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A

# LETTER

TO THE

*Occasional Writer,*

ON THE

Receipt of his THIRD.



L O N D O N :

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A

L E T T E R

TO THE

*Occasional Writer.*

*Most Worthy* SIR,



EVER yet did Man more seriously congratulate another, than I did you, on your late Arrival in *England*. How blest, in my Opinion, was the Change; from *Exile*, to your *Native Country*? From your King's *Re-*

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*sent.*

*sentment*, to his *Countenance*? From the *Forfeiture*, to the *Possession* of your *Fortune*? And from the *Hazard of Life*, to *Security*? To me your Happiness appeared so great, had I not *lov'd*, I should have *envied* you. Felicity is, generally speaking, of a *Relative* Nature; It results from a Sense of its Contrary; and much too great is our daily Conviction, that Men, if *always* happy, are *never* truly so. If *Danger* recommends succeeding *Safety*; if *Frowns*, *Favours*; and *Tumult*, *Peace*: If receiving Benefits, at our utmost Need, is accompanied with *great* Pleasure; and Opportunities of unburdening our grateful Hearts, with *greater* still; the Sources of *Satisfaction* lay open to your Desires. Nor were other Circumstances wanting to you, of *heightening* these Advantages. When happen'd this Revolution in your Affairs? At a Season of Life, when Men are, usually, best qualified to *relish*, and *make the most* of their good Success. When the

the

the *Maturity* of the *Judgment* embraces the *Indulgence* of *Events* ; and *Indiscretion* no longer takes Part with *Misfortune*, against our Peace. *Fortune* has much less to do, than *Wisdom*, with our Felicity : Young Men are wretched if not most Happy ; Old Men are Happy, if free from Distress.

YOU, SIR, by the Course of Years, was turn'd of your Meridian ; and your Constitution was *set a little forward*, beyond your *natural* Time of Day, by the Fatigues, and Accidents of Life. Nature, and Experience, and Fortune, seem'd in League for the Furtherance of your Happiness ; But some Mens Tempers are a Match for all These. You had reach'd the Period of *Good Husbandry* in Blessings ; when *absent Evils* are look'd on as *actual Pleasures*, and Man can find out *Fruition* in *Rest*. A Period ! when the *Passions* manumit us, and *Prudence* reigns in their stead. In the  
serene

serene *Evening* of so tempestuous a Day, what secret Complacency, what *settled* Composure did I imagine you would enjoy ; unless when interrupted with *Transports* of Zeal for their Service who befriended you ; or *Transports* of Joy for their Prosperity, who were the Authors of your own ?

How was I surpriz'd to find you *transported* indeed, but in a very different manner ? To find you *at Home*, under all the Inquietudes of an *Exile* ? To find the *Advanc'd in Years*, in all the Impetuosity of *Youth* ? The *Oblig'd, Complaining* ? and the *Pardon'd, Provok'd* ? To see *Experience Indiscreet* ; *Revenge* rising from *Obligations* ; and *Success* in all the Tempest of *Despair* ? No Mark, no least Symptom of a Person that had receiv'd any *Favour*, but the Power of exerting his Ingratitude *against it*.

YOUR

YOUR *Resentment* was somewhat extraordinary ; much more your *Conduct* under it. For retaining a Presence of Mind in your Wrath, you levell'd it most *accurately* at Him, in whose Defence, particularly, it *should* have been signaliz'd. If *this* is your *Impartiality*, you need not bind your self by any *solemn Engagements* ; we dare trust your *uncovenanted* Grace for the punctual Observation of it. How comes it to pass, SIR, that you are so *successful*, and so *dissatisfied* ; so *favour'd*, and so *virulent* ; so *wise*, and so *imprudent* ; at one and the same Article of Time ? as rank Contradictions as you can possibly charge on any Man whatever ! This, SIR, is a \* Difficulty in *Chronology*, which has not yet received the Favour of a Solution from your most learned Pen.

