

ries are there, even at this day, ready to offer up their humble and ardent adoration to them? The most contemptible and abject of all qualities, which is Folly, can boast of a celebrated Admirer, who has adorned her in all the graces of wit and eloquence. There is but one evil under the sun, and that is Faction, in whose favour no champion has hitherto entered the lists: and this is the more extraordinary, as such a number of *ingenious* persons have, in all ages of the world, been handed up by her to the highest seat of honour and preferment. That not one of these sprightlier Wits should step forth, and vindicate his Patroness from those foul aspersions, which the duller and grosser part of mankind have thrown upon her, is the strongest proof that can be given, of the baseness and ingratitude of human nature. I do not despair, however, but that some time or other, she will have ample justice done her, and that we shall see as spirited and ingenious an encomium upon Faction, as the celebrated Erasmus has given us upon Folly. What induces me more particularly  
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