

expect a repetition of Jefférie's campaign and the Smithfield fires directed in all their horrors against ourselves.

I have always been accustomed to think and to write in some kind of order, and though I can trace no arrangement in your Remarks, I shall endeavour to address you in this Letter according to a certain method, and prefer charges against you under the following heads, *Uncharitableness* and *Presumption*—*Jealousy* and *Antipathy*—*Calumny* and *Detraction*—*Misrepresentation* and *false glosses*—*Inconsistencies* and *Contradictions*—*Errors* and *Fallacies*. If I can convict you of *all* or *any* of these offences, I think there will be a *corpus delicti*—the point will be made good, *Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur*. I am sorry to be compelled to exhibit charges under such fearful names, but it is absolutely necessary in order to a successful refutation of *your* statements and a triumphant vindication of my own character and pretensions.

Uncharitableness and *Presumption* make their appearance at the very outset of your performance. You enter the secret recesses of the intellectual world—you trace the workings of my heart—you analyze every motive ere it ripens into action, and with matchless effrontery, you proceed on the principle that I *meant* to misrepresent and “detract from other Christian denominations,” in opposition to all my internal consciousness and to all my solemn protestations. You appeal directly to the omniscient Witness as to the purity of *your* intentions, and I certainly shall not be chargeable like you with the presumption of invading the prerogative of Deity and with the sacrilege of violating the hallowed rights of conscience. But recollect that the *mens conscia recti* does not necessarily imply the absence of every tendency to err. You prejudge the cause, by taking it for granted *a priori* that I *could not possibly* speak of Episcopacy with respect, and that I must feel towards it as deep rooted an aversion as *you* evince towards *Presbytery*. You put me at once in the attitude of attack—you fire my breast with “deadly hate”—you redden my countenance with the flush of indignation—

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