

after which ceremony he seated himself bolt upright in his chair, with his great red face peeping out above the pillory of his cravat; and never once looked either to the right or the left, until he rose to take leave. This was the gentleman, together with Mrs. Sarah and her brother, who now, Monday, October 2, 186—, sat formally sipping his wine over a good fire at Dorney Court, and giving between whiles the most delectable advice to young Edward Daubigny, the Cantab above mentioned.

"You will find the University much altered from what it was in my time, young gentleman," he began.

"Aye, aye, Pope, and no doubt for the worse," replied his father; "indeed," he added, "the youth of the present day are altogether a different race from what they were in my time. They have lost, if I may so express myself, the romance, the manliness, the energy which used to shed a dignity even over their dissipation. Don't you think so? Hey Pope."

"Perhaps so, but Mr. Edward is going to redeem them all."

"Well, said Pope, Edward with his education, his taste for literature, and general buoyancy of spirit, must and shall cut a figure."

"Yes, that he must and shall," replied her majesty: "Mr. Pope," she added, turning with a simper towards him, "had you not better draw nearer the fire? the wind from that door will give you cold else; I caught my rheumatism last week in the very same manner: indeed had it not been for James Febrifuge——."

"Pass the bottle, Pope," exclaimed Mr. Daubigny, interrupting his sister's threatened oration, "and let us drink success to Edward."

"With all my heart," replied the clergyman, and turning his whole body round like a pivot, thus prefaced his toast: "You are now going, young gentleman, to a place where, as I who know the world, (he knew as much about it as an unweaned Hottentot) can affirm that both vice and virtue abounds."

"Dear, dear, how true," whispered Mrs. Sarah to her brother admiringly.

"It will be your task, however, my young friend, to select the good from the evil, and above all, to impress on your mind the important fact, that time once past, never returns."

"I have heard that in one of your sermons, Mr. Pope," exclaimed her majesty.

"Perhaps so, madam, but it is very true for all that;" with which words, the church clock happening just then to strike nine, he rose majestically to depart, Mrs. Sarah following him half way down the lawn, with a particular request, that he would never sit in a thorough draught.