

pamphleteers (concluding of course with a puff in recommendation of my own patent manufacture,) but, reflecting that, though Sterne promised his readers sundry chapters on buttonholes and whisks, yet he could never bring his curvetting jade of a genius to a proper pace for the purpose, so probably I should undertake more than I could perform, were I to enter upon a description of all the varieties of scull caps, steel caps, caps of liberty, caps of maintenance, night-caps, bonnets rouges, &c. not forgetting the large assortment of fools caps always ready on hand, which are to be found on the shelves of my shop.

I can, however, boast that my wares are in demand, for there are several competitors sometimes scrambling for the same cap. Jack Saunter was my first customer, and he wore his cap so cheerily and merrily that it did one's heart good to see him. But there are others who wince and make wry faces, and though the bonnet fits them right well, like a warm woollen night cap pulled all round over the ears on a cold winter's night, they pretend it is too tight, or too loose, or of a wrong colour, or belongs to some body else. Having one's merchandize found fault with, is not the only annoyance to us poor Scribblers, but in this blunderbussing and pistolling age, ten to one, if a man can not combat you with the weapons of satire and argument, but he calls you out, as the phrase is. However, tho' Owen Glendower can

———call spirits from the vasty deep.

And so can I and so can any man;

But will they come when you do call them?

Not I for one, for I hold a pistol to be a most illogical syllogism, a bullet to be a leaden and unphilosophical mode of reasoning, and a hole