

till a Volley of interjections, whew, whew, from
 in the Room, surpris'd me into Silence; to explain
 ed me as much as Sibylline Oracles ever puzzled saga-
 into Futurity, and I must have lived and died as ig-
 meaning as Solomon the Wife did of some things
 rious, interesting and joyous, had not every Tongue,
 Mouth which erst had whistled, pronounced emphat-
 ically, "What a Libertine! An arrant Rake!" This solv'd the
 I chang'd my surpris into Chagrin (I hate ungenerous
 I bagg'd their Pardon for contradicting them,
 I do not believe either of you are Libertines and yet I
 I should be sorry to find you less fond of the Sex--- Some doubted and
 others were positive. [Illiberal! but judge as you will, that is my
 opinion of them. How they may affect our Happiness. "When
 we have shuffled off this mortal Coil" I know not; I believe, they
 will not lessen it; but I am not a Mussulman: (can Truth say so
 much of every one who has been at the Font?) And tho' I wish to
 carry this opinion with me to the Grave. Yet I do not want it bur-
 ried there; and not having the double Game a of King's Bench
 Judge to play, so far am I from desiring to conceal my Sentiments,
 or to reveal them "only in secret and confidential Intimacy" that
 Fame may trumpet them to the world whenever she can spare the
 Time from sounding forth the Praises of a truly Patriotic Ministry.
 Eternal Infamy pursue the Man, who, vibrating between two Parties
 basely deserts them both, and meanly evades a Question on which
 depends either the honor of his Prince or the Privilege of the
 People; and may the same Fate attend me if I ever look upon
 such Conduct or the fair Sex "in another Sense." I would rather
 be a loathsome Prisoner on the Vapors of a Dungeon than such a
 Man.

So much for Mr. Jack Careless, said I, throwing
 down the Paper.---A--g's Economy gravell'd them
 confoundedly---Invention was put to the Rack---va-
 rious were their opinions and suggestions, but, as is
 generally the Case with Hypercritics & Motive-Mon-
 gers, none of them were right. [I declare upon my
 Honor, an Asseveration which should be held as sa-
 cred and inviolable as that by Styx was of yore, I did
 not mean the celebrated Personage of that Name,
 who, some few Years ago, was introduced at a certain
 great House in the East. That Lady, pleas'd with
 the Novelty of the Thing and the Grandeur of the
 Place, was charm'd awhile, with her Situation (No, Sir,
 I am not so ill-natur'd and unjust as to accuse the Sex
 of a ridiculous Fondness for Novelty and Grandeur.)
 and as Respect & Complaisance generally carry their
 Point (with some classes of People, at least) she was ex-
 tremely delighted with the Court paid her by a num-
 ber of Grandees-attendant; but she soon found all
 this was mere Parade. Each had his private Mistress,
 and tho' they carried on the economical Farce so far,
 that a Leg of Mutton scarce ever graced their Public
 Table; yet Profusion, Embezzlement, Wealth im-
 mense and Power unlimited had the Ascendency-----
 These were the Mistresses whom they all adored, and
 she was made use of only in public to save appearan-
 ces--tho' Ladies are fond of Cloaks, because they are
 sometimes convenient and useful, yet they cannot bear
 to be made Cloaks of, and with good Reason too,
 Mr. Snarler, for they have so many Excellencies &
 are so very essential to our Happiness, that they are
 entitled to all the Respect we can pay them: besides
 they are all Sincerity and therefore they hate every
 Appearance of its Opposite. The least Duplicity of
 conduct to them is an Insult unpardonable----- This
 Discovery offend'd her Ladyship so much that she
 decamp'd in high Dudgeon, accompanied by her
 constant Attendant, INDEPENDENCE; and steer'd
 her Course to the West, where she was joyfully
 received by every Son and Daughter of that Coun-
 try, who, at this Day, are vying each with the other,
 which shall treat her with the most Respect--And may
 this virtuous contest end not but with Time!---This
 Lady was not in my Thoughts, and, indeed, scarce

* See a late Speech, on a very important Subject
 in a certain political Club.---

ever was in the Thoughts of any of the Careless
 mily; not but that we reverence her (his her Sex
 mands) but she is punctiliously nice and we hate fra-
 lacing--- There is no accounting for Prejudices, but
 ever since a certain Birth-night Accident, which
 priv'd the Nation of the best secretary it ever had
 (for such were the fond imaginary Hopes of my credu-
 lous great grand Uncle, when he married his Grace
 cast off Mistrets with a view of enobling his Family
 Credulous indeed! for in those Days Peerages and
 Pensions were the Reward of distinguished Merit--
 Promises, 'tis true, were nearly as current then as
 now, but they had a little less Alloy in them) we
 have all of us an Antipathy to strait-lacing; unless
 where Duty, Honor or Affection is concerned, and
 in those Cases, it has always been recommended from
 Father to Son as a Thing to be neglected on no Ac-
 count whatever-----How far the Sons observed the
 pious Admonition of their Fathers, you may find (if
 you can find them) in the Historical Records of the
 Family--- They all have susceptible Hearts; and tho'
 yours, perhaps, need not be a very good one, yet it
 must not be a torpid or a bad one, if you can draw
 their real Character from this Trait of them.]

"He is. &c. &c." Your Remark is very just Sir, but
 your illustrative simile is rather vulgarian----- There
 is a Right and a wrong End to every Thing----- If you
 take this by the Right End you will enjoy a Laugh
 if by the wrong, you may also laugh; but then, Sir,
 the Laugh will be against yourself--- However it con-
 vinces me that at least one observation of an antiqua-
 ed writer is not yet exploded, [but a man has very
 little Merit in speaking from the abundance of a big
 Heart, and few, besides the infamous Chartres, claim
 it.]-- Several other bills were filed & pleas entered
 and against Mr. Careless. I did not think him wor-
 thy of such a Contest and offer'd to withdraw; when
 Tremulous four Score and ten, who had sat in
 silence the whole Time, observ'd that there was some
 Wit in it, which in former days would have pleas'd
 him very much, but, added he, rising from his Chair
 and pulling up his Breeches with both Hands, by
 L--d damme it does not suit me at this Time of Li-
 --Respect and Pity suppress'd the Reply I intended
 have made; so making him, or rather his hair
 Locks, a profound Bow, I just said, every Man
 his Humor, Sir, and paying my Compliments to the
 Company, I retir'd thro' the same Passage Mr. V
 had gone, but not with his Air, and, I hope, with
 Nothing of his Spirit about me.-----

The Sequel some other Time.

An ODE to WISDOM, by the celebrated Vanessa.

O H! Pallas! I invoke thy aid!
 O Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
 By tender love deprest;
 'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart,
 Inflicted by thy subtle art,
 And calm my troubled breast.
 No random shot from Cupid's bow,
 But by thy guidance, lost and slow,
 It sunk within my heart;
 Thus Love being arm'd with wisdom's force,
 In vain I try to stop its course,
 In vain repel the dart.
 O Goddess, break the fatal league,
 Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
 More fit associates find;
 And thou alone, within my breast,
 O! deign to sooth my grieis to rest.
 And heal my tortur'd mind.