

less unreasonable. And it had seemed that even he was satisfied, until one unlucky evening, when it entered into his affectionate old heart to run down and see how the boy was getting along. To give everybody his due, the baronet was too punctilious to think of taking an undergraduate by surprise, and accordingly telegraphed ahead as he took the evening train for Oxford. Fred had been out that day with the Berkshire hounds, and had had a long ride home from beyond Abingdon, and, in haste to dress when he got in, in his hurry so bewildered the scout that the latter forgot everything of the despatch arrived but an hour before. The hurry arose from the fact of his being Junior Deacon of the Widow's Son Lodge in the High, and from his anxiety to be in his proper place before it should be called to labor. The Widow's Son was fashionable among gowmsmen; not only much frequented by gentlemen, commoners and tufts, but gathering also a fair sprinkling of the lesser dons. So the *recherches* suppers were dallied daintily over, and though many of the younger brethren chafed, the elder generation held good its conservative ground. It was past eleven when Fred returned, and there sat Sir James, dark and lowering, his watch on the table before him, and his eyes turned angrily to the door.

There ensued a fierce storm of reproach, beginning in misconception, and followed out in obstinacy. Sir James deemed it an unpardonable slight that his message should have been disregarded and himself ignored. He was set aside, in his imagination, for some more favored rival, and an old man's greeting was not worth attending to when there were young men, or for what he knew, young women to compete with him. It was in vain Fred protested, and, driven to bay, exhibited his collar and badge, as corroborative evidence of the sincerity of his disavowal. He only made things worse. Cromwell never held in such contempt the Speaker's "bauble" as did Sir James the insignia of the Lodge. And he said so plainly, and perhaps offensively, till Fred, wearied of injustice, and losing the prudence he would have given so much next morning to regain, retorted hotly, and the scabbard was cast away in the quarrel, and it was war to the bitter end. There could be no end but one. Stung with the taunt of his dependence, he haughtily repudiated its continuance, and provoked finally the stern alternative of instant renunciation either of all such "gallivanting gambadoes" as he had been carrying on that evening, or of his uncle's favour and his own worldly prospects. His temper was up, and carried him, where it carries so many of us daily, beyond all limits of common sense, and high upon the crest of Quixotic defiance. The baronet left his rooms, left the city with post-horses, and next day sent for the Hon. Frederick, establishing him *en permanence* in the vacant favourite-ship. I am not saying [that my friend was blameable, no one can be blameable in adherence to his principle; but he was so in his want of