

THE AUTHOR.

"Flogged every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, while your brother (Caliban, as we used to call him,) took it on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday."

"Yes, and how the odd Sunday was shared between us: Oh, lord! Oh, lord! how well I remember it all."

"Never mind, man, your wounds are healed by this time, so that——"

"Oh lord, how good! Hah! hah! hah! Just the same, Ned, just the same as ever, you're not a bit altered; well here's to the olden time," and with these identical words, the second bottle being effectually emptied, our affectionate friends wandered at a rapid pace towards the theatre at Barnwell.

"Lean upon me, my dearest Edward," said Handiman, as they turned down the Peas Market, "you're not quite so steady as I could wish."

"My good fellow, you're mistaken, I was never more steady in my life;" to prove which he made a sudden reel, that precipitated him into the embraces of an old woman, who was passing at the time, and sent both parties headforemost through the shop door of Mr. Dobbs, the porkman.

On recovering his equilibrium, our hero rejoined his companion, after which they both proceeded straight forward to the theatre, and entered the stage box as a favorite actress was performing the character of Ophelia. The house was crowded in all parts; for be it known one way or other a Cambridge audience is sure to derive ample gratification. If the piece represented is a tragedy, a rich abundance of comic humor may reasonably be expected; if on the contrary, a comedy, then it is quite edifying to see the profound gravity with which the actors eke their jokes are attended to. In the present instance, Hamlet, although so affecting a drama, yet strange to say, excited no laughter: indeed it was almost tragic, for the Ophelia of the evening chanced to be well versed in her vocation. Added to this she was apparently a pretty girl, and beauty with a Cambridge audience, includes almost every excellence. Inflamed with wine, heated with his walk, and pleased with himself and all around him, our young Freshman was soon far gone in admiration of the charming actress. The perfect grace of her movements in particular bewitched him, and as she poured forth all her pensive pathos in that exquisite passage "I would give you some violets, only they withered when my poor father died," the spell was complete. Oh! how he cursed in his enthusiasm the barbarous, cold-blooded Hamlet, (an inoffensive gentleman in black breeches and pumps,) exclaiming to Handiman who sat calmly taking snuff by his side, that he wished no happier enjoyment than to pass away his life in the arms of such an Ophelia.