

confidences—a casual remark, casting its shadow of the past—all memory provokers—dead leaves of youth's spring-time. Days gone, you reflect; time wasted perhaps. Yet through the confused mass of recollections—intangible product of your University life—the clear outline of the Three Towers is always present, and with it the feeling that you owe the fruit to the shell. *In statu pupillari*: ay, but patriotism is bred of discipline and respect by a delicately attuned distance. What means have you within yourself, my brother Bachelor, of softening the lights and shades of this afterlife, whose beginnings were not laid in College days? 'The disabled pipe'—the first symptom of your most pardonable weakness; but surely Pigeon's muscular mutton and the labored efforts of digestion, bred a predisposition to the disease. An easy chair, your slippers and dressing-gown, a grate fire, light and warmth in your pipe and heart—well, never mind a few grey hairs, you are in Trinity again. A briar with a bone stem—no merschaum—a modest friend that none will covet. Watching the coal fire, alone with a friend who hangs upon your lips and owes to you his life's breath, your creature, verily, yet no worry, whose society is cheerful, whose intimacy and dependance are real, sociability without talk, no word but the gentle remonstrance when the bowl is emptied—your whims humoured in his airiness, ashes to sympathize with your gloom and his rich autumnal hue chasing from you all but mature reflections—pray whither fly your thoughts if not to the third year corridor and the snug little den of long ago? *Bryere* and wing-bore—a dainty engrainment—an emblem in a way—a strange union of stability and fickleness. I had such an one once: others, they say, such an experience. Ay, one whose sweetness, I had thought, would never be tasted by other lips—something I called my own—and I would smoke and follow thoughts chasing a shadow till the heel of 'perique' (thought "the thing" in my day) smouldered, and the flickering images in the grate took quaint forms—for the fire burned low—the blue tongues of flame, fluttering on the last coal, looked strangely through the haze—shall I confess it? a pair of dancing eyes seen through a tangle of fair hair—teazing me—*Bryere* and bone! retrospect, beginning and ending in smoke.

'Rubbish, my dear sir,' saith the reader, 'simply rubbish. Surely life is not all smoke and sentiment, all beer and skittles?' No—not altogether, my captious friend. None will gainsay the intellectual healthiness of the logarithm—none grudge a full mead of praise to its dreary discipline—but, *per contra*, life is not all prose. Technical development is expected of the undergraduate, but in after life his thoughts, wandering back over the nine terms, linger longest by their birth place—his sitting-room hearth. There it was, young, impressionable—visionary, if you will—his bent was shaped, and nature's warp (under what kindly influences!) was woven imperceptibly into a tangible web. Perhaps tobacco was not the sole, but the predisposing, cause, yet if stimulant is needed why not take the gifts—and of them the gentlest the gods provide. Only a weed—yet I warrant it will not spring up and choke the flowers of fancy. It is not, O suspicious, with tobacco as with liquor—*ipso facto* there is little enough in smoking. Who would puff a pipe in the dark, unless well a-glow? As who would grope in talk with a friend without, at the least, a flickering from the hearth fire.

Maybe there is nothing in smoke—nor in Trinity.

After all, perhaps it is a pure coincidence that one's mind and soul were quickened together before the natural force of youth was abated, yet reason as we will, the inevitable instinct of each claims the ill kept hearth in the grim corridor as the birth place *magna pars mei*—truly the *Alma Mater*—lovable, reverend, albeit rank with tobacco. With what a reverential satisfaction, past-men gaze in after time upon their Penates of undergraduate years! Do any of my readers, I wonder, remember the story of S—, a townsman, who had gone into residence in his second year? It is worth repeating. He had brought his sister one afternoon, with the worthy and proper pride of a fledgling, to view his rooms, and was startled (poor ciccerone!) by a knock at his door. Dreading the chaff of those who did not take in the situation, in a bit of a funk, he persuaded her to hide for a moment behind the curtains. Enter a middle aged gentleman, bland, bald, and apologetic—these were his rooms, he explains, in his old freshman days. Would the present occupant let him have a peep at them again. What else for it, but 'with pleasure.' 'Ah!' he murmurs, 'the same old room,' and reflectively surveying its appointments, he adds, 'the same old goods.' Pausing a moment, he spies the well faded window hangings, and lovingly stroking his old-time friends, discovers—ah! well, thinks he—his host's indiscretion, and turning upon the bewildered undergrad with a grim chuckle, whispers, 'Ho! you sly dog, the same old game.'

You think the suggestion *mal-appropos*? Well, well—though not many scenes that mar life's story can be referred to one's College 'Den'—to its influences or opportunities—yet how many acts in the drama of thought are first rehearsed in those luxurious moments before midnight, in the twilight, in the after glow of the coal fire, to be happily damned in the cooler judgment of to-morrow? Be advised, steer clear, most certainly, of the visionary dyspeptic, but clearer still of that academical horror—the would-be *rom* in his teens. And there is a mean only for those who can quit themselves like men. Be strong, then, else and lest in the hour with pipe and arm chair before your hearth, what might have been your heaven of the past, pictured dreamily in the fire-glow, prove in very deed coals of fire on your head—the bars of your grate, memory's prison, with its iron surely entering into your soul. It seems as yesterday, that summer vacation—an idle moment, and an idle act. Heedlessly? Ay, and long before (poor fool!) I learned to feel how precious blue eyes could grow when turned away. Red, red lips! What, pray, could a mad boy do, but take the kiss he wanted? What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? Nay, rather, what did she *become*? Kind sir, I owe an apology even to the recollection.

No, not the warmth and stillness of the air.

But a voice's artless music—All was done,  
Lady fair,

Pretty one.

While of it I was a-drinking  
What intoxicating sips?

For I madly fell a-thinking

How much sweeter your sweet lips,

Sweet lips for love's fulfilling—counting not what  
risk I'd run,

Half wild—

You seemed half willing, were you not,

Pretty one.

"Oh, I could not choose but go into the woodland hoar," quoth the poetical senior, when he was discovered ruminating among the trees in the ravine.