

the public good, in having my cerebral developments explored by Professor Prowler, should he kindly allow himself to be prevailed upon to visit us during the coming season. Who knows the amount of mental and moral capital which may be found lying unproductive and unknown in the various recesses of my cranium, and which, if properly invested, might prove of infinite service to the community? I deem it also of public utility, that I may know whether, if I were struck at, I would strike in return; whether I would take joyfully the spoiling of my goods; and whether, if I were tickled, I should laugh. Besides, I am by no means certain that those small beggars, which infest our city, invariably adhere strictly to truth in their lugubrious representations. How am I to know whether my alms will really be devoted to buying necessities for the young infant whose father, I learn upon inquiry, died during the summer of the cholera (some five or six years ago)? These considerations generally have weight, until I behold some miserable little lump of humanity stand shivering at the door, the sight of whom produces within me such very uncomfortable sensations, that my selfishness alone is more than sufficient to prompt me to seek relief, by bribing, with a few half-pence, the wretched object from my presence. Upon the whole, I judge I am not destined to be immortalized as a benefactor of mankind.

But though I choose to attend to myself and my little affairs, instead of devoting my energies to the task of diffusing light and warmth throughout the world, I trust that I am not so entirely under Satanic influences, as to indulge in hatred of the sun, for its disinterestedness in these particulars. The fact is, I cherish a very high degree of admiration, not only for our great solar luminary, but also for those lesser, but still great lights, around which our various social organizations delight to revolve, and which would seem to hold their existence upon condition of expending it in showering blessings upon the heads of the members of their respective systems. I draw a deep breath, to assure myself of my own freedom from care, as I contemplate and applaud the duties incurred, and the labours performed, by those who generously allow themselves to be tortured into Social Suns. Is it a trifling thing to be dragged in twenty directions at one time—to be president of this, and chairman of that association—to be the mouth-piece of every polyglossal assembly—to be the director of every moral enterprise—to be secretary, treasurer, and convener of every benefit society? And is it wonderful, that the wretched individual—wretched, save in the glorious consciousness of having sacrificed himself for the good of mankind—who has been thus belaboured by an unthinking public, should in a few instances faint under his complicated burdens, and privately retire, for the benefit of his health, to some distant country, taking with him the contents of the several treasuries with which he had been burdened, lest there might arise an unseemly scramble for the monies left unguarded by his lamented withdrawal from office?