

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

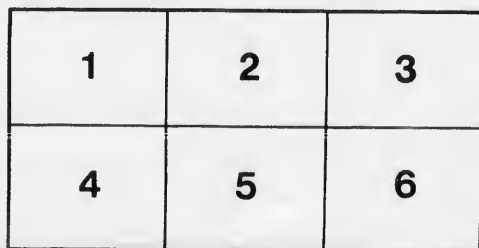
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

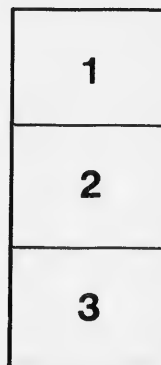
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

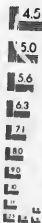
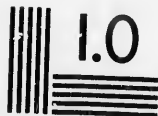
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

56

63

71

80

90

100

APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax





THE AUTHOR ;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE,

BY

W. F. Deacon,

AUTHOR OF "MURDER WILL OUT, OR CONFESSIONS OF
A VILLAGE APOTHECARY."

NEW EDITION.—REVISED AND CORRECTED.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:

J. & A. McMILLAN, PRINTERS, 78 PRINCE WM. STREET.

1866.



50 CENTS.

F. L. LEWIN,

(Sign of the Golden Pad Lock.)

Adams' Corner,

DOCK STREET AND MARKET SQUARE,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dealer in English and American

HARDWARE.

Agent for E. Graves' Axes; do for Dunn Edge Tool Company's Scythes;
do for Gear Band Scale Works.

Fairbanks' Scales always on hand.—All Goods imported direct from manu-
facturers, and sold at lowest cash prices.

D. MAGEE & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

HATS, CAPS, & FURS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL,

NO. 53 KING STREET,----ST. JOHN, N. B.

Cash Paid for Shipping Furs.

D. MAGEE.

M. F. MANKS.

THE

AUTHOR ;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY

W. F. DEACON,

AUTHOR OF "MURDER WILL OUT, OR CONFESSIONS OF
A VILLAGE APOTHECARY."

NEW EDITION.—REVISED AND CORRECTED.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:

J. & A. McMILLAN, PRINTERS, 78 PRINCE WM. STREET.
1866.



THE AUTHOR ;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

So joyful he to Alma Mater went,
A sturdy freshman : see him just arrived,
Received, matriculated, and resolved
To drown his freshness in a Pipe of Port—
“Quick Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more ;
Some claret too—here’s to our friends at home :
There let them doze,—be it our nobler aim
To live—how stands the bottle ?”

Modern Rake's Progress.

About three miles from the High Western Road and two from Reading, stands the little Village of Caversham, and just two miles more from the little Village of Caversham, a stately old fashioned building, by name Dorney Court, with a lawn in front and a magnificent paddock behind. This is, or was, the hereditary abode of James Daubigny, Esq., a widower, who, at the time my narrative commences, was in the full possession of £4000 per annum, an only son, aged eighteen, now on the wing for Cambridge, and an elderly maiden sister. The early part of Mr. Daubigny's life had been spent in rambling about the Continent, where, as is seldom the case with gentlemen who travel for amusement, he had contrived to pick up some valuable information, together with no slight allowance of romance. In disposition he was generous, sincere and irritable, endowed with a lofty sense of honor but rather too deeply bigoted in his attachment to “the good old times.” His long residence in the country had contributed to keep alive this prejudice, for most of his early friends were dead, and the courtly stateliness of the old school having almost entirely disappeared to make room for a more questionable politeness, he felt that he was out of his element in modern society, so like the race-horse of Horace, resolved to beat up a retreat in time.

His sister, who was a year younger than himself, and owned to thirty-six

although she was at least fifty, inherited similar prepossessions. It was said that she had been a court beauty in her day, and even admired by a certain royal Duke; but however this may be, certain it is, that up to the present time she was still a spinster, and from her tart shrill voice, spare figure, nervous peculiarities and desperate partiality for an old medicine chest, was exceedingly likely to continue so. For ten monotonous years she had never been once separated from her brother, but clung so adhesively to him in all matters of taste, that even her features seemed to have acquired a resemblance, probably from an unconscious habit of imitation, as an affectionate wife is said in due course of time to grow so like her husband that even a naturalist would be puzzled to say which was which.

Most families have some standard joke, some little domestic witticism, which however dull without its own circle, is monstrously whimsical within. Now Mrs. Sarah—as her godfather and godmother had baptized her—was the subject of the Daubigny waggery, and a circumstance which had occurred in early life had been placed to her account, as a sort of capital, in the Bank of Momus, on which the proprietors never failed to draw whenever their own stock of jokes ran low. The circumstance was this: She was once seated with the late Lord —— in the stage box at Drury Lane, when a report spread throughout the theatre that Her Majesty was expected. The house was instantly in an uproar: heads were thrust forward into every nook and corner where it was possible for heads to thrust themselves, and the whole theatre, actors, musicians and all burst into an uproarious “God save the Queen.” At this instant the royal Duke, who has before been mentioned, happened to enter Mrs. Sarah’s box, and as all the world knows that a mob resolved to see a Queen are sure never to go away disappointed, so they now turned our virgin heroine into “her majesty,” (although she was at least a foot higher and took snuff.) and paid her all the honors of royalty. From this eventful evening the good lady was ever after dubbed “her majesty,” a name by which she was better known throughout the family than by her own maiden patronymic.

Within a stone’s throw of Dorney Court, lived an elderly gentleman named Pope. He was a bachelor of some standing—say fifty years—stiff, serious, and formal in demeanour, exceedingly safe in conversation, (having never been known to approach nearer to a joke, than just some piece of orthodox waggery at Xmas.) with hair nicely trimmed, voice deep and imposing, and countenance as grave as an old gate-post. For twenty years, from the time of his resigning his fellowship at St. John’s, up to the present

day, he had never stirred but twice from Caversham, and now seemed to have taken such deep root there, that no power short of death, could dislodge him. Between this worthy and Mrs. Sarah, Her Majesty, I should say, a few innocent flirtations were occasionally in the habit of being carried on, but in a way so truly original, as to deserve especial notice. They commenced usually on the part of Mr. Pope, who in the intervals of whist, and provided he was a winner, would cast a fond look, or as it is aptly called, a sheep's eye towards "Her Majesty," following up the said eye with an enquiry concerning her nervousness, rheumatism, or whatever else was the ailment of the day. Mrs. Sarah, as in duty bound, would reply with a look of exactly the same fondness, recommending in addition some choice nostrum of her own, which, if the poor gentleman was not already ill, never failed to make him so. After this, a pause would ensue: but enough had been said, and when Mr. Pope retired for the night, he was sure to find—oh, the strong power of woman's tenderness!—his great coat, and red worsted neck cloth, ready aired by "Her Majesty's" own hands, with a few pills slyly thrust into the pocket, accompanied by an especial request, made at the top of her voice, and heard half way down the lawn, that he should take them in barley-water, just before he went to bed.

It should have been mentioned, that our worthy bachelor was the Vicar of the Parish; and having premised thus much, it need not be added, that he was fond of a good dinner. Every one in short has his weak side, and Mr. Pope's chief fault was, that he could never see a turbot and lobster sauce, without the most affecting desire to make them "flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone." In his religious duties he was exactly the reverse of Rabelais; for whereas that brilliant satirist observes, that sermons, like stirrup leathers, should be made long or short, to suit all occasions, Mr. Pope's, on the contrary, lasted just eighteen minutes, so that the congregation who knew his habits, never failed to wake exactly at the right time. A few more words touching his exterior deportment, and I will then dismiss him for the present. It has been already said, that he was formal, but this does not altogether convey an idea of his address. He was in fact, so perfectly stiff, straight and unbending, that you might suppose he was sent weekly, together with his collars, to the washerwoman, and by her buckramed and starched up for service. On entering a room, he first bowed in the shape of an angle (two sides of which were described by his back and legs, while the angle itself was formed by the nether-end of his inexpressibles,) at the door; and then gravely advancing towards his host, ducked a second time at arm's length,

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.

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——"

"Flogged every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, while your brother (Caliban, as we used to call him,) took it on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday."

"Yes, and how the odd Sunday was shared between us: Oh, lord! Oh, lord! how well I remember it all."

"Never mind, man, your wounds are healed by this time, so that——"

"Oh lord, how good! Hah! hah! hah! Just the same, Ned, just the same as ever, you're not a bit altered; well here's to the olden time," and with these identical words, the second bottle being effectually emptied, our affectionate friends wandered at a rapid pace towards the theatre at Barnwell.

"Lean upon me, my dearest Edward," said Handiman, as they turned down the Peas Market, "you're not quite so steady as I could wish."

"My good fellow, you're mistaken, I was never more steady in my life;" to prove which he made a sudden reel, that precipitated him into the embraces of an old woman, who was passing at the time, and sent both parties headforemost through the shop door of Mr. Dobbs, the porkman.

On recovering his equilibrium, our hero rejoined his companion, after which they both proceeded straight forward to the theatre, and entered the stage box as a favorite actress was performing the character of Ophelia. The house was crowded in all parts; for be it known one way or other a Cambridge audience is sure to derive ample gratification. If the piece represented is a tragedy, a rich abundance of comic humor may reasonably be expected; if on the contrary, a comedy, then it is quite edifying to see the profound gravity with which the actors eke their jokes are attended to. In the present instance, Hamlet, although so affecting a drama, yet strange to say, excited no laughter: indeed it was almost tragic, for the Ophelia of the evening chanced to be well versed in her vocation. Added to this she was apparently a pretty girl, and beauty with a Cambridge audience, includes almost every excellence. Inflamed with wine, heated with his walk, and pleased with himself and all around him, our young Freshman was soon far gone in admiration of the charming actress. The perfect grace of her movements in particular bewitched him, and as she poured forth all her pensive pathos in that exquisite passage "I would give you some violets, only they withered when my poor father died," the spell was complete. Oh! how he cursed in his enthusiasm the barbarous, cold-blooded Hamlet, (an inoffensive gentleman in black breeches and pumps,) exclaiming to Handiman who sat calmly taking snuff by his side, that he wished no happier enjoyment than to pass away his life in the arms of such an Ophelia.

"Can you tell me, Bob," he said, "who and what is this divine creature?"

"Not I," replied his friend, "but here comes one who can, for I verily believe that he knows every actress in England;" and at this instant the box door opening, let in no less a personage than the Hon. Matthew Larkins. This gentleman was what may be called the essence of dandyism. His cravat was faultless; his Wellington boots polished to a miracle, and his coat so well fitted to his stays, and his stays so well fitted to his waist, that he could almost contrive to breathe. In figure he was tall but stiff; with an affected lisp in his voice, a drawling softness in his manner, and a mouth forever on the gape, in order to display a fine set of teeth. As he belonged to the same college with Edward, and had besides been lately introduced to him, no further ceremony took place between them, so that the latter addressed him unreservedly on the subject of his present dilemma.

"Do you know, Larkins, the name of our to-night's Ophelia? I merely ask for information."

"Information," replied Handiman, knowingly, "Oh Lord! Ned, how droll you are,—why, you've been worrying me to death this half-hour about the girl, and now you say it is only for information."

"Information!" exclaimed the Honorable Matthew Larkins, "very good—'pon honor: fact is, you're in love."

"I believe," replied Edward laughingly, "you were never troubled with that complaint?"

"Oh lord! Ned, what a quiz you are! just what you were at school, not a bit altered."

"Love, love," replied Larkins, heedless of his interruption. Very good—'pon honor: Hah! hah!" and he adjusted his cravat with a smile of the most amiable satisfaction.

By this time the tragedy was nearly at an end; the King had been already murdered, ditto the Queen; so that nothing further was wanting to complete the happiness of all parties, but the appearance in Act 5 of young Fortinbrass, who being exceedingly drunk behind the scenes, was loth to resign his rum punch for even the proffered crown of Denmark. A substitute was accordingly provided, in the person of an ingenious candle-snuffer, which gentleman being a degree soberer than his rival, was next day announced in the bills as his successor (at an advance of eighteen shillings per week) during the rest of the stay the company made at Barnwell.

Meantime Daubigny, whose fancy heightened of course by champagne, had raised the "fair Ophelia" into something transcendantly beautiful

gladly availed himself of an invitation to sup with Larkins at Trinity, on the express condition that he should be afterwards introduced to the actress, with whom it seems, his friend, stage struck like most idle young men, had been long acquainted. The proposal was accordingly acceded to; and at half-past eleven o'clock, just two minutes after the theatre closed, Daubigny and his new friend made the best of their way towards Ophelia's abode at Castle End. On the road, Edward's imagination was kindled to the highest degree, and he passed Old Magdalen Bridge, deeply absorbed in meditation on the mind and manners of the angel he was going to visit. Larkins laughed at his absurdity, indulged in a variety of "pon honors:" and "very goods," at the warmth of his expectations; and then making a sudden halt, "there," said he with a smile, "lives your Ophelia, Ned; mention my name, that will be enough; and so, good night—this wind blows too keen for any one but a lover;" and with these words he shook Daubigny by the hand, turned back again towards Magdalen, and was out of sight in an instant.

On the moment of his departure, our hero applied his hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a true lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons. "Is Ophelia at home?" he falteringly exclaimed: for in the confusion of his senses, he had forgotten to ask her real name. "Ophelia!" she replied with a stare, "Miss Muggins, Sir, I suppose you mean; howsomdever"—

"Muggins, Muggins," echoed Edward, "Good God! what a name, however show me the way up, girl," and as he ascended those consoling lines of Shakespeare came promptly to his recollection—"A name, what's in a name, a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." On reaching the head of the stairs he involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that he was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. His conductress, however, made no allowance for a lover, but suddenly threw aside a dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A gemman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant he was in the midst of a room to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. His situation was ludicrously picturesque. There stood the Muggins and her mother, armed, the one with a poker, the other with a frying pan! by their side was a pug dog, fat, frisky and belligerent, and to the right in distance, flanked by a coal skuttle, towered a black tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. Where then, the reader will ask, was "the fair Ophelia?" Where was she, who but four short hours ago! to adopt the language of Gibbon, "reared her head in the splendour of unsullied beauty," and who,

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 methodical. 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 tansom, and, that if you will take it, we will be both off within the hour for Newmarket."

