

bookbinder's in the Pease Market. "Of T—n," to adopt the language of Dr. Johnson, "thus presented to my mind, let me here indulge the remembrance." He was—I should say, is, for he yet lives—a finished specimen of those dry adust book-worms—a race, thank God! now nearly extinct—whose brains are filled with learned lumber, to the diligent exclusion of all that is really valuable in learning. In person he was long—thin—transparent: of a grave and formal demeanor, holding a joke in the most respectful abhorrence, and so strait-laced in morals, that he possessed the singular and enviable recommendation of being the only virgin in Cambridge. His dress, like his intellect, was quaint and antique; his coat dated from the Pyramids, his breeches from the Christian era, his stockings were infants during the dynasty of the Plantagenets, and, as for his hat, it was one of those obscure historical matters whose origin is lost in the remoteness of antiquity. To enhance the graces of his countenance, he wore huge black horn spectacles, which, whenever he wished to see remarkably well, he never failed to take off, and has even been known to hunt for them a full half-hour, when all the time they were quietly seated astride his nose.—It is but justice to this eminent individual to add, that he was seldom seen abroad without a face thickly coated with dust, which gave his countenance a sort of mahogany tinge, and made it look so crisp and dry, that, when slapped, an experimentalist would be apt to fancy it would crackle like a piece of parchment. Report gave T—n the credit of washing once a week; this, however, I feel bound in honour to declare is base, false, and calumnious.

On returning to my lodgings, after my first interview with this gentleman, in the course of which I was supplied with every possible variety of useless exhortation, I found my table thick spread with tradesmen's circulars, stating in business-like terms their anxiety for the honour of my custom. Here was temptation with a vengeance!—Luckily I had the good sense to resist, and to content myself with a few absolute necessities, for which I proffered immediate payment—a silly habit, and one, as I afterwards had reason to find, peculiarly unfashionable at Cambridge.

On the third day of my arrival I made my first appearance at the College Lecture Rooms. The subjects of the lecture were the five first proposition, of *Euclid*, and a few pages of *Wood's Algebra*. This was bad enough; but, unfortunately, T—n's mode of tuition rendered the business worse. Instead of simplicity, his explanations possessed the most perplexing abstruseness.—He made, besides, no allowance for idleness or inexperience, but, judging of others by his own practised habits, imagined that every student must necessarily burst forth at once, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, a full-grown, full-fledged mathematician. The consequence of this was obvious. I began speedily to entertain a dislike to science—to fancy that I was one of those born with what Horace calls a "crassa Minerva," and that all the prognostics which my friends had been pleased to entertain respecting my success at Cambridge, would, from the single circumstance of the University honors being restricted, if not exclusively, at least in most cases, to mathematics, be at once and for ever blighted. This for a time threw an intolerable damp on my spirits. I could not but feel that, as a mathematician, I was the most promising blockhead in my college; that I was eyed with pity by some, and with contempt by others. Strongly acted on by these possibly over-sensitive opinions, I began gradually to withdraw more and more into myself, and, in my intervals of study, to confine myself exclusively to the classics. In this state of mind I was found by an old schoolfellow, named P—t, a friend, whose intimacy had been for years my chief delight at Reading.—A word here upon those very agreeable delusions, school friendships.—Though apparently bottomed on durable foundations, they are the mere creatures of impulse, hollow and illusory, short-lived and fantastic, glow-worm splendours, that fade and become extinct as reason dawns on the mind. Formed in a moment of confidence, they expire with the cause that originated them—the unreflecting sensibility of the young heart. Self militates against them.—Engaged in after years too much with number one, to bestow a thought on number two, our attention is solely occupied in bustling through the crowd that every where retards our progress. Though we see him whom we once loved, jammed—pressed—and finally trodden beneath our feet, we gaze with indifference at the sight. Perhaps, at that moment, a thought of past times darkens our brow. We cast a cautious glance about us—the crowd thickens—the hazard increases—we sigh out, "Poor fellow!" and then pass on, leaving the object of our early love to perish or escape, as may happen. Thus it is with human nature. The affections of the heart, like streams flowing on towards the sea, roll awhile in different channels, but are all at last engulfed in the one wide grasping ocean of self.