IT is not from any Terror I conceive at your Emotion, that I presume

\* Letter I. pag. 3:

[ 6 ]  
ro put this Question to you ; for I look not on your Warmth, by any means, as an Argument of Perseverance in your *present* formidable Resolutions. Far from it ; a Mind in Rage, like Steel in Fire, looks terrible indeed ; but is, *then*, most susceptible of any new Impressions. Which Truth, your Conduct has already confirm'd. And I must confess, I conceiv'd, at the first Notice of your *Animosity*, very sanguine Hopes of your sudden *Conversion*. How much, how justly would your Adversary stand oblig'd, could your *Invectives* convince the World, that He has, *really*, us'd you ill ? But I fear (as you threaten) you will indeed *stick by Him* for Life, since the Favours you have receiv'd are *undeniable*. The Malice of some Men is impotent but on their *Benefactors* ; as Witches (they say) can afflict none with their Art, but such as have relieved them, and by *Compassion* purchased their *Malignity*.

BUT

BUT to quit Generals, and come closer to the Point. Finding, SIR, your Temper a little *Implacable* to your *Friends*, what Method are you pleas'd to pursue for your honest Gratification of it? Why, *Retain'd* by your Resentment, (which is as ignoble a Slavery as being retain'd by the Minister most corrupt on Earth) you draw your Pen, and write an \* *inoffensive* Letter in the *Bitterness of Heart*; You bespeak our good Opinion of your *Publick Benevolence*, by *Private Reflection*; and exhaust the Riches of your *Imagination*, in a Performance sacred to *Truth*. Your Letter strikes at Him, to whom, particularly, you owe that Liberty you enjoy, of giving it to the Publick from an *English Press*; At Him, worthy SIR, without whose *Candour* for *your Interest*, you could not have exerted your *Acrimony* against *His*; And, therefore, to Him, to whom *alone* (in your equitable Estimation) *it can possibly belong*. This, SIR, is an

\* Letter II. p. 50.

*Amabilis Insania*, not of *Horace*, but intirely your own.

*Habitet tecum, & sit pectore in isto.*

THIS your *first* excellent Epistle was favour'd with an Answer; but an Answer, I confess, inadequate to your Deserts. Of which Opinion you likewise seem to be, by the *judicious*, and honest Pains you have taken to reduce the Picture, there, drawn of you, to a more accurate Resemblance, by striking off all ambitious Ornaments, and giving it *naked* to the World, in your authentick *Abstract* of it. So truly am I charm'd with the amiable Ingenuity of your Temper, that I'll second your Design; I'll push it still farther; make an Abstract of your Abstract; and with the Exactness of a *Dutchman*, not admit one Touch of the Pencil but what is scrupulously Just, and faithful to Life; if I am not betray'd unawares into Mistakes, by the Confidence I repose in your own *Delineation*, and  
an

an implicit Deference to your Authority. And then the beautiful Miniature, which should be set in Gold, and hung, as an Amulet against Maladministration, round every *virtuous* Statesman's Neck, would run to *this* Effect; and manifest your *Reply* to be quite as *pleasant*, as your *Attack* was *unprovok'd*.

“ YOUR *Name* had been superfluous; The Marks are sufficient: You closed with the Interests of Foreign Powers. The *Emperor*, since *ungrateful*, is entitled to your good Opinion; And *France*, since it has *oblig'd* you, is the natural Object of your *Dislike*. None *envy'd* you in Prosperity, or *pity'd* you in Disgrace. I cannot be mortify'd at *his* Resentments, all whose Obligations are paid in that Coin; But had much rather have *such* a Foe, than *such* a Friend.”

THIS, SIR, is the Description which you repeat to the World, as a Confutation of your Foe. A new way of *Confutation*, to *confirm* what He says. If in you *this* is valid, why not in me? and if in me, you too have received a most sufficient Reply. Out of your own Quiver I have borrow'd my Shaft; and in Gratitude must confess it no small Consolation, to encounter such an Adversary, who, the more he writes, gives his Antagonist the less Occasion of an Answer.

THIS, SIR, is the Picture, in the drawing of which, *it must be confess'd*, you greatly consult your own Honour, and Glory, \* as you say your self. With *such Honours* adorn'd, how can you do your self the Injustice to regret the trivial Extinction of any *Titles* whatsoever? A Character of this Nature I should not have drawn my self, but I

\* Letter III.

hope to *transcribe*, is not to *offend*; or if it is, I fly, for Protection, to your Example.

