

real Advantage to us. They forebode Ill from their Malice, and their Pride makes them fear to be disappointed. They are a Sort of Men, which grow up in all Commonwealths (of which they are the Pest) Men of an overweening Opinion of their own Talents, and an insatiable Ambition; who can think well of no Counsels, but their own; and care not what becomes of their Country, when it does not submit to be guided by their Direction. These are a People, who when the publick Counsels are unsuccessful, take an Opportunity to triumph over the Nation's Weakness, and to extol their own Sagacity. And if the Nation should triumph, they have ever the Sagacity to discern some latent Mischief, even in our Successes. Our present Joy is to be productive of a future Sorrow; something must be amiss. Either the Advantage was not pursued sufficiently; or it was carried too far. Physicians, they are, ever reading Lectures on the Disease, but who speak nothing of the Remedy; Builders, whose Skill consists in demolishing; but who know nothing of that noble Architecture, which transforms a little Town, into a great City. Perpetual *Disputants*, who never can settle or decide. So habituated to searching out Faults, that they have lost all Relish for Perfection. So long enured to Poison, that it becomes their natural Food.

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