The point was soon agreed on: Edward hastened to conclude his toilette, and then, arrayed in a new driving coat of the most enviable symmetry, walked with his friend towards the Barnwell Turnpike, where they found their tandem with the leader ready harnessed, awaiting their arrival.

Whoever has had the good fortune to drive one of these formidable vehicles, (mail carts as they are sometimes called,) will conceive the ecstasy with which our hero, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, a fine brisk breeze setting in right against him, and his horses hoofs clattering over the magnificent stony road, accompanied Handiman to Newmarket.

The main street was crowded on their arrival; blacklegs, amateurs of the turf, heroes of the fist, pickpockets and novices, being all jostled promiscuously together. Every hazard and E. O. table was in requisition, every inn filled, and every waiter decked out in a new coat and napkin. At a quarter before one, the racers, accompanied by their riders, among whom Little Buckle shone pre-eminent, made their appearance in the stables situated at the further end of the Beacon course, an immense mob attended them, all anxious to advance an opinion (the most ignorant in particular) on the merits of the respective horses.

The betting post was by this time completely crowded; men on horseback, on foot, in buggies, tilburies, tandems and randoms, all eagerly advanced offers, which were as eagerly accepted or refused. Suddenly a bell rang; when eight horses, headed by a bay mare, called Fanny, started at once for the sweep stakes. It was altogether a most attractive sight. The numerous Cambridge students, in their elegant and diversified equipages, lined both sides of the course; while beside them stood an almost endless row of carriages, filled with the gayest company. The distant hill, too, from which the Beacon course commences, appeared one complete moving mass, and upon it a meridian sun now shone down in fullest splendour. At this critical moment a roar like the ocean was heard from a distant corner of the course, and the horses appeared galloping on the brow of the hill. Nearing to the sight, their speed became more visible, until the different emblems of success were clearly manifest to all. The halloo of the bystanders was now loudly increased, and the clerks of the course galloped down the throng of gazers, flourishing their huge hunting whips around them. "Clear the course, gentlemen, for God's sake clear the course, they'll be here immediately." "Five to four on Fanny," exclaimed a little gentleman with a bottie nose. "Done, done, sir," replied a neighbour, noting down the bet in his account book.

"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, snuffled 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 Hanūman, 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 instanter, 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

random strokes of the enemy, raised the masonic war cry of "gown, gown, gown," and instantly the gates of Christ's, Magdalen, and Bennett College poured forth their exemplary numbers. The snobs were in like manner reinforced, and indeed the whole engagement was proceeding on the most approved principles of war, when the sudden appearance of the night Proctor and his bull dogs set the gownsmen scampering in every possible direction. The victory, however, was so decidedly in their favor, that a party of them proceeded in triumph towards Trinity, where, on the summit of its great gates, they exposed their trophy, the large wooden advertisement above mentioned, announcing the College as a respectable—

"Seminary for Young Ladies."

CHAPTER II.

Our thoughtless Freshman was by this time fairly launched into all the gaieties of Cambridge; and though now and then when he received a letter from his father, and an enquiry into the exact state of his health from "her majesty," he felt a deep pang of remorse; yet the appearance of Handiman, Larkins, or some equally enviable friend, soon banished all traces of gloom. The very sound of the former's voice, even the first glance of his rosy good-humored countenance, was an infallible specific for melancholy; so true it is, that cheerfulness alone, even when allied with every masked vice under heaven, seems to include in itself all other requisites. The chain with which a man of this disposition links himself to our feelings, is at first imperceptible; we mention him as a mere good-humored fellow, one with whom we can readily dispense; yet when the moment of separation arrives, we start to find that the mere good-humored fellow has become almost necessary to our happiness. Edward and Handiman were inseparables; together they frequented the billiard rooms at Chesterton, (although Daubigny was as far removed from the calculating infamy of play, as from heaven,) together they boated on the Cam, haunted Barnwell and Castle-End, wined with the gayest gownsmen, and invited them wholesale in return. Hunting, shooting, fishing, all had their turn, and all were equally relished. Our hero, however, whose feelings were ever in the extreme, dissatisfied with the simple tilbury of Handiman, or the curricule of Larkins, must needs sport a tandem of his own, and on mentioning his design to Mr. Gee, the horse dealer of Jesus Lane, was supported in it with the most flattering courtesy. Nay, Mr. Gee even went so

far as to assure him that it was a thousand pities his talents should perish for want of practice, for he was as promising a whip as he ever yet met. He confirmed this opinion, with "upon the honor of a gentleman, Sir, it is true!" so there could be no doubt on the subject.

Within a week after the tandem had been ordered, it was discovered with the aforesaid Mr. Gee seated on the box seat, winding its way towards the Turnpike, at the top of the Castle Hill. Here Edward and his friend Handiman, had appointed to meet it; and as they rattled along towards Huntingdon, in order to be present at the Town-hall assemblies, the ecstasy of the young proprietor was complete. On reaching Fenstanton, they halted for a few minutes, to give the horses time to breathe; a hint, the propriety of which the leader once or twice endeavored to enforce upon the driver by turning completely round and staring him full in the face. This business accomplished—crack went the whip, away they again bowled at twelve miles an hour, and soon entered on that dreary moor which forms part of the Lincoln Fens. Here not a tree nor a house could be seen; nothing but a fat old crow which, perched upon a thing that a poetic fancy might discover to have been once an elm, croaked and screamed like a young lady in a Margate bathing machine. This notable prospect continued till they reached Godmanchester, from whence, within five minutes, they arrived at Huntingdon, and soon found themselves seated, full dressed and comfortable, over a bottle of claret at the Fountain Inn.

By this time they entered the Town-hall, the ball had already commenced; and lights, music, chit-chat, quadrilles and waltzes, were all blended together in confusion. Here, in one corner of the room, stood a little man in black, simpering to three overgrown old maids; there, leaning over the back of her chair, appeared an exquisite, whispering compliments to a young lady, whose face as far as the tip of her nose was hidden by her fan, leaving only a pair of blue eyes uncovered. At this end stood two priggish bachelors, bobbing to each other for the second time over a glass of execrable negus; at the other sate a desperate party of whist players, shedding gloom, like a cloud, around them. The two friends stood awhile aloof, observing and criticizing the different characters assembled, when Larkins unexpectedly joined them: his eyebrows painted to a nicety, and his mouth opened to at least twice its usual extent.

"A very decent set-out this, pon honor," he said, turning with a lisp towards Edward.

Daubigny, however, was too much engaged to reply, for his eyes had just

made a most satisfactory discovery, viz.: that at the upper end of the room, and between two formal old attorneys, there stood, her sweet face turned towards him, what he very naturally mistook for an angel.

"Is she not beautiful?" he exclaimed, pointing in the agitation of the moment, "to an elderly lady, the mother of eight thumping daughters, the eldest of whom was thirty." "Beautiful," replied Handiman, following the direction of his friend's eyes, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! she's sixty, if she's a day."

"Very good, pon honor, hah! hah!" lisped the accomplished Larkins, applying a gold quizzing glass to his dexter eye.

"Not there man," returned his friend, "but there—there—don't you see her? what an incomparable angel, what eyes, what a lovely mouth; what—by—, I'll find out who she is," and rushing up towards the Master of the Ceremonies, he forthwith commenced his catechism.

The old gentleman, amused by his vehemence, good-humoredly answered all his questions, and finding him resolved one way or other to gratify his curiosity, volunteered an introduction to the angel. This was thankfully accepted, so that within ten minutes from the time in which he had first seen her, our hero was seated by the side of Miss Laura Vernon, (the only daughter of a retired Colonel in the army,) firmly convinced that he should be miserable unto "his life's end" without her: and in just ten minutes more, had satisfactorily proved, that though somewhat off-hand in manner, he was upon the whole a very creditable young man. "Tis an awkward phrase, by the bye, that same word "creditable." It sounds so cold, so formal—so respectful—so anything in short but what an enthusiastic lover could wish. When a man once calls a woman amiable, it is clear proof that he cares nothing about her; (that being the last thing that a gentleman under twenty ever thinks of looking into,) and in like manner, when a woman baptizes a man "nice, good-natured, well-meaning, creditable," or pays him some such respectful and intolerable compliment—adieu on his part to all chance of further preferment. In the present instance, however, the word merely came in during the confusion of Miss Vernon's thoughts, until she could find time to reflect on some more appropriate phrase. Her lover meanwhile, employed his opportunity to the utmost, being shortly after joined by the young lady's father, listened with such hearty good-will to his stories, that even he backed his daughter's opinion, and thought Edward, if not a good lover, at least a creditable listener. I say nothing of the dancing of this attached couple; I say nothing of the manner in which Daubigny

acquitted himself at that awful period of the quadrille, when the gentleman exhibits alone in full front view of three ladies—for indeed the subject is to me so truly alarming, from a recollection of my own blunders in that line, that I shudder at the bare idea. Enough to say, that they danced like other Christians; and that before the assemblies broke up, our young Freshman had extorted permission from Colonel Vernon, to call and enquire after his health.

The next morning Edward, who throughout the night had been dreaming of Laura, was awakened by the abrupt appearance of his college servant; and no sooner saw him enter, than his mind, running upon the graceful form of Miss Vernon, he rushed half asleep towards the man, threw his arms around him, and then finding his mistake, rushed in confusion to his bed.

"Please, Sir," said the Gyp, when his surprise allowed him to speak, "I was ordered to give you this here letter, the first thing to-day," and then retiring with an air of offended majesty, left Daubigny to his meditations. The note simply contained an invitation from his tutor to dinner, where he would meet an assemblage (so at least he was assured, in an illegible postscript,) of the cleverest mathematicians at Cambridge. When accordingly the hour came, he was somewhat surprised to find these illuminati, the most intolerable pedants: without their own limited sphere, unintellectual; and within it, unintelligible. They perpetually talked about "ideas" and "things," and "first principles," with about as much notion of their meaning as a cow has of a clean shirt; and discussed the most imaginative topics with all the mechanical vulgarity of dunces. Strange, that while every other branch of literature humanizes and enlarges the mind, mathematics, (as they show themselves in your smaller geniuses,) invariably tend to confine it. Your mere university mathematician is the greatest ass in creation. Talk to him of poetry, he stuns you with the words "first principles;" speak of painting, history, music, sculpture, all that contributes to the elegance and the grace of life, and he will tell you that it proves nothing—which by the bye is false, for it proves at least that he is a blockhead.

Seated next to Edward was a great, healthy staring Irishman, who talked prodigiously on all subjects, discussed a plan for making poetry as you would make a pair of breeches, after the fashion of Swift's Professor of Laputa; discovered that Milton was a blockhead, Byron a dunce, and that there was only one great man in the world, and that one was himself. Our disappointed Freshman was of course soon sickened of this party, and on quitting

the room (which he did after the cloth was removed under pretence of sudden indisposition) ran as if all Cambridge was after him, towards Jesus Lane, where he ordered out his tandom, and in less than two hours had safely arrived at a certain little cottage, between Huntingdon and Godmanchester, on the delectable banks of the Ouse. Here, to his great delight, he found Laura, without an angle in her face or mind, all smiles, and enraptured to see him. If before he had thought her beautiful, she now, when contrasted with the long backed Irishman, appeared at least a cherub. Her voice, too, gained by the comparison, for he spoke in a deep bass tone, with now and then a shrill treble coming in by way of variety, while even Laura's faintest whispers were the spirit of melody itself. She was altogether what may be called a charming girl, slim, graceful and accomplished, with a certain dash of humor in her eye, and a sweet child-like simplicity of expression that gave a zest to all she said. Deprived in early life of her mother, she had been principally reared under the superintendance of Colonel Vernon, excepting two years that she had spent with her grandmother in London, so that her manners, though perfectly feminine, were yet characterized by an ingenuous freedom.

It is much to be regretted that the neighborhood round Huntingdon affords such few facilities for making love. There is, to be sure, a river and some banks belonging to it, but the river is all mud, and the banks all bull rushes; so that Edward and Laura, for want of some more romantic spot, were compelled, during their meetings, to walk up and down the kitchen garden, where among cabbages and cauliflowers, they told each other the secrets of their hearts. Colonel Vernon sometimes joined them, when of course their eyes alone spoke, but more frequently he left them to themselves; for the conversation of two young people who have nothing but sentiment to discuss, must, to a gentleman turned sixty, be somewhat disagreeable.

A whole fortnight thus passed on, and scarcely a day elapsed without seeing Edward's tandom turned towards Huntingdon. He had always something to leave at Colonel Vernon's, some little commission to execute, or some pretty story book to bring back, so that the frequency of his visits (if you come to think seriously about it) is not at all to be wondered at. When, however, he had borrowed and brought back as many books as would have filled a decent library, a female neighbor of Colonel Vernon's, one of those inquisitive old cats, who abound in country towns, was, for the first time in her life struck with an idea, and this was nothing more nor less than that Edward was in love with Laura. Here was a discovery! Here was a

situation for a father to be placed in ; his only daughter had dared to cherish an attachment without first arguing the matter *pro* and *con* with him. On learning these startling facts, he lost no time in assuring her of the impropriety, not to say wickedness, of her conduct, but finding that the young lady possessed a spark of his own spirit, he did all that a good father could do on such occasions, grumbled bitterly from morning to night, and swore upon his honor that she was the most unnatural girl he ever yet heard of. The next day, Edward happening to call with a volume of the "Man of Feeling" in his pocket, which he had borrowed a week before, and which it was necessary to his character for punctuality that he should return, Colonel Vernon took him into the parlor, and, without further ceremony, thus addressed him : "So, Sir, you have been making love to my daughter, I find."

