

their continual buzz, and sometimes even pierced with their sting, is what you must naturally expect.

But Sir, in the name of our common christianity, let me ask you, why, in the sketch of your life, and in this your second public exhibition, you should have manifested so many marked symptoms of ill feeling, of previshness, and revenge. Could you not have written a plain narrative of the various steps of divine goodness in your pilgrimage, without employing it as the vehicle of slander—without stopping to thrust a deadly wound here—to fling a sarcasm there—and on the heads of almost all, to pile a load of abuse. And if you wished to show *your opinion* also, on the baptismal controversy, could you not have done so with christian meekness, and yet with christian firmness, and adopted as your motto, “*soft words and hard arguments*,”—without sneering at intelligence—uttering your verdict of untruth and infidelity against others—running down with so much violence, so many great and good men, to whose instructions, as I shall presently show, even you are deeply indebted. What harm have these christians done you? Who hath required this at your hands? And think you, that you will receive praise for such an abusive publication? And from whom? Not from the intelligent christian—not from the “unlettered” disciple of Christ—and most certainly, not from the man of God, who has learned of his Master, to put on bowels of mercies.

Nor can I, nor will I believe, that the Baptists, whose cause you have *now* espoused, will utter many plaudits of favor, for this, your seven days performance. My candid opinion of them, is far too high, to suppose this for a single moment. Among that excellent body of christians, there are those, who can easily distinguish base alloy, from sterling coin—they want argument and not ranting—and merely because you have assumed a martial air of defiance, and have thrown down the gauntlet, they will not *therefore* regard you as their Champion.

As a writer, Sir, I deem you unworthy of any notice; but knowing with what untiring industry, you will endeavour to circulate your work, I have considered it my duty, though against the advice of some of my friends, to furnish the antidote to your poison. Nothing merely personal, be assured, has prompted me, to enter the lists with a person of your standing and character. What you have perfidiously insinuated in reference to me, no person acquainted with me, will for a moment believe. Mistaken indeed have you been, if you suppose, that you have in the least annoyed me; any thing from your lips, or from your pen, does not give me the slightest uneasiness. And though in close combat, you always appear to keep in view, the words of Cesar to his army “Soldiers strike at the face,” yet, fully expecting the boisterous manner in which you will return to the charge, I will here tell you, that your quiver does not contain a single arrow that can reach me—your scabbard does not hold a sword that can wound me—nor does