

felt no more the operation of having his skin stripped over his ears, than a young onion. In short, gentle reader, it is one thing for a man to presume on having written a very clever book, full of very clever things; and it is another, to make no pretensions to anything of the kind.

It is upon this last principle that I have ventured to build my hopes of success; and having now launched my bark, my first venture, upon an ocean, where I must expect *northern storms and periodical tempests* to assail me—gentle reader, and still more gentle critic and reviewer—I bid ye all farewell.

THE END.

LONDON :

SWACKELL AND ABBOTSMITH, JOHNSON'S COURT.