THE Picture was drawn, at first, with *Softnings*, and *middle Tints*, by your generous Foe; a Manner, and Taste, which you profess your own: Why did you correct it, so severely, into a perfect *Annibal Carache*, by following *Truth and Nature with the utmost Exactness*? I am truly surpriz'd you chose rather to illustrate, than to deepen its Shadows. Why, like *Cato*, whose Character you so justly assume, (as shall soon be shewn) did you refuse all *Healers* that were charitably administer'd, and obstinately valiant, widen your own Wounds? Short-Hand, says *Plutarch*, came, first, in use at *Rome*, on *Cato's* Account; and Abstracting of Abstracts, now, first, in *Britain*, on *yours*.

BUT I cannot, SIR, do Justice to this your singular Conduct, without  
*pau-*

*pausing* upon it ; and borrowing the Lustre of your own Words on the very same Occasion.

How great ! how free ! how bold ! how generous ! Well may those who have the Honour of a near Approach to you, extol the noble Openness of your Nature, which displays it self in this uncommon manner ; and think that Temper in a Statesman truly admirable, which loses it self so gloriously ? How Great, like *Mutius*, in owning a Truth to your Enemy, so little to your Advantage ? How Free, like a Death-bed Penitent, in setting your own Faults in the strongest Light ? How Bold, like a Lady of Pleasure, often disciplin'd in Publick, in bidding Defiance to the Censure of Mankind ? And how Generous, in making a Confident of the World, as to your real Character, at the same Time that you had your Designs upon it ? As if like your exact Tally, *Alexander*, you disdain'd the Meanness of stealing a Victory.

Victory. How must This draw the Admiration of Ages? How must *Envy* it self confess, that you too, Mighty SIR, have, most effectually, made your self an Example?

I CANNOT resist the Curiosity of enquiring into all the various, possible Reasons of so peculiar a Conduct in you. It is an Observation in *Plutarch*, and in *Montagne*, that the *real* Characters of illustrious Men are often best seen, and known, from the casual Light let in upon them from *little* Particulars, that have nothing glaring to the *common* Eye. I shall therefore dissect this minute Part of your universal Prudence, (over-look'd by my Brother Writers,) and contemplate it, as through a Microscope: not doubting but I shall find the whole System of Wisdom folded up in it; as the Curious, in an Acorn, discover an Oak.

“ WHAT

“ W H A T, then, was the *Cause*? Was  
 “ you transported with Passion, and did  
 “ you close with Truth unawares; so  
 “ long declined, and with such Success?  
 “ Or did you not know your own Fea-  
 “ tures, having never survey’d them in  
 “ so faithful a Mirror before? If so,  
 “ take *Eve’s* Information under the same  
 “ Circumstance,

——— *What Thou seest,  
 Fair Creature! is thy self.*—

“ Or, having been a *Minister* your self,  
 “ did you really think it Criminal, or  
 “ Absurd in a Minister to speak Truth;  
 “ and consequently, that the greatest  
 “ Imputation lay on him, who drew the  
 “ Picture originally? Or did you ima-  
 “ gine it wou’d be disown’d by its Au-  
 “ thor, when the Shadows were struck  
 “ off, and the Portrait appeared in so  
 “ glaring a Light? Some affirm it is  
 “ still *more* like; and tho’, thro’ Good-  
 “ Manners, he declin’d it himself, thro’  
 “ the same Good-Manners he must ac-  
 “ quiesce

“ quiesce in that Liberty, when taken  
 “ by you. Or did you shew it to move  
 “ *Pity*? as *Lazars* their Infirmities.  
 “ Or shew it to strike *Terror*? as *Pal-*  
 “ *las* her Shield. Or did you repeat it  
 “ like *Eccho*? because you cou’d utter  
 “ nothing else. Or did you *justly* think  
 “ your only Way of disarming your  
 “ Enemies, was to take the Words  
 “ out of their Mouths? Or was it  
 “ to shew what you suffer’d in the  
 “ Cause of your Country? Or to shew  
 “ what your Country suffer’d from  
 “ you? Or wav’d you those Orna-  
 “ ments thro’ a Quarrel to Wit? Are  
 “ then your own Writings not suffici-  
 “ ent Revenge? Or did this Conduct  
 “ proceed from a true *Roman* Bravery,  
 “ averse to falling by any Hand but  
 “ your own? Or from a profound Pe-  
 “ netration into the Nature of our  
 “ *Laws*, which make it, in some mea-  
 “ sure, *Criminal* to be *Just*, and con-  
 “ stitute it a Misdemeanour to give il-  
 “ lustrious Delinquents their proper  
 “ Names? Or from a profounder Re-

