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more readily, that I have met with some very troublesome proofs that a man may be too celebrated for a peaceable disposition. A somewhat amusing one occurred lately. A fellow was accustomed to have his asses feeding at my hay-stack all night. I told him one morning, that I was going to send the bell-man through the town to give notice, that any asses found there for the future, would be shot. The rascal grinned in my face, and told me I had better save my sixpence. "Why, fellow?" said I. "Why," replied he, "why, Sir, because if you should call it fifty times through the town, that you would do a poor man an injury, nobody would believe you." I find it quite necessary, therefore, to adopt, for a time at least, my country's motto, *Nemo me impune lacesset*. Besides, the attack of ANGLICANUS is too feeble to put me in much danger of getting very angry; and a reply to it,—such a reply as it deserves,—may dissipate a little of my "cynical discontent," by affording me a few hours amusement in these holiday times.

But instead of going directly to the passage in which I am more immediately concerned, it will be proper to take a general view of the Pamphlet, and of the character of our accuser. The letters are written by ANGLICANUS, that is, by an Englishman. This the writer professes to be, and though he does not *say*, leads his readers to *infer*, that he is an Englishman of no common rank, either in the civil or religious world. Whether, previous to his visit to Scotland, he had pushed his geographical studies to such a superfluous extent, as to know of the existence of such a place as Edinburgh, does not appear. He had never been so idle at least, as to trouble himself with inquiring what was going on there. He is accordingly quite surprised on arriving in that city, to learn that the Apocrypha controversy is still kept up there, after it has been not only settled in England, but so completely forgotten, and considered so utterly insignificant, that in the society in which he has been accustomed to move, nothing could be deemed more impertinent,—nothing more effectually set the company a yawning, than any allusion to so antiquated a piece of history. He accordingly takes up the subject in a very

lofty and dignified style—so lofty, indeed, as not to be always perfectly comprehensible by so Plebeian an understanding as mine—and politely condescends to notice Scottish affairs, with the good-natured civility of a man who kindly enters into the concerns of a group of children, smiling the while with a complacent consciousness of his own superiority to the trifles that he permits for a moment to occupy his attention. Nay, even at the hazard of losing *caste* in the simple fraternity to which he belongs, should he be detected in the “inexpiable offence” of meddling with the Apocrypha controversy, he takes the trouble—how very affable and obliging!—to let the people of Scotland know how far they are out of the way, and undertakes to set them right. He never dreams of course, that people so far beneath his notice, and whom he has nevertheless condescended to honour with his presence and his instructions, should be guilty of aught so monstrous, as to question the soundness of the views communicated to them, by the polite and well-informed stranger.

This is the *assumed* character. It is not every one, however, and least of all, one writing under the influence of strong passion, that is able to sustain an assumed character; and in the case of ANGLICANUS, the assumed and the real characters are ever and anon exhibiting themselves in the most ludicrous contrast. Through the affected disguise, the writer permits to appear, in almost every page, the bitterness of a wrath that will not be repressed. Wherever mention occurs of any of the religious institutions of Scotland, or whenever his path is crossed, as it often is, by that most pestiferous of mortal men, Dr THOMSON, away fly the stilts,—off goes the mask,—and the high-born, high-bred, calm and dignified Englishman, is at once metamorphosed into a plain Scottish termagant, giving vent to all the exasperation of female rage, in all the incoherence of female railing.

ANGLICANUS! Forsooth. When next this gentle railer condescends to dip her fair fingers in ink, and wants a designation at once high-sounding and appropriate, let her write, and write boldly,—NOVIPORTANA. Nobody will then suspect her of writing under a borrowed character, for amply and

ably has she vindicated her claim to the title. An Englishman! Indeed, and a calm and dignified Englishman too! This will not pass. The disguise is too thin—too often and too openly thrown aside to deceive the most careless reader. Every person will at once see that no Englishman,—no *man* did write, or could write the letters of ANGLICANUS. The impress of a female hand is indelibly stamped upon its pages. Who, among Edinburgh's ten thousand respectable matrons, or her twice ten thousand daughters of beauty, has been so far forsaken of common sense, and of a sense of all the delicacies and proprieties of her sex, as to be guilty of such an infliction upon the world's patience, it boots not me to inquire. She is evidently one who is actuated by the bitterest personal hatred to Dr THOMSON, but who at the same time so pants for notoriety, that she is willing to purchase it, even at the expense of being by him scourged into public notice; and she probably will not be disappointed. She announces herself, however, as of the masculine gender, and as such, after this protest against the reality of the character, I shall speak of her.

But this instructive title-page is yet rich in matter. It contains a motto, and that motto contains a very candid confession, that the writer has been *bit*.

.....“ Thy words had teeth,  
Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof.”

Now, that the writer has been bit, is obvious enough, even though he had not confessed it. He has been driven to his pen by the influence of a sort of Scotophobia, which rendered seven copious evacuations necessary, in order to avoid more fatal consequences. But, then, who has been guilty of biting this gentle Englishman into such a rabid state? The general strain of the Pamphlet would lead us to refer this motto to Dr THOMSON, and the Letters certainly afford at least one strong proof in support of the idea, that he is the biter. The person bit generally attempts to imitate the animal that bit him; and in these Letters there are not a few attempts at

imitating the Doctor's style of reasoning,—as awkward, indeed, as imitations springing from such a source, may naturally be expected to be, yet, at the same time, so very palpable, as to place the Doctor's own sanity in a very questionable situation, unless he can free himself of the charge, of having inflicted so lamentable an injury upon the mild constitution of ANGLICANUS.

The Doctor may indeed allege that ANGLICANUS has not been bit at all, since the disease produced by biting commonly exhibits itself in the exhausting exertion of preternatural strength, and his own bite particularly, whatever other effect it might have had, might have been expected to communicate some *force* at least, yet the waywardness of infancy is not more feeble than the strugglings of ANGLICANUS. And the Doctor may farther prove his own innocence, from the facts announced by ANGLICANUS himself, that that gentleman had lived in a situation by far too elevated for the Doctor to reach, where the mutterings of his thunder, if heard at all, could send only a hardly audible reverberation from below,—that the Doctor is not known South of the Tyne, and consequently could not be known to ANGLICANUS, who was ignorant of even the existence of the controversy up to the 9th of July, and the first explosion of his wrath is dated on the 12th of the same month.

