

Heads of all the Colleges in the University of Oxford, convened even in *Golgotha*, were to pronounce this to be *English*, 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 Inheritances, 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