"I believe I have, Sir."

"And are you not ashamed of yourself for doing so without my permission?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Mercy on us, here's a pretty fellow; he first comes into a gentleman's house, endeavors to run away with his daughter, and then, when her father accuses him, has actually the impudence to confess it to his face." "But I tell you what, young man," added the Colonel, "if you can't call here without talking your d——d nonsense to Laura, you must quit; I am sorry for the alternative, but so it must be. If, however"—

He was going on at this rate, working himself sentence by sentence, into a most prodigious passion, when Edward cut short his rhetoric, and, in that frank, off-hand manner peculiar to him, informed him of his prospects in life, his connexion, and more especially of his wish to gain an interest in the heart of Laura; when, on mentioning his father's name, and incidentally his rambles on the continent, Colonel Vernon interrupted him with,— "Daubigny, Daubigny, I thought when I first heard it I knew the name, and pray, Sir, is your father the same romantic gentleman whom I met eight and twenty years ago at Florence, and with whom I was unfortunate enough to be engaged in a duel?"

"I have heard him mention the circumstances of a duel, but never with whom it was fought, nor did I know till now that he was romantic—"

"Egad it must be him—sure enough it's him; give me your hand, my fine fellow, you and I are sworn friends from this moment. Laura," he added, shouting till the house rung again, "Laura, I say, why the deuce don't you come down stairs; here have I been bawling for the last half hour, (it was just one half minute by Edward's watch,) and yet you refuse to come."

The poor girl soon appeared, her eyes red with weeping, and her whole figure the very emblem of sorrow, as she stood timidly with her hand fixed upon the brass knob of the door. Her father, with a smile, desired her to go and welcome Edward, but finding that she rather distrustfully hesitated, exclaimed aloud, "why, you unnatural girl, here I order you to shake hands with your own chosen friend, and you stand as if you were bewitched."

"I am afraid, papa—"

"Afraid, what the devil are you afraid of, he won't eat you," and with this encouraging remark he advanced towards her, joined her hand in that of Edward's, and then acting in his usual abrupt way, that provided they could gain Mr. Daubigny's consent to their marriage, it might take place as soon as they pleased, walked into his study, and left them undisturbed to their meditations.

There is no moment when a man looks so like a fool as when formally declaring himself under circumstances similar to the present. Edward fidgeted with his hat, shuffled his right leg backwards and forwards, called Laura "Madam," to which she replied by "Sir;" observed that it was a remarkably fine day, notwithstanding that it had rained all the morning; and, in fact, felt himself embarrassed to such an extreme degree, that even Laura, despite her confusion, could not forbear smiling. This of course made him look ten times sillier than ever, and he would have committed I know not how many absurdities, had he not burst into a violent fit of laughter. The sight of such unusual merriment struck forcibly on the muscles of a black servant, who happened to be entering the parlor at the time, so without further ado he also grinned from ear to ear with ecstasy, and with infinitely more relish from the circumstance of his having nothing to laugh at, until at last the whole house, catching the infection, were heard giggling in all quarters.

And so, gentle reader, behold our young Freshman the declared lover of Laura Vernon. He wrote to his father, requesting him to consent to his marriage, informing him that his whole happiness was bound up in it, and that he would suffocate himself in the Ouse if he refused; and, in short, so worked upon the old gentleman's feelings that, with some few stipulations, such as waiting until he was of age, &c., he contrived to carry his point. His amusements meanwhile at Cambridge continued pretty much at the usual average of expense, excepting only that his tailor's bill grew larger, his wine merchant's something less, and Mr. Gee's account for stabling largest of all. There is indeed a certain keen atmosphere in stables that wondrously im-

proves the appetite of horses; so much so, that their feed is generally twice as expensive there as if they were victualled in one's own private Meux; a curious fact, which I leave to the solution of the naturalist.

To resume: The October term was now nearly at an end, when Edward, who for a month past had seen little or nothing of Handiman, and when he did, had found him more shy and reserved, with less of the "Oh Lord" in his speech than usual, was surprised one morning by a visit from that notable young spark. His manner, however, was unexpectedly embarrassed, his voice faltered, and he seemed to wish to reveal something that he yet knew not how to bring about. After a pause, "It's a beautiful day, Ned," he began.

"Yes, I suppose you intend to ride as usual," replied Daubigny.

"No," returned his friend, with a sigh, "I have almost given up riding: the fact is, I find walking much more delightful; at moon-light, too, especially, there is something so soft—so—"

"Ahem! Ahem! so sentimental you would say: I understand, you're in love; nay, never blush, man, it's what we must all come to."

"Good God, Ned, how can you be so coarse? I never saw any one so completely altered in all my life."

"Poor fellow," sighed Daubigny to himself, "he is far gone indeed." Then turning towards Handiman, "Well, old boy," he said, "it can't be helped, and so I wish you joy. But pray who is the happy fair?"

"Her name is—"

"What? Emily, Caroline, Musidora, Marion, Clementina, Isadora, Rosalind, Sophia, Harriette."

"No."

"What then, in the name of God? out with it."

"Why, if you must know, her name is—" and he covered his face with his hands—"Jemima Potts."

"Potts—Potts—why that's as bad as my Muggins. How could you, my good fellow, with all your senses about you, fall in love with a Jemima Potts? Potts—Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—to quote your own words; I'm positively ashamed of the name."

"That's precisely my case, so out of sheer charity I intend to change it for a better. To-morrow morning—"

"Miss Potts will be Mrs. Handiman you mean; and pray who is this Miss Potts?"

"She is the daughter of a worthy Publican, very much above his situation

I can assure you at Chesterton. I met her for the first time when you and I, just one month since, went boating together on the Cam. I was then struck with her beauty and simplicity, but little knew the treasure that lay hid in that gifted mind. Oh, to hear her talk of retirement and a cottage, just such a one as my father's, (the elder Handiman was a wealthy miller at Swallowfield) it would almost make you cry. Then, too, she is so fond of study, she knows the "Sorrows of Werter" by heart, and can even read the "Victim of Seduction, 3 vols.," right away to the end without making a single stop."

"Faith she's a downright miracle—"

"She is, indeed; but, however, to cut short all further remark, I have come to request your presence at Chesterton church, to-morrow at eight o'clock; one would not be too public you know on occasions of this sort, and therefore—"

"Agreed—agreed," interrupted Edward, with a smile, "I will be there, and so, Bob, good bye to you, for I see Gee yonder, walking my tandem towards Magdalen Bridge," with which abrupt hint he shook Handiman by the hand, and then proceeded at a rapid pace along the road to Huntingdon.

The next morning the whole bridal party, consisting of Jacob Potts the elder, Jemima the younger, the parson, the bridegroom, and our hero, found them standing beside the altar in Chesterton church. The ceremony was quite as mournful as such ceremonies are usually apt to be. The bride wept and threw her fond arms round the neck of her aged parent, the bridegroom also wept, Daubigny wept (from laughing) and all indeed felt unaccountably agitated save the parson, who being a jolly, red-faced little fellow, and one that from his sleek condition seemed feeding for a bishopric, never once vouchsafed to shed a tear. But the worst of the whole set was the husband, for his nervousness was so extreme that he had actually forgotten to tie his neckcloth, and even when he approached to imprint on the cheek of his young bride a husband's chaste embrace, he very nearly kissed the clerk by mistake.

Thus ended this holy rite, and just three days after its consummation, an insinuating footman, evidently belonging to some one newly married, laid upon Daubigny's table a small piece of that nondescript article, called wedding cake, accompanying the donation with two embossed cards, lovingly tied together by white ribbon, and bearing upon their superficies "With Mr. and Mrs. Handiman's compliments." The cake was instantly eaten, the cards put behind the fire, and every possible respect being thus shown to his friend, Daubigny thought, that as ten days now elapsed, he was fully authorized in

paying a visit to the newly married couple. Accordingly, he one fine morning ordered out his horse, the roads being impervious to a tandem, and after threading a variety of cross roads, and floundering through as many bogs, he arrived safe and sound at his friend's lovely retreat beside the Lincoln Fens.

On mentioning his name he was forthwith shown into the drawing room, where, seated on a sofa, with their hands clasped together, their eyes fixed, her's upon his nose, and his upon her auburn ringlets, our wondering Cantab beheld these cooing turtles. They rose confusedly at his approach, but in a few minutes this embarrassment wore off, and they then gave loose to a variety of innocent endearments, such as shinning each other under the table, pouting, smiling and suddenly drawing back with reserve, which however graceful they might appear in his wife, sate rather awkwardly on a great hulk like Handiman. Their jokes also, though somewhat dull, were yet remarkably touching, and it gratified the benevolent feelings of Edward, to find that sentiment so far from diminishing greatly increased their appetite; a fact which led him to conclude that marriage, like a glass of bitters, is the finest possible stomachic. In the course of the evening Handiman happening accidentally to venture a remark upon his present happiness, and the virtues of his "angel wife," the following dialogue took place in whispers between them:

"Did you speak, Robert?"

"I did, Jemima."

"And what did you say, love?"

"I said that you were an angel sweet."

"Is that all, dearest?"

"Is not that enough, darling?"

And immediately a look that would have melted a heart of stone, flashed straight forward from the eyes of one to the other. So absorbed, in short, were the young couple in each other's society, and so perfectly indifferent to the presence of a third person, that Edward, finding that he was likely to get nothing but the satisfaction arising in a virtuous mind from the sight of another's happiness, remounted his horse, quitted the bogs to the right, and after scampering over whole acres of bullrushes, discovered himself, to his great joy, once again on the road to Cambridge. On reaching Trinity, he found two letters from Caversham; one from his father, requesting him, as Term was now just over, to hasten home; the other from no less a personage than "Her Majesty," prescribing among other minutiae for a toothache, which he had accidentally mentioned.

On finishing this curious epistle, Edward sat down to answer it, an-

nouncing his intention of returning; and accordingly having paid a parting visit to Huntingdon, and consigned his tandom during the vacation to Mr. Gee, he mounted the box seat on the Telegraph, reached Water Lane within six hours of his quitting Granta, and from thence hurried by one of the noble Reading coaches, to Caversham. On reaching Dorney Court, he was received with the greatest delight. "Her Majesty" observed, that he had grown more manly in his address, though his health appeared to have suffered; his father said he had acquired more stability; and Mr. Pope, that he had got the true Cambridge cut about him. All, in short, were well pleased except our Cantab himself, who could not help accounting for his ill health in a way somewhat different to Mrs. Sarah.

In the course of his first evening, the story of his attachment to Laura Vernon was discussed in all its bearings; when Mr. Daubigny observed, that he remembered perfectly well the duel with her father; and added also, that, if the daughter was like him, she was indeed a treasure.

"Like him!" repeated Edward, indignantly, "she is no more like him, sir, than she is like a negro. He is tall, stout, and stern looking; she is slim, graceful, and interesting; he is nearly 70, she 17; he is as black as ink, she as fair as a lily; he has the voice of a north wind, she the sweet tones of a zephyr. In short, sir,—"

"Enough—enough, Ned," interrupted his father, "the girl's a pretty girl I've no doubt, don't you think she is, Pope? hey?"

"Why, considering that I have never seen her, Mr. Daubigny; I say, considering that, sir, I feel scarcely justified in forming an opinion, either one way or the other."

"How cautious, and yet how natural," whispered Mrs. Sarah, admiringly.

"Nature," resumed the divine, with infinite pomp of manner, "nature, madam, is a sure and lasting guide; and the man who, trusting to her dictates, follows—"

"Dear, dear, Mr. Pope," interrupted Her Majesty, "I am almost sure I have heard that in one of your sermons."

Now this, be it known, was rather a sore point with the clergyman; for whenever he chanced to broach any opinion that he thought particularly original, so sure was Mrs. Sarah to refer it to one of his sermons; thus giving the world (meaning Caversham,) an idea that everything he said was stale, and previously manufactured. On the present occasion, he contented himself with a "pshaw," indicative of as much contempt as his manners would allow him to display, and then again addressed himself to Edward.

"You find, no doubt, young gentleman, that all was just as I told you at the University?"

"What, with respect to the vice and the virtue," replied our hero, who had not yet forgotten Mr. Pope's elaborate opinions on that head.

"Why yes, young man; I informed you, that the University was a place where vice is shewn in its utmost deformity, and where virtue, in like manner, shines forth in its loveliest array. So true is it, that nature (and he looked round him with gratified vanity,) appears ever extreme in youth; for all that delightful age, the passions—"

"Mr. Pope—Mr. Pope," interrupted Her Majesty, "if I never speak again, I heard that very sentence in your sermon upon time."

A smile from Mr. Daubigny, a downright laugh from his son, and an indignant glance from Mr. Pope, were the sole replies made to this second interruption of Mrs. Sarah.

Edward had now been three days returned, and having paid the customary visits to his neighbors, and received the congratulations of all Caversham, he resolved to devote one morning to a ramble among his old school haunts; for it was there among the ruins of Reading Abbey, that his love for nature had been first elicited; it was there, too, under the auspices of a master, the only one perhaps in England who knew how to sweeten the bitters of learning, and make a lesson of Horace as interesting as a fairy tale; that he had been first taught how to appreciate the value of education. His time indeed, of late, had been far otherwise employed, but the germ was still within him, and nothing but the sun of prudence was wanting to mature it into fruit.

