

him. He edited with distinguished ability the last edition of 'South on the Bones.' He came early to college and studied pneumatics. He came home, talked eternally, and played on the French-horn. He patronized the bag-piper Captain Barclay, who walked against the wind, would not walk against *him*. Windham and breath were his favorite writers; his favorite artist, Phiz. He died gloriously while inhaling gas—*levique flatu corrumpitur*, like the *flos pudicitiae* in Hieronymus.* He was undoubtedly a———”

“How *can* you?—how—*can*—you?”—interrupted the object of my animadversions, gasping for breath, and tearing off, with a desperate effort, the bandage around its jaws—“how can you, Mr. Lackobreath, be so infernally cruel and pinch me in that manner by the nose? Did you not see how they had fastened up my mouth, and you *must* know—if you know any thing of how vast a superfluity of breath I have to dispose of! If you do *not* know, however, sit down and you shall see. In my situation it is really a great relief to be able to open one’s mouth—to be able to expatiate—to be able to communicate with a person like yourself, who do not think yourself called upon at every period to interrupt the thread of a gentleman’s discourse. Interruptions are annoying and should undoubtedly be abolished—don’t you think so?—no reply, I beg you

* *Tenera res in femine fama pudicitiae, et quasi flos pulcherrimus, cito ad levem marcessit aetatem, levique flatu corrumpitur, maxime, etc.*—Hieronymus ad Salvianum.