

for the arguments which I had introduced; and now it only remains for you to crouch beneath the well-merited chastisement I have inflicted upon you; or to have (for once) the honesty and manliness to acknowledge yourselves in error, and to make the necessary retribution.

Wesleyans! I have done with the poor and paltry excuses, under cover of which you have shrank from the controversy; and I now come to bestow a passing thought upon the residue of your second manifesto.

Here I certainly render myself liable to be accused of misrepresentation, because I am by no means certain that I understand the meaning of your document. It appears sanctioned by, and signed with, the euphonic name of Rigg. And so it ought. For it really is,

“A specimen rare, upon the whole,
Of the figure of speech called *Rigge-marole*.”

It seems, in one instance, to adopt that which in a preceding phrase it has disclaimed. It smacks, occasionally, of blasphemy; suggesting the fear of God for the purpose of inventing foul calumnies against man; and, if I can collect the drift of the entire, it is the expression of a vicious opinion unfavorable to national education; or, at least, a deplorable readiness on the part of the Wesleyan Methodists to abandon all provision for such education for Methodists, rather than consent that the government should be just enough to extend a portion of it to persons of a different persuasion. You are content, it seems, to be deprived of the means of education for yourselves, provided you can have the Satanic pleasure of seeing others participate in that suffering. You have no parental yearnings for education. It is no fondliness of yours. To *you* indeed may be exclaimed, “O, give not the child to men: she is not the mother thereof.”

There is also some cant in your manifesto, about what you are pleased to call “*the Christian truth which all orthodox Protestants unite to hold*.” Miserable men that you are, what is the meaning of this attempt at delusion? A union between you and all other Protestants! Yes! when the sands of the sea shall be twisted into ropes to bind you in that union!—Even among yourselves, what grasp of union have you, save