heavenly system of pure and undefiled religion has accomplished. O my hearers, let us turn our thoughts for a moment from the scenes of wickedness and blood, to the peaceful triumphs of the gospel of God, and see what religion has done for some of you. Call to mind

the man, whose name we could mention, who was once the ungodly, careless, prayerless labourer, who disregarded the Lord's-day and lived in all manner of sin, and as the consequence without the comforts of life, if not without even its common necessaries. This man has heard the gospel of salvation, he has believed its heavenly truths, and felt its influence upon the heart; and now, in scripture terms "*old things are passed away all things are become new.*" Now witness the fact that "*religion has the promise of the life that now is.*" In looking at his farm in miniature, see his cows, his hogs, and poultry, with his small crops of corn, ripening for the harvest; all reminding you that what scripture asserts is true, it is the "*Diligent hand that maketh rich,*" and that religion teaches men to be diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit serving the Lord. All this is seen near you, while the industrious labourer retains his place as a labouring man. Some of you remember well the once drunken, idle pedlar, that used to travel about the country with the little basket under his arm selling a few pins, needles and tapes; this man was also happily brought to attend the ministry of an Evangelical preacher, and now he obeys the word from the heart. He has given up his habits of Drunkenness and a life a little better than vagrancy, and is become a "*New creature in Christ Jesus.*" He too proves that a life of religion is the road to happiness as well as to heaven. I love to think on his progress; soon the little basket gave way for the large pack on the back, then the humblest beast of burthen was purchased and the man relieved from his load; and not long ago I passed the wheelwright's shop and saw the new and neat little cart just completed and ready for use, on which was inscribed his name. Facts are more powerful than even the best of arguments, I therefore love to dwell on such instances to shew you what



religion can do. And I must present one more instance out of many others we could name—you know the man, we have not his “*Sepulchre with us yet*”—who was once addicted to almost all the vices before referred to, especially to poaching. Yes, some of you have heard, that he had actually engaged a person to excavate the earth in his garden to make a receptacle for stolen property; but his unholy purpose was not carried into execution. Then did the vigilance of the magistrate or the activity of the police frustrate his plans? no; it was the influence of the gospel that powerfully prevailed over sin and wickedness, and taught him that “*Stole to steal no more.*” A concern for his immortal soul led him to the House of God, where he now mingles his songs with those who praise God in Zion, instead of joining in the song of the drunkard. That tongue which was once employed in swearing and blaspheming, is now employed in fervent prayer to Almighty God to forgive his iniquities, transgressions and sins. All his former companions and practices are broken off, and if any were to ask him why he does not now “run to the same excess of riot,” he would reply, “So do not I, because of the fear of the Lord.” Well did Solomon say, “*The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*”

Sinner I am telling you “*that the way of transgression is hard,*” that man is a slave indeed that is a slave to his passions. O how hard he works! he toils not for the fruits of righteousness, but for damnation. Christian, you find religion at times to lead to a rough path, you “*strive against flesh and blood,*” and wrestle hard with God in prayer; but what is this to the drudgery and slavery of sin. See the vile wretch how he is agitated in devising his schemes and laying his plans, while he is constantly exposed to the danger of detection. Think on the guilty Corder, how he toiled to accomplish his iniquity, day after day and

night after night did he scheme and thirst for blood. Fancy him in yonder cottage the very night before the murder, see him take from his pocket the vile infidel book I have referred to. Hear how he ridicules religion, her altars, and her priests. Then he makes a jest of heaven and hell; and thinks he has quite completed his object. Having first debauched his victim's body he completes his villainy by debauching her mind. He goes home after an engagement to meet to-morrow, but O what a sleepless night! He rises in the morning, but there is no repentance for what he has done. The fatal hour of appointment, 12 o'Clock, arrives. The disguise of his victim in man's apparel, will, he supposes, be sure to secure secrecy, and now they go in different directions to the red barn. O! mark the wily fox creeping up the hill, looking this way and that way for fear of discovery. Nor is his guilty partner free from suspicion. There they meet and congratulate each other. "*No eye has seen us,*" and now forth from his pocket he draws the murderous pistol—no time is to be lost, in an instant she falls dead at his feet! What is now to be done? Like another guilty Cain he must dig a grave and hide the body. Down yonder hill he descends, and borrows the spade of Mrs. Stow, then he proceeds to the farm for the pick-axe, and creeps up cautiously with it in his hand. Never did unhappy being toil so hard as he in digging that hole! never did such drops of perspiration fall from his body! Then indeed he found the "*way of transgressors is hard.*" Who will deny that this wretch did not work harder in the ways of sin, than does the pious christian in "*working out his salvation.*" What pleasure might he have enjoyed had he attended to the things that appeared once to have gained his attention. Had he retained the bible which he bought and *this* his hymn book, and have gone to the cottage of poor Marten with honorable feelings of attachment, and

sat down on a Saturday evening in the lovely month of May 1827, and instead of reading *Volney's Ruins of Empires*, had read from his *Bible* the iii. Chapter in the 1st Epistle of Peter, then from this hymn book the whole family might have joined in singing,