It would seem, however, from many passages in the Letters, that the writer has really been exceedingly galled by the Doctor's writings, and in the preface he says, "The offence," that is, of abusing people by name, "is against one who will reckon far less our just reproofs, than we have his pitiless, unmerited reproaches." So, then, ANGLICANUS has both heard and deeply felt these reproaches after all. He indeed says, a few lines below, "We neither deprecate his wrath, nor desire his forbearance. His utmost ire, and means of giving effect to it, 'Nought value we nor shun.'" These two passages exhibit something very like a contradiction. I should suppose that ANGLICANUS either was, or was not galled by Dr THOMSON's reproaches. However, he says he neither was, nor was not, and he doubtless knows best. Moreover, though I dare say the Doctor will value the reproofs of such a re-

prover at a very low rate, yet how he is to value them "far less" than nothing, I am not acute enough to see. But these are trifles to ANGLICANUS.

As he has collected, out of a long passage of the Odyssey, a few lines to tell the world why he was induced to oblige it by this "proof" of the strength of his powers, I wonder that he did not look a little farther down, where he would have found some verses, with which he might have properly closed his labours, shewing how triumphant that "proof" had proved to be. As he was no doubt prevented by his modesty from doing himself this justice, I beg leave to enact the part of Pallas on the occasion, and subjoin the verses :

Και κ' αλαος τοι, ζεινε διακρινειε το σημα  
 Αμφαφρων· ἐπει οὔτι μεμιγμενον εστιν ὀμιλω,  
 Αλλα πολυ πρωτον· συ δε θαρσει τον δε γ' αεθλον  
 Οὔτις Φαιηκων τονγ' ἴζεται, ουδ' ὑπερησει.

And as I am not in possession of his Translation, I beg his acceptance of mine, warm from a brain hitherto unpolluted with the sin of rhyme. Such are the wonder-working powers of these Letters, that the mere reading of them has made even me, not poetical indeed, for a poet of Scotland's breeding would be a *lusus* beyond aught that nature in her wildest freaks has yet produced, but metrical, and that, I suppose, is as near an approach to poetry as any Scot, Sir Walter himself not excepted, ought to pretend to. As the inspiration is wholly his own, he is richly entitled to the first fruits of it, and well does his Pamphlet deserve to be concluded in such strains as these :

At last the contest's done, for even the blind may see,  
 How vain it were to seek a man to equal thee ;  
 Joy in thy matchless might ; bid boldest Scots draw near,  
 Thy matchless might to meet, the boldest Scot will fear.

Let this I pray be attended to in the second, and all subsequent editions of these Letters, that the writer's fame may not fall a sacrifice to his modesty.

ANGLICANUS concludes his preface with this couplet, as characteristic of Dr THOMSON'S writings :

“ Let him rail on,—let his invective muse  
Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse.”

The couplet that immediately follows this he has politely left for my use, knowing doubtless that a Scotsman would readily find language that would more appropriately express his opinion of these Letters. Here it is,

“ Which if he jumble to one line of sense,  
Indict him for a capital offence.”

I need not travel through the pages of ANGLICANUS to prove that these lines afford a fair expression of the general merits of his Pamphlet ; I shall just take the commencement of his first letter ; and though it may look like an insult, to suppose that there is any body who has not his Letters at hand, yet I shall quote it.

SIR,

IN the part of England from which I come, there is no subject of which religious people have become so intolerant, as what is called the Apocryphal question. The best written pamphlet upon it finds its way, with its leaves uncut, to the flames ; an attempt to speak upon it clears the benches of whole rows of the best-tempered auditors. It is esteemed an adjudged case,—a question fully investigated and fairly set by.

The censures and reproaches here apparently so novel and well received, interest no class of people in England, draw no animadversions from the persons to whom they refer, into whose circle of association, if they ever penetrate, they stir no emotion but aversion and disdain. “ But why are not these charges more explicitly refuted ?” they ask in the North. “ Would any, possessing the power or means of vindication, sit in silence under such imputations ? Who possessed of a character, but attaches some value to it ?”—“ Our character is not our concern,” reply the others ; “ it is found in our work ; let that speak for us. If men are misled by ignorance and misapprehension as to it or us, it is not our fault,—we did not mislead them. It is perhaps an immaterial thing what they think of us, and at any rate we have other

things to do than to give encouragement and publicity to their scandals by making grave replies to them." Thus a kind of settled separation and voluntary misunderstanding takes place betwixt those who of all others are united by the most transcendant interests; and ought to be highest removed above the petty jealousies of party or national distinctions.—I was not fully aware of this state of things, and not at all on the defensive as to feeling, when I ventured a few days ago into your Assembly Room, expecting, along with some religious intelligence, to meet the countenances of Christian people, and to share in the warm exhilarating tide of sympathy I have so often enjoyed at Bible Meetings.

The report of your Bible Society, read upon the platform, perspicuous, manly, and to the *uninformed*, convincing, was carrying me; I found, along with it, in a fit of mental aberration. I enjoyed its Ezekiel-like tone of lofty reprobation of the men who dared to contaminate and abuse those Oracles that own God as their sole author. I admired the reckless hardihood of a faith pitched at such an elevation above the hopes and fears that overhang the common atmosphere of the church militant, as to count for nothing the encouragement of visible success, and to rate as of no moment the obtaining access to the scenes of its assiduity, so the work performed by it were but perfect in its kind; the means employed faultlessly excellent, the agents unimpeachably pure:

Here is a page of *ANGLICANUS*, and one that may naturally be supposed to afford a rather favourable specimen of his production, as it occurs before he has got so warmed with the heat of debate, as to forget that he is a dignified Englishman, and to suffer his passions to run away with his judgement. Yet such as it is, even one of the feeble race whom he so thoughtlessly assails, might easily find in it ground for more remarks than I have either time or inclination to waste on the whole work. A few slight and superficial notes are quite sufficient for my present purpose.

Now, not to dwell upon the fact, that *ANGLICANUS* cannot expect his Letters to be read in England, unless they be better than the "best written Pamphlet" that has appeared on the subject, and yet that they have a London as well as an Edinburgh publisher, and have been puffed in at least one English newspaper, I would ask—if the censures, so well received in



Edinburgh, excite in the objects of them no other feelings than those of aversion and disdain, why should they awaken so very different a feeling in him, even supposing him to be one of these objects?—why should they impel him to pour out upon Scotland, and all that is Scottish, the fury of an irrepressible indignation?—why should he feel so deeply for the character of men, who, according to him do feel, and ought to feel, no concern about the matter themselves?—why should he usher into publicity those “scandals,” which otherwise would never have been heard of South of the Tyne, and which their objects do not think proper to honour by any reply?

