thinking Face; he looks as if he was big with something of Importance, and carries *Lock's Essay upon human Understanding* in his Hand; but I must say, such a sempiternal Vender of *Irish Bulls* is no Honour to the great Man he professes to copy from, and quotes upon every Occasion.——This *Philo-Musæus*, said I, must be one of your distinguished *Authors*, for he seems to have more Enemies than one; observe that Chap with the broad round Face, bashful and awkward in his Carriage, who grins upon poor *Philo* with a most inveterate Sneer.——O Sir, that's *Philokalus*, the obscurest and most abusive of all my *Authors*.——Thrust him up in that obscure Corner with Mr *Q.* then, said I, and see which will make the best Figure; what untimely Birth did he bring forth, pray?——Why Sir, he is of that Sect of *polemical Writers*, who mistake Raillery and Billingsgate for Argument and good Sense.——Well, here's to his Reformation, poor Soul.—But pray what does he rail at honest *Philo* for?——Because he imagines he has classed him among his *Dunces*, seeing he has not given him a Place among the *Worthies* in his *Satyrical Epistle*.——But pray what is the Design and Drift of that same *Satyrical Epistle*, Friend *Jonas*?——Why, so far as I can see, it is to ridicule the Vice and Ignorance that prevail in this *Infant Province*, which Vice and Ignorance, he seems to say, arises from the Want of good Education, *Universities*, and *Seminaries of Learning*.——There he is right; but I think he should also have brought in bad and indifferent *Poets*, and all wretched Authors, among his other *Fops*, and then he could very properly have attributed their Folly and Vanity to Want of *Learning* and *Good Manners*:——But we have said enough of him.

Methinks you have got a devilish Clan of *Poets* here.——O yes, Numbers of the *Rhiming Species*. There's *Juba*, the *Monitor of the Ladies*. Here's *Ignotus*, very properly so called, a puny *Translator*. There's that wonderful Imitator of *Horace*, in his *Ode*, beginning *Otium divos, &c.* And here is *Eumolpus*, that solemn Dealer in *blank Verse*, the Body of whose *Muse*, too large for her small Wings, like a *squab Gosling*, comes souse down as often as she attempts to soar.——This Sort of Poetry by some is thought the easiest, but is surely the most difficult; because where the Jingle of Rhime is wanting, there must be a strong Fancy, just Sentiment, and lively Colouring, to make it even tolerable.——This Gentleman then, said I, has mistaken himself much, if I judge right; for there is little else in that *Poem* of his, but a tolerable Cadence and Measure in the Lines.—He is surely a *dead Poet*: and therefore, here is Peace to his *Manes*.

I was going to proceed, when you pulled a little *Ticket* out of your Pocket, upon which was painted the Device of *a Monkey riding a winged Ass*, and in the *Offskip, Mount Parnassus reversed, with it's double Top wrapt in a thick black Cloud*: This you pinned to my Coat.——What now, *Jonas*? said I,——Nothing Sir, but now you have the Honour to be classed among *my Authors*; this is their *Badge of Distinction*.——Thank you kindly, *Jonas*, but I hope some Time or other to be in better Company.

But what Cabal is that, laying their Heads together?——These are *moral* or *ethical Writers*, who are making Excerpts from the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and other known Books, to patch together some Scraps for my Paper, which they think may be worth reading; but they are mistaken, for these trite Subjects have already been much better handled, than they can pretend to treat them; and so they may be called a Set of *Plagiaries*. Among them you see *Energetes*, who is so merry with the *Ladies*, who mind this *sarcastic Monitor* less than they do a *Fop* daub'd with Lace, and his Hat modishly cock'd. There too is *Euphranor*, who writes an *unfinish'd Piece upon Taste*. There also is that *gloomy Author*, who gave us an *Essay upon Night*. Here too is *Philalethes*, *Publius Agricola*, *Simplicius* properly so called; and the *splenetic Writer* of WHAT NEWS? with a few others of less Note. A little apart from these, you see *P. Q.*; *R. S.*; and *T. V.*; three stanch *Protestants*, who were the *Editors* of the *Panegyric upon the Whore of Babylon*.

