

pered his wrongs and demanded his rights, and was proceeding to beguile the philosopher, when he, like a true templar, rose in all the majesty of indignation. "Thou knave," quoth he, "how darest thou insult me thus?" and clenched his fist. Upon this Mr. D. recoiled and demanded his pardon, but the ireful sage, regardless of the maxims of Cowper, "never wantonly to set his foot upon a worm," aimed a deadly blow at that portion of the animal economy from which the defendant appears to have derived his name. The blow was dodged, but its violence was such that its force fell against the wall of the house and shook it. Corporeal suffering now rendered the philosopher furious, and he pelted his victim as if he thought he had no brains at all. Our sturdy Sancho, however, stood the shock like a Trojan wall, and repeatedly exclaimed, "Sir knight, I will not strike you, remember the law!" and, as no blow was returned, we may conclude that Mr. D. is much of the courageous Falstaff's opinion that "the lion will not touch the heir apparent." Such was the scene when Dr. Crucible suddenly entered the apartment, and concluding at once that the combatants could not be *in mente sana*, he began his preparations for phlebotomy. But, as the doctors must have their way, I shall only add that it was Crucible's opinion that Mr. Drybrains had lost in the affray as much blood as he could well spare.

EIRENIKOS,

---

HEAR ALL AND SAY NOTHING from St. Joseph, who requests Baron Harpax will give us an idea of what he thinks of "folks getting drunk at the taverns, quarrelling with every one, lying in the streets dead drunk, and fighting with their wives," which must, he conceives, be *bien horri*;