“ ‘Our character is no concern of ours,’ reply the others.” On the richest idea suggested by this expression,—the utter folly and absurdity of such a reply, supposing it to have been given,—I have no time to dwell. I notice it for the purpose of remarking, that no such reply was given. The London Committee *did* feel that their character was their concern, and did all they were able to vindicate it. Had ANGLICANUS not been such a stranger in Edinburgh, he might have known that that Committee once so far forgot its dignity, as to send a deputation to the North, for the purpose of vindicating its character, and recalling the Edinburgh Committee to its allegiance. And he surely cannot help knowing that on the Strasburg and Lausanne cases, they published documents in self-defence. But as these documents unfortunately confirmed every item of the charges against them, it was then foretold that *they* would publish no more. And he cannot help knowing that there are such men as ANGLICANUS, who are perpetually teasing the world with defences of that which no ingenuity—not even his—can defend. Their character is to be found in their work indeed! It has been sought for there, and has been discovered to be stark naught. Nor was it till they found the task of satisfactory vindication hopeless, that they bethought them of taking shelter beneath their dignity. Culpably careless, as to character, as they have been, they have not been quite so careless as ANGLICANUS represents them.

ANGLICANUS talks of people being “above the petty jealousies

of party or national distinctions," perfectly unconscious, no doubt, that a great part of his Pamphlet is fit for nothing else than just to arouse and sharpen these jealousies,—to represent a distrust in the London Committee, as a presbyterian prejudice,—a trait of the cold, unsusceptible character of the Scotch, with which, of course, it is to be hoped that no Episcopalian, or Englishman will ever suffer himself to be contaminated.

He was not fully aware of a state of things, which yet, out of his own fancy, had no existence. Nor "on the defensive as to feeling." He ought to study a little more correctly the legitimate bounds of *fiction*. For, from the whole strain of his Letters, I am bold to say, that if he ventured into the Assembly Room at all, it was with feelings cased in and guarded at all points by the most impenetrable prejudice.

He expected, it seems, "to meet the countenances of *Christian people*." What a fond and foolish expectation! But I cannot laugh at this. Surely, surely, a sense of common decency might have erased such an atrocious sentence, or rather have prevented it from ever being penned. Had it been merely a casual expression, dropped in haste, and afterwards forgotten, it might have been overlooked. But it is not so. For farther down, in the same letter, he says—"from whichever cause, I must own, the Christian population of your enlightened metropolis, (if these be of that class,) appeared to me far behind, in just moral feeling and civilization." And that this charge of a want, both of Religion and Civilization, might not be overlooked,—the syllabus at the head of the letter directs our attention to the "bad feeling indicated in the applauses and rejoicing." I trust that ANGLICANUS will strictly preserve his *incognito*, for thus alone can he hope to hide himself from the feelings of detestation that must be awakened in every breast in Edinburgh, by the atrocity of such a sentence pronounced against all that is most holy in the character of her ministers, and all that is most lovely in her female excellence. But I forget. ANGLICANUS has perhaps learned in Earl Street to set public censure at defiance, and to say that "his character is not his concern." He certainly

does write like a man who gives himself very little concern about it.

After this I have no heart to go on with my simple commentary upon such a text, or to amuse myself with the modest self-complacency with which he represents himself as the only *informed* person in "the misguided and impassioned auditory of which he formed a part," or the absurdity of representing the Report read upon the platform, as assigning the perfection of the work performed, the faultless excellence of the means, and the unimpeachable purity of the agents employed, as reasons for counting for nothing the encouragement of visible success. It may be so. I have never seen the Report,—I am too poor to purchase it, and too insignificant for any person to think of sending it to me. Yet I will not, on the representation of ANGLICANUS, believe that its "perspicuous and manly" pages were contaminated with such nonsense.

This first page of ANGLICANUS, and I think one of the calmest and most moderate in his letters, my slight skimming leaves yet rich in matter for future expositors. It is almost with reluctance that I pass on to page 39, in which I am more immediately concerned; for both before that page, and after it, there is much that will well repay the perusal of those who have any sense of the ludicrous. But this is a bump which, I believe it has been long ascertained, never grew on the skull of a Scotsman, who is generally supposed to have the same idea of humour that a blind man has of colours. Should another ANGLICANUS, however, choose to take up the subject, he might extract from it enough to make Heraclitus dry his eyes, and Democritus expire; and it is surely better to laugh than be angry at such a thing. For my own part, I can assure the author, should aught of my writing ever have the honour to detain his eye for a moment; that, so far am I from apprehending any harm to the cause against which he has buckled on his armour, from any efforts that he has yet made, that I should be glad to see his letters in every house from the Needle-Point to John O'Groats, and no efforts of mine shall be wanting to make them known,

“ Ubique gentium et terrarum,  
 Frae Sutherland to Padan-aram,  
 Frae whare they ha'e sax hours a-day,  
 Ad caput usque Bonæ Spei.”

Come we now to the splendid character of that class of men, of whom I have the misfortune to be one.

“ But we are told that these views are gaining ground in the North of England, and that even from London some contributions have been received by the Edinburgh Society. And who are those English abettors of Edinburgh principles? Let us see: there is not, I will answer for it, a native Englishman among them. Poor ministers the chief of them, of small Scottish congregations, stationed on the wrong side of the border, who sigh in obsequious fondness after a Church that has not cherished them with reciprocal attachment. Their highest conception of worldly glory and felicity do not surmount the dome of St George's,—it would not do for them to slight what they conceive to be the road to preferment, or to set up for independence before the time arrive, when they, as others have done, may exchange the care of a little flock at Berwick or Newcastle, for ‘ a parochial charge,’ with benefice of £150 per annum, in some obscure glen, or on some dreary heath of their and Dr THOMSON'S ‘ beloved country.’ Such individuals send their homage and mite to the Edinburgh Society. And of the tribe of needy adventurers who every year migrate to the South, there are hundreds whose rank does not entitle them to forget, as their betters for the most part do, their Presbyterian education and early predilections; and whom sordid sentiments, vulgar manners, and money-loving habits, preclude from the amiable circles of cultivated religious society. These do not, for a long time, change their sentiments or society with the scene of their existence. They continue to read and rail, for the sake of old times, with the *Edinburgh Instructor*; and if they have any thing to spare, to shew their detestation of the men they do not know, and of the affairs they do not understand, they send it North to swell the coffers and the pride of the Edinburgh Bible Society. But such contributions, like picturesque scenery on other mens' estates, will do more to gratify the taste than to extend the resources of the Society that has the benefit of them. I would not, however, by any means say, that all Scottish ministers settled in the North of England, or that all poor laymen, removing to London, are of this character—only that, in most cases, it is a spirit of prejudice and cynical discontent which leads men, so situated, to send money to