“ Come we that love the Lord  
 And let our joys be known,  
 Join in a song of sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.  
 The sorrows of the mind  
 Be banish'd from this place,  
 Religion never was design'd  
 To make our pleasures less.”

then they might have parted with, ‘ *To-morrow Maria is the sabbath of God—To-morrow is the Lord's day “ he calls the hours his own.” To-morrow the holy tribes go up to worship in Zion. To-morrow at 10 o'Clock, I shall call for you to accompany me to the house of prayer, to hear the heavenly messenger of grace. Farewell to-night Maria, let us both commend ourselves to God in prayer alone, and remember our dear minister before his heavenly father that he may be able to speak a “ word in season to them that are weary and heavy laden.” This indeed would have been a happy way of parting, each would have retired to rest with a “ Conscience void of offence towards God and towards men,” and the “ Hopes of to-morrow,” such as the truly pious christian alone can cherish. Such pleasures belong not to infidels that love to destroy the hopes of christianity—such pleasures belong not to impenitent sinners living in “ iniquity, transgressions and sins,” but they do belong to many of our happy villagers, who “ Love God and obey the gospel of his dear Son.”—What a contrast do such feelings afford to those of the licentious infidel murderer, when he uttered “ To-morrow Maria, I will meet you at 12 at the red barn.”*

IV. As this discourse has been delivered more with a view to the future than to reflect on the past, let me in-treat your attention to the best means of preventing that increasing evil amongst our village population, which brought Maria Marten to an untimely end, and her guilty companion to the scaffold.\*

From what I can gather from the best sources of information, fornication called, and justly called, in the prayer book of the Church of England, a deadly sin, is increasing amongst the poor in the villages of our country, and I fear this neighbourhood establishes the fact. O young female, time was that your mothers and grandmothers possessed as much honourable feeling and as much chaatity as the middling or higher ranks of society, but such days are gone by and "*we have fallen on woeful times!*" How little is this vice thought of to what it once was. Very many of the poor never enter into the marriage state till compelled by the parish officer. What happiness can be expected from such marriages?

What can be done to prevent this evil? Some will tell you, and I think tell you very properly, farmers raise the tone of feeling of your poor labourers above that of the parish pauper, by paying them better for their labour, and do not drive them to make up a scanty living out of the poors rates; and remember where it is said and who said "*The labourer is worthy of his hire,*" but this belongs more to the politician than the divine, and is but a passing hint.

Much may be done by "PUBLIC OPINION" being raised against the vice we have particularized, let us as with one voice declare the shame and disgrace of such conduct. Let

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\* Corder, in a letter written since his confinement in Bury goal, to the Rev. — Seaman, an esteemed clergyman at Colchester, admitted to him that fornication was his ruin.

our young females know that if once they sink in the scale of society by such conduct they never can be honourably restored to their former place. And let the guilty man not go unpunished, but let us look upon him as a thief and a robber, in the worst sense; let an example be set before the young by their parents, and especially by their mothers in a "*Chaste conversation coupled with Fear*"; and let not the rich and wealthy around us frown upon the poor, and threaten with a prison for the very crimes in which they themselves are living. It is an awful fact that a very bad example is set in many villages by the higher orders of society, and if the head be corrupt all the body will soon become diseased.

Let us try to prevent the shocking sin we have so much lamented, by a religious education of the children of the poor. Let us not merely teach them to read and write, but impress their minds with religion and the fear of the Lord. I regret to say that it is but lately that any great pains has been taken to instruct the poor children of Polstead, and but for the zeal of a pious clergyman and his excellent wife, in a neighbouring village, and the increased exertions of the Rev. Mr. Smith and his pious friends at Neyland, but few would have received any instruction. I am happy, however, to find that at last the inhabitants of this village have taken up this good cause, aided and encouraged by the daughter of your clergyman. And most sincerely do I hope that these well-meant efforts may not slacken. And although you have no dissenting interest in the place, whose zeal in education often keeps our good church friends at work, still I do hope that its present supporters will not suffer their exertions to decline. Happy would it be if the nobles and gentlemen in the county would expend as much in educating the children of the poor, as many of them expend in their game preserves. I do think they would find it turn to

