

lingly hope, that, on so interesting an occasion, the vindication of a private man will not be deemed an impertinent obtrusion on the public.

On the 29th of July, a paper was printed in the Public Ledger, under the denomination of "a character of Dr. Shebbeare." In this notable performance, it was said, that "John Shebbeare was bred an apothecary, if he had any breeding, dubbed a doctor of physic at a foreign seminary, where degrees are held in equal estimation as at a Scotch university: that is, asses might have, if asses could *bray* or *pay* for them." This, I imagine, is the first time it has been asserted, that asses are *not* doctors of physic, because they cannot *bray*. However, from this specimen of this writer's wit, satire, and good manners, may it not be fairly inferred, that he is justly entitled, by his talents, to the degree of doctor, without being obliged to *pay* for them. In whatever part of the world I took my degree, I would hope that what I have written in physic, has neither disgraced the university from which I received it, nor induced the faculty to pronounce me a novice in my profession.

However, "being thus dignified," he says, "I set up for a writer, and received subscriptions, to a considerable amount, for an history of England, which, to this hour, has never been published." To this part, he shall receive an answer, when I come to examine his paper of the 10th of August.

He then says, I "poured out such foul abuse on the late king, that the ministry, more loyal than the present, proceeded against me with justice." In this place, I apprehend, this gentleman-like writer lies under a mistake. In what did I pour *foul abuse* on the late king, or on any other