

Thus much may suffice for the present, and should you insert this, according to your promise made in a late number of the Scribbler, any thing that may be wanting to demonstrate its veracity you may be favoured with on due application to

Your humble servant,

SAUL SAGACITY.

As my muse, which is not the muse of tragedy, is not in a *stabbing* humour to-day, I will content myself for the present with parrying Mr. Sagacity's attack, by quoting from Pope :

“ Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But wit with wit is barbarous civil war.”

Turning over the numerous pieces which my esteemed and ingenious correspondents have submitted to my consideration, and in the greatest uncertainty which to insert first, I could not help taking up Donald M'Dabble's law-report three or four times, and sighing at its length, laying it down as often ; at last, notwithstanding there are many that in point of priority, and of temporary interest, ought to have precedence, yet my itching fingers constantly recurred to that humorous production ; so, conscious I should never get it in, if I did not begin upon it in the early part of a number, *la voici*.

Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici.

Nay, good my friends,
Take care you do not split your well-lined sides,
With laughter, nor with anger.

CASE.

This was a case of Babblement and Squabblement, and was tried by Chief Mandarin Publicus, and a special jury.

Plaintiffs. Parson Plump, Toby Tough, Candour Kale, and Haundy Said.