

“ and accomplish the great purpose of *ruining* the
“ *war*.”

The reader may see by this, what a pretty piece of work I should have had, if I had gone through such a wild scene, paragraph by paragraph; but as I have given the clue, he may easily clear the rest of the way himself: what I have remark'd, I hope is sufficient to evince the folly of men's being captivated, with such romantic writing, where one paragraph eternally contradicts the next, and fram'd and constructed on such a sandy basis, so senseless and ungrounded, that the writer's friends may truly say it is totally unanswerable; for I challenge the Author or others for him to shew any fact prov'd, or so substantiated as fairly to demand credit from one reasoning man in the kingdom, or indeed any thing that looks like a fact in one place that is not in another directly opposite. Such dissingenuity, mingled with so much invective, so invidiously contriv'd, to amuse, alarm, and deceive, is quite a new specie of scribbling; and as such never appear'd in our language, and has its source in a bad heart, and a distemper'd brain, I think, let the author be of what party, or take which side of the question he will, he is equally to be despis'd and discountenanc'd, especially as he has the assurance to tell us at last, that when he takes up his pen again, we are to expect a like series of evidence.

T H E E N D