

You must be well aware, Sir, than when a work is not answered, some are ready to conclude that it *cannot* be answered. To interrupt these individuals in their loud acclamations of victory, and also, that you, who have sounded the trumpet of defiance, and girded yourself to the battle, may not vainly suppose, that you have put to flight the army of the *aliens*, I have thought proper to trouble you with this reply. I have taken up my pen, to show that your effrontery is not wit;—that your abuse is not gospel;—that your bare assertion is not solid argument;—and that your assumptions are not strong, as proofs of Holy Writ.

But, Sir, these are the least powerful motives that have impelled me to the present undertaking. When I see an absent friend treacherously wounded by your ruthless sword, the dictates of affection, imperiously summon me to the task. When I beheld, the greater part of Christendom smitten by your merciless arm, it was not possible for me to refrain; and when in your mighty malice, you stigmatized me as an infidel, to have remained silent under the awful charge of “denying the truth of the written word of inspiration,” would not have comported with my character as a *man*, much less as a minister. Yes, in the rancour and bitterness of your feelings, you have anathematized (or if you wish a plainer word) undisciplined all the Pedobaptists on the face of the globe—you have impeached the veracity of my friend Mr. Richey, and you have publicly denounced me as a baptized infidel. Now, Sir, after giving expression to so much spleen and acrimony, you must not look for mild treatment at my hands. You must not expect from me, soft words, smooth expressions, or indeed any thing in the form of compliment or flattery.

On this occasion, and under all the circumstances of the case, you will not surely, presume to ask,

“That mercy I to *others* show,
That mercy show to me.”

Justice is all that you can demand. You, Sir, it is, that have drawn the sword, and thrown away the scabbard. Blind and bold, you have laid about you without fear or shame, without any regard either to truth, justice or mercy. As an individual whose great talent consists, in the low arts of calumny, falsification, and buffoonery, you have well sustained your character. As a general dealer in abuse, you have presented us with some choice samples from your ample store; and as one, who lives and moves, and has his being, in strife and contention, you have nobly scattered abroad, firebrands, arrows and death. In the portrait you have so kindly given the world of your “Man of Sorrows,” you have most satisfactorily proved, that your hand, has ever been against *every* man; that the hand of every man should be against *you*, must not therefore, excite your astonishment. For many years it would seem, it has been your honourable employment, to stir up, as you would term it, *hornet’s nests*; to be tormented and even maddened with