account even in their game. Remember sin is running down our streets as a mighty torrent; it must be stopped, or it will sweep away with it all that is valuable in society. The disease is spreading, it must be checked or its influence will be felt in all ranks. The fire is burning, if not extinguished it will destroy all that comes in its way. Shame, shame on those that are suffering the greatest evils to prevail in any place whilst they are disputing about sects and parties! suffering the disease to spread,—the fire to burn, rather than any hands should be lifted up to stop its progress, unless they belong to their church. O let the contracted sectarian, of what party soever he may be, be shamed out of his party views, and remember that there is work enough for *all*, and that the state of society requires that “every man should do his duty.” Visit the poor from house to house; shew them you take an interest in their welfare; circulate the useful little tracts, and the more valuable Word of God; and let the ministers of religion of every denomination, “*Cry aloud and spare not,*” let them preach against sin and practice what they preach. Let them unfold the lovely character of the eternal God, as revealed to us in the wonderful lesson of human redemption by Jesus Christ. Let them exhort the wicked sinner to repent and turn to God, “who will have mercy upon him, even to our God, who will “abundantly pardon.” Let them tell of the rich provision God has made in the gospel for the returning prodigal, and assure sinners that God is ready to receive all them that come unto him through Christ, and “*that truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy gospel.*” And let them be no respecter of persons. Such preaching, such education, is in my humble opinion the best means of preventing the increase of crimes amongst us.

Many of my hearers “*profess and call themselves Christ-*

ians." I congratulate you that you have "*renounced the world, its pomps and vanities.*" In detailing the crimes of a **MARIA MÆRTEN**, and a **WILLIAM CORDER**, we may say, murder excepted, "*such were some of you*"—"but ye are washed, but ye are cleansed." Yes, some now hearing me, were once the companions of that unhappy man. Never forget the Grace that made you to differ. You now make a profession of Faith in Christ; the eyes of God and of men are upon you, and may this awful event serve to lead you more and more to the Throne of Grace to pray, "hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." He fell through Sin, you stand by Grace. What manner of persons ought you to be in all holy conversation and godliness?

My Christian friends you can have no stone of reflection to cast on any one. "*Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.*" Remember you are in a state of probation, and not in heaven. Especially let me intreat of you never to be found amongst them that cruelly visit the crimes of departed sinners against the surviving branches of their families. Do not wound the feelings of an aged mother, whose melancholy tale of wo in the loss of four such sons, ought to excite our pity and our prayers. I am happy to find there is a compassionate feeling in the neighbourhood. And you who know the value of the Bible in its tendency "*to sooth the sorrows of the mind,*" I hope you will avail yourselves of some opportunity of reading its consolations to this "*woman of a sorrowful spirit.*" Over the family of the unhappy Maria, you will I trust watch with peculiar sympathy; and certainly I must admit there was much to blame, yet cast over it that mantle of charity that becomes the Christian character. I do hope that some pious female will take her grown up sister into her service and remove her from a scene that must be painful to her feelings, to a family where the name of

Corder, and his crime may not be mentioned. She has expressed to me her willingness to attend to her duties in such a situation; my heart yearns over the dear little boy, the son of Maria—that the pious Christian in this neighbourhood may watch over his tender years, and hear the Providence of God in this awful visitation saying “*take this child and nurse it for me.*”

Sinners let me remind you once more, *be sure your sins will find you out.* God be praised there is such a provision made for repenting sinners. We have not only to tell you of the misery of sin, but of its remedy. Has sin found you out, and you are now feeling the horrors of a guilty conscience? Flee from it, hate the garments spotted with the flesh, and come to the blood of “*sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.*” Are you penitents—do not despair, our God is gracious and merciful. Fall before him; read as true penitents the fifty-first Psalm, and “believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved.”—Amen.



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RECORD OF TREATMENT, EXTRACTION, REPAIR, etc.

Pressmark: 4956 B4

Binding Ref No: 207669

Microfilm No:

Date	Particulars
<p>JAN 1948</p>	Chemical Treatment
	Fumigation
	Deacidification MAG-BI-CARB
	Lamination ALHIBOND
	Solvents
	Leather Treatment Book Refurbished Wash Saddle Soap, Pottasium Citrate Starch Paste, British Museum, Leather Dressing, Spirit Dye
	Adhesives ANIMAL GLUE
Remarks	







