

THE SCRIBBLER.

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——— *Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat.* ——— HORACE.

Why not tell truth in satire's laughing guise ?
Fools fit the caps rejected by the wise.

AMONGST the learned discoveries and amusing illustrations which the science of craniology has given rise to, it is rather wonderful that a very prominent and obvious quality of the human skull has not yet attracted the attention of the professors and writers on that subject; and that they have not traced the distinguishing obtusities or angularities which are tokens of the otherwise unaccountable itch which many persons of both sexes have to catch at all kinds of caps that are flying about, and put them on their own heads. Whether the heads attract the caps, or the caps, by their apt and snug appearance, tempt the heads to poke themselves up to catch them, is likewise a question for philosophers to enquire into; but to this I can testify, being a manufacturer of such caps, that they are generally made so elastic as to fit many more skulls than one, and of such excellent stuff, that the same caps our ancestors wore, have descended to the present age, and will be those which will adorn the polls of our posterity. I am tempted here to promise a treatise on the several species of caps which issue from the workshops of satirists, essayists, and