

fending, and yet *he* has fallen among thieves and robbers. "Be assured of it, Sir, there is no hatred existing between us, other than what grows out of your own evil heart." Like a *full-grown monster* (there is metaphor for you!) in iniquity, you next speak *evil* of me for having done you good!" No Geometry can measure, no Arithmetic calculate, and no Rhetoric describe the immense amount of good. "A man who would thus act, is capable of doing any *deed of darkness*." No, he would not turn highway robber for he is not mean enough for that employment. "Your crime will ever stand foremost on the black catalogue of iniquity." "Will you not hide your malice towards me?—Has all shame and fear forsook your treacherous heart?" "After having given full vent to your rage, and vomited out *all* your poison." *Vomiting poison!* How exquisitely genteel? "You do not *kill* me, but you *bruise* and *wound* me, till you feel assured *I cannot live*." Mr. T. has not killed Mr. J—he is not a murderer!

Again: "Sir, your driveling arguments on *infant sprinkling* are things by far too mean for me to stoop to." Here is refutation for you! "You prove yourself to be capable of committing any **ACT OF VILLAINY**." "I find you guilty of another daring *forgery!*" "After having travelled through much *falsehood, filth, and mimicry*" "How awfully foul must that fountain be, from when such assertions proceed!—Every sentence you utter is tinged with the hue of maliciousness." "All your *raillery, trash, and school-boy nonsense*." "You take a deal of pains to give me the meaning of the word '*villain*,' but really sir, you might have saved yourself much trouble by pointing to *yourself*, for then I should have seen one after the life." Mr. Taylor a *Villain!* What next?

Again: "I shall be able to do but little more than point out some of your most glaring and iniquitous acts, and would assure you that though by art and subtlety, you may escape **THE HANDS OF THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER**, God will bring you into judgment!" *Some of Mr. T's glaring and iniquitous acts!* How merciful not to reveal the whole! *The hands of the public executioner!* Is not Mr. J. afraid lest Mr. T. should become a Turk or a Mahometan? No doubt when on the gallows Mr. T. will have as his ghostly adviser, the mild and sweet tempered William Jackson.

Again: "If you had the misfortune to fall overboard when crossing the Atlantic, you might have experienced the truth of that line,"—*A dolphin ducking an ape.*" "For *hypocrisy* and *buffoonery*, you surpass all I have ever seen, heard or read of." That is for hypocrisy Mr. T.