Edinburgh, in preference to giving it to where their more pious and Christianly-affectioned neighbours give theirs. It is as easy to tell from what quarters the Edinburgh Society, as the Auxiliary, in correspondence with the British and Foreign, will draw its support. Some, it may be, cleave to it from *love* and pure congeniality of feeling with its august leaders—many from dread of the fearful drubbing that would attend them were they to venture to withdraw; and a good many, perhaps the larger proportion, may have credit for the cordial antipathy and ill-will they make a brag of, against men who have been provokingly long signalized with the title of *the Just*."

So this is my portrait, and I must in silent submission acknowledge the likeness. This I might have been compelled to do, had he drawn my portrait alone. But he has tried his hand on many others, who, happily, are much better known to the public than I am; and as a comparison of the likeness with the original, in their case, will shew his likenesses to be not even caricatures, but hideous distortions, I may hope that his fidelity will not be much relied on in mine.

He begins his exhibitions with those who attended the Bible Society Meeting on July 9th, and, as we have seen, he represents them as neither Christians nor civilized beings. His next picture is that of Dr GORDON, whom he represents as holding positions, the most extravagant and absurd—positions which it would be an insult to a man, so justly celebrated for his intellectual power, to refer to his printed speech to prove that he never maintained; and then he is *surprised* to learn that the Doctor is "a highly esteemed minister of your National Established Church"—though, "how his principles admit of his remaining there, is not obvious to me." He then proceeds to the Edinburgh presbytery, which he represents as comprising men of "much more questionable piety than any (one *perhaps* excepted,) of the foreigners so indiscriminately stigmatised in your Assembly Rooms." The Session of St George's is next brought forward, consisting of men of Dr THOMSON'S choice, and men, whose characters are far below what the lists of Bible Society contributors present in any country! The General Assembly is drawn at some length, and the picture, to speak gently of it, displays much

less of the writer's knowledge than of his Anti-Presbyterian prejudices. His attempt at ridicule on the subject is as awkward, as his view of the constitution of that body is unjust. The Covenanters could not hope to escape the scourge of this Episcopalian, and accordingly they are not spared. The Scottish Missionary Society has failed to take effect, because "faith is wanting,—diffidence and mistrust are put in the room of hope and confidence." Scottish Missionaries have sometimes done good; but then it was when they had been "*sunned* in the south," and sent out under the auspices of other societies. The ladies of Charlotte Square and others, are Pharisees; and the ministers of the Scottish Church in general are sneered at.\* The members of the Committee of the Bible Society, at least those of them who are noisiest in the praise of Dr THOMSON, are hypocrites, who, in *suitable* company, scruple not to avow sentiments materially differing from those publicly expressed. And finally, Scotland altogether is a nuisance, which ought to be abated. "She derives wealth, dignity, liberty, and, in some degree, enlargement and liberality of sentiment from her association with that polity, to which she hangs appended as a dead weight; but whatever return she makes for these advantages, it is certain the compensation is not given in kind." Amidst these pictures, Mr HALDANE is often brought in, and Dr THOMSON every where. ANGLICANUS exhibits "him first, him last, him midst, him without end;" while, whether with the impudence of a practised, or the incoherence of a passionate railer, I know not, he says, "I am not his judge, nor will I be his accuser!"

After this, nobody will be surprised that ANGLICANUS should follow us poor out-casts over the border, that nothing that is connected with Scotland, or the Scottish Church, may escape. It is some consolation, however, to have companions in adversity, and I thank him that he has ranked me with such company. I have so much of the Scotsman in me, that I can assure him, that to have been overlooked by him in his abuse

of all that renders the name of Scotland dear to me, would have been felt by me much more keenly than the darkest picture that he is capable of drawing.

But, while I am rather proud than otherwise of the abuse of ANGLICANUS, I am by no means disposed to admit that the picture, which he has been pleased to draw of me, is a correct one. I undertake not the defence of those who can much better defend themselves, or who may safely suffer his revilings to pass unnoticed. But I must look a little at the particular features of that portrait which professes to exhibit my own likeness.

I am charged by ANGLICANUS with the crime of being a Scotsman. Now, to this charge, what can I reply? I am constrained to confess its truth. And it is of no avail to plead to this founder of a new philosophy, that if I prove not a reproach to my country, my country will not prove a reproach to me. He maintains the contrary,—that the fact of my being a Scotsman, is enough to condemn me without farther hearing. It is of no use to plead that it was no fault of mine that I was born in a Scottish cottage, rather than in an English palace. The fact, that I am a Scotsman, and a Presbyterian too, constitutes, in his eye, a sort of original sin which blinds the understanding, perverts the will, debases the affections, and corrupts and depraves the whole man. Will it be any extenuation of the offence to inform him, that though in Scotland, the place of my birth is really farther south than that of many, who, having had the felicity of coming into this world some six or eight miles beyond the Scottish border, make a much greater noise about their Anglican predilections, than would be at all necessary, had they been born in Cornwall or Devon?

I have always been accustomed to think, that a man's genius or feeling, depended very little on the place of his birth, or the rank of his parents, provided his education were properly attended to. What! have I sometimes said,—in moments of enthusiasm perhaps,—What! shall the purity and intensity of that living spark, with which the Almighty animates this mortal clay, depend merely on external circum-

stances? No. Take a beggar's boy, born under a hedge, swaddled in the rotten remnants of an ass's pack-saddle, and cradled in a pannier,—bestow on him the same culture that you bestow on the son of a nobleman, and it is not at all improbable that he may turn out, not only equal, but, it may be, superior to the latter, in genius, taste, and feeling. If, in this I be wrong, there is nothing in the Letters of ANGLICANUS to disabuse me. He, it seems, is a highly gifted Englishman, who comes to set the Scots free from many errors, into which they have fallen for want of proper information. Yet I cannot perceive any thing in his Pamphlet which might not have been written as well, by a man by whom the passage of the Pentland Frith would be considered as a migration to the “genial South.” A great part of it is occupied in vituperation, yet he does not even scold with more spirit than a mere mortal Scotsman.