At this particular juncture, however, I had yet to feel the full truth of the foregoing remarks. P—t was still the same

frank, though somewhat fanciful fellow, I had known at Reading; I was equally disposed to admire him; and, to cement our union, each had sufficient funds to enable him to be independent of the other. If you wish to preserve your friend, whether at school, college, or in the world, avoid borrowing money of him. Friendship, that can stand the test of almost every thing, that can bear with advice and be patient under vituperation, shrinks from that superhuman ordeal—the loan of money. Depend on it, Pylades never owed Orestes a single farthing; had he done so, he would most probably have died in some Grecian Newgate, and the world have lost as pretty a bit of sentiment as school-boy or school-girl could desire.

It was on my road home from the lecture-rooms that I first lighted on P—t. After the usual greetings, he proposed that I should accompany him to Sapsford's (the *Mermaid of the Cam*), and take an hour's boating on the river. No sooner said than done: our caps and gowns, those "outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual" intellect, were instantly thrown off, the boat unmoored, the sails unfurled, and away we went, with a fair wind, at the uncommonly mercurial pace of two miles and a half an hour. In a short time we reached Chesterton, where we landed, went into the billiard-room, and amused ourselves with watching the bad play of two consequential fellow-commoners, that amphibious compromise between the glittering rank of the nobleman and the staid gentility of the pensioner. Of all the sports to which our British youths are addicted, I know of none so utterly without apology as billiards. Sailing I can fancy, and even exult in, for there is something ennobling to the mind in being able to render a new element subservient to one's purpose, in enslaving the free wind, and moulding its very caprices to one's wants; in driving, a sense of power is felt, and dexterity called into action; in skating, the elegance of the human form is put forth in all its attractions; the pulse beats high, a generous ferment warms the blood, and the whole man becomes elastic—mercurial—*spiritualized* (if I may venture to use an expression which skaters alone will comprehend)—but in billiards, the whole gist of which consists in knocking two bone balls, like two thick heads, against each other, and shoving them into a yellow worsted bag, at the same time stretching out the legs and arms to an extent provocative of dislocation—in this amusement I am yet to learn where lies the extraordinary fascination.

With a few slight variations, such as fits of hard study and occasional breakings forth into strenuous dissipation, passed my first year at Cambridge. My second brought an addition to my income by the death of my father. The sphere of my amusements now became enlarged; I made my first excursion to Newmarket on a fine cool morning in October; as my horses' hoofs went clattering along the hard flinty road, at the rate at least of twelve miles an hour, I thought I had never till then experienced true enjoyment. By the time that I reached the heath the racers had just started for the Riddlesworth. Gay cavalades of carriages filled with elegantly attired females—groups of Cantabs galloping in every direction across the heath—hundreds of pedestrians cheering on their favorite horses—black legs assembled round the betting-post, hushed as death in the stillness of intense excitement—and, to crown all, a cloudless meridian sun shedding down its mellow October radiance on horseman and pedestrian, tandem, chariot and racer—all these combined enchantments lent a grace—a novelty—a freshness to the scene, which I, for one, shall never forget. But when the horses reached the brow of the hill the interest became inexpressibly heightened. A roar like the sound of many waters, or the descent of an Alpine avalanche, came up from the assembled multitude; oaths, shouts, screams of fear, and peals of laughter, rang aloud in all directions, while the high mettle racers, as if inspired by the sound, strained their every nerve to gain the goal. By this time they had advanced to within a yard of where the umpires had taken their stand. On—they came, bounding forward like a wave, and for a moment all was hushed, as Fanny, the favorite of the day, made her last triumphant spring. With foaming mouth, glaring eyeballs, and muscles stretched to the extreme point of tension, the generous creature sprang to some distance beyond the goal, staggered for an instant, made one strong convulsive movement, and then dropped dead on the course.

It is surprising how soon, when the chief heats are over, the heath becomes deserted. The Newmarket races, unlike those of Epsom or Ascot, are matters rather of business than fashion, and when once the great sweepstakes are decided, off start the company, some to Cambridge and some to Bury, but the majority back in the town, where they arrange their bets, drink success to the turf, and not unfrequently contrive to acquaint themselves before morning with the sub-tabular proportions of the dining-room. I was one of those who, immediately the Riddlesworth was over, hurried back to the University in order to make due preparations for the first grand ovation I had yet ventured to give.

