

Would not Dr. Strachan feel himself, by the unworthy proceedings of that individual, and his partisans, as well as by an honest zeal for the interests of his own Church, called upon to expose and repel, without any scruple, such misrepresentation. And such disclosure could be no ground of offence, unless indeed, the party involved, had wished to have it believed that he never was attached to the English Church—and that conscience alone had impelled him to forsake the faith of his Fathers and of his youth.

We have the pleasure of knowing the Gentleman, to whom we believe, the Doctor alludes, and we must be permitted to say, that any imputation which he has attempted to cast upon his integrity and honour, can have no effect, save in the recoil upon the author of it. We are bold to aver, that all, who know that gentleman, will readily admit that he is a man of the most honourable feelings, and of the most scrupulous rectitude of principle—and we do not, we are persuaded, depreciate the merits of Dr. Strachan, when we say, that in this view, he is at no inconsiderable distance beneath him, in the moral scale. As to the recommendations to Government, which he made, or which he enforced, in respect to our Church—if we have never acknowledged them, we do assure him, that it must be imputed to our ignorance, and not to ingratitude. Verily, we never heard of them, until we read the Speech of the Archdeacon of York, and such is the perversity of that wicked thing, called Rumor or Fame, which delights not only to hide and disguise the truth, but often to invert it, that we have heard of no other obstacle or impediment to the admission of our claims, *save the Archdeacon of York!* Wherever we turned—through whatever channel—with whatever secrecy—we made, or thought we made, our representations to his Majesty's Government, still the Archdeacon of York—like our evil genius—stood prepared to oppose us.

Every successive attempt we made to carry our point with Government was repelled by—the *Archdeacon of York!* He seemed to have acquired in respect to us, a sort of ubiquity or universal presence. Even in Scotland—amid the myrmidons of the Kirk—this bold and lion hearted champion of the Church of England might be found—beating the enemy in his own camp—every where and at all times, we knocked our heads against the broad circumference of his shield—until we are now become quite nervous. His name, we verily believe, will be a word of terror to our children, for generations to come. But the Doctor is always very candid and lets us see all that is in his heart, "I was the more anxious, says he, to complete this arrangement," namely, securing a provision to the Clergy of the Kirk, "because, in as far as the Scotch Presbyterians are concerned, it takes away all cause of differences, for provision being now made for their Clergy, which was all they could ask, or hope for, I did flatter myself that they would have been satisfied, as indeed, they ought to have been, and that henceforth, the Clergy of the two denominations, the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian, while discharging their own