

above all, would have given Edward "some violets, only they withered when her poor father died!" God knows, she seemed likely to give him nothing now but a box on the ear: for some enchanter, the same doubtless who transformed Don Quixote's Dulcinea into a kitchen wench, had metamorphosed "the fair Ophelia" into the quadrangular apparition of Miss Muggins. To make matters worse, this tenderest daughter of Polonius, she who drowned herself for love of the Lord Hamlet, was actually frying sausages for supper. Eternal powers! do I live to write this historic fact! OPHELIA FRYING SAUSAGES!! Had it been lamb, the emblem of innocence, or even a Michaelmas goose, sacred from its connexion with Queen Elizabeth, he might possibly have gulped down the abomination—but sausages—horrible sausages—odious sausages—unprincipled sausages, which have committed adultery with flesh, fish, and fowl—Oh God! the very thought was torture. So without one word in explanation of his visit, Daubigny, now thoroughly sobered, rushed down stairs, and never once halted till he reached the great gates of Trinity.

The next morning he woke, as might be expected, with a desperate headache. His nerves were all unhinged, his mind diseased, his temper clouded, and in fact he deservedly paid to its fullest extent, the penalty of his night's debauch. He took up a book to read, but no, it would not do. Voltaire was dull. Dryden insipid, Milton methodistical. He then prepared to dress, when, as ill luck would have it, his hand in shaving trembled to such a degree, that the razor slipped, gashed his chin in the very part where it was most conspicuous, and spoiled his beauty for the day. In the midst of these afflictions, he was cheered by the sound of Handiman's "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" pronounced with affecting pathos, as he beheld a piece of sticking plaster, half an inch long by one third wide, applied to his friend's chin.

"Well, Ned," said he, seating himself composedly on the sofa, "how goes on Ophelia? I hope she received you as fondly as you expected."

"My good fellow," returned Edward, with a sigh, "never again mention that confounded name; would you believe it, the creature was at least forty, with a broad red face like the Saracen's Head, and as far as I could judge, only one eye. How in the name of Heaven could Larkins have admired such a gorgon?"

"Why the fact is, she is our only heroine here, so that behind the scenes she enjoys some little consideration among us. But enough of this: I have called to say that I have a spare seat in my tandom, and, that if you will take it, we will be both off within the hour for Newmarket."