A Cambridge dinner party! Who that has once witnessed it, can forget that Euthanasia of tipple, that Apotheosis of hiccup and huzza? Before dinner, the company—more especially the juniors—are much addicted to stiffness and dignity, and, unless properly introduced, will sit beside each other a whole hour without speaking. Moreover, they invariably come full-dressed, and, after the cloth is removed, afford (the majority at least), with their red faces and white waistcoats, the most picturesque and edifying contrasts. But to return more immediately to my subject. After the bottle had made a few rapid circuits round the table, the *mauvaise honte* of my guests disappeared, toasts were given—one of which, however acceptable to Sir J. Scarlett, would have given sore offence to the Rev. Mr. Cunningham—songs were sung; stories prosed over; and olives voted *non con*, an invention worthy of divinity. But literature was on all hands proscribed. One deprecated the introduction of such a topic, on the plea that it gave him the head-ache; another, fresh from school, yet felt the tingling of the birch on that particular part of his outer man to which schoolmasters never fail to apply for information on all doubtful points, and was therefore sore upon the subject; while a third left all such stupid matters to the sizers. Conversation mean time flowed on, when, suddenly, a pause ensued, owing to the defection of one of the party. Here was a flagrant act of mutiny! Luckily for the ends of justice the deserter was detected, brought back with all the honours of war, and condemned to drink a bumper of salt and water, which had such an immediate effect, that from sheer charity we were obliged to trundle him home in a wheelbarrow.

The talk, which had hitherto rolled on quietly enough, now burst forth with a roar like that of Niagara: the honorable gentleman who was above the tale begged leave to toast the honorable gentleman who was below it; till, at last, when nothing more remained to drink, the whole party, with the exception of those who clung to the legs of the table, sallied forth in the direction of the Pease Market. Here, as ill luck would have it, we encountered a half dozen brace of snobs. To meet with such a gang and drub them is, at Cambridge, one and the same thing, and, accordingly we set to with a heartiness that soon brought six of our party in abrupt collision with the earth. But the cry of "Gown, gown," procured us a speedy reinforcement; detachments of two, three, and four, all belligerent, and one or two rather sober than otherwise, rushed forward to the scene of action; the counter cry of "Town, town," gave the snobs a nearly equal accession of strength, and both parties kept up the engagement with Homeric spirit and dexterity. Just at this crisis, however, we were surprised by the appearance of the night proctor and his bull-dogs. Away scampered "town" and "gown," each in an opposite direction; some tumbled headlong into the sheep-pens; others, after fathoming the exact depth of every gutter in their road, finished the night on one of those mud-heaps in which the purlieus of "Jesus" abound; and the majority were captured by the constables, but not till every alarm bell had been set in action, every bed-room window garnished with a night-cap, and the town seized with a universal paralysis from Parker's Piece to Castle End.

The next day I rose with an intense headache. My hand shook, my limbs quivered, my pulse fluttered, I was altogether a disjointed jumble of penitence, hypochondriasm, and sophistication. To make matters worse, a chivalrous testimonial of my prowess on the preceding night, began to make its appearance on either optic in the shape of a black eye. Pray, have any of my readers ever been fortunate enough to experience such an ornamental appendage to their outer man? If so, they will not fail to appreciate the full force of the satisfaction with which, on rising from my bed, and applying for information to my glass, I detected a wide discoloured circle, made up in equal portions of black and yellow, deepening gradually round each eye. As if this rainbow were not in itself sufficient, I had the additional consolation of discovering that my eyetooth on the left hand side was missing. In the hurry of business during the preceding night, it had been loosened, dislodged, and bolted!

In this state of mind and body I was found by Mr. G—, the horse-dealer, who abruptly entered my room with a bill of ominous longitude in his hand. His face was awfully ugly; the features grim and satanic—the expression—but what beauty can you expect from a creditor? Venus herself would look a fright if she came to ask for money! Scarcely had I got rid of this unreasonable being, which I did with the greatest difficulty, when P—t burst in upon my solitude. His demeanor, like his predecessor's, was thoughtful, for not a bone in his skin—and he abounded in that article—had been left unvisited by the mobility. His memory, too, was unusually vivid; and as few, if any, of my numerous scrapes during the last year and a half had escaped him, he now indulged me with a copious catalogue of them, concluding his "reminiscences" with a florid description of my black eye, the justice of

which was a strong provocative to suicide.—So passed the first truly miserable day I had yet spent at Cambridge.

