

Smithfield

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you arm me with the poisoned darts of vengeful animosity—
and thus complete a creature of your own *tearm* imagination.
But let me tell you (however provoking the intelligence may
be to a man in a rage) that I do not feel *one* emotion of hos-
tility towards the Church of England—that the works
of her distinguished members are my familiar compa-
nions and their characters the objects of my profound veneration—that I approve of her principles and admire her liturgy
—and all this I affirm not because I regard *my* opinion as of
any value, but because I wish it to be distinctly understood
that the *Church of England* is not the object of my aversion,
but those only who disgrace her by trembling for her security
at the appearance of a pamphlet by the *Dissenting Presbyter-
ian Teacher of Saint John*. The same homage of my princi-
ples pervades the work you review, which has galled you to
the quick, because you cannot find in it *one insinuation* hostile
to the English Church, and because the Church of Scotland
is made to wear so comely an aspect by the very man who
speaks respectfully of the Church of England. You call it a
“weak” attack, and you say well, for it is a most *contempti-
ble attack*. It does not deserve the *name* of an attack; for this
very obvious reason, that it is *no attack at all*. Were I in Edin-
burgh or even in Aberdeen, with command of either College
Library, I might make you feel by overwhelming evidence what
an attack upon Episcopacy really is. My only fear is lest
my friends in North Britain should upbraid me with having
sacrificed the interests of their National Church to that of
England, and yet the very passages which candour led me to
introduce, *even though they imply censure of the Church to
which I belong*, you mangle, torture, and pervert so as to
make them speak the language of *decided approbation*. You
expected me, no doubt, to *applaud* the Covenanters in every
part of their conduct, and finding that I did the *very reverse*,
you are reduced to the agonizing *extremity* of having nothing
to *attack*. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. “Such are the triumphs of
liberality.”

Jealousy and Antipathy strive for pre-eminence throughout
your