

*Substance* to catch at the *Shadow*.—How little and weak do Men in the highest Stations appear, sometimes, when produced in their native Colours! behold how the *High and Mighty*, both at Home and Abroad, tremble at a Phantom.

While this was in Agitation, and both Sides in doubt which should succeed, both the *Dutch* and *British* Ministry were at their *Wits Ends* for fear of the Event. They weighed every Circumstance, canvassed every Measure, and puzzled and perplexed themselves to no Purpose, *Reflexion* worked on *Reflexion*, *Thought* on *Thought*; they looked on one another like Men bewildered in a Storm (an Improvement of the late poignant *Simile* of the young Woman that had lost a *Husband* before she had one) expecting every Moment the finishing Gust, that must give them their *Quietus*;—Nay, Sir; do not despair for all this melancholy painting. You shall find our Author can as readily extricate his *Actors*, as confound and perplex them; and he shall do this in a manner, which no other Writer in the World but himself would have undertaken or thought of. While the despairing *Hollanders* and our Ministry were in this distracted Condition, not knowing whether to hang or drown, behold how a Dawn of

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