I have now brought down my narrative to the third (i.e. the last) year of my residence at the University. This is usually a very awkward and embarrassing epoch. For his two first years, the dashing Cantab is every where abroad—he is seen dancing at the Huntingdon Assemblies—boating at Chesterton—betting at Newmarket—fishing on the fens—sporting on the Gogs—but the last year he gradually retires from notice; his instinctive bashfulness gets the better of him; he shrinks into himself, and becomes invisible, first to his friends, and finally to his creditors. This, therefore, I call the year of retribution and invisibility. With me it passed slowly, and in extreme wretchedness, I was dunned all day, and had the nightmare all night. Wherever I went, there was I sure to meet a creditor. In fact, so numerous were these last, that, had I been patriotically addicted, I am convinced I could have raised a regiment from them, out of which a capital Light Company—or, rather, a Forlorn Hope—might have been forged from my tailors only.

As if this of itself were not sufficiently vexatious, I had further the felicity of finding myself confined to Gates Hall, and Chapel, for a week, in consequence of having presumed, through the medium of an epigram, to do justice to the personal and mental attractions of my before-mentioned tutor. Of course, such rigour on his part was not to be passed over with impunity; and, accordingly, I meditated a plan of revenge; P—t and a few others assisted at it. On concluding the joke which succeeded to our utmost wishes in exposing the unfortunate tutor to ridicule, the whole party repaired to P—t's rooms at Trinity. There we supped, and at an hour infinitely later than usual, the party broke up, P—t proceeding on his road alone, in the direction of Barnwell, beneath a cold wintry sky; and the remainder of us, each taking our departure for our respective abodes.

Early the next morning, while I was yet living over in dreams the occurrence of the preceding day, I was roused from sleep by the abrupt appearance of my servant. "Oh, Sir," he said, breathless with agitation, "have you heard the news? All Cambridge rings with it!" Scarcely had I time to reply, when three or four of my last night's companions rushed into the room. "Get up, for God's sake get up," they one and all exclaimed, "Poor P—t!"

"What of him?" I cried, springing from my bed in terror.

"He is dead."

"Dead! dead!" the word pierced me like a shot. In an instant I was up, and dressed, and flying as fast as grief and surprise could bear me towards my poor friend's rooms.—Alas! the news was too true. P—t, the social and merry-hearted P—t, he from whom I had parted but a few hours before, and the echo of whose last words were still ringing in my ear, was indeed a corpse! On his road to Barnwell, the night air operating on a frame heated with wine, and rendered sensitive by the warmth of a crowded supper-room, had brought on a restless lethargy, under the influence of which, my ill-fated friend had laid himself down and tranquilly slept to death. His body was found at day-break by some labourers who were going to their work, stretched full length in a ditch scarce six inches deep in water, half naked, with his clothes and watch carefully placed beside him on the bank. He had actually imagined himself going to bed!

Such were the tidings I heard as I stood absorbed in thought beside the corpse of my late social, frank, and thoughtless cory. A few short hours ago, and who so full of life; now, who so dull, cold, and passionless—How hushed was his sleep! how profound, how eternal! No fire shot from his eye—no mirth played round his lip—the fixed, ghastly spirit of death, hung out its dreary banner on his countenance, beneath whose dread symbol of power my heart sickened and died away. That night, my few remaining debts discharged, I bade adieu to the University. The porters had just closed the college gates, and the last chimes from Saint Mary were pealing out their solemn tones, as the Leeds coach arrived at the *Eagle and Child*. How different were the feelings with which I had last entered into that same inn-yard! Then I was just starting into life, full of hope and buoyancy; now, my health was impaired; my prospects blighted; and I myself was flying by some resistless impulse, from the grave of my best and earliest friend! These reflections rushed with inconceivable bitterness across my soul, as I turned, while the coach proceeded swiftly down Trumpington-street, to take one farewell glance of the scene I was quitting for ever. The majestic spires of King's College, shooting proudly up into the sky, were still visible in the gathering gloom of the hour; an instant, and they were concealed from view; and, as the last glimpse of Cambridge faded on the horizon, my heart sunk within me, for I was a wanderer on the face of the earth!

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