

different complexion, no man of sense can expect, and no man of honour would desire any thing else but scurrility and slander. Every knave, as well as every fool, is a leveller. Let not our own passions, much less the passions of such incendiaries (who write letters to the public, in the same view their less criminal brothers do to private men—that they may eat) inflame and mislead us. Let us not adopt that sinister zeal for the common welfare, which sometimes vents itself in vague, but furious declamations; sometimes in a malignant joy at public, tho inevitable misfortunes; and is ever dealing forth half truths, diminished or exaggerated, as may best serve the present purpose of malice, or levity, or revenge, or of all together. These volunteers in scandal, these little Drawcansfers, who are ever railing at their betters, only because they dare do it, were never more numerous in any age or country. They swarm by thousands in this great city: they infest every place of common resort, from the chocolate house to the night cellar; and having no business of their own, are constantly regulating that of the state. I have
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