

Heads of all the Colleges in the University of Oxford, convened even in *Golgotba*, were to pronounce this to be *Englifo*, I would not believe them; nay, I should argue against them till Doomsday, but for that saving Clause in the *Acta Eruditorum*. “*non disputandum est contra Maccabæos.*”

The next three or four Paragraphs are a direct Plagiarism from Mr. *Hobs*, wretchedly botch'd together. However I shall beg Leave, *in passant*, to animadvert upon one Word, which I think conveys to us a lively Idea of the ridiculous Appearance an Author must frequently make, who writes upon a Subject far superior to his Abilities, and in a Language that he does not thoroughly understand. The Passage I would mention is that, where, addressing himself to the People, he thus harangues them. “Ye are Inheritors of the
“ Constitution of this Realm from your Fathers,
“ and are bound by all the Ties of Nature and
“ of Justice, to deliver it entire to your Sons;
“ many of whom being yet *unborn*, or too young
“ to *bequeath* Power to the Representatives of the
“ Nation, cannot justly, by their Predecessors, be
“ deprived of the most valuable of all Inheri-
“ tances, their Liberty.” This whole Thought was originally the Property of Mr. *Addison*, and in most elegant Language has he handed it down to us in his Tragedy of *Cato*; but our Letter-writer has a clever Hand at borrowing a Hint, and making it his own, in a manner almost peculiar to himself;

Nam male dum recitas, incipit esse tuum.

But not to insist too much on this Point, nor yet to scrutinize too minutely that happy *Concetto* of our owing a Duty to Persons many Years before they are actually *in Esse*; I say, not to pry too scrupulously into such Eleusynian