ANGLICANUS perhaps intends, among other Scottish institutions, to give the system of Phrenology,—which has become so fashionable, I am told, in Edinburgh,—the benefit of his improvement, by shewing, that instead of taking the latitude and longitude of a man's head, in order to ascertain the extent of his mental powers, these may be ascertained by the still simpler process of determining the latitude and longitude of the place of his birth. But in this case, a change of latitude may be expected to produce some modification of the mental powers. And of this ANGLICANUS himself exhibits a striking illustration,—and if even he, in the course of a few *summer* months' residence in Scotland, has been congealed into as “weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable a writer, as if he had been a native born Scot;” may not I, in the course of some fifteen summers' *sunning*, have been thawed and concocted into something bearing no very distant resemblance to an Englishman,—something with a head almost as clear, and a heart almost as warm, as the frost-bit ANGLICANUS?

I am also charged with being poor. Here also, I have nothing left but open confession. “'Tis true, 'tis pity,—pity 'tis, 'tis true.” And does ANGLICANUS not think the burden of poverty sufficient, unless it be embittered by reproach? E



confess, too; that I might have been much richer, had I chosen to exchange the care of my present little flock, for a charge much farther to the sunny South, and of much greater value than £150 per annum. To have declined such an exchange, may appear in the eyes of ANGLICANUS an unpardonable outrage, on those money-loving habits with which I am so decently charged, especially as with a higher income, and a lower latitude, I might in time perhaps have found access into the “amiable circles of cultivated religious Society.” Yet again I look at ANGLICANUS, and am satisfied; for I see nothing that he has acquired in these circles, that I am at all solicitous to possess.

I am poor; so is many a worthy man, even in the Church of ANGLICANUS, though perhaps in the height of his elevation, he never came in contact with such a thing as a curate. But I have had, and still have the pleasure—and a real pleasure it is,—to be acquainted with several of them, hardly less poor than myself; yet I know not that any person has been heartless enough, to add to the burden of their poverty, by the superciliousness of contempt, or the bitterness of reproach.

I am poor; and poorer still, if the Letters of ANGLICANUS can aught avail, I must be. Yet, while I think it my duty to labour hard, in order, as far as possible, to make the “Gospel without charge” to a congregation that would make me richer if they could; and while I accept, with thankfulness, of the remuneration which they make me, small as it may be, both because I need it, and because they give me cheerfully what they are able—I can, relying on the affection of those who know me much better than ANGLICANUS does, look down with abundant contempt on the ineffable meanness of the man who, by unprovoked reproach, would render my labours harder, and my income less.

I am poor; and that my poverty has never led me into sin, is more than I will undertake to say. When my children are indulging their gambols around me and stunning me with their noise, as they are doing at this moment,—“peace! peace! riotous rogues. Ah! little do you think that ANGLICANUS is training his children to the virtue of pouring insult over the

poverty of your situation, and that these bounding buoyant spirits of yours, may be doomed to be depressed by the bitterest ingredient in the cup of poverty,—‘ the scorning of them that are at ease ;’ ”—When, I say, I look on my children, I naturally think, with some anxiety, of what may be their future lot. And that that anxiety has never been tinged with the shade of sinful distrust, I will not, dare not say. Yet, even upon this subject, distrust is far from being a prevailing, or a frequent feeling. I will try to furnish them, as my poor parents, blessed be their memory ! laboured hard to furnish me, with a liberal education, and staunch integrity of principle, and then

“ The world is all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”

ANGLICANUS may call them “ needy adventurers,” if he will; but I shall send them out without a fear that their father’s God will deal with them as He has dealt with him, and then they will have no reason to complain. For though to sustain the poverty, and to undergo the labours of such a situation as mine, might be to ANGLICANUS worse than martyrdom, yet, strange as it may seem to him, I can assure him, so far has that situation been from engendering in me a spirit of “ cynical discontent,” that I feel disposed to say, “ The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage ;” and that looking to all the dealings of Providence towards me, though my trials have been neither few nor light, I can cordially thank God for all that is past, and trust him for all that is yet to come. And even ANGLICANUS, with all his wealth, is not less a pensioner on His bounty than I am. I shall early teach my children, that

“ He that finds

One drop of heaven’s sweet mercy in his cup,  
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish well content,  
So he may wrap himself in honest rags,  
At his last gasp.”

And perhaps they will meet with enough, like ANGLICANUS, to teach them the necessity of the prayer, “ Let not the

foot of pride come against me, neither let the hand of the wicked remove me." Even so be it!

ANGLICANUS represents me as placed on the wrong side of the border, sighing after a Church in Scotland. I would ask, what sigh of mine has ever reached his ear? or on what ground does he assert that such a sigh was ever heaved? My labours on this side of the Tweed,—and I desire to mention it with humble gratitude,—have not been in vain. That I would gladly accept of a Church in Scotland, where I might be more useful, I readily admit. But if ANGLICANUS thinks that I would willingly exchange,—nay, am sighing to exchange,—the scene of my present labours, for a settlement in *any* obscure glen, or on *any* dreary heath of my "beloved country," I can tell him that he judges of me by himself, and undertakes to speak for a man whom he does not know.

I had written thus far, when the *Newcastle Chronicle* was put into my hand, containing the astounding intelligence, that ANGLICANUS is the Rev. HENRY GREY! Wonders never cease. Yet I cannot give credence to this assertion. There is a degree of improbability about it, that renders belief almost impossible. That the Rev. HENRY GREY, a member of the Edinburgh Presbytery, should be guilty of such a want of common sense, as anonymously to characterize that body as ANGLICANUS has done,—that the Rev. HENRY GREY, a Director of the Scottish Missionary Society, should proclaim that Society to be so deficient in Faith, as to be incapable of sending out Missionaries, in any way fitted to do much good,—that the Rev. HENRY GREY, who voluntarily left the Church and the land of England, to connect himself with the Scottish Establishment, in which he is, at this moment, one of the most esteemed ministers, should speak of Scotland as ANGLICANUS has spoken,—that the Rev. HENRY GREY, who has often honoured the Scottish Church in the North of England with his valuable services, should be guilty of the wanton insult with which ANGLICANUS has treated us,—that the Rev. HENRY GREY,—but there is no end to these improbabilities. In short, I do not believe it. The Apocrypha controversy has done much mischief, but that it should have transformed

the Rev. HENRY GREY into ANGLICANUS,—the thing will not believe for me. The Letters, I shall judge, were not all written by one hand; but I feel persuaded, that the Rev. HENRY GREY had no hand whatever in them.