“ Verence for *Religion*, (which in-  
 “ deed is most likely) from a Puncture  
 “ of Conscience, to take Shame to  
 “ your self; and like the truly Primi-  
 “ tive, and Exemplary Mr. ———, to  
 “ put on the Robe of Penitence *spon-*  
 “ *taneously*, and satisfy the Demands  
 “ of *Justice*, without giving her the  
 “ trouble to interpose? If so, I congra-  
 “ tulate *you*, on your great Reformati-  
 “ on; your *Friends*, on your Alliance;  
 “ and the *World*, on your Example.

BUT whatever was the real Cause of  
 this Stratagem, you certainly conquer'd  
 by it; and after having sung a *Te Deum*  
 for the Victory, you are pleas'd to  
 enter into three solemn Engagements.  
 I am sorry they are so *Solemn*, for that  
 has made them still the more *Jocular*.  
 What *solemn* Engagements have some  
 Men ever kept? as if the Knot was  
 broken by being strain'd too hard. Some  
 Characters can no more make a solemn  
 Engagement, than a Bog can support a  
 Building of Weight.

T H E R E

T H E R E are, SIR, Engagements both Publick, and Private, tho' not of our own making: Who violate those which Nature, and its Author has made for them, have little reason to expect our reliance on those they make for themselves; unless we can imagine that *Caprice* is a stronger Tie, than *Religion*. There is no such thing as *Patriotism*, like *Gideon's Fleece*, bless'd with the Dew of Heaven, while all is Dry round about it. The Love of our Country is indeed a supreme Virtue; but it is therefore so, because more *Difficult*, and *Rare* than those of a private Nature. It is the Virtue of *Heroes*, but never can be attain'd, but by Those who have, first, the Virtues of *Men*.

Y O U R Disdain of *Self-interest* is allow'd by all. As for *Decency*, and *Impartiality*, your declaring for them, is the same kind of Pleasantry, as if a Duellist, who has unloaded his Pistol at his Foe, shou'd declare against Bullets, and turn Orator on the *Immortality*

*rality* of Gunpowder. For what a Liberty triumphs thro' all your Epistles; nay, thro' this Third Letter, so zealous for *Decorum*? Which most amicably joins, (while it explodes *Contradictions*;) the *Vow*, and *Violation* of it.

WHEN \* you are pleas'd to assume an illaudable Character, in your Mirth; you are thought, by some, no more guilty of Injustice, than the Man in *Martial* who stole his own Shoes. To be *Serious* in a Reply to such Performances, is to be *Ridiculous*. Some Writings are secure from an Answer, as the *Down* flying in the Fields, from a Blow, purely from their *Levity*; Who strike strongest at either, expose themselves most.

BUT what you want in *Weight*, you supply in *Ornament*, and are indeed the very Mirror of Politeness. You have not read the *Classicks*, and conversed

\* Letter I.

with the *French*, in vain. A *Motto* is just as proper a Decoration for an *Epistle*, as a *Shoulder-knot* for a *Night-Gown* : for the *Letter*, of all Writings, comes nearest to an Undress of the Mind. And he whose *Epistles* wear a *Motto* so constantly, cannot well be too liberal of his Censure on Others for *Puerility*, *Pedantry*, *Stiffness*, and *Affectation*. You promote our Politeness as the *Spartan* Slaves did their Master's Sobriety ; by exposing an *Example* of the Fault they should avoid. One half of your *Motto* to the Third *Epistle*, would have serv'd.

--- *Quis te juvenum confidentissime  
nostras  
Jussit adire Domos?—*

Why did you return, if you design'd to behave no better ? Had the Waters of Affliction not been out, it is very possible we might have seen our Dove and his Innocence no more.

BUT

BUT can *Cato* behave amifs? For fuch you are.

\* *Virtutis veræ Custos, rigidusq; Sa-  
telles..*

“ I blush, and am confounded to appear  
 “ Before thy Prefence *Cato!*——  
 “ Did he not dash the untasted Moi-  
 “ fture from him?  
 “ Not all the Majesty, and Gods of  
 “ *Rome,*  
 “ Would raife her *Senate* more than  
 “ *Cato's* Prefence.  
 “ O *Cato!* lend me for a while thy Pa-  
 “ tience,  
 “ And condescend to hear a young Man  
 “ fpeak.

