

gladly availed himself of an invitation to sup with Larkins at Trinity, on the express condition that he should be afterwards introduced to the actress, with whom it seems, his friend, stage struck like most idle young men, had been long acquainted. The proposal was accordingly acceded to; and at half-past eleven o'clock, just two minutes after the theatre closed, Daubigny and his new friend made the best of their way towards Ophelia's abode at Castle End. On the road, Edward's imagination was kindled to the highest degree, and he passed Old Magdalen Bridge, deeply absorbed in meditation on the mind and manners of the angel he was going to visit. Larkins laughed at his absurdity, indulged in a variety of "pon honors:" and "very goods," at the warmth of his expectations; and then making a sudden halt, "there," said he with a smile, "lives your Ophelia, Ned; mention my name, that will be enough; and so, good night—this wind blows too keen for any one but a lover;" and with these words he shook Daubigny by the hand, turned back again towards Magdalen, and was out of sight in an instant.

On the moment of his departure, our hero applied his hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a true lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons. "Is Ophelia at home?" he falteringly exclaimed: for in the confusion of his senses, he had forgotten to ask her real name. "Ophelia!" she replied with a stare, "Miss Muggins, Sir, I suppose you mean; howsomdever!"

"Muggins, Muggins," echoed Edward, "Good God! what a name, however show me the way up, girl," and as he ascended those consoling lines of Shakespeare came promptly to his recollection—"A name, what's in a name, a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." On reaching the head of the stairs he involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that he was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. His conductress, however, made no allowance for a lover, but suddenly threw aside a dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A gemman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant he was in the midst of a room to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. His situation was ludicrously picturesque. There stood the Muggins and her mother, armed, the one with a poker, the other with a frying pan! by their side was a pug dog, fat, frisky and belligerent, and to the right in distance, flanked by a coal skuttle, towered a black tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. Where then, the reader will ask, was "the fair Ophelia?" Where was she, who but four short hours ago? to adopt the language of Gibbon, "reared her head in the splendour of unsullied beauty," and who,