While our Cantab stood gazing with thoughtful eye upon scenes so dear to his youth, the shouts of some hundred little urchins were heard, and presently the whole play-ground was alive. How happy they all looked! The clouds that a few minutes before had saddened their playful faces, had now all passed away; and they ran off, some to cricket, some to trap ball, and some—the more dignified and commanding—to a solitary bookish ramble, he felt that, though not very venerable himself, he could nevertheless quit his tandom, his dinners, his gaieties, and his follies at Cambridge, and return once again to be a thoughtless schoolboy at Reading. Time, indeed, in itself, is nothing; it is the mind alone that gives shape, substance and duration. When, therefore, he returned to Reading, and his mind shutting out the tumult of the present, fairly carried itself back towards the past, he had so many stirring contrasts to forget, and so much healthful tranquility of mind to recover, that the space between then

and now seemed interminable. These recollections were somewhat abruptly closed by the shrill ringing of the school-bell, when, with countenances grievously lengthened, the laughing little group retired, and as Edward slowly followed, his eyes fixed on the single ivied ruin which for so many years he had watched morning and evening with delight, he felt like the pilgrims of old, that he had fulfilled a sacred duty.

CHAPTER III.

The Christmas festivities were now at an end; the spring term had commenced, and the streets of Cambridge began once again to swarm with Gownsmen. Edward accordingly resumed his favorite station beside Mr. Isaac Walton, on the box seat of the Telegraph, and set out for Trinity, in company with a fellow collegian named Sowerby, a hard-reading man, and one to whom he had been previously introduced. The conversation turned, of course, upon Wranglers, Medallists and Prize-men, for the Examinations were shortly to take place, and all Cambridge was in uproar.

On reaching his rooms, he found a good dinner waiting for him, and, to assist his digestion, a profusion of Christmas bills, from the wine merchant, upholsterer, confectioner, coach-maker, milliner, college-cook, tailor, shoemaker, and, above all, an enormous account, two columns folio, from the courteous Mr. Gee himself. By way of consolation, his Gyp informed him that during his absence, these worthies had been particularly urgent; a symptom of nervousness on their part, which quite paralyzed Edward; for he had received but one hundred pounds from his father, in the hope that that sum would be more than sufficient to answer all demands; whereas the accounts now before him, from October to December 10th, amounted to £684 0s. 0d.

Edward was not naturally dissipated or extravagant; circumstances alone had made him so; but as this trait, however characteristic, would go but a short way towards payment, he was compelled to keep it to himself. Meantime the news of his arrival spread like wildfire throughout Cambridge, and the very next morning his rooms were besieged by tradesmen, all anxious to enquire after his health; and also to ascertain (but merely to ascertain by way of conversation,) the safety of their respective bills. Mr. Gee was particularly affectionate; so much so, that he almost began to be

troublesome; but who—in the name of all that is charitable—can find fault with an overflowing heart? Edward was no churl in disposition, he answered, therefore, all enquiries with politeness; after which, having contrived to clear his room for the present, he walked on towards those of his studious friend Soweroy, there to deposit in his faithful bosom, the story of his blighted hopes.

On entering the apartment he found that gentleman briskly engaged in the composition of a poem for the ensuing year, entitled “the death of Socrates;” and was so struck with his humor, his versatility, his information, and classic enthusiasm, that he left him quite an altered man. That same evening he took down his Pope, Shakespeare, and Milton, now somewhat soiled with dust; read with rapture the *Comus* of one, the *Temple of Fame* of the other, and the *Tempest* of the third; and resolved, come what might, to try his hand at the next University Prize Poem.

No sooner said than done; the very antipodes of Fabius Cunctator in love and learning, our new-born poet applied himself straight forward to the task; and within a fortnight, during which time he had paid six long visits to Huntingdon, he had not only achieved the sage’s demise, but even conveyed him to Olympus, in a chariot drawn by the Muses, so absorbed was he in this new poetic undertaking, that he never once thought of Handiman; and it was not until he met Larkins one evening at chapel that he even recollected his existence. To make amends for such neglect, he now resolved on paying him a visit, and accordingly, after floundering through as many bogs as when he last travelled that road, he arrived in his usual pickle, at the cottage.

Connubial bliss! if there be aught on earth that man may call divine, it is the pure and perfect happiness resulting from this enviable state. It is this which knits our affections so closely to the world; hallows in our eyes that one dear spot we call our home; soothes us in our anguish, rejoices with us in our prosperity; and above all, takes care that our stockings are well aired and mended. His mind, softened even to tears, with these pensive reflections, our hero passed through his uxorious friend’s hall door; but, alas! on ascending towards the drawing room, was somewhat surprised to hear the following dialogue carried on with proportionate animation:

“Mr. Handiman, Mr. Handiman, I tell you, you shall do no such thing.”

“But I tell you, Mr. Handiman, I will.”

“But I say, you shan’t.”

“But I say, I will.”

"But you shant."

"But I will."

And instantly a sort of scuffle ensued, which was only terminated by Daubigny's unexpected entrance. His friend seemed delighted to see him; but his former mirth was gone; and he even forgot to say, "oh lord"—so that you can easily conceive how miserable he must have been. In fact, he had everything to make him so. His marriage had offended his father, to whom he had but lately communicated it; and who had in consequence limited him to £400 per annum; and his wife—his angel wife—had turned out a devil. Not only that, but previously to being Mrs. Handiman, she had been Mrs. Watkins, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Orme (together with a few other alias's) undistinguished even by the formality of marriage. To sum up all his grievances, within a few days after the conclusion of his honeymoon, she was visited by her aged parent, who brought in his hands an exceedingly promising child—her own undoubted property—and added, with an oath, that she must herself support it for the future. Debt also contracted during her engagements with these above mentioned collegians, were sent daily, per post, to her husband, who, on stating "the case somewhat harshly to his angel wife, was requested not to afflict himself, for that the faster the bills came in, the sooner they would have done coming."

In cases of this nature, the condolences of a friend, however well meant, are invariably mistaken for sneers; so that Edward, finding he could give little or no relief, splashed a third time through the bogs, and reached Trinity about two hours after the gates were locked.

About a fortnight after this occurrence, Daubigny was surprised by a second visit from Mr. Gee, who, in terms polite but positive, assured him, "upon the honor of a gentleman," that he was pressed on all sides for money, and must request immediate payment. But his worst misfortunes were yet to come. The Bursar, offended by his absence from chapel; the Tutor by his neglect of Hall and Lectures, and the Master by his refusal to confine himself within the Quadrangle, now joined issue against him, and despatched three separate letters to Caversham, filled with complaints of his extravagance, idleness, and, worst of all, his contempt of authority.

To these three Jeremiads, an answer was immediately returned by his father, recalling Edward home, and reviling him in bitter terms for his unprincipled conduct; but as our hero's blood was by this time on fire, he wrote back to say that he "would never revisit his paternal roof" until he had earned a name in the world, and that by the very hour the letter was received at Caversham, he should be far away from Cambridge, on his

road to literary distinction in the metropolis. This business accomplished, he next arranged all things for his departure; packed up his poem, (that master piece which he made no doubt all Paternoster Row would run to purchase,) settled as favorably as he could with his creditors, leaving only £20 for himself; and then, for the last time, turned his horse's head towards Huntingdon; his mind variously agitated by remorse, pride, and no slight share of conceit, resulting from an anticipated immortality.

Doctor Johnson has well observed that we never do anything for the last time (however confident we may be in spirit) without a certain tinge of gloom. Edward felt this truth; and as he rode along the barren moors towards Huntingdon, and fancied that he should never look on them again, his mind began to sink, and he lingered over every object in his path, even the dull village of Fenstanton, and its still duller neighbour Godmanchester, as friends from whom he was now to part for ever. It was on a fine January evening that he crossed the bridge over the Ouse, and from thence turned down towards the well-known cottage. The river flowed silently beside him, the rushes waved with a slight stir in the wind, and the general desertion of the scene increased his sense of loneliness. He was now hastening towards the little garden which in happier times had so often bounded his rambles. How many long years might elapse before he should again behold it! How many eventful changes might occur—those who now inhabited it might be far, far away; the one dead, the other living, but living no more for him. On entering the drawing room he discovered Laura seated alone and reading by the window. Never before had she looked so perfectly beautiful. Her countenance sparkled with more than usual animation, and her light morning dress, bound at the waist by a single band with a gold buckle in front, and just sufficiently parted at the throat to display its lovely proportions, increased the enchantment of her figure. "Well, truant," she said, throwing back her glossy ringlets with a smile, "so you have come at last, and pray what new tale of scandal or gaiety have you brought with you to make amends for your absence?"

"Gaiety, Laura, I must never feel again, but if a tale of woe—"

"The very thing; now do you know I would give the world for such a tale, for, to speak the truth, I have been so uncommonly happy since you were away, and that you'll allow is a long time—"

"Just three days."

"Well no matter," she added, with a blush, "time in solitude differs materially from what it is in society; but, however, let me hear this tale,

28

unhappy man, I am all expectation," and she placed her white hand on his arm.

"The tale, Laura, I am going to relate, though melancholy in the extreme, is—"
 "Not very long, I hope."

"No, madam," replied Edward, with a grave bow, "but linked with a friend of mine, in whom I can scarcely expect you to feel interested."
 "Proceed, young man."

"Launched at an early period into the tempestuous ocean of life—"
 "A very touching commencement, upon my word; that ocean of life is

particularly striking."
 "Yes, I thought you would like it," replied the gratified poet, "but, to resume, this dear friend of mine launched—"

"What! a second time, is not one launch enough?"

"For God's sake, madam, be silent," replied Edward, and then, after a pause, proceeded in his detail. "This friend of mine, open in temper, thoughtless and extravagant in conduct, has lately indulged in the most inexcusable follies, and is now on the eve of ruin. He has had friends, so at least the world is pleased to call them, tempting him by every means in their power to destruction, and having thus lured him to its brink, have there left him to perish. But even amid his deepest sorrows he has experienced the most perfect happiness. A female form, arrayed in all the loveliness of youth and innocence, flitted like sunshine across his path; in her presence, he forgot everything; the world, with all its distinctions, was shut out; he lived for her alone. Oh, never can he again love as he has once loved, never can woman be again so dear as she who is lost to him for ever. For mark me, Laura," he continued with increasing earnestness, "this lady, who as my poor friend has often told me, was his life,—his divinity, the only thing on earth he cared for, was wooed in the season of his prosperity. But that season is now passed away, and she, too, is gone for ever. A beggar, an outcast from society, can he sue, or if suing, venture to hope that she will listen in his distress, as she listened to him in prouder days? No, indeed! he will be to her what he has been to others; a mere toy, to be trifled with for a time, and then, when no longer needed, to be thrown aside and forgotten. In this dilemma, Laura, what must my poor friend do?"

"I know not," she replied, "but can the woman who loved him in his prosperity neglect him in his sorrows? Oh, surely not, Edward, the feelings of nature, of honor, of common humanity, all plead powerfully in his behalf. Most sincerely, indeed, do I pity him."

rece

"And do you, Laura, do you pity him? sweetest, sweetest girl, oh! pity me, but that word again, and I shall indeed be happy."

"You, Edward—you—Almighty God! and is it to your tale then that I have been listening?"

"It is, love; in one short word, I am ruined, and am now come to bid you farewell. Any slight hold that I may hitherto have had upon your heart I here for ever resign, for a beggar—"

"Ungenerous Edward, and do you think that we are thus to part? Do you hold my love so cheap as to think it can be thus easily transferred? No! dear as you were to me before, you are now a thousand times dearer. Let who will rule the future I cannot forget the past. It is here," she added, her eyes swimming in tears, "here that you are beloved, in this heart your image is shrouded as in a grave, never thence to be withdrawn till death."

The tears of Edward now flowed without control: "I am not worthy of you," he said, "I am a ruined man, and all linked with me must perish. But yet, Laura, if I am indeed so dear to you, do not quite forget me."

"Forget you, Edward, never; night and day will I pray unceasingly for your return; I will watch by the road side to catch even the first glimpse of your form; and when again we meet, and again I see that eye, now sunk in gloom, lighted up, as it should ever be, with smiles, I will say I have lived long enough. But you won't go, Edward, will you?" and the lovely girl looked up beseechingly in his face.

"I must, Laura; circumstances, no matter what, drive me far from hence, and all I have now to request, is that at least we may converse by letter." Then drawing her gently towards him, "God bless you, love," he added, "the sun is setting, and I can stay no longer."

"Go then, dear Edward, since it must be so, but wherever you are, think—Oh think of Laura: think that morning and evening you are uppermost in her mind—that she never reads—or walks—or sings—but you, in fancy, are beside her, and that if you once forget her, she must be ever wretched."

At this instant the hall clock struck five: Edward started at the sound, pressed Laura convulsively to his breast—and then rushed in agony from the cottage. As he passed along the garden, he saw her still standing at the drawing room window; her eyes fixed upon his receding figure, and her arms stretched out as if to bless him. Suddenly the servant came in to close the shutters; her lingering form then slowly disappeared, while, with mind subdued by this affecting interview, her lover pursued his road back to Cambridge.

At the door of his rooms he was suddenly accosted by his Gyp, "Oh, Sir, have you heard the news? All Cambridge is in an uproar about it."

"News, what news?"

"Oh, Sir, Mr. Larkins—"

"What of him?"

"Is dead, Sir, he died this very evening just—"

Before he could finish the sentence Edward rushed from the room, dashed away towards Nevill's Court; and there, stretched out in his own bed, calm and cold as some faded statue, beheld him whom, but a few hours ago, he had seen high in health, and preparing for the evening's amusement. He had been, it seems, to a dinner party at Downing, whither Edward was also invited; and, being somewhat exhilarated by wine, sallied out with a few other friends shortly after the cloth was removed, towards Barnwell. On reaching Parker's Piece, the sudden transition from the heat of a crowded dining room to the sharp frost of a January evening, had lulled his senses into stupor; he lingered behind his companions, who were soon lost in the fog, and then, fancying that he was actually in his bed room, undressed himself in the open air, deposited his watch carefully by the side of a ditch, placed his clothes, neckcloth, waist coat, &c., under his head, and laid himself down to sleep, never to wake again. In this state he was discovered by some workmen who were returning with a lantern towards Cambridge, and who, finding an address in his pocket, carried him instantly home, where every remedy was resorted to—but in vain.

