

acquitted himself at that awful period of the quadrille, when the gentleman exhibits alone in full front view of three ladies—for indeed the subject is to me so truly alarming, from a recollection of my own blunders in that line, that I shudder at the bare idea. Enough to say, that they danced like other Christians; and that before the assemblies broke up, our young Freshman had extorted permission from Colonel Vernon, to call and enquire after his health.

The next morning Edward, who throughout the night had been dreaming of Laura, was awakened by the abrupt appearance of his college servant; and no sooner saw him enter, than his mind, running upon the graceful form of Miss Vernon, he rushed half asleep towards the man, threw his arms around him, and then finding his mistake, rushed in confusion to his bed.

"Please, Sir," said the Gyp, when his surprise allowed him to speak, "I was ordered to give you this here letter, the first thing to-day," and then retiring with an air of offended majesty, left Daubigny to his meditations. The note simply contained an invitation from his tutor to dinner, where he would meet an assemblage (so at least he was assured, in an illegible postscript,) of the cleverest mathematicians at Cambridge. When accordingly the hour came, he was somewhat surprised to find these illuminati, the most intolerable pedants: without their own limited sphere, unintellectual; and within it, unintelligible. They perpetually talked about "ideas" and "things," and "first principles," with about as much notion of their meaning as a cow has of a clean shirt; and discussed the most imaginative topics with all the mechanical vulgarity of dunces. Strange, that while every other branch of literature humanizes and enlarges the mind, mathematics, (as they show themselves in your smaller geniuses,) invariably tend to confine it. Your mere university mathematician is the greatest ass in creation. Talk to him of poetry, he stuns you with the words "first principles;" speak of painting, history, music, sculpture, all that contributes to the elegance and the grace of life, and he will tell you that it proves nothing—which by the bye is false, for it proves at least that he is a blockhead.

Seated next to Edward was a great, healthy staring Irishman, who talked prodigiously on all subjects, discussed a plan for making poetry as you would make a pair of breeches, after the fashion of Swift's Professor of Laputa; discovered that Milton was a blockhead, Byron a dunce, and that there was only one great man in the world, and that one was himself. Our disappointed Freshman was of course soon sickened of this party, and on quitting