

the familiar language of an old acquaintance!—  
 'I lie,' forsooth! and 'hold my tongue,' to be  
 sure!—pretty conversation indeed, to a gentle-  
 man with a single breath!—all this, too, when I  
 have it in my power to relieve the calamity under  
 which thou dost so justly suffer—to curtail the  
 superfluities of thine unhappy respiration."

Like Brutus, I paused for a reply—with  
 which, like a tornado, Mr. Windenough immedi-  
 ately overwhelmed me. Protestation followed  
 upon protestation, and apology upon apology.  
 There were no terms with which he was unwill-  
 ing to comply, and there were none of which I  
 failed to take the fullest advantage.

Preliminaries being at length arranged, my ac-  
 quaintance delivered me the respiration; for  
 which (having carefully examined it) I gave him  
 afterward a receipt.

I am aware that by many I shall be held to  
 blame for speaking in a manner so cursory, of a  
 transaction so impalpable. It will be thought  
 that I should have entered more minutely into  
 the details of an occurrence by which—and this  
 is very true—much new light might be thrown  
 upon a highly interesting branch of physical  
 philosophy.

To all this I am sorry that I cannot reply. A  
 hint is the only answer which I am permitted to  
 make. There were *circumstances*—but I think it  
 much safer upon consideration to say as little as  
 possible about an affair so delicate—*so delicate*,  
 I repeat, and at the time involving the interests  
 of a third party whose sulphurous resentment I