YOUR affuming the Character of *Cato*, puts us in mind of that *Roman* Emperor who rob'd *Jupiter's* Statue of its golden Head, and placed it on his own. There is, in all the *Classicks*, but one more ve-

\* *Letter II.*

nerable, and august *Motto* to be found ;  
but that was pre-engag'd by a Friend ;  
and He the only Author who for chaste  
*Decency*, and severe *Veracity*, has a  
better Title to it than your self.

*Compositum jus, fasq; animi, sanctosq;  
recessus*

*Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus  
Honesto. Gulliver.*

But *Plutarch* shall conclude this Ani-  
madversion. “ Shall He who *feasts*  
with *Crassus*, and *builds* like *Lucullus*,  
*talk* like *Cato* ? ”

FROM a *Person obnoxious*, you start  
up into a *Patriot*, and flame out in our  
Defence ; like the Creature at \* *Eve's*  
Ear, which being touch'd by a Superior  
Power, blaz'd up into the Form of an  
Angel ; but it was one and the same  
Fallen *Lucifer* under both those Ap-  
pearances, tho' most unlike. We know,

\* Milton.

SIR, the private Motive of your publick Zeal. You too are *Touch'd*, and touch'd in the same manner; and therefore are determin'd to shine forth most outrageously. Some, because they can't *Ruin*, resolve to *Preserve* us: which *seems* stranger, than it *is*; for what so like Ruin, as their Preservation?

I wou'd have the Publick, for its own Sake, observe, that *English* Patriots are made like *Italian* Singers, by being stung to the quick in their *own private Affairs*; till then, they favour not the Publick with their *Voice*. Admirable Patriots, indeed, wou'd these be, if it held as true in *Politicks* as in *Musick*. "That *Harmony* is promoted by *Divisions*."

ALL Artifice is dangerous, because most Men have a *Key* to it in the Insincerity of their own Hearts. But such Artifice as This is by no Means writ in *Cyphers*. I do not presume to laugh at you, but give me leave to laugh with  
with

with you ; for it is impossible but your publick Gravity must be your private Mirth. You certainly write for your *own Diversion*, and what you have written, we read for *ours*.

WHAT would another do in your Circumstances, but *Retire*? Nor go beyond his Depth in those Waters, in which he had once so narrowly escap'd? Tho' you swim, like *Cæsar*, with your *Writings* in your Hand, it is prudent like him, to make the best of your way to Shore, lest your *Motto* should become your *Epitaph*; for the *English* of

*Mors for Civilibus undis*

is, “ I am drown'd in Politicks.

A noble Ruin is a venerable Sight; the *Politer Arts* are *yours*; let them adorn it; and cover with their *Ivy* the Injuries of Fate. The *Virtues* too are more likely to make you a Visit in your Retirement, than in any other Situa-

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tion.

tion. Some cautious Men have declin'd *Grandeur*, to escape *Contempt*.

TOWARD the latter End of your Third Letter you kindly introduce us to the reputable Acquaintance of your Friend *Meibomius*. Into whom, it is possible, you did not dip, at first, on a *Political* Account. He *procures* you a Simile; like other Presents of Procurers, indeed very *Pretty*, but not over *Just*. Nor is this the *first* Time, (if we may credit Report) that a *beautiful Obscenity* has *supported* your Epistles. You have had, before now, both Beauty and Wit at your Fingers Ends, while the Care of your Country lay warm at your Heart. But a certain Philosopher, as profound as *Meibomius*, has assured us, that Things are far gone, when the Venereal Distemper breaks out in the *Mouth*. *Wit* from Obscenity, and *Patriotism* from Disgust, are like *Bastards*; their Parents Dishonour descends upon them, how meritorious soever they are in themselves.

THIS

THIS Flower of your Rhetoric, like other Flowers, owes its lovely Being to the Beams of your Genius, and the Richness of the Soil out of which it grows. Nor can I see, with *Rabelais*, any Oddness in the Concurrence of a Dunghil and the Sun, to so fair an Effect, tho' distant in their Natures, as some Peoples *Writings* and the *Publick Good*. I suppose your punning Friends call This *Argumentum a Posteriori*.

