

for *conscience* sake, to a king *de jure*. But, it seems, my son learnt to preach obedience, for *conscience* sake, to a king *de facto*. Which is just as sensible as to say, that, being bound an apprentice to a shoe maker, he learnt his trade by making hob-nails. Now it so happens that he is convinced that our sovereign on the throne is king *de jure*, as well as *de facto*. Does not this circumstance fully evince how admirably this gentleman is qualified to write on political subjects?

He continues; "happily, this young man's parts not rising above mediocrity, he has neither disgraced the kingdom nor himself, by any publication in the literary way." I am obliged to the gentleman for his civility: and am heartily sorry I cannot return him the compliment, respecting *his* parts and *his* publications. However, it seems, "Dr. Wilson employed this son of mine to prove, for the satisfaction of the conscientious, that a stained-glass window might be set up over the altar-piece of St. Margaret's church, without an idolatrous intention. This proof, worked up into a pamphlet, was soon found on stalls; for even the singing boys thought it a despicable composition." The most striking part of this paragraph is its consistency with the former. For, it seems, "the *young man*, who had not disgraced himself by any literary publication," had, nevertheless, disgraced himself by publishing a composition too despicable for the approbation of the singing boys, who, as they are, undoubtedly, most excellent judges, ought to be deemed of great weight in literary subjects. It appears, however, from this circumstance of the singing boys, that this discerning writer hath mistaken St. Margaret's church for Westminster-Abbey: for to the latter,