

venomed darts without provocation or warning !” “ You knew you were writing a falsehood, to the injury of one who NEVER INJURED YOU.” Softly Mr. J—but certainly it is *no injury* to charge a Minister of the Gospel with “denying the truths of revelation”—no injury to represent him to others as a “rogue” a “hypocrite” and an “INFIDEL PUPPY.” “ I am now giving them another portrait of you in the “Man of Sin.” But Sir, Mr. T. is “a youth” nay “he is destitute of every *principle of manhood*,” and therefore cannot be the “Man of Sin.” “You have told malicious lies.” “The leading feature of your portrait is that of LYING.” “Maddened by revenge and blinded by prejudice, you madly rush on resolving either for death or victory.” Amazing ! A MAD and a BLIND warrior ! “It happened very well they were not *asses*, for I might have concluded that one of them in his fright had broke loose and run away.” Better and better ! The Warrior turned into an Ass. “What you have here palmed upon the public, for a *solemn truth*, is an awful falsehood !” “Were *you* to be ruled by that word, you would speedily “repent and be baptized.” Quite apostolic ! “Was such insufferable conduct to be tolerated, the whole world would be brought into confusion, nothing that was written could be depended upon, and no man would be safe in his own dwelling !” Wonderful ! The transposition of a sentence affect the whole earth, and render a man insecure in his private residence ! O British liberty and safety, whither have ye fled ? “You would have acted more the part of a christian in paying me for the books, for which the *Church* still continues to owe me.” A minister is to pay the debts of the Church or lose his character as a Christian.

Again: “*Every page* in your slanderous production evidences that your design is, with your pestilential breath, to blast my reputation, and at once plunge a dagger in my soul.” *Every page !* and yet there are many pages in Mr. T.’s work without the least allusion to Mr. J. “You can glory in nothing so much as slander, and stoop to nothing less, than the *slaughtering* of my character.” A Warrior, An Ass, and now a Butcher ! What next ? “Till you prove what you here assert, I can look upon you in no other light, than as being one of your “*father’s children*.” Now, a *child of the Devil* ! “Your mortal sting is still drawn like that of the deadly adder.” “You first spit out your venom at me.” *Spitting venom !* Which shall we admire most here—the gentleman or the christian ? “I wish you would sit still, Sir, while I give you another touch.” How polite our portrait painter becomes ! “In the height of your malice and rage ;” “Your thirst for revenge is so great, that nothing less than my total ruin will quench it. And you may depend upon it, that your thirst will never be allayed in my destruction ; for God will not leave me in your hand.” Poor Mr. Jackson ! so meek, so quiet, so unof-