

igation, and for these only she writes: She values not those four splenatick, ill-natur'd Pedants who can take Notice of nothing in any Performance, but the Faults, tho' she is apt to believe, they will be well enough pleas'd with her Letter; for as the true Criticks Pleasure consists in the Beauties of any Work, so theirs consists in the Blemishes, and when they can find nothing to carp at, they are out of Humour, and cry, there is Nothing in it: It is observ'd, that every Man likes best, what most resembles himself: It is therefore no Wonder these Pedants should be most in Love with the Shades, or as I may call them, the Beauty Spots of any Production of Wit or Judgment; their Minds are full of Shades, and their Understandings always under a Cloud, and for that Reason they cannot look upon any thing that shines with a refulgent Brightness,