

much easier it is to fill peoples heads with fictitious whims, than to eradicate error.

If men of letters did reflect a moment on the consequences naturally resulting from works merely calculated to inflame the minds of the people, they would surely be very cautious what kind of thoughts they committed to the press, and how they endeavour'd to inculcate into the weak or prejudic'd, sentiments that evidently contribute to unloose the ties of affection and duty, and break the bands of unity, between the legislature and the subject, and between man and man: or at least when faction seduces them to turn their talents this way, they would be very careful to rest solely on facts, and not in order to be admir'd, ground their whole doctrine on fiction.

The main end of this kind of writing is to set the people a staring, and the author's principal merit consists, in the difficulty of being understood. For that reason he will meet present applause, and as his labours outrun the capacity of every peruser, so are they to be justly concluded the work of some eminent hand. However this approbation happily lasts no longer, than until some dextrous enquirer truches the performance, as *Ithuriel* did the toad in *Milton*, when instantly the fallacy's unmask'd, and the deceiver appears in his natural shape and colouring.

We are to consider the pamphlet before us in the light of a novel, that by being interspers'd with some facts, and much virulence, has the sanction stamp'd upon it of a very excellent composition.