Hey! Hey! what a Hurly Burly have we here! *Jonas*, this is not fair;—three against two: I have a good Mind to assist the weakest Party.—You had better sit still and drink your Punch.—Here's to you.——Well, well, as to drink is better than to quarrel at any Time, I'll drink, and do you go on with the History of your *Champions*.——These two upon one Side, are the *Freeholder* and *Americano Britannus*, and these three that engage them are the *Native of Maryland*——What! that prolix Driveler, interrupted I, who has given us a Preface long enough, and as fit for the History of *China* or *Japan*, as for the Subject he was to go upon?——[illegible] *Philanthropos*, and his F[illegible] *Anonymous*, Brave [illegible] And what do t[illegible] about?—Why, the Pretence upon one Side is *the Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Security of every Man's Purse and Property*. That on the other is the Cause of *injur'd Magistracy*, and to chastise the daring and *insolent Contempt of Authority*; both specious and plausible Subjects of Debate, to cover over something else that is meant, to wit, whether a *Court-House* shall be built in *this Place* or in *that Place*, agreeable to the Interest, not of the Public, but of either contending Party.——But why should the Public be annoy'd with this tedious Dispute, might it not have been better let alone?——I grant it, Sir, but they pay me for it, and I'll publish any Thing for Money, if it is not impious or treasonable.——You're right, *Jonas*; but go on,—What the *Freeholder* has said is well enough, and the Gentleman may pass, in these Parts, for a tolerable *Patriot-Writer*. But, as for the *Native of Maryland*, he is abundantly too prolix, and becomes tiresome by a Multiplicity of Words and little Substance; and indeed in some Places he is absurd, where he asserts an *unlimited uncontroulable Power*, in any *Magistrate* whatsoever, or in any *Constitution*, to levy whatever they please upon the People; for here, he plainly pleads the Cause of Oppression, and advances a gross Absurdity, in supposing the Constitution an Enemy to itself.——He does not advance greater Absurdities than *Philanthropos*, who does not deserve the Name he assumes. Look at this Passage in his Letter.——*A Birth-Right, an inherent Right*——Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho,——Confound the Nonsense! No, the Right of any Prince, whether *hereditary* or *elective* is not *inherent* but *derived*; it is a *Right in Trust*, committed to him upon certain Conditions by the *People*, which Conditions, if he observes not, he forfeits this Right; and a Man can no more be born a *King*, than he can be born a *Reverend Commissary*.——Here again, *I know of no Essential or Fundamental of the Constitution but Parliaments*. Ha, ha, ha.——Don't you know *Wiseacre*? Why the *People*, the *Constituents* of these *Parliaments*, are the *Essential* and *Fundamental* of the *Constitution*, the *Parliaments* being only the *Creatures of the People*.——Hey, hey, hey! *Their Existence was before the Law, their Origin cannot be founded on any Law, we have Laws for the Choice and Regulation of them, but not for their Existence*. Ha, ha, ha, ho, Excellent! so much for *Parliaments*; that is, *we have Laws for their Existence, but not for their Existence*. Quod erat demonstrandum.——You Mr. *Philanthropos*, shall have a *hereditary Right* to be *King of the Blunderers*. I think, Friend *Jonas*, these Disputes are altogether needless, and ought not to be drawn out to such a great Length, because, in the first Place, they do not answer the pretended Purpose for which they were broached, and it is only in the Power of the *Legislature* to determine such Cavils, and secondly, they breed Animosities and Heartburnings, among People that were formerly good Neighbours, and disturb the Quiet of Society. However, here's a Health to the *Freeholder*, and all true *Whigs*, (ay, ay, to all true Whigs, says you) for if any one of these Partizans deserves the Name of an honest Fellow, he seems, in my Opinion, to have the best Title to it.

Here there stepp'd into the Hall a stately grave Person, who took a Survey of the whole *Posse of Authors*, and then with a scornful Smile turned towards the Place where we were.——What Stranger is that, said I?——I believe, answer'd you, his Name is *Public Opinion*, he is a Person of nice Taste, and hard to please; I never yet could reconcile him to any of my *Authors*.——Here coming close up to us, he stopp'd our Enquiry; after he had tasted of our Bowl, he asked what we were about.——Taking a View of my *Authors*, said you.——*Authors!* replied he, sneeringly, I believe such a Rabble of *Authors* never were before heard of,——An't you afraid of bringing your Paper into Contempt, and disobliging your Readers, by being concerned with these *Writers* and their Performances, without scrupulously weighing the Value of their Works, before you trouble the Public with them?——As for their *Works*, said you, I never give my self the Trouble to weigh the Value of any of them, my *Types* are always in Readiness for them, when they send me a *Piece of Money*, and instead of reading the *Author's Piece*, to find the Value of it, I read the *Money Bill* he sends along with it, and according as that is more or less in Value, so I put a greater or less Value upon the *Author* and his Performance.——Strange way of judging! But do you think the Public will judge so?——Undoubtedly Sir, for we daily find that many People are much taken notice of and esteemed, who have nothing but Money to recommend them, any more than these *Performers* of my *Authors*, paltry and insignificant as you take them to be.——This *Sophistical* Argument, said he, smells rank of the *Native* of