

[two rules]

A
QUIBBLER

Is a Jugler of Words, that flows Tricks with them, to make them appear what they were not meant for, and serve two Senses at once, like one that plays on two Jews Trumps. He is a Fencer of Language, that falsifies his Blow, and hits where he did not aim. He Has a foolish Slight of Wit, that catches at Words only, and lets the Sense go, like the young Thief in the Farce, that took a Purse, but gave the Owner his Money back again. He is so well versed in all Cafes of Quibble, that he knows when there will be a Blot upon a Word, as soon as it is out. He packs his Quibbles like a Stock of Cards, let him but shuffle, and cut where you will, he will be sure to have it. He dances on a Rope of Sand, does the Somerfet, Strapado, and half-flrapado with Words, plays at all manner of Games

with Clinches, Carwickets, and Quibbles, and talks under-Leg. His Wit is left-handed, and therefore what others mean for right, he apprehends quite contrary. All his Conceptions are produced by equivocal Generation, which makes them justly esteemed but Maggots. He rings the Changes upon Words, and is so expert, that he can tell at first Sight, how many Variations any Number of Words will bear. He talks with a Trillo, and gives his Words a double Relish. He had rather have them bear two Senses in vain and impertinently, than one to the Purpose, and never speaks without a Lere-Sense. He talks nothing but

Equivocation and mental Refervation, and mightily affects to give a Word a double Stroke, like a Tennis-Ball againft two Walls at one Blow, to defeat the Expectation of his Antagonift. He commonly flurs every fourth or fifth Word, and feldom fails to throw Doublets. There are two Sorts of Quibbling, the one with Words, and the other with Senfe, like the Rhetoricians *Figurae Dictionis & Figurae Sententiae* --- The firft is already cried down, [¹]: Without a Lere-Serfe] A Lere-Serfe is a fecond or supernumerary Scale, as a Led-Horfe was formerly called a Lere-Harfe, See Bailey's Dictionary.

and the other as yet prevails; and is the only Elegance of our modern Poets, which eafy Judges call Eafinefs; but having nothing in it But Eafinefs, and being never ufed by any lafting Wit, will in wifer Times fall to nothing of itfelf.