At all events, I have nothing to do with the authorship. My remarks are addressed to the merits of the Pamphlet itself. But even should it turn out to be not only possible, but true, that the Rev. HENRY GREY has so far forgotten what is due to himself, as to treat me with wanton insult, even he cannot be offended at my attempting to defeat its effect,—should even he set a stone a rolling, he cannot be offended, that I choose to roll it back upon him, rather than suffer myself to be crushed by its weight. To laugh at what is ludicrous, and to repel the reproaches of unprovoked malignity, the Rev. HENRY GREY himself cannot condemn. I go on, therefore, as I have begun, pretty confident that I have said, and can say nothing to hurt the feelings of a man, of whom I could not, even if I would, speak in any other language than that of respect. Even the Advertisement cannot command my belief to the whisper I had previously heard, that he is ANGLICANUS. But should he be, my only remark on this subject is,

“ Who would not laugh, if such a man there be !  
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he !”

I return to my picture. The next feature in it is, that my “ highest conceptions of worldly glory and felicity do not surmount the dome of St George’s.” This sentence possibly has a meaning, but there is such a want of homogeneity in the things compared, that I am quite unable to extract any thing like an idea from it. It may, therefore, be perfectly correct for any thing I know.

It would not do for me to slight the road to preferment. I know not that it is any man’s duty to *slight* that road. If a man sacrifice principle to preferment, he is doubtless wrong. But does ANGLICANUS mean to insinuate that I have done, or am disposed to do so? He dares not. And if a man, by fair and honourable means, seeks to rise in his profession, I know not on what ground he can be blamed. I have been found

fault with often for being too careless to secure the means of preferment,—never for pursuing it with indecent eagerness. “A man may rot even here.” I have more of the Stoic than the Cynic in me, and happily possess no small share of the old soldier’s philosophy. ANGLICANUS has been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and I with a wooden ladle in mine; but “it will be all one a hundred years hence.” It is probable that the longer half of my life is already spent; but if the future be like the past, I shall not only be satisfied, but thankful.

He adds, that it would not do for me to “set up for independence,” that is independence of thinking; I must, it seems, square my opinions by those of Dr THOMSON. Now, ANGLICANUS says this, either because he knows that it is true, or because, in his eagerness to wound my feelings, he cares not whether his assertion be true or not. But he cannot know that to be true which is *not* true. What then is the English of *Anglicanus*? Surely, when he has adopted a respectable signature, he might treat *it* with respect, however he may be disposed to treat me. I have not troubled the world with many of my opinions; but I defy him to point out one of them, to the expression of which, “my poverty, but not my will, consented.” My opinion on the Apocrypha question, I can prove to have been both formed and publicly expressed, before I knew whether Dr THOMSON took any part in that question at all. That opinion, I admit, has been in no slight degree confirmed by the Doctor’s writings, though it has derived no strength from the Edinburgh Statements, or Mr HALDANE’S Reviews, none of which I have ever seen. I can tell him, and I dare him to dispute the fact, that my opinions, whether right or wrong, are as honestly my own as his, or those of the most learned man, aye, or those of the most independent of all thinkers,—the most foolish woman in Edinburgh.

I beg Dr THOMSON, however, to attend to this. He is, it seems, an able transplanter of such stray trees as we are. Let him not forget then I beseech him, that, as the diamond gives out in the night the rays it has imbibed during the day, so

here have I been collecting illumination for years, in the sunny South, and it is high time to place me in some situation, where I may give it out for the benefit of that land of darkness and reprobation—Scotland. I must warn the Doctor at the same time, however, that I shall still continue the hazardous habit of thinking for myself,—that I shall support his opinions only when I think them right,—and moreover, that should he ever find it necessary to give me a “drubbing” for opposing his views, it is perfectly possible that I may do my best to give him a Rowland for his Oliver, though, I doubt not, that I shall find him rather heavier metal than ANGLICANUS, in about the proportion of a Turkish mortar to a pop-gun. And perhaps I may not then feel the same necessity to reply to his drubbing, that I now feel to repel the charges of a “skulking nameless accuser, who, without the courage to be an antagonist, lacks not the malice to be an enemy.”

I confess that I have not forgotten my Presbyterian education, or my early predilections, as my betters for the most part do. And I will not dispute the propriety or the wisdom of the conduct of those who, in Scotland are Presbyterians, and Episcopalians in England,—who, on either side of the Tweed,—unhappy stream!—like simple sheep, attach their Orthodoxy to, and permit themselves to be led by the Bell, for they are my betters. But could a *Presbyterian minister* have written this? I think not; and therefore I think that the Rev. HENRY GREY is not ANGLICANUS. As to the “sordid sentiments, vulgar manners, and money-loving habits,” I shall offer a defence when any man, who has a respectable name, shall choose to put that name to the charge. But it cannot be expected that I should waste my time on compliments like this, from a “skulking, nameless accuser, who without the courage to be an antagonist, lacks not the malice to be an enemy.” “I thank thee, Jew, for that phrase.” That I have not changed “my sentiments with the scene of my existence,” is true, though the fact may militate against the phrenological improvement mentioned above. The consideration of this circumstance I remit to Mr Combe, and observe that while no Englishman, or Episcopalian, can think the less

of me, every Presbyterian *must* think the more of me, that my *sentiments* have not changed with change of *place*. And in opposition to the low abuse of our sentiments, manners, and habits, by this charitable writer, I shall refer to the testimony of two men, whose evidence will decide the question with all who know how to estimate it, as it is the evidence of men, in whose character the Gentleman, the Scholar, and the Christian meet, and will be decisive with ANGLICANUS himself, because they are *rich* and Episcopalians. I refer to Dr Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham, and Archdeacon Singleton, each of whom, in the Charge at his primary visitation, spoke of the Scottish Ministers settled in the North of England, in a style, of which I shall only say, that in every thing, it was directly the reverse of that used by ANGLICANUS. Had they somewhat undervalued us, circumstances might have accounted for it, and candour would have overlooked it. But so far were they from doing so, that they exhorted their Clergy to cultivate our acquaintance, and to treat us as brethren; an exhortation which I can testify that I have, in few instances, found the Clergy indisposed to follow. Sickness prevented me enjoying the pleasure of hearing the Charges myself, but I have heard of their contents both from Ministers of the Established Church and Dissenters. And how poor a creature does the narrow-minded ANGLICANUS appear, in comparison of such men, to whom it is almost an insult to quote them in refutation of him! Yet the newspapers would persuade me that he is a minister of the Church of Scotland!

