

On the following morning, our young Cantab, after a world of exhortations from his aunt and father, touching the virtues of study, flannel waistcoats and James's Febrifuge, was seen walking towards Reading, followed closely by a portmanteau with a footman underneath it. From thence he took coach for London, where he made a day's halt, after which, he flew as fast as Mr. Isaac Walton's good driving could take him, to Cambridge, and was deposited safe and sound, at the Eagle & Child, just three days after quitting Caversham.

Within a few hours from the time of his arrival he was surrounded by a crowd of tradesmen. One requested his custom as a tailor; another assured him of the profound respect which he should always pay to his orders for wine; while all agreed in offering unlimited credit. And this to a youth scarcely eighteen, of strong passions, and but just starting into freedom from the intolerable slavery of school. No wonder that his better reason was bewildered, and that amid the pleasures that surrounded him, and even intruded themselves on his notice, he fell a sacrifice to his inexperience. The first week, however, was quietly and laudably devoted to the gratification of his curiosity. In the course of the second, he entered himself a pensioner of Trinity College; & rooms, by unexpected luck, in the Quadrangle; and attended Chapel, Hall and Lectures, with such punctilious exactness, that he began to be pronounced on all hands, a very promising young freshman. This exemplary conduct continued upwards of a month; when one morning, as he happened to be pacing in his blue silk gown down Trumpington Street, a quick lively voice called after him, and turning round, he beheld to his surprise and delight, his old schoolfellow Bob Handiman. The recognition was mutually agreeable, for Bob, although he formed one of that numerous and respectable class of Her Majesty's subjects, who may be specifically called Blockheads, was yet a good humoured sociable fellow, with a laugh for everything and everybody, and above all, a devout digester of even his friend's worst jokes.

On the present occasion, his complaisance was highly acceptable; and as he sat at dinner in Daubigny's rooms, over a glass of very passable champagne, (considering the principal ingredient was gooseberries,) he reminded his friend of their numerous school freaks and annoyances.

"You remember my brother, Ned," he began, "don't you?"

"Remember him, to be sure!"

"And don't you remember, too, how you used to quiz us both at Reading?"

"What, about the flogging, you mean."

"Yes: you used to say that I was——"