

JACK LONGFIELD'S PATIENT.

A SKETCH OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Pale as students are wont to look after an unusual waste of hours over the midnight oil, Jack Longfield sat beside his well furnished breakfast table in No. 13 Trinity College. Indeed there had been an unwonted consumption of the midnight oil as well as of other liquids of a very different description in Jack's room on the previous evening, as a meeting had been held to celebrate his election to a University Scholarship, which, Jack being rather popular among the undergraduates, had been well attended. The festivities had been prolonged to a later hour than usual, and not till long after the midnight chimes of St. Patrick's cathedral had died away, did the sounds of singing and other merriment cease to trouble the repose of Deans, Proctors, senior students, and all others averse to the midnight noise. So the breakfast of Jack was on this occasion untasted, and his countenance pale as he sat by the fire absorbed in meditation. From this he was suddenly aroused by the entrance of Mrs. Weeks his skip (skip is a corruption of a Greek word signifying "vulture" and is forcibly descriptive of the *morale* and *personnelle* of the venerable females whom the University Statutes allow as attendant nymphs in the studious bowers of Alma Mater.)—"Please sir, Mr. Gray says as how he wants you over to his rooms at once, and he give me this here letter for you." The missive was as follows:

"Dear Jack,

"Come over to Field's as soon as you have done breakfast. Field is ill, very nervous—he fancies he has got *delirium tremens*—something must be done at once. We have sent for the Doctor, and meanwhile you will be better than nobody.

"Yours,

"GEORGE GRAY."

Mr. Longfield was a medical student, and though the tenor of his friend's epistle seemed not to estimate the value of his professional skill very highly, still here was "a case," and which, at least until such time as the Doctor should arrive, would be under his sole care. And of late, "cases" had been of rare occurrence to Jack Longfield, whose attention to his classical scholarship work had sadly interfered with Hospital attendance, and in consequence he was looked on somewhat coldly by Medical Potentates and Lecturers, and but seldom entrusted with "dressing" small operations, or any of the minor diableni which is to be picked up in those vast caravansarais of human suffering, the city Hospitals. Once indeed of late a small boy in the out patient's room had applied to him to draw a large double tooth, but after two minutes howling about the room amid the sarcastic comments of the other medical students, the bicuspid snapped in two, and the small boy retired howling down the street, his howls being audible