I am next charged with showing my detestation of the men whom I do not know, and of the affairs that I do not understand. In connexion with this charge,—though I hate to transcribe, or to write down any body's nonsense but my own,—I must present two other passages from these Letters. The first occurs in page 8.

“ Not to know the *men*, the *patriots*, and *philanthropists*, called on every occasion, by the suffrages of their countrymen, to the post of exertion, to the succour of the poor, the oppressed, the defenceless, argues something worse of us, in these times, than that we are ourselves unknown. Are the names of Gambier, Teignmouth, Roden,

new to us, except as connected with what is called "*the Earl Street delinquency?*" Are Buxton, Macaulay, Grant, &c. signalized by no distinguishable characteristic, except that of adulterators of God's Word?"

Turn we now to page 60, where it is written—

"Where is the Royal Duke, or popular Parliament-man, or place-holding Nobleman, that has ever meddled with a movement, or influenced a decision of the Bible Society? or the individual among the Society's efficient labourers, who has ever asked a favour, or found an avenue open to him for the prosecution of his private interest, through ties held in that Association? The humble, and on earth humbly requited services of the spiritual temple are left to those whose hearts affect these labours—the men of the world covet no share in them."

Now, supposing that I should know nothing of these men, this may argue that I am myself unknown,—a truth which I fancy no argument is necessary to prove, yet what *worse* it can argue I do not very clearly see. I did, however, know something of them, even before the Letters of ANGLICANUS appeared, and I now know something more. I know that they take an active, influential part in the Earl Street proceedings, and I know farther, that they take no part whatever in these proceedings. And if it be true that no "Royal Duke, or popular Parliament-man, or place-holding Nobleman, ever meddled with a movement, or influenced a decision of the Bible Society," why, then, in the name of common sense, are we pestered with the names, and borne down by the authority of Gambier, Teignmouth, Roden,—and, Ah! my Bexley, why wert thou forgot!—of Buxton, Macaulay, Grant, &c.? Is the mere repetition of a bead-roll of high-sounding names to terrify us from looking into the errors of an administration, in which, it appears from ANGLICANUS, they have not the slightest share? My knowledge of these men is certainly very limited, nor do I understand much of those affairs which I ought to approve on the authority of men, who, it seems, have no concern in them; but I do know, and understand that ANGLICANUS has here opened a mine of absurdity so rich, that he may be thankful that I have no time to work



it. As he considers the officers and agents of Earl Street as *humbly requited* by an income, two or three times as large as that which he represents me as spending my days in sighing to obtain, this castigator of "bad feeling" might have left a person so very poorly provided with this world's comforts as myself, to enjoy at least my own opinions without reproach,—opinions which I can support without stooping to the use of such absurdities and contradictions, as he condescends to use in support of his,—and opinions, the soundness of which I am not led to suspect by the fact, that even the high-toned and well-informed ANGLICANUS instead of refuting, only reproaches me for holding.

The picture next presents a fine simile, and it really is an excellent one, about picturesque scenery on other mens estates. This is just a recurrence to the old theme of my poverty. A man's opinion is worth just as much as he can afford to *give* in support of it. And as I can afford to *give* little, why should any institution seek for my support? I am poor, and

"Why should the poor be flattered?"

No; let the candied tongue lick *absurd pomp*,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where *thrift* may follow fawning."

His Pamphlet is worth *eighteen-pence*, and therefore is infinitely superior to the "Second Statement," which, as an official document, was distributed gratuitously. Yet, this man who, on the ground of his own superior richness, presumes to insult my poverty,—who urges as one argument in defence of the Continental alliances of the London Committee, the poor and uninfluential situation of the Continental *Christians*,—and who considers my support as a matter of very little importance to any institution, *because* I have little to *give*—even this devoted worshipper of the golden god, dares to talk of my money-loving habits as if he knew me, and takes it for granted that I must necessarily be possessed by a spirit of "cynical discontent," because I am placed in a situation, in which he feels, that even the appointment of the Almighty could not enable him to say with the Apostle, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, to be content."

He talks of my "more pious and Christianly-affectioned neighbours." I have too much respect for my Episcopalian neighbours, and have been too long accustomed to the interchange of offices of kindness with them, to be at all offended with any compliments that he can pay them, even though paid at my expense, and with an insidious view to create jealousy. I have never had; and trust I shall never have, any other contention with them, than that which consists in "provoking to love and to good works." I notice the expression only to ask, if it be possible that a minister of the Church of Scotland could proclaim it as a thing undisputed, that the members of that Church, in England, must be inferior to their neighbours in piety and Christian affection? I think not, and, therefore, again I say, I do not think that ANGLICANUS is the Rev. H. GREY.

Finally, I "may have credit for the cordial antipathy and ill-will I make a brag of against men who have been provokingly long signalized with the title of *the Just*." On this I would remark, in the *first* place, that it is only in narrow minds, like that of ANGLICANUS, that difference of opinion produces antipathy and ill-will, and *he* may wonder, as I dare say nobody else does, that the members of the Edinburgh Presbytery, though of opposite views on some points, yet do not feel towards one another any antipathy or ill-will. In the *next* place, he may possibly have condescended to make himself more familiar with our sentiments and feelings than I can pretend to be. For myself, I know not that any ill-will has been even expressed, much less bragged of, by any of those whom ANGLICANUS humbles himself to honour with his abuse. And in the *third* place, I never heard the London Committee signalized by the title of *the Just*, till I read ANGLICANUS; nor, had they merited that title, am I aware that my hating them on that ground can be accounted for on any principle excepting one—that I am actuated by a feeling of the most diabolical description. I know not what reason I have ever given ANGLICANUS to suspect me of such a feeling,—a feeling which I should hope he was not led to impute to me, merely because he found it rankling in his own bosom, though where

else he could find ground for the candid imputation, I cannot guess.

