

*were too many Books, and another would talk with me when the Races were over.*

BEING amazed to find a Man of Learning so indecently slighted, I resolved to indulge the philosophical pride of retirement and independence. I then sent to some of the principal Bookfellers the plan of my Book, and bespoke a large room in the next tavern, that I might more commodiously see them together, and enjoy the contest, while they were out-bidding one another. I drank my coffee, and yet nobody was come; at last I received a note from one, to tell me, that he was going out of town; and from another, that Natural History was out of his way; at last there came a grave man, who desired to see the Work, and, without opening it, told me, that a Book of that size *would never do.*

I THEN condescended to step into shops, and mention my Work to the Masters. Some never dealt with Authors; others had their hands full; some never had known such a dead time; others had lost by all that they had published for the last twelvemonth. One offered to print my Work, if I could procure  
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