

an array of counsel in the event of my ever really requiring their aid, no less a personage than Professor M. B. S. Bosh was announced. Like my readers probably, I hardly recognized him under his lately assumed title. I had been made aware, however, that he had been lately preparing for the great event by furnishing, with various articles of apparently mysterious import, an apartment which he calls indiscriminately his study, library, and office. He has it hung round with the portraits of individuals who have shown some unusual prominence of character. Hare, the wholesale murderer, swings conspicuously beside Melancthon the reformer. Plato is indulged with an enormous, hydrocephalic-looking forehead, while Nero is condemned to one villainously low. Some quiet, neighbouring graveyard has probably supplied his studiously exposed private cabinet with the skulls of sundry noted malefactors of both ancient and modern times. Hitherto, he has received merely in a private manner a few ardent inquirers after truth; but he has expressed an intention shortly to purchase (he is at present almost penniless) one of our largest public buildings, in which he will be able to afford accommodation to the multitude that will, doubtless, immediately resort to him for counsel on all subjects relating to life—its laws, organs, functions and improvement. As a withering rebuke to the stupidity of his parents, he has ingeniously divided his one prænomen into three segments, each of which affords an initial. On approaching me he aimed at an air of stately dignity; but his success was not complete. A dignified bearing was as yet too recent an acquisition to fit him in a pleasing manner. He bore a strong resemblance to a boy in a new adult coat, from which the price-ticket and basting threads had not yet been extracted. He, however, considerably endeavoured to soften the effect produced by his stately presence, by a due admixture of condescension and affability. He assured me that he felt a strong interest in my welfare, and that, fearing lest the peculiar mental condition to which I was unfortunately subject, might deter me from visiting him at his office, he had taken the liberty of calling upon me; that Mr. Sparks was, doubtless, a man of some natural capacity, but was, unfortunately, obstinately, and he feared wilfully, wedded to old and effete ideas; that the nineteenth century is chiefly remarkable for the giant strides with which science pursues her onward career; and thereupon he commenced a learned dissertation on physical organisms, psychological influences, cranial developments, and several other matters which would, no doubt, have been highly interesting, had they been all intelligible. During his discourse he made frequent efforts to illustrate his ideas by a digital appeal to certain regions of my cranium, until, by a succession of ill-conducted retreats, I arrived at the wall of the apartment, when he appeared to consider me his lawful prey, for he immediately proceeded to make a formal survey of the surface of my head. Whilst he was thus engaged and entirely absorbed in his work, the door slowly opened. Neither of us confronted the intruder—he, from a blissful