

"apothecary, not eminent in any of the pursuits of the Society, "is a proper Member?" Our answer to that is, the President must certainly think so; for, with his own peculiar consistency, he encouraged and admitted Mr. Hurlock, apothecary, of St. Paul's Church-yard, within the same year; but we do think, that if an apothecary is happy enough to get a sufficient number of friends to think so, he is as proper a Member as a vice-admiral of the Russian navy, or as a Knight of the Order of Januarius and Malta, or as an Alderman of London, (no disparagement to Mr. John Wilkes.) or as any other idle gentleman in our motley and variegated list; for whatever we ought to be, (which is another question,) we are not an Academy of Sciences, i. e. a receptacle for the Great in Science, but a Society of Gentlemen, of all ranks and professions, all opinions, and, we must add, all kinds of learning, (or no-learning) paying 52s. a-year for the encouragement of literature. Though we ought, therefore, certainly to set ourselves some limits, as to our Members, they are limits which each of us ought to set himself, and not to allow to be set for him by any other man, who may remove them at his pleasure. And where, after all, will be the damage, if these limits are a little wide? A philosopher is admitted one Thursday, a classical scholar the next; The third, neither a classical scholar nor a philosopher; *Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*; it is so, we know it, there is a liberty in introducing our friends, which we take and give, by turns: Philosophy does not lose much; good humour and friendship get a great deal; and, to cut the matter short, it has always been a custom and a privilege, which we do not see why the Society should give up, to a person so unqualified both by temper and abilities to direct their choice, as Sir Joseph Banks. That he is so unqualified, and that his causes of exclusion are the most frivolous, illiberal, and unfair, that can be, will again appear by considering the history of the next unfortunate Candidate, Dr. Enfield, tutor of the Academy at Warrington, of whose exaltation and humiliation, the following is the faithful history.

A set of gentlemen, Fellows of the Royal Society, and others, were dining together at Mr. Shore's, in a large mixed company; Dr. Priestley, Mr. Butterworth Bailey, and Mr. Maty, were of the number: Says Dr. Priestley to Mr. Maty, "Mr.

of turning him out of his place so often, and, till Mr. Maty, long tired out, thought proper to emancipate himself, so fruitlessly repeated.)—They were so; but what then? The President of the Royal Society should be like Sir Harry Sycamore in the play; he should not put himself in a passion; or when he finds a propensity to it rising, he should say his alphabet.——The elected officers of *one of the* (not *the* most respectable, as Sir J. B. in his idle speech idly calls it) most respectable literary Societies in Europe, are not to be the victims of Sir Joseph Banks's passions. Give us the man that is not passion's slave!

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