BUT be that as it will; *Great* is *Meibomius*, nor are you *Less*. His curious *Instrument* is rivaled by your curious *Pen*: whose obliging *Discipline* tickles our Spleen; and whose *smartest Strokes* administer to *Delight*.

“ Your Letters preserve a nice Me-  
 “ diocrity, they are neither Bad enough  
 “ enough to Gratifie your Enemies,  
 “ nor Good enough to Oblige your  
 “ Friends. They are quite as far from  
 “ gaining, as from losing a Reputation;

“ and are received, just as they are  
 “ written, with great Indifferency. It  
 “ is prudent in you to design them for  
 “ \* *Posterity*, since they meet not an  
 “ Acceptance from the *present* Age.  
 “ I hope some of those, whom you  
 “ look on with Contempt, will ac-  
 “ quaint Posterity what a favour you  
 “ design’d it, left in that view, like-  
 “ wise, your *Efforts* shou’d be vain.  
 “ There is, also, reason good to hope  
 “ they may appear in † *foreign* Lan-  
 “ guages, since in *that* Interest they  
 “ appear already. They excel in no-  
 “ thing, but in *Anger*; they shine  
 “ from nothing, but the *Replies* they  
 “ have obtain’d; as the glowing Steel  
 “ *sparkles* from the Blows which are  
 “ bestowed upon it. And how you  
 “ came to arrive at a *Third Epistle*, after  
 “ *such* an Answer to your foregoing, I  
 “ can’t conceive, unless you thought  
 “ yourself that Heroe’s Equal, who

\* Letter I.

† Letter I.

*Ter letbo sternendus erat.* VIRG.

“ Your Works, like those of *Sybil*,  
 “ would rise in their Price, as they fall  
 “ in their *Number*; and the more of  
 “ them you *burn*, the larger your De-  
 “ mand on the *Gratitude* of the Publick,  
 “ for what is left.

SIR, I endeavour not to *detract*, but to *represent*; not to wrong *you*, but to do right to *Truth*: nor is it my Fault, if to *describe*, is to *defame*. I honour you for the high Stations you have been in; I esteem you for your Ability; and think better of it than to imagine you can resent any *Freedom*, which you have authoriz'd by your *own*. But *fine Parts* may hurt us two ways: if not equal'd by our *Virtue*, they *expose*; if not equal'd by our *Judgment*, they *betray*. How sad is it, when Men are able to *scorn*, even where they *admire*? How prone are we to Error, when we think too meanly of *others Understandings*, through a Pride in our *own*? No-  
 thing

thing is so strong an Argument against the Excellency of your *Sense*, as the Confidence you repose in it.

WORDS are of Force while Men are *Untry'd*, but *Actions* put an End to their Authority; which are sometimes *such*, as to reduce us to *this*, that we cannot *serve* our Country's *Interest*, without *disappointing* her *Expectation*. 'Tis fruitless to declare for *Integrity* in our Fall, which suffer'd Violation from us, when in Power. We shall not gain *Credit*, though we are *sincere*. Which is a sure Reprizal ordain'd by Nature, in Favour of Virtue *once* infring'd by us. If you bear an honest Heart to your Country, none can stand *assured* of that, but your self; and you must own your Conduct to be her ample Justification, for being Cautious of Reliance, and Tender in her Faith. He that has *abus'd*, has *lost* the Use of Speech; that is, a Power of communicating his Thoughts to other Men; not that he has

has no *Tongue*, but They have no *Ears* for him.

NOR is any thing *past* of more Force in this Particular, than your *present Behaviour*. There is both a *Modesty*, and a *Pride*, Associates of true Merit, which we seldom miss, but we regret their Absence in the Man we *would* esteem. You have so behaved, as to become Obnoxious; you have received such Favour, as to become Oblig'd: both Perswasives to that *Modesty* I mean; both Enemies to Forwardness of Enterprising in those Scenes, in which we have already fail'd. Both in Decency and Policy, you should wait a *Call* for your Abilities; it would give Credit to your Retirement, and Lustre to your Administration. Through *Love* of Power, prevail with your self to *decline* it.

THE *Pride* I mean, that generous, laudable Pride, seldom fails to show it self, when Offers of our Services are coolly received by those they are designed

signed to oblige. And they who, notwithstanding this, are importunate to press their Favours on the Publick, intimate, that they have something beside the publick Advantage in View.