As Edward listened to his detail, and beheld his friend's features already stiffened into their last unchanging expression—the eye dull, glazed, and lead-like; the mouth fallen, the cheek pale and spectral—as he beheld this awful change, he fairly groaned aloud; called his friend repeatedly by his name, but alas! no answer was returned; the proud, high spirited youth of the morning was a senseless clod at night—and already formed a portion of that mysterious eternity whose cradle is the grave, and whose life begins but in death.

By this time it was past midnight; within a few hours, therefore, Edward must be on his road to London, for his father he well knew would soon visit Cambridge to discharge his son's debts, and faithful to his romantic vow, he resolved never to see him until he had wiped away, by future exertions, the recollection of his past transgressions. His mind thus variously agitated, but yet strong in one wild determination, he laid himself down to sleep, from which he was roused in a few hours by the entrance of his Gyp, with the in-

telligence that it was past six o'clock, and that the Leed's Coach was already at the Eagle & Child.

The day was just breaking as our adventurer, for the last time, passed through the Great Gates of Trinity. The lamps at the different Colleges were already dimmed in their sockets, and nothing could be heard but the sound of waggons passing slowly down the Peas Market; or the gruff whistle of the ostlers in the inn yard as they harnessed fresh horses to the coach. In a few minutes all was ready, the passengers resumed their seats, and Edward had no sooner taken his, than the magnificent King's Chapel, with the thin grey haze of the morning hanging in a vapory wreath about its towers, passed him swiftly by like a dream, and the last glimpse of Cambridge thus lost in distance, he felt (and pride mingled with the thought) that he was alone on the face of the earth.

CHAPTER IV.

On the receipt of his son's letter, Mr. Daubigny instantly set out for Cambridge, enraged, in the first place, with Edward's folly and extravagance, but somewhat softened in the next, by his singular resolution; which, however wild and romantic it might appear, yet squared with the old gentleman's own chivalrous disposition. "He's an extravagant dog, it must be confessed," he repeated more than once to himself, "but the boy has some redeeming traits about him after all, and though I'll make him smart for his conduct, yet it is such as may be soon forgiven." With this disposition, he reached Cambridge, where, if the praises of a creditor are to be taken as proofs of a debtor's worthiness, the fond father had every reason to be proud of his son's. His tutors indeed spoke rather slightly of his abilities, but what of that? Mr. Gee swore, "upon the honor of a gentleman," that he was a very pretty judge of horseflesh; Dickinson, the fat college cook, said that he never met with a more promising critic on a good dinner; and even Mr. Gosling, the confectioner, condescended to praise his taste on ices. On discharging all these exorbitant accounts, Mr. Daubigny next proceeded to Huntingdon, where he stayed a whole week—just long enough to convince him, that Col. Vernon was a friend to be esteemed, and Laura admirably fitted in every respect, to become some day or other, his daughter-in-law.

But to return to our adventurer: absorbed in visions of poetic fame, he pursued his route to the metropolis, and reached Water Lane, where the coach stopped, at the very hour that his father arrived at Cambridge. The first evening he spent in a dark, smoky dungeon, called the Coffee-room, but early the next morning sallied forth in quest of lodgings; and after threading as many streets, lanes, and alleys, as an old clothes-man, he at last found himself in Tooke's Court, where, for eight shillings per week, he discovered a very creditable attic; dirt cheap, as his landlady assured him; particularly when he had the liberty of dining with the family at twelve o'clock (off a baked leg of mutton, or some such atrocity,) on Sundays. His fellow-lodgers, for the house was full, consisted, in the first place, of a little thin radical, who, having been fourteen years a prisoner in France, had imbibed all its revolutionary opinions, and detailed them every Sunday, by way of desert, to the landlady and her accomplished family; secondly, of a sentimental young cockney, in a haberdasher's counting-house, a ravenous devourer of novels, with one only topic of conversation, his recent trip to North Wales; and thirdly, of the landlady herself—a gentlewoman sadly given to liquor. In addition to these, I should observe, that Mrs. Scroggins (the hostess) was the prolific authoress of four children, whose sweet little prattle daily afforded the delighted lodgers every possible variety of melody.

On taking possession of his garret, he lost no time in arranging the "Death of Socrates" for publication; after which he ordered dinner at five o'clock, (an hour unheard of in Tooke's Court,) and then sallied forth with a letter of introduction from Sowerby to a distinguished bookseller in the Row. On sending up his note, he was surprised to find that the biblioplist, so far from rushing down stairs in ecstasy to greet him, actually suffered him to wait ten minutes in the warehouse, and even when he condescended to see him, treated him with as much nonchalance as if he was a common man.

"Much obliged, Mr.—what's your name,—Dobbins I believe, by your kind offer; sorry, however, that our present engagements compel us to decline it."

"Perhaps," interrupted Edward, drawing the manuscript from his bosom, "if I were to read you some passages you might—"

"Not for the world, young man, I should never forgive myself for putting you to so much inconvenience—"

"The labor we delight in, physick's pain," replied Edward with a smile.

"Good, very good—a happy idea that—must have cost you some pains—physick—very promising thought indeed;" and the great man assumed a

countenance which, but for its utter stupidity, might have been considered as highly impressive.

Daubigny drew back in despair, "so then you refuse to publish the "Death of Socrates," he said.

"Decidedly," replied the bookseller, "but no doubt your talents will elsewhere meet with encouragement; that simile about the physick is so strikingly original; he! he! he! physic, very good—Byron all over, he! he!" and he bowed Edward down stairs with all the politeness imaginable.

Thoughtful and disappointed, our hero returned to his lodgings; but when he recollected how many other booksellers there were in London who would, no doubt, gladly publish Socrates, he felt somewhat reconciled, and reached Tooke's Court with a true poetic appetite for dinner. In a few minutes Mrs. Scroggins made her appearance, bearing in one hand a pot of porter, and in the other, an antique table cloth, which, being originally white, but since mended with blue worsted, had a very happy effect. Her eldest daughter followed with a rumpsteak, one half of which was boiled to rags, while the other was downright raw, and Poppet closed the procession, carrying in her infantine hands a two-penny loaf, in the sides of which her dear little fingers had dug five distinct holes. With what appetite he might, Edward sate down to this repast, but happening thoughtlessly to throw the porter out of the window, it lighted upon the head of a dandy, who was passing underneath, and who instantly thundered at the door to demand satisfaction.

"Hallo, Mrs. What-de'ye-call'em, some scoundrel in your house has been throwing his damned rubbish upon my coat."

"Scoundrel," replied the indignant Scroggins, "who do you call scoundrel? no more a scoundrel than you are with all your finery:" and she banged the street door in his face. Edward meantime having, by some miracle, digested his steak, descended from his exalted climate, and being unable, for the present, to do more in the way of amendment with Socrates, made the best of his way towards the Haymarket Theatre.

In the pit, next to him, set a young gentleman of a most promising and poetic aspect; so much so, that Daubigny resolved to address him, when, to his inconceivable delight, (and no little awe) he found that he was an Epic Poet, who was to start in a few days with four and twenty books on the subject of "Alfred the Great." Between these two a league was instantly struck up; Edward invited Mr. Simkins to Tooke's Court, and Mr. Simkins, in return, invited Edward to Bedford Street, promising, at the same time, to introduce him to a nest of Poets, all Epic and otherwise. A sort of desultory

conversation was then kept up between them, which was closed on the part of Simkins by a beautiful quotation from his own Alfred, to the Goddess of Liberty, who was daringly depicted as an angel with a red face, coming down from heaven to our great English monarch, and revealing to him, in a vision, the future glories of Britannia. Now this Britannia happened unluckily to be copied from the same exquisitely engraved figure on the tail of a penny piece, but when Edward alluded to the plagiarism, Mr. Simkins was all fire and fury. "Imitation, Sir," he exclaimed, "I'd have you to know, that I never imitated in my life—originality, Sir—originality is my sole merit; by that I am content to stand or fall—plagiarism indeed! my good Sir, you must surely be dreaming"—and the indignant bard repeated this offensive expression so frequently in the course of the evening, that there seemed to be some truth in the allegation.

On leaving his new acquaintance, Edward went home to bed: in vain, however, he strove to sleep; his mind, no longer excited, sunk into a listless melancholy, and now, more than ever, he missed the elegant society of Cambridge, the conveniences of his own room, and, above all, the smiles of his incomparable Laura. While absorbed in such recollections, a loud noise was heard, and presently two thumping black rats, of a most lively and mercurial disposition, trotted at their leisure across his bed. Scarcely had these disappeared, when "Poppet," like Philomel, commenced her nocturnal song, kept in admirable chorus by the deep bass of her mamma's nose; so that our unlucky minstrel rose in the morning sleepless, irritated, and disgusted with all about him. By way of dispersing gloom, he sat down and penned a letter to Laura, in which he detailed his prospects with all the enthusiasm of eighteen, mixed with no slight portion of its hypochondriasm; after which he took the road towards Bedford Street, in order to call upon his friend Mr. Simkins.

He found that gentleman seated without his cravat, in a room just one story higher than his own, with him a little jolly looking fellow, who had lately composed (in a coat out at the elbows) a poem entitled, "The pleasures of Sentiment." The name of this last genius was Montague—Orlando Montague—and he talked with a vehemence truly miraculous. In the course of conversation, Southey happening to be mentioned, "Southey, Southey," said the Bard of Sentiment, "What, the Laureate you mean? I know him intimately; we went over the Lakes together; a pretty poet that same Southey, I always told him so."

At this instant a message from Drury Lane arrived, requiring Simkins to

be present at the rehearsal of a melo-drama which he had lately manufactured, and which was now on the eve of appearing; so that the party being thus suddenly broken up, Edward walked a second time towards the Row, while the other two poets took the direction of Drury Lane. After trying his chance with at least three booksellers, all of whom expressed their regret at declining a poem which was manifestly so full of genius (an opinion which they could only have derived from inspiration, having never read a line of it) he met by good luck with a fourth, who agreed to publish it at his own risk, and allow Edward a certain number of copies. This was better than nothing; it was at any rate an opportunity, and as our hero never doubted that the appearance of "Socrates" would create a sensation in the world, he became somewhat reconciled to the delay.

On returning home he found a letter from his dear Laura, written, however, in the lowest state of despondence; she was very ill, she said; and indeed the whole train of her remarks, and even the nervousness of her handwriting, proved that she was a greater invalid than she chose to allow. Here was a dilemma! Laura was dangerously ill and Edward was absent; unable, from the low state of his finances to venture on a journey to Huntingdon. "Well," said the young minstrel, "in a fortnight or so my poem will be out, and with the money the bookseller promises to advance me in case of a second edition, I will away for Huntingdon, marry Laura with the profits of a third, and support her like a lady with the—but no, I am not vain enough to suppose, as a matter of course, that it will go through a fourth edition." His mind thus composed, Edward sat down to reply; and then, for want of something better to do, strolled on towards his bookseller's, who, on his candidly revealing to him the state of his finances, advised our author to try his hand at a "Romance." "Romances, Sir," said the biblioplist, "are the only things that go down at present; a poem, to be sure, may now and then take, but they're sad stuff for selling."

"Stuff," interrupted our indignant author, "you will do me the favor, sir, to except the 'Death of Socrates.'"

"Undoubtedly; Socrates, especially with a Cambridge name affixed, may do something; by the bye, a sentence in our Litany admirably defines this sort of composition, "Battle, murder and sudden death." Now, if you will try your hand at three vols., keeping this motto in view, I will engage that it will sell, and amply pay us both."

Having nothing else to engage his attention, our conceited witting immediately assented; and, within a week, had not only laid his plot, but even

written half the first volume of the "Bloody Bandit of Bohemia, by Eugenio Montmorenci, Esq., late of Trinity College, Cambridge." The subject of this romance was striking, not to say original. It opened at twelve o'clock at night, with a ruined Castle and a thunderstorm, the dark clouds of which were described as hovering in their mysterious grandeur over its aged battlements. In the distance was a beautiful Bohemian bower, from whence proceeded the sounds of music, accompanied by a voice of such ravishing melody that it drew two Bandits to the spot. Suddenly a shriek was heard; the unknown minstrel of the bower was in the hands of these ruffians; and already they were going to stick her with an ensanguined poignard, when a stranger youth of low degree, but uncommonly beautiful, rushed to her assistance, slew the unfeeling footpads and received the lady in his arms, just as the moon peeping out from beneath a cloud shone down upon her dishevelled ringlets. The romance was terminated in the usual manner. After two volumes of love and lamentation, the lady discovered that the stranger youth was the lord of a distant castle, upon which they both married and lived very happy afterwards.

On stating the plan of this romance to his bookseller, he found him literally enraptured. "The very thing, young man, that touch about the dagger, and the moon, and the dishevelled ringlets, will make both our fortunes: all the watering places—Margate in particular—will be in ecstasy;" and he left him to settle an account with the author of "Virtue rewarded, a moral tale," which the *Evangelical Magazine* had so highly extolled, that out of five hundred copies printed, nearly two dozen were sold.

In crossing Holborn, on his return to Tooke's Court, our poet suddenly ran against Simkins. Both were highly gratified; Edward with the praises of his romance, the Dramatist with the rehearsal of his melo-drama; and both happening to be flying along at that mercurial pace which a delighted author always indulges in; the shock resulting from their concussion was tremendous. After they had recovered breath, "I have just come," said Simkins, "from your lodgings, to request your attendance to-night at Drury Lane, Elliston is sanguine, the horses, he says, will have a surprising effect, and in short, we are resolved to carry my melo-drama through." Our poet cordially acceded, but finding on his table two proof sheets of "Socrates" awaiting for him, he was so completely absorbed in their correction, that he actually forgot his dinner, and it was not until the clock struck seven, that he even remembered his appointment.

