

ry one cries out against the artist, and condemns the daub. Perhaps, conscious of the hideousness of your own character and principles, you have selected the vilest of your own features, and crowded them into the exaggerated portrait, well knowing that nothing would deform the unresisting object of your unprovoked resentment, so much as clothing him in your own garb of iniquity. But alas! has your malevolence so far depraved and debased even your shallow judgment, as to think that by endeavouring to reduce him to a level with yourself, you would veil your enormities, or that by depreciating his merits, your demerits would appear less conspicuous? Where did you learn that doctrine? Was it in that volume from which you have dared to take your name? No. I have answered the question for you, because, from the sentiments which you have displayed, it is evident that, if ever you perused it, you took special care not to imbibe its precepts, nor to model your conduct accordingly. And were you not aware, when you advanced so many falsehoods, that you were pursuing a most admirable plan of insuring credence to no part of your charge? You have no subterfuge; you can make no apology, except by confessing your ignorance, and that would be an excuse only for your dullness. I conclude by assuring you that my sentiments, in this case, coincide with those of all the readers of the Scribbler, (and they, you are aware, comprise the great body of the public,) who deprecate a similar loathsome feeling of disgust, with which that lying production of your pen was received. Farewell, thou false prophet, and do not again, for want of ideas, coin falsehoods to fill your pages.

Your humble servant,

CASTIGATOR.

*amanuensi meo.*