“ BUT, perhaps you say, when Patriots are few, and the Publick is misus’d, we must do good with *Violence*, overcome the Patient’s wrong Inclination, and *compel* the World to be the better for us. *Deserting* \* is next to *betraying* it. How then should you be guilty of it? You design the *Nation’s* Glory, and your *own*.” Let it suffice, then, to the *Nation’s* Glory, that it stands not in need of so able a Minister; and to *your own*, that you are pardon’d for what you *have done*, and stand excus’d from what you *would do* more for her Service.

IF you design us well, it is *Virtue* in you; but then it is only submitting

\* Letter III.

to a greater degree of Virtue, on such proper Motives, as I conceive you have, to forego that Scene in which you design to behave so gloriously. An old *Roman Prayer*, is mine. *Ita cuiq; eveniat, ut quisq; de Republica mereatur.* Which, for ought I know, is blessing you, and cursing the Ministry.

ARE you not aware, that while you *accuse them* for *Male-administration*, you *condemn your self*? What mean some by *Reformation*, but turning the Course of Affairs through their own Hands? What by *Male-administration*, (if any there be) but that They are deny'd a Participation in the Guilt? *Envy*, though it pretends to *Spirit*, is the most *Pusillanimous* of all Dispositions; as *Aristotle* has observ'd. Things appear Great or Little, in Proportion to the Size of the Mind; and the Little-minded look on Things with ardent Desire, which make no Impression on Souls more enlarg'd. Most Men, thro' a natural Impetuosity, run themselves

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out of Breath, after vain Pursuits; and till they are tir'd into a Necessity of standing still, have not Leisure to ask themselves, whither they are going, or what they would have. What can you attain, which you have not experienc'd? And what have you experienced, of which you have reason to be passionately fond? Thro' Impotence, we seek Power; and in Pursuit of Glory, we discover our Shame. Has your Character left you no Means so proper of *establishing* Those who deserve well of you, as *opposing* Them? Is the Ministry corrupt? let the unblemish'd accuse. Are our Fortuues in Danger? be those the loudest, who owe their Fortunes to *themselves alone*. Are Affairs in *improper Hands*? let those rescue us, who have no Imputation on their *own*. So high runs my Opinion of the Persons in Power, that, I think, they who reject *them*, have nothing to do to finish the Favour they design their Country, but to substitute *you* in their stead.

BUT I compassionate your Case; you  
suffer

suffer most inhuman Wrong. Shall a Man of Spirit be served by Halves? Shall He have Life, and Fortune, without any *Titles* to them? Shall He be excluded *that Seat*, without which, like *Archimedes*, He wants whereon to fix his Engine, with which He is able to toss the Globe? Believe me, SIR, *Titles* are but the *Feather*; every Man's *Character* is his *Helmet*, which alone can defend him; and That no one can give him but himself.

*You* condemn the Administration, our *Prosperity* applauds it; *you* say it would be safer in your Hands, your *former Negotiations* deny it. We can't believe *you*, without disbelieving our *Senses*; without contradicting our *Experience*, we can't acquiesce in your *Advice*. The short Question, therefore, is. Shall the *Word* of a Man in *Passion*, the *Credit* of a Man in *Disgrace*, the *Counsel* of an *unsuccessful Minister*, the *Candor* of a *discarded Courtier*, the *Disinterestedness* of the *Ambitious*,

*bitious*, the *Impartiality* of the *Disappointed*, the *Faith* of the *Convicted*, and the *Authority* of a *Pamphleteer*, outweigh the general Sense of a Nation; the Experience of many Years; and the confirm'd Opinion of more Kingdoms than these which protect you?

A certain Noble *Roman* in the Reign of *Augustus* retir'd to *Rhodes*, where he gave a loose to Pleasure; read much; and convers'd with the *Greeks*. He at length sollicit'd a Return; which was granted, under this Condition, "That He shou'd never more bear Office in the Commonwealth." Shall we receive from *France* a Censor of our *Manners*? From *Spain* an Assertor of our *Liberties*? And from *Rome* a Defender of our *Religion*? Your Retirement is Pleasant, Enjoy it; The Publick is Ungrateful, Patronize it no more; Build, Plant, Read, Drink, Sport, Pun, or make *solemn Engagements*; do any thing but *Protect* us, and we are *safe*.

**F I N I S.**







