

that he has little or nothing to say about it ; that is, as to the first part, so is to proceed on his steps and gradations ; these are unlucky expressions, being the very things whereby he was enabled to get up upon the stage, and expose alternately, the merry andrew and mountebank, in his own simple individual person. And now it seems they made a peace, or ruin'd the war, for fear the new M—r should have the honour of it. There is some appearance of politicks in this, and whether true or false is blest with a meaning, a point too often forgot in the course of this dream book, or at least is a better thought, than that about corruption. But he has asserted long before, that one *Gamaliel*, whom he pick'd out of the new testament, had taught them long before not to approve any war. And if this be true, then other reasons seem unnecessary ; but when an author has once pack'd up a bundle of reasons in his brain, there are many reasons why they should all come out ; first to shew that he had them in store, next to lengthen out his performance, and lastly, to shew with what address he can play his reasons against other people's reason, and triumph over the common sense of his readers. I dare say this jocular rogue laugh'd in his sleeve, to think how many fools he should make, by cheating them into a warm expectation of finding something in his pamphlet ; diverting himself in the mean time in observing them give money to see the show, of the horse's head, where the tail should be. He consider'd at the same time a point which few authors attend to, which is the giving people words