The theatre was crowded when he arrived: but as Simkins had appropri-

ated him a seat in his own stage box, he got in without a rib being broken, and had soon the inexpressible honor of sitting cheek by jowl, with the author of an Epic and a melo-drama. In a few minutes they were joined by Orlando Montague, and it was really affecting to see the repressed ecstasy with which Simkins listened to his flattering prognostications.

"Sure to take, man, sure to take," said that gentleman, "I have written to my friend Barnes of the *Times* and Perry of the *Chronicle*, and both promise to give it a favorable notice, I myself shall review it in *Blackwood*."

"Do you write for *Blackwood's Magazine*," replied Edward with all the simplicity imaginable.

"Write for it, to be sure I do, but that's between ourselves; fact is, honest Ebony and I, are of two different parties in politics, he's a Tory, I'm a Whig, and as I promised Jeffrey I would only write for the *Edinburgh Review*, you see I can't well acknowledge it."

"May I ask the names of one or two of your articles?" interrupted Daubigny, "I'll promise to keep them secret."

"Mere trifles, hardly worth mentioning—to be sure the Ayrshire Legatees had a run."

"Ayrshire Legatees," said Simkins, "why that's Galt's."

"Very good—very good—give a dog a bad name and hang him; ever since I wrote those cursed Rejected Addresses—the authors whom I quizzed have been so enraged, that they will not allow—

"You must mistake surely," interrupted Edward, "The Rejected Addresses were written to my certain knowledge by two brothers named Smith."

"May be so, for my part, I say nothing, and as long as I can get my four hundred pounds a year by the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* I care little whether the Rejected Addresses are called Smith's, or Anastasius, Hope's posterity will decide between us—as my good friend Sir Walter said."

The overture was by this time concluded, and all was anxious expectation. Mr. Simkins was especially agitated; he leant back in the box, accompanying the actors throughout their parts, and whenever they came to a passage which in any way tickled the audience, his raptures were sure to be irrepressible. The first act went off rather so so; but the appearance of a cataract in the second, with a man on horseback jumping up it, to the eminent hazard of his neck, set the whole theatre in a roar: ladies fainted, pit cheered, the gallery braved, and all were delighted; some two serious critics of the old school, one of whom was heard to say, "cursed nonsense this Mr. Hobbs," to which the other replied, "very, Mr. Dobbs."

A few days after this successful debut of Simkins, as Edward was seated in his attic, reading the third proof sheet of 'Socrates,' a slight tap was heard at the door, and presently in came "Poppet," with a letter, the address of which, her dear little hands had nearly defaced with dirt. The writing was that of Colonel Vernon's, but the seal was black; and Edward opened it with a presentiment, for which he scarcely knew how to account. A few lines served to make him fall back in his chair with horror: Laura, his dear devoted Laura, was no more: a cold increased by mental agitation, had settled on her lungs, and the passage which described her death and subsequent funeral, was blotted by the tears of her father.—"Now," said Edward to himself, "the curse of disobedience has indeed reached me; now am I alone on earth," and he sat down and covered his face with his handkerchief.

During the whole of the following week, he never stirred out, would receive no visit, correct no proof sheet, and scarcely endured even the intrusion of his landlady. To make matters worse, the twenty pounds which he had brought with him from Cambridge, had now dwindled to five; and while his pride prevented him from applying to his father, his necessities told him that he must speedily look about him for the means even of common subsistence. Meanwhile, his dejection—his reserve; and above all, his want of sympathy with Mrs. Scroggins, her "Poppet," her porter, and her lodgers, had procured for him an ill-will throughout the establishment; which, over his Sunday's glass of sugar and water the little Anglo-French Radical above mentioned thus spitefully hinted to his landlady, and his fellow lodger, Mr. Tims, the cockney.

"A strange young man, that of yours in the fourth story, Mrs. Scroggins; can't say I like the looks of him."

"He's a perfect gentleman, Mr. Strutt, though for all that; his linen's as fine as five pence; and as for them cravats of his'n, Lord love you they would—"

"Don't doubt it for an instant, Mrs. Scroggins," replied the obsequious Strutt, who was somewhat deep in that good lady's books, "your word's enough. Hah! Poppet, my love, come here: why, how the darling grows; sit on my knee now—that's a good child;" then in a half whisper to the cockney, "what fine eyes she has, just for all the world like her mother's, don't you think so? hey Mr. Tims."

"Why yes, Mr. Strutt, considering that Mrs. Scroggins's eyes are black, and Miss Poppet's blue: but I remember when I was last in Wales, I saw that same likeness betwixt a man as had a long chin, and another what had a short one, in all other respects they were as like as two peas."

"Well never mind," replied the Radical, "handsome is as handsome does; Mrs. Scroggins my service to you; Tims your health; Poppet my darling, just get off my knees, there's a love: you're sticking pins in my leg."

"How playful them children always is!" replied the cockney, "their's is the spring of life, as the children of the Abbey says,—pray, Mr. Strutt, did you ever read that novel? It's uncommon tender I can assure you."

"Not I," replied Strutt, "Cobbett's enough for me, when a man's country's going to the devil, it's high time to leave off novel reading."

"Going to the devil," interrupted the patriotic Mrs. Scroggins, "how can that be? Gin's cheap enough I'm sure."

"And so is Bombazeens; indeed Master quite loses by 'em!" rejoined the apprentice.

"Well, I say nothing, Mrs. Scroggins, but we shall see, all I know is, that there's a plot, a damned plot, Mr. Tims; and when so many spies are about, who knows but this strange gentleman in the fourth story"——

"Why that's true as you say, Mr. Strutt, who knows indeed"——

"I remember," rejoined the cockney, "when I was last rambling among the Welsh mountains, I saw just such another spark as this 'ere may be. He was what they call a writer for Newspapers; but I never speaks to such fellows——"

"Cobbett, Mr. Tims, was a writer for newspapers; I beg you'll remember that," gravely interrupted the Radical.

"Mr. Strutt," replied the landlady, "I thank you for your hint. One can't indeed be too cautious, as poor dear Mr. Scroggins used to say," and at the recollection of her deceased husband, a drop of very equivocal nature stood in the eyes of his widow.

"I merely mention it for your own good Mrs. Scroggins, for in these times when Government spies are rambling about in every direction, it behoves the head of an establishment like this, at least to be cautious," and with these words the party broke up, Mrs. Scroggins with a resolution to keep a sharp look out on Edward, Mr. Strutt to study Cobbett and Carlyle, and Tims, the pensive Tims, to weep for the third time over the sorrows of Lord Mortimer and Amanda.

Poor Edward meanwhile, confined to the solitude of his own room, past all his time in tears.

The thoughts of Laura, no longer a dweller on earth—of her father broken hearted and desolate in his old age—of his own utter isolation, mildewed every moment of life, and he began almost to yearn for the grave. Now and

then indeed—so elastic is the mind of 18—a transient cheerfulness came over him, when he would picture to himself the praises of a gratified and reconciled father, or the admiration of a discerning universe; but these were merely meteors that brightened for an instant the horizon of his features, then left it darker than before. There is something, however, even in melancholy that gratifies while it subdues the mind. In a few days the first agony of his grief abated, he was again able to correct his poem for the press, and even ventured to make his appearance at the lodgings of his friend Mr. Simkins.

Arrived at Bedford street, he found that gentleman in a high state of annoyance; a young but unsuccessful sculptor, by name Thompson, was with him, and both were indulging over their coffee in loud and varied lamentations. The subject was that exceedingly prolific one, the misfortunes of authors and poets in particular. "An author," said Mr. Simkins, "is of all classes of society the most wretchedly indefinite. Other ranks and professions have their specific quantity of respect allotted to them. But an author, unless by the etiquette of five hundred pounds a year, he be also a gentleman, is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, a man knows not what to make of him."

"But surely if he be successful, Mr. Simkins, he——"

"Is, I grant you, the lion of the day, the monster of that Bartholmew Fair, a London ball room. This lasts for a season, perhaps two, some other prodigy then usurps his place, he sinks back to his original nothingness, and is only remembered as an abstraction."

"But while such celebrity endures,"

"It is satisfactory you would add; agreed, but is it with the risk, the anxiety, the fretfulness of mind and body that must be braved to ensure it? Society that sees authors, like actors, only before the curtain in their glory, views them with delight or envy, but how would that feeling be changed, could it pierce the recesses of their study; and find the man who has stirred the heart like a trumpet with his strains of romance, or love, or chivalry, a poor, weak, crestfallen and abandoned creature, nervously tenacious of the fame he has acquired, craving hourly to gain more, and viewing in each successful cotemporary a cloud upon his own splendor. Were life eternity, and men deities, even then it would be scarcely worth the risk; but as society is at present constituted, narrow in its prejudices, unfeeling in its condemnation."——

"I have seen nothing of all this, Simkins, surely your own fancy creates it."

"You are young yet, Daubigny, but let a few years roll over your head, and you will agree with me in opinion. Though in England, as in all other

quarters of the globe, there be of course a due share of good; yet here, and here alone, exists one omnipotent, omnipresent and talismanic word, that is everywhere allowed to atone for inhumanity, injustice, ignorance, and the absence of all good feeling, and that one word is—business. Pay homage to this commercial deity, and you are everything; without it, nothing. Withhold the commonest courtesies of life; absent yourself, for instance, from some social party formed expressly for you, but say that business prevented your attendance, and your plea will be allowed. Neglect in his sorrows an old friend, who has been your saviour through life, but do it on the score of business, and your gratitude will remain untarnished. Violate, in short, every rule of etiquette, and you may safely ensure acquittal, for business must be attended to; and though a friend or an acquaintance are well enough in their way, yet, when weighed in the same balance with business, their scale kicks the beam. Often, from the window where we now stand, I see a staid old merchant with his blooming wife and family, trudging on pompously to St. Paul's, and supplicating that when death has cast up his accounts, the balance may be in favour of heaven. I say to myself, "my good citizen, what the deuce do you want in Paradise? it's enjoyments are altogether out of your line; you cannot take your ledger there, and though certainly in that blessed clime there are no bad debts to affright you, yet there is still no money to be made."

At this instant a noise in the street interrupted Mr. Simkins' maudlin eloquence, and presently appeared a party of men, bearing along a comrade in the most besotted state of intoxication. "We were just talking of Paradise," resumed that gentleman, "and by good luck here (pointing to the mob) come a few fit candidates for its enjoyment. How many of these fellows now, do you suppose, are calculated, from their previous refinements of their minds, to appreciate the music of angels, the golden harps, and all the bliss prepared for them after death in eternity? Do you think it would suit them? No indeed; the very first thing they would do on reaching the Bar of heaven would be to mistake it for the Bar of an ale house and call for beer;" with which last remark Daubigny, now perfectly ennuied, quitted Mr. Simkins for the purpose of dining at his usual hotel in Leicester Square, where, to his inconceivable surprise, he read in the *Morning Chronicle* the marriage of Mr. Pope and Her Majesty, and their subsequent departure from Caversham for the Continent.

CHAPTER V.

"The great, the important day, big with the fate of"—Edward and of Socrates, had at last arrived, and the poem already published and advertized, stood conspicuous in the bookseller's window. For the first week the biblioplist was all smiles, invited Daubigny to dinner, where he met other equally gifted authors, who versified weekly at so much a stanza in the Museum, and paid him, in short, the most flattering attentions. Within a week from their publication his own copies arrived at his lodgings, most of which he instantly despatched with "the author's compliments" written poetically illegible in the title page: and would then have gone out of town in order to escape, like others, from the applause of delighted Europe, had he had sufficient funds for the excursion. As it was, he amused himself by daily parading the main streets, and counting how many shop windows from Castle street to Cheapside contained the "Death of Socrates."

The first rebuff he encountered was in the visits paid to those different friends whom he had honored with a presentation copy; and who, on his dropping in a few days afterwards, (quite accidentally of course) were so far from making "Socrates" the chief topic of conversation, that he came in merely by way of parenthesis. One gentleman, however, was an exception, for he descanted so ably on the praises of his young friend's poem, that his young friend was in absolute raptures, nor was anything wanting to complete his ecstasy, but the circumstance of his "Socrates" happening to lie with the leaves uncut in a remote corner of the room.

On calling, among other friends, on Mr. Simkins, that gentleman advised him to pay an immediate visit to Orlando Montague, "for," said he, "if any author, by his own account, can do you good, he is the man. I do not know exactly, where he lives, on that point only he is reserved, but I believe it is at No. 13 May's Buildings; at any rate, it is worth the chance." "Verbum sapienti sat est," says the proverb, and away went Edward, with fire in his eye, and "Socrates" in his pocket, towards the Strand, where, after turning and twisting down a variety of unheard of lanes and alleys, he came upon a heap of brick buildings, on the summit of which, and elevated above all his cotemporaries, vegetated the ærial Mr. Montague. The interior of his room was striking, the tenants equally characteristic. At a small deal table sat the great author himself, with one hand inditing "Stanzas to Phillis" for the next week's *Literary Chronicle*, and with the other rocking the cradle of his tenth

and youngest child. The other nine were scampering, breechless and beautiful about the room; while Mrs. Orlando Montague sat darning her husband's stockings on the bed, and keeping every now and then an inquisitive eye upon a leg of mutton that hung roasting by a bit of whip-cord by the fire.

On entering his attic, Daubigny was somewhat surprised by Montague's manifest confusion: in a few minutes, however, this reserve wore away, and he welcomed him with his usual familiarity. "You see us rather in disorder," he began, "but the fact is, my wife:—allow me, by the bye, to introduce you; Monimia, my love, this is Mr. Daubigny—my wife, as I was observing, has been pestering me for the last month, to quit Brunswick Square, so that until our new house in Brompton is ready we are compelled to put up with these lodgings."

