

a zebra; but we will pass that by: it is wondrous short; and '*de minimis non curat lex*.' Pray keep up your Latin. I never should have prospered if I had lost mine.—Proceed we, therefore, to your trowsers. They too, I see, are striped. To stripes in that part your inattention to your Latin may authorize you to lay some claim. But, Heavens! how capacious is their size! The tailor, indeed, seems to have repented of his extravagance, by puckering up a part of them. But what means that broad strap under the foot? Is it to prevent their slipping off over your head? or are you possessed of the prospective policy of Sam Scribble, who suffered at the Old Bailey for signing a wrong name on a banker's cheque; and who artfully passed two leather thongs under his feet, that he might, by annexing them to a hook, and the hook to the hangman's noose, enable himself to vibrate his half-hour without strangulation. Upon this count I defy you to plead a set-off." "My reverend uncle," answered the pertinacious nephew: "far be it from me to tax you with laxity either of principles or pantalons. But I hope you will permit me again to call your recollection to the portrait painted by Hoppner. You are there exhibited in"— "Not loose trowsers, I'll be sworn."—"No, uncle, not loose trowsers, but tight leather breeches. No sooner had Mrs. Thistlewood told her story about your coat than Captain Paterson matched it with another, about your leather breeches." "Indeed!" cried Mr. Robertson, drawing himself up, and looking out for Platt's ferry boat, "and, pray, what might the nautical gentleman say?" "Why, he said, uncle, that he once called upon you, when you were trying on a new pair of do-skins. The maker of them stood by to comfort and assist you. You were suspended, he said, in mid air like Mahomet's coffin; when you had, by dint of struggling and kicking, got tolerably well into them, the operator drew from his pocket two iron hooks, to button them at the knees. He also told Mrs. Thistlewood that you stood the agonizing process with the patience of a primitive martyr, until the third button of the right knee burst its cerements, and went off like the cork of a ginger-beer bottle." "Well, sir, and pray what happened then?"—"Why, then, uncle, he says, that you said something very like 'Oh, damn it!' After which, Captain Paterson added that he does not know what happened, as he turned very sick, and left the room; and so was prevented from holding the conclusion of the operation."

Mr. Robert Robertson, in deep displeasure, now summoned all his syllogistic powers. He was upon the eve of flatly denying the truth of the captain's assertion; of proving that folly and foppery were weeds of modern growth; that *his* uncle never had occasion to lecture *him* upon his extravagance or coxcombry, thirty years ago; and, finally, that propriety of exterior and soundness of intellect had quitted this country on or about the commencement of the French Revolution. Unfortunately, however, this chain of demonstrations was sundered, never to re-unite. Platt hove in sight; uncle and nephew entered the boat; and the presence of two market-gardeners and a footman in livery prevented Mr. Robert Robertson from establishing the superiority of the human race—thirty years ago! (N. M. Magazine.)