Yet this man has the hardihood to cant about charity, till charity herself be disgusted to see her holy name connected with such disregard of her influence; and to talk about "purer principle again prevailing, and kindlier feelings recovering the ascendancy." And this consummation he perhaps conceives may be best effected by a Pamphlet, a great portion of which is addressed to the worst passions of our nature, and fitted only to excite jealousy, irritation, and enmity—by telling the people of Edinburgh that they are greatly deficient both in religion and civilization,—that the Bible Society is well rid of them,—that they cannot form an opinion of their own upon the subject, but are merely led by Dr THOMSON, in the charitable hope, no doubt, that, stung by this taunt, some of them may be induced, in order to avoid the imputation of being led by that gentleman to renounce their own opinions, just because they have found in him an able advocate, and may give their names to the Corresponding Board, where they may escape the danger of being tainted with the overbearing talents of their leaders. If this be the English of the oft repeated sneer, it conveys a poor compliment to the Board.

I close my comment upon a text in which I find "neither the sprightliness of HALL, nor the dignity of HENRY," by desiring ANGLICANUS to take back his own motto:—

"Thou hast ill spoken, Sir, and like a man  
 Regardless whom he wrongs; .....  
 ..... *I am not*, as thou say'st,  
 ..... Thy words had teeth,  
 Whose bite hath pinch'd and pain'd me to the proof."

I enter not upon the merits of the general question, nor is there any occasion why I should. The subject is in better hands. ANGLICANUS has thoughtlessly plunged himself into those mighty waters where only Leviathan can play, while he is not even a minnow of sufficient weight to bait the troller's hook. He would be the eagle that soars majestically aloft amidst the storm, bearing through the elemental war, the bolts

of Jupiter in his talons ; but he would find a more appropriate emblem in the wren, sconcing itself under the shelter of a leaf, from the drenching of a summer shower. He complains of Dr THOMSON'S violence ; but it is not for the man who awakens the tempest to complain of its howling. All who defend the Doctor, " claim for him an exemption from the law of God." I am not his defender, he can well defend himself, nor will I claim for him any such exemption. But, after all, what *is* the Doctor's inexpressible offence? Just that in pressing forward to an important object, he has not trimmed his expressions, so as to make them come, with the least possible violence, into collision with the prejudices of his opponents, nor stopped to calculate with much nicety the sensibilities of every worm that he may have trodden on by the way. The world, however, is yet wicked enough to forgive the torrent's violence, if it bring along with it aught of the torrent's *force*. ANGLICANUS, too, would play the torrent if he could. He comes down turbid and noisy as a torrent well may be, but when we approach it, we find, like the Spectator's poor Indian, that it is the mere ghost of a torrent. It threatens to sweep all before it, and to clear the land of flocks and herds, and habitations of men ; but when fairly met, it is found that even the poor snail may venture through it, without either throwing his house from his back, or abating, by a single hair's breadth, the towering majesty of his horns.

He condescends at times to be witty too. But it will not do. It is swimming with leaden fins. ANGLICANUS should know that a very angry man—a man " pinched and pained"—may be very eloquent, if he will ; but wit is out of the question. Fancy's beam plays not amidst the storm of passion. The ruffled surface can reflect only a broken and shattered image. Imagination is a moral, aye, a holy power. She holds no commerce, and keeps no company with the wicked. Every unhallowed passion must be charmed down, and all must be calm and tranquil within, before she will pour over the mind the illumination of her mild yet piercing beam, or lap it in the Elysian spell of her enchanting power. The rags and shells, and bits of coloured glass with which his mental ka-

leidoscope is stored, may, I doubt not, at every turn of thought, arrange themselves into some new variety of fantastic beauty; but, viewed through the distorting medium of a glass bedimmed with passion's fumes, their vivid hues, and fairy forms, are lost. Let ANGLICANUS then be angry if he will; I blame not, nor reprove him. But let him not at the same time waste good wit, and spoil good jokes, but keep them for a calmer hour, when, brought out in proper form and season, they may tend to dissipate the melancholy of some of his Majesty's poor lieges, and light up a temporary gleam even in a haggard eye like mine.

“ Oh! world, thy turns are slippery.” When I was but a boy, I was a regular Church-goer, but a careless listener. It was in vain that the preacher dwelt upon all the truths most important for man to know. My unbridled fancy was all the while busied in weaving its own fantastic dreams, and no trace of all their instructions remained on my memory. But there was one preacher, and one alone, whom I had frequently the privilege of hearing, and whose appearance in the pulpit instantly repressed my fancy's wanderings, and chained me down in delighted attention to the words of wisdom and of holiness which flowed from his lips. Some of the texts on which he preached, and some of the remarks he made, I well remember still. He aroused my youthful ardour, and when I turned my attention to Theological studies, my highest ambition, my devoutest aspirations were, that I might be like *him*. Never, excepting once, have I enjoyed the privilege of personal intercourse with him, but long and deeply has his image been cherished in my very “ heart of heart.” In moments when inclined to yield to weariness, and to become remiss, I have thought of him, and the recollection has operated as a stimulus to redoubled exertion. That man is the Rev. HENRY GREY. And is it possible that this is the very man whose reproach, alike ungenerous and unjust, has stung even my feeble powers into all the energy of self-defence? I cannot, will not, do not believe it. I would almost rebel against the evidence of my senses, rather than admit so harsh, so hateful a fact. But if it *should be true*, and if this long-loved, and deeply-cherished

image must away from my heart, unused as I am to the melting mood, I must wash it away with tears.

But I must have done. Be ANGLICANUS who he may, let him be thankful that he has escaped so easily. The labours to which my poverty dooms me, have left me no leisure seriously to call him to the bar of Christian principle, where he would have been doomed to a rebuke of graver severity than I have thought it necessary to administer. I have only assailed him with missiles, which are light, and somewhat rusted withal; for, in the life of a man like me, the weapons laid up in fancy's magazine are rarely called into use. But, feeble and defenceless as he no doubt expected to find me, let him know, that I am not altogether unfurnished with weapons of deadlier weight, and keener edge. Fire may be struck even from stones. Besides a little rhyme, I can occasionally muster up a little reason also,—besides a tongue, I have also some teeth, whose bite, should he provoke it, he may cha-  
to rue. Let him therefore beware—

“ For though I am not splenetic or rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let his wisdom fear.”

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