

of another, of the 10th of August, may be rewarded according to his deserts; and then he will be equally distinguished and exalted.

Upon this exaltation, it seems, "I became noticed and insolent: ever supercilious, and now contemptibly arrogant, affected an air of greatness, and frowned disapprobation on kings, treated Galen with contempt, no longer thought of supplying hospitals with bandages, but prescribed for the *constitution*, proposed styptics to heal its wounds, and wished, like another Sacheverel, to see my comely portrait grace the bottom of an old-maid's urinal:" all which being so prettily told, so strictly decent, and so important to the public, what pity it is that I cannot acquiesce in the truth of things that would do me so much honour!

This gentleman-like writer now says, "the doctor had his wish: he became popular; if to be known for a libeller of the king, and despised as a traducer of the revolution, can be deemed popularity." Now, it so happens that I was not accused of libelling the king, or of traducing the revolution, but of writing a sixth letter to the people of England, and therefore I could neither be found guilty of, nor known for, either of those offences: nor did I become popular on these, or on any other accounts. And yet, the *first* of them, alone, hath since sufficed to make *one* man the most popular, and the most signal patriot of the age. He continues: "and thus, pointed at by the rabble, disdained by men of sense, and execrated by every friend to the family on the throne, I was a proper subject for ministers like the present to pension, to patronize, and to employ." Among the men of sense, will this writer