"They are airy at any rate," replied Edward.

"That's the very reason we chose them; for Alphonso, poor fellow, is subject to—"

"Come away from that mutton, Alphonso," interrupted Mrs. Montague.

"Alphonso, I was going to observe," replied her husband, "is subject to head-aches, and as my esteemed friend Sir Henry Halford recommends air—"

"Good God! Mr. Montague," exclaimed his wife with a shriek: "I declare Montgomery has cut the whip-cord."

It was too true; the little darling, in the playfulness of his unformed fancy, had actually severed the string, and, as a necessary consequence, from what Square would call "the fitness of things," down dropped the mutton in the ashes. In a few minutes, however, a fresh jack was manufactured, the meat restored to its equilibrium, and Montague then again addressed himself to Edward.

"You want a review, I presume, of Socrates?"

"If you would simply notice it, I should feel obliged."

"Good: where will you have a notice? in the Old Monthly, New Monthly, Blackwood, Baldwin, Quarterly, or my friend Jeffrey's Edinburgh—all's the same to me, as I told Brougham t'other day."

Our hero was just going to return a volume of thanks and "Socrates," and Montague was also preparing his cravat for a ramble, when, in a tone which she meant for her husband's ears alone, but which Edward, nevertheless, overheard: "For G—d's sake," whispered Mrs. Montague, "do not go out this morning, consider to-morrow is clean shirt day."——

"Good," muttered her husband in reply, and then, with an air of effrontery unconceivable to those who have never witnessed it, "on second thoughts,

"Mr. Daubigny, I cannot walk with you this morning, for I expect my friend Lord Holland every instant. I am engaged to dine with him at six; and as we have some political business to talk over, it would not do to be out of the way." With a smile, which he was scarce able to suppress, Edward accepted this apology; and then, half stifled by the various vernal odours of May's Buildings, made the best of his way towards the somewhat purer atmosphere of the Strand.

In his way down Catherine Street he chanced to meet an old friend of his father's; who, no less surprised than gratified to see him, invited him on the spot to take what he called pot luck, tucked him up under his arm, and then, after a good hour's walking, landed him, palpitating and perspiring, in his drawing room at Cavendish Square. Here he discovered a party of about five gentlemen and as many ladies, arranged opposite each other in the shape of a half moon, all solemn and silent, and looking, the he's at the she's, as if they would eat each other up. After an imposing introduction, our hero took his seat among the male species, next to Mrs. Godfrey's twin sons: a pair of lads, at that unhappy age, when the manners are neither that of child or man, but an amphibious mixture of both. Tom, the eldest of these non-descripts, was a great lubberly urchin, all blushes and sheepishness, with a face like a bull calf, and a voice just on the crack, with now and then a tremendous bass note following quickly in the rear of tones some ten degrees shriller than a fife. His brother Bill, on the contrary, was a rough blustering booby: and as both now sat staring like two fools at each other, they formed as picturesque a couple as can be conceived.

"It is some time, Mr. Daubigny," said Mrs. Godfrey, breaking a most tremendous silence, "since you have seen either Thomas or William. You find them, no doubt, very much grown;" a fact which the two boys' pantaloons most poetically evinced; inasmuch as they had long since cut all connexion with the ankles, but, as if to make amends, had crept half way up the calf of their legs.

"Very much grown, indeed," replied Edward, who had never seen either of them before.

"How old may they be, Mrs. Godfrey?" exclaimed a smart little man in tights.

"Both just turned sixteen," added the fond mother; "and very nearly of a height. Stand up my loves," and the two boobies stood instantly back to back. Bill at the same time bobbing his head against Tom, to the manifest constancy of the party, and the discomfiture of Tom's occiput. After this cere-

mony, the whole circle proceeded in awful silence to the dining room, the little man in tights heading the van, with Mrs. Godfrey hanging on his arm, and Tom and Bill following and grinning at each other in the rear. When the cloth was removed, Mr. Godfrey, a well meaning middle aged gentleman, began "his usual custom of an afternoon," with an elaborate history of his Port Wine: an article in the selection of which, he evinced such acknowledged genius, that his friends used invariably make him taste their own Pipes before they closed with any wine merchant. In the matter of books, this gentleman was equally particular, he had a library of some hundred tomes, the historical portion of which was arranged in prominent order, while the funny parts, such as Broad Grins, Rejected Addresses, Twopenny Postage, &c., were packed cheek by jowl together. Every volume however was bound, for it was beneath the dignity of so elegant a mind as Mr. Godfrey's, to admit an undressed author into his study.

Among the other characters assembled, was a staid gentleman in brown, one of your slow but sure readers, who go through a book in a year, digest it in two, and earn in consequence the name of clever fellows. In compliment to this bookworm, the conversation turned upon historical literature, and after Mr. Mill's delightful history of the Crusades had been discussed in all its bearings, allusion was made to the more perishable works of the day.

"Pray, Mr. Daubigny," said a young lady next him, "have you read a small poem lately published, entitled "the Death of Socrates?"

"I believe I have," said our hero, all nervous anticipation.

"And what do you think of it?"

"Think of it Madame? Why really—think of it, you mean—oh! yes to be sure, I am always thinking of it."

"I presume you admire it then, I am sorry to differ with you, but it appears to me very common-place."

"And not only common-place, but the most intolerable trash I ever yet read," added the learned gentleman.

Edward was now on thorns; he fairly bit his lips with rage, looked at the brown man as if he could have actually devoured him; and then being summoned to reply, exclaimed in broken sentences: "Common-place, hey, oh! yes, very common-place—uncommonly so. Ha! ha! I never laughed so much in my life."

"It certainly is exceedingly bad," said the brown man, "and I don't wonder at your laughing."

"Oh, execrable," added the young lady.

"Oh, diabolical," thundered Edward, and then unable any longer to contain himself, quitted the room on pretence of an engagement, and rushed like a madman towards Tooke's Court.

The next morning while seated in a rage at his breakfast, Edward suddenly remembered that it was the first of the month, and that all the Magazines from A. to Z. inclusive, would of course be filled with Socrates. Away therefore he posted to his bookseller's, and on gathering up everything that bore even the remotest resemblance to a periodical under his elbow, dashed away first at one, then at another, until having completed his scrutiny, he discovered (*horresco referens*) that there was no more mention of Socrates, than if such a philosopher had never existed. He was just quitting the shop in despair, when the publisher, who partook strangely of his alarm, put into his hands, the fifth number of a thing called the Talisman, (since gathered to its fathers) wherein, stuck as if on purpose in the most conspicuous page, he read this satisfactory sentence. "On the whole, we advise this young man to spend the rest of his days in penitence, for an outrage so wantonly committed on a respected sage like Socrates. If however the unhappy witting will still persevere in publishing, if reckless of the past, he still dare to meditate atrocities for the future, on his own head fall the malediction of neglect, on the shelves of his publishers, the curse of unsold copies."

Maddened by the stinging insult, our hero's brain seemed literally scorched to ashes. With a laugh inconceivably terrific from the gastly convulsion that accompanied it, he darted like a meteor from the shop; cast one withering glance upon the Paper, in order to ascertain where it was published; and then with fever in his blood, phrenzy in his eye, and a chill creeping numbness at his heart; he darted from street to street, from lane to lane; down this alley, up that; heedless of the prying glances shot after him in every direction; he arrived with the loss of his hat and one shoe, at the obnoxious Printing office in B—— street.

On reaching the Counting House, he made but one stride from the door towards a harmless genteel looking reader, with a pen stuck behind his ear; and conceiving of course that he was the critic. "Sir," said he, thrusting at the same time the offensive paragraph into (what a poetic friend of mine would call) his chops.—"Sir, you are the author of this skulking criticism. Nay, never deny it—I know you are—you look as if you were," and he instantly followed up his assertion with a blow so admirably effectual, that the poor Reader, desk, inkstand, pen and all, fell with an immense crash to the earth. The noise alarmed some compositors, who were at work in the next

room, and who rushing out to see what was the matter; were reviewed, the first with a kick in the short ribs, and the second with a peg in the throat, after which summary process, our minstrel somewhat appeased, grimly smiled adieu; and then, before either sufferer could recover his usual sobriety he had flown from the office with such agility, as to baffle all pursuit.

Arrived at his lodgings, the first object he beheld was Mrs. Scroggins, who, following him up stairs with a large bill of two months expenditure in her hands, gave him to understand that she expected immediate payment. This, as the discriminating reader will conclude, made a pleasing addition to Edward's stock of enjoyment, particularly as the sum total of his worldly effects amounted to exactly four shillings and six-pence. He made however the best reply he could, promised his landlady the whole amount within the week, and then having rid himself for the present of her society, sat down to swear.

I know not whether it be a truth generally known, (if not I claim the benefit of the discovery,) but in cases of severe affliction, there is nothing so soothing to a virtuous mind, as a few hearty oaths.

They are a species of mental emetic, by which the overcharged feelings rid themselves of much superfluous irritation, and which, were it allowed to fester in the mind, would conduct the unhappy sufferer to the tread-mill; peradventure even to the gallows. Having greatly to his relief accomplished this religious duty, our discomfited minstrel next applied himself to meditation; and with that activity for which he was notorious, resolved on answering an advertisement that he had read in the *Morning Chronicle* when waiting at his bookseller's for the Magazines. This indeed was at present his sole resource; for however meritorious in other respects, the "Death of Socrates" was anything but lucrative, inasmuch, as out of five hundred copies printed, only eight were sold and two paid for; and the poem being a five shilling concern, and twice five making ten I am justified in asserting, that he was only the gainer by ten shillings. In this condition, therefore, the advertisement—an application from A. B. Tooley, St. Borough, for a classical tutor to his son—was clearly his best remedy, and accordingly he sat down to answer it, thinking that however humiliating, it was still preferable to petitioning his father, after the imperious way in which he had declared himself independent.

Meanwhile his affairs grew worse and worse: Orland Montague was evidently unable to serve him; Simkins too, having dropped down from an Epic poet, to a writer for small periodicals; and being now engaged in a translation of Don Quixotte, his principal recommendation to which was his

perfect ignorance of Spanish—Simkins, it is clear was far too busy to assist him, so to himself alone must he henceforth look for support. His romance indeed might have done something, but the publisher had since refused it, and it lay therefore unnoticed in his cupboard.

There is no situation so enviable as that of a popular poet; no hell so dreadful as the attic of an unsuccessful one. Edward's was a complete pandæmonium: every day he was subjected to the visitations of the landlady, with "touching this here little bill sir; I have a large bill to make up by to-morrow, and must request you to pay it instantly;" and every night the rats discovering that he was only a retail poet, imagined they might insult him with impunity. Nay: even his manuscripts, at the instigation of the French Radical, were rummaged; and when he walked up Tooke's Court, his vocation was so well known, that the very boys who lodged next door would whisper admiringly to each other, "I say, Jack, there goes a poet."

His affairs were in this trim when one morning a two-penny post epistle arrived in answer to his advertisement, requesting that he would be "good enough" to call upon Mr. Stephen Stubbs, Cheesemonger, Tooley Street. "Stubbs, Stubbs," repeated Edward, "the name is not even classical, however it is better than nothing;" and he accordingly took the road to London Bridge and arrived within the hour at the country of those unhappy savages, who live in a state of semi-barbarism on the Surrey-side of the Thames.

Mr. Stubbs happened to be behind the counter when he entered, and as he was a bustling unceremonious tradesman, he made no more ado, but served out his goods to some customers who were waiting in the shop, at the very same time that he addressed himself professionally to Edward. "So Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, Daubigny, I presume, you are the gentleman as is to teach my boy classics. Clever boy, Tom, sharp as a needle, 'as Omer at his finger ends;" then turning to his shopmen, "I say, Dick, why don't you help that ere gentleman! So, as I was saying, sir, Tom's as sharp as—a pound of Stilton cheese, Ma'am, we never sells it by the pound—very sorry, ma'am, very sorry indeed, but twouldn't pay.—And so, Mr. Daubigny, you see my boy Tom—Dick, why don't you attend to that ere gentleman, he's been waiting a full hour—my boy Tom, Mr. Daubigny, want's a little polish-ing up, and so, sir, I make bold to ax your terms."

"Why really sir," replied Edward, half amused by this curious mode of proceeding, "I cannot say at present, but next time I call."

"Next time; suppose then you take a dish of tea with me to-night, quite in a snug may; there'll only be my sister and Tom. Dick, I say Dick, don't

forget to send the two Cheshires up to Mr. Jenkins. There'll only be Tom, Mr. Daubigny. And dy'e hear, Dick, mind and take the bill along with 'em, she's one as requires looking arter; hah! hah! excuse my freedom, Mr. Daubigny, I'm a plain John Bull—he! he! he! so then we shall see you to-night at six; very good—Dick, I say Dick, has that 'ere bacon come in yet? Hah! Mrs. Snigs," he continued, to a fat woman who just then entered the shop, "how goes the world with you, hey? and how's your good man, and how's the little ones?" with which words Edward laughingly retired, resolved, if only for amusement, to keep his evening's appointment.

At the corner of Chancery Lane he unexpectedly met Handiman, who rushed up towards him, all smiles and ecstasy, with, "Oh Lord, Ned, I've got a child, I've got a child!" "More shame for you," replied Edward, forgetting for the moment his friend's inauspicious marriage, then suddenly recollecting the fact, he congratulated the delighted father upon this addition to his felicity, and accepted his invitation to dine with him at the Sabloniere.

In the course of conversation he discovered that Handiman, like most good natured fools in the hands of a clever woman, had been duped into the idea of her immaculate purity, and that even were it otherwise, the fault proceeded from a weak but susceptible disposition. The birth of his first born put the seal to this delusion, so that our hero left him perfectly contented with his lot, then having seen him safely deposited in the Cambridge Telegraph, returned to his Tooley street acquaintance.

