

discover himself, but with all his care and circumspection, his secret is like that of the unfortunate king Midas, the empty head of the one, and the long ears of the other being matters of equal notoriety.—My friend's narrative was interrupted by an oration proceeding from the trumpet of a *worshipful* speaker, this was happily cut short by the bench, else probably it might have lasted till midnight; as it was I had a pretty good specimen of his worship's powers: it was a common action upon a simple debt, he was determined however, to make no simple case of it, he launched boldly on the stormy sea of metaphysical argument, proved himself justified in his cause, by numberless precedents, for some of which he went as far back as the flood, he then proceeded to the original contract, the truth of which he said he was about to defend, the bench, however, I believe for fear of the consequences, took it for granted; still pertinacious, he said he would at least shew their honors how he would have defended it, he then began upon the first principles of jurisprudence, went through the Roman law, then that of France, concluded by comparing these with the law of England, and in truth he was going on to give us his whole stock of knowledge, metaphysical, chymical, astronomical, geometrical, mechanical, and the whole matter he was discussing did not amount to more than a few pounds; the torrent was at length stopped, and my friend proceeded. The worshipful magistrate, said he, is a strange compound, and was once possessed of much talent, but it has taken its departure from the frequent use of a certain favourite beverage which with the aid of something like constitutional cowardice, has made his worship very nearly a fit subject for Bedlam, every shadow he sees he conjures into an assassin, and he is at this