

inverted wineglass, I have incontinently retreated to a distant part of the table to avoid some little inconveniences that appeared imminent from the difficulty with which the patriotic individual resisted the influence of gravitation. As for hurrahing, I fear it is not my forte. I cannot even pronounce the word correctly. When alone, I have tried in succession all possible variations from *Hooray* down to *Hur-raw*, without being able to satisfy myself with the style of my performance. I have tried it with *z* instead of *r*, but with no better success. My attempts at a proper tone and pitch have likewise proved utter failures. I am confident that should I essay a public display, even amid the most vociferous cheering, an instant and universal pause of astonishment must ensue, leaving my miserable abortion to float, in all its native hideousness, companionless on the air. I am persuaded that my inability in this particular does not arise from any malformation of my vocal organs, but simply from a want of public spirit. I am happy however, to be able to state, that there is no evidence of a general degeneracy in this respect. A friend of mine, a physician, assures me that cases of bronchitis become most gratifyingly frequent about election times—arising, doubtless, from a too frequent use of the lungs in cheering.

The critical condition of my country has long beckoned me to aid in guiding her destinies in the Halls of Legislation; but my love of ease forbids me to receive the suffrages of the people and I hope force will not be employed to induce me to occupy a seat in Parliament. In such a position I should live in constant fear of being coerced into a Secretary-or Treasurer-ship, or lest Her Most Gracious Majesty should so far forget her royal attribute of mercy, as to inflict upon me the Governorship of some one of her numerous possessions. Is it then wonderful that I should regard, with a feeling little short of adoration, those heroic martyrs who voluntarily devote their shoulders to the burden of the State? Is it wonderful that I should esteem our country thrice and four times happy when I consider that of her numerous progeny of stalwart sons, there is scarcely one who does not feel himself fully capable of guiding her safely through all the accidents attendant upon Provincial existence? Is it wonderful that I should occasionally feel inclined to chide my sluggish nature when I reflect that there exist amongst us not a few magnanimous individuals whose bosoms glow with a patriotism so ardent that their repeated solicitations for an opportunity to sacrifice themselves upon the official altar of their country have become a source of no small annoyance to all political high-priests?

As in a previous paper, I have deprecated all attempts at the adoption of my peculiar system of ethics, so I here caution all imitators against trespassing upon the territory of my weaknesses, lest, failing to distinguish the *certi fines*, they unconsciously pass over into the region of the Vices. I should be sorry to learn that some adventurous follower, attempting to avoid the imputation of being