

"Fanny distances them all, by G—d," whined out Lord B——, stretching out his ostrich neck to the utmost.

"Well done, Buckle, bravo Buck'e," said the little gentleman with the nose, "go it my boy, here they are, here they are, coming, coming, huzza! the day is ours."

"Yellow jacket for ever," said a voice in the rear of the betting post.

"Black cap for ever," replied an amateur from the opposite quarter.

The goal was now fast approaching, and the bay mare Fanny still kept the lead. Onward like a wave she bounded, while the cries were redoubled, and the bets trebled to their former amounts. "Black stripe for ever—go it yellow stripe—ten to one on red cap." Any apples, pears, nuts, oranges, snuffed out a little Jew boy. "Here's a true and faithful history of the four men who was executed this here morning, with a full and particular account of their last dying speech and confession, shewing as how——;" "Get off the course, you scoundrel," interrupted the enraged clerk, "don't you see they're already at the brow of the hill." The shouts were now redoubled, and all eyes were bent on Fanny. Her triumph seemed already complete, when unluckily on nearing the out-signal post she bolted, her rider came to the ground, Octavian passed them, and the knowing ones were taken in.

This finished the amusements of the day, for in a few minutes the race-ground became deserted, and Edward, accompanied by Handiman, returned to dine with Larkins at Trinity. In the course of the evening, when conversation began to slacken (no uncommon thing at Cambridge), and the wine to vent itself in uproar, the whole party—twelve in all—resolved to sally out in order to enjoy a row. The first place they reached was an old-fashioned brick house in Jesus Lane, on which were inscribed the words "Seminary for Young Ladies." This they tore down instantler, with the intention of fixing it over the great gates of Trinity, when on passing along Trumpington Street, a band of drunken snobs drove full tilt against them. A battle instantly commenced. Not a word passed on either side—time was too precious to be so wasted, and accordingly they all rushed together, snobs and students in one confused mass. With respect to parties, that luckily made no difference; a blow given by one gowmsman to his ally, instead of to a snob, told equally well on the skull of either, so that friends and foes drubbed, thumped and pummelled away, with the most disinterested and indiscriminate impartiality.

This notable engagement continued for upwards of an hour, when the students being somewhat disordered, as much by the blows of their own party as the