

hibited a pretty Bit of Writing enough against the Author of the Letters to the People of *England*, modestly attributing the Cause of thus attacking the M——y to the Poverty of the Author; greatly forgetting, for one Minute, through his vast Zeal for the M——r, that his Goods and philosophical Collection were then seized and sold by his Landlord for Rent. And that his Head so sublime, his Velvet Coat and Embroidery, were only secured from the Claws of the Catchpole, by the Clouds of Baron *Haf——g*'s Protection, whilst his Coach was struck motionless, by the gorgon Physiognomy of him who would no longer hire him any Horses.

I SAY, it is not to be wondered at that he sits silent; because, though the Trustees of Sir *Hans Sloane*'s Collection have not sent to the *Devil* *, they have rejected the Doctor, and

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yet

* Vide *H-N*'s Letter to the Chancellor, in the Inspector where he says, " That no Man alive is to be found, equal to the Charge of superintending the Curiosities of Sir *Hans*, but himself; and that if they omit him, they must send into the other World for another."