

I do not think that there is anything further worthy of the least notice: much of what I have touched upon was unworthy of attention. In this SEQUEL, we have the result of nearly three years admitted searching for errors, after the book had been ten years in possession. To what extent—technically or substantially—I stand convicted, I leave to your decision, and that of the men of Yarmouth. By the course he has pursued towards myself, this author has seriously marred a work which contains much that is otherwise admirable. That course has not, I believe, injured, and will not injure me, beyond causing me this little trouble and cost. But by an unhappy indulgence in personal hatred he has already injured himself—if that be possible—in *various* ways. Not that this is of much importance—for the infliction of a reflexive wrong only affects himself and those immediately connected with him,—but he has committed a *public* offence; he has wronged the community in which he once lived by degrading and disfiguring, in a permanent manner, the historical literature of the County, for the gratification of private pique. Not satisfied with supplying what he considered a want in the public annals, and making good my deficiencies, he has stepped from the path of the annalist into that of the slanderer; he has descended from the sober dignity of the historian to sit in the seat of the scorner, and he has done honour to the chair. Denuded of its personal matter and manner, this performance would stand an admirable monument of the author's ability, but the trail of the serpent is over all; malevolence has dimmed his fine gold, turned his silver into dross, and mixed his wine with the waters of Marah.

He has proved in the clearest manner and by the strongest evidence, that he has much of the talent and all of the *animus* that would be needed to compose an exhaustive treatise on "THE PLEASURES OF MALIGNITY."