On his arrival he was surprised to find the complete alteration that had taken place in Mr. Stubbs' behaviour. The tradesman of the shop was the gentleman of the drawing-room, and though familiar in the morning was all dignity at night. This alteration was owing evidently to his sister, a long, thin spinster, straight from head to foot, like a stick of sealing wax, and much given to keeping up what she called the family dignity. Her brother having accidentally mentioned Margate, "Margate," said she, with a disdainful toss of the head, "we never go there—it's too vulgar," a fact which Mr. Stubbs affirmed, "upon his honor," to be true.

In the course of the evening, Tom—the hopeful Tom—with a pen behind each ear, and a dirty apron in front, made his appearance, and pointing directly to some globes that stood in the corner of the room, "Pray, Mr. Daubigny," said that classic genius, "can you tell me what that 'ere sign means on this 'ere celestial globe?"

"That," said Edward, "is the sign of Cancer or the Crab—"

"Crab—crab," interrupted Stubbs, senior, "why yes, a crab's well enough in it's way, but for my own private eating I prefer a lobster."

"Law! pa," added Stubbs, junior, with a grin, "Mr. Daubigny means the sign of the crab."

"The sign of the Crab, hey, why that's strange; I've lived twenty years in Tooley street, and never once heard of a public house of that name. There's the Goat and Boots, the Cat and Fiddle, the Rumpsteak and Rocking Horse—the, the"—and he was gravely proceeding to count up on his fat sausage-like fingers the name of every inn in the Borough, when Tom interrupted the catalogue with, "pray, Mr. Daubigny, what's the meaning of that 'ere other sign? Boots, I think they call it."

"Bootes, you mean—"

"No, Boots, Mr. Daubigny, for old Jem Dobson told me only t'other day, that Boots was the proper name, and that it was given purposely because the planet looked for all the world like a pair of hessians."

At this last instance of his son's genius, both father and aunt exchanged delighted glances: "well done, Tom," said the former, "I told you, Mr. What d'ye-call-em, Tom was a sharp fellow," a fact, also, in which our hero so completely agreed, that he shortly after left the party, convinced that the young cheesemonger was far above his humble powers of tuition, and that all further proceedings would in consequence be useless.

The evening after this adventure, as he sat ruminating over a cup of cold coffee upon his present hopeless situation, and thinking till the tears started from his eyes on his dear—his incomparable Laura, a slight tap was heard at the door, and in walked the poetic Mr. Simkins. After a slight pause, for Edward was precisely in that mood of mind when even the presence of our dearest friends is an interruption, his visitor thus announced the motive for his calling. "I have only just left," he began, "the office of the *Morning Herald*, where, as my friend the Editor informs me, they are sadly in want of a reporter. Now, I have ventured to recommend you, Daubigny, both as a scholar and a gentleman, and am perfectly convinced, from my own personal knowledge of all connected with the establishment, that you will receive the kindest treatment. The duty, to be sure, is somewhat laborious, but what then? the remuneration is proportionate, and believe me, when I assure you, that though perhaps less flattering than poetry, it is far—far more satisfactory. Do you agree to try it?"

Without a moment's hesitation Edward returned an affirmative, and having accordingly received a letter of introduction to the Editor, posted off towards

the Strand, where he made himself known, volunteered his services, and was instantly enrolled among the establishment at a rising salary of four guineas a week. This freed him in some degree from his dependence upon Mrs. Scroggins, and as he still trusted that the extraordinary merits of his poem would make their way with the world, and that in a few months therefore he should be able to return with credit to Caversham, he buckled with no little spirit to the task.

CHAPTER VI.

Oh, my parolles! They have married me.
—*All's well that ends well.*

Edward's leisure was now completely engrossed by the *Morning Chronicle*. Every evening during the sessions he took his turn in the reporter's gallery, and during the day was busied, at one time in the courts of law, at another in the Bow street office, now and then he digested and gave a digest of some ceremonious public dinner, and occasionally frequented the Theatre in order to criticize the various novelties.

For the first few weeks the bustle consequent on this new situation kept his mind so far employed, that it was unable to fall back upon it itself, and though the ill success of Socrates came in as an admirable damper to any exuberant sallies of cheerfulness, yet his vanity still deluded him by the hope of its ultimate celebrity.

The life of a reporter is necessarily, to some extent, a dissipated one—the night, that season of repose to most people, with him is the season of labor—his body, therefore, requires constant stimulus, and Edward, at whatever hour he returned to Tooke's Court, invariably refreshed himself with drams of the strongest coffee, and then, unable to sleep, would sit up till day-break, either absorbed in his favorite Livy—that Walter Scott of the Latin Chronicles—or else in recalling to his mind the image of his never-to-be-forgotten Laura. Thus passed the night: with respect to the day, it was spent chiefly in lounging at his bookseller's, whose face, an infallible barometer, grew gradually and beautifully longer, until at last it seemed to realize the definition of a mathematical straight line, in being length without breadth.

He was chatting there as usual one morning, when a biblioplist, one of those small mushroom tradesmen who spring up, G— knows how, and fail, G— knows when, happened to enter the shop, with a request that his brother publisher would recommend him some person to conduct a small

periodical. Our hero was instantly put forward, when the following conversation took place in an inner room between the negotiators :

"You feel inclined, then, Mr. Daubigny," began the applicant, "to undertake the editorship of my little miscellany?"

"Certainly," said Edward, "upon, upon—"

"A stipulated price, you mean; well said, Sir; fact is, however, that my work, though exceedingly popular, is at present in its infancy, and cannot afford to pay. But with your abilities, (a polite bow from Edward,) Mr. Daubigny, we shall no doubt do wonders, and then, Sir, you shall be the very first remembered. I am a man of principle, Mr. Daubigny; you understand me, Sir, a man of principle; my maxim is, pay every one their—G—d bless me! is that St. Paul's striking four?" and he pulled out an expensive gold watch, taking care that it should first be well covered before he replaced it in his fob. This business accomplished, he next produced a superbly chased snuff box from his pocket, after which, turning to Daubigny—"Perhaps, sir, you will favor me with your company to dinner to-day, when we can talk over matters at our ease," and then, without waiting any further reply, accompanied or rather dragged him to a newly furnished shop in the Row.

After the bottle had passed a few rounds the negotiation was warmly resumed, when Edward agreed to superintend the work in question, and the bookseller in return promised that in the event of its sale, (which under such able management, he observed, it must obtain) he should be paid £10 10s. 0d. a sheet for his own contributions, and £3 5s. for his labor of editorship. Our hero's time was thus completely engrossed, and what with reporting by night and scribbling by day, his mind was in one continual fever. Still, however, he felt that he was securing an independence, and not only paving the way for the success of his darling Socrates, but also winning himself a name in literature.

It was well said some hundred years since since, that "the man who is good for everything is good for nothing." Engrossed with his new occupation Edward unwillingly but inevitably neglected his duties as a Reporter, the consequence was, that by dividing his time between two laborious engagements, he injured his interests in both. For some weeks this indifference was passed over at the *Herald* office; but at last it became too glaring, so that the Proprietors, after several friendly but fruitless expostulations with our author, were reluctantly compelled to dismiss him.

As if to hasten the crisis of his calamities, he was early one morning surprised by a visit from his new bookseller, with a request that he would oblige

him by signing his name (merely as a matter of form) to a few trifling bills, amounting in the whole to about £40 0s. 0d. "You need not hesitate, Mr. Daubigny," added the biblioplist, "for as I told you before, I am a man of principle, and would sooner die than see you wronged. Meanwhile, I am somewhat in your debt, and since our work, though at present rather cramped for want of ready money, is yet becoming popular; I request you will accept this trifle," placing £10 in his hands, "and oblige me by calling this day week for an additional £20 0s. 0d. I assure you, sir, upon my honor, I quite blush to offer a sum so far below your merits, but still—"

"My dear Sir," interrupted Edward with enthusiasm, "I intreat you will not embarrass me by such undeserved praises; if my signature can do you any service, you are heartily welcome to it."

"A thousand thanks, my worthy Daubigny, really you overpower me with your goodness. As a man of principle, I confidently accept your offer; and as a man of principle, I will also take care that you in no respect shall suffer. Good day to you, my most esteemed friend, be sure to call this day week for the £20." At this instant Edward returned the bills with his own signature affixed; which the Publisher no sooner received, than he hastily folded them up, and then, with a smile of inexpressible suavity, bade our delighted author adieu.

Punctual to his appointment, Edward, at the week's end, called for the sum that was so far below his merits, but discovered, to his rage and astonishment, that the "man of principle" had evaporated; having first taken especial care to fleece as many friends as he could conveniently lay hands on. A polite letter was left for Daubigny in the shop, in which many inquiries were made after his health, together with a request that he would be good enough when the bill for £40 became due, to pay it on behalf of the writer, who sincerely wished him well.

Now this was satisfactory, so much so, that Edward, on quitting the shop, was somewhat divided as to whether he should blow it up with gunpowder or put an end to his own existence.

In passing Holborn, absorbed in such ideas, and anxious also from his shabby morning dress, to escape unperceived in the crowd; it followed, as a matter of course, that he met every one he knew in London; and particularly his fashionable friends the Godfreys, whom he would not have encountered for the world. After a few similar stoppages, he contrived to reach Bedford street, where he found Mr. Simkins busy in chit-chat with the sculptor above mentioned. Here he gave free vent to his indignation; abused himself, his bookseller, and the whole world; and in short, com-

mitted so many extravagances, that his companions both thought him mad. There is something, however, in passion, that notwithstanding its absurdity, yet gives it an air of dignity; and as Edward strode up and down the room, with his hands clenched, his eyes rolling, and his whole frame thrown into the most muscular energy; the young sculptor took out his pencil, and turning anxiously towards him, "May I request, Mr. Daubigny," he began, "that you will grant me one trifling favor?"

"What is that?" replied Edward.

"Simply that you will place yourself in precisely the same attitude as when just now you abused the world so lustily. Believe me, Sir, that it was a very pretty passion—I speak like an artist, Sir,—a very pretty passion, indeed; and if I could but transfer it to my Hercules, I should make my fortune. That right leg of yours, Mr. Daubigny—no Sir, not that; the right was well thrust forward; the left, to be sure, was put somewhat awkwardly behind: but, my dear Sir, that's the very thing."

"Do you mean to affront me, Mr. Thompson?" interrupted Edward, with indignation.

"Admirable, my dear Sir: now just keep so for an instant: that mouth of yours will express passion to a miracle; the nose, to be sure, is rather—but I know where I can get a famous nose:" and the enthusiastic artist kept rattling on at such a rate, that Daubigny, half angry, yet half inclined to laugh, quitted the room, in precisely that doubtful mood of mind, when the slightest occurrence will suffice to turn the scale.

In crossing towards Furnival's Inn, on his return from dining at some execrable chop house, where, it being five o'clock, the hot meats were as cold as such hot meats are generally apt to be, he was stopped by a crowd gathered in front of the Hotel that was on fire. Now, there is something in the sight of an honest conflagration exceedingly gratifying to the lovers of the picturesque; and if there be a man or two burning within—providing at least that they be bailiffs—the effect in the eyes of a poet and a philanthropist, is marvellously increased. I do not say this in order to make a boast of my humanity, but merely to show that I possess it.

As Edward stood gazing at this magnificent sight, he was startled by loud and repeated screams, and turning to a most pre-possessing old gentleman who stood near him, "is it possible, sir," he exclaimed, "that those screams proceed from yonder house?" pointing at the same time to the flaming ruin now lit up on all sides.

"I am afraid so indeed," added the gentleman with a sigh, "and what makes me feel it more acutely, is, that however anxious, I am unable from

my infirmities to lend any assistance. Would to God that some adventurous young man would advance to rescue these poor wretches; they will certainly be burnt else."

"I will—I will," replied Edward—and then, giving his coat and waist-coat, together with his money and pocket book, to the stranger, rushed like a wildfire towards the house; the old gentleman cheering him as he went, with such words as "amiable, noble, generous youth. Oh! what would not I give to be able to do the same."

By this time the whole building was one broad sheet of flame, the chimneys already tottered, and the roof seemed gradually bending; when on a sudden the drawing room window was burst open, and there, enveloped in smoke and flame, appeared a young lady, uttering the most fearful screams. A shout of horror rung through the crowd at this sight, and "save her—for God's sake, save her," said a thousand voices at once—no one, however, advanced—the risk appeared too dreadful, for just as a fireman was rushing forward to place a ladder, a terrific crash was heard, and the chimney of an adjoining house fell backward into the street. At this critical moment Edward arrived; the crowd made way for him as he passed, and already he had gained the ladder, entered the drawing room, and received the strange lady in his arms, when the roof, all fire and brilliancy, fell in. Luckily he had just time to escape; and having seen his senseless charge consigned to the guardianship protempore, of the Hotel keeper, he was returning to demand his clothes, when, much to his discomfort, he found that the amiable old gentleman, unable to witness so terrific a conflagration, had hastily contrived to decamp; taking with him, in the hurry of his flight, poor Edward's cash and pocket-book.

From this fatal moment, his character seemed completely changed: "here," said he, half delirious with passion, "here have I in two instances done my utmost to benefit others; I have ruined myself to oblige a bookseller, of whom I know little or nothing; risked my life to save a lady, whose face I have never seen, and am treated in return with the basest and most fiendish ingratitude."

From this moment he confined himself to the solitude of his own room; he scarcely ate, and seldom, if ever, slept; for his frame, previously shattered by his exertions as a reporter, was now, by these last unexpected occurrences, completely undermined. His friends, meanwhile, surprised at his protracted absence, thought of it for about a week, and then, of course, forgot him. One, however, there was, who, amid all his reverses, still scorned to neglect him; one who visited him in his deepest sorrows,

clung to him in his darkest misanthropy, and this was no other than his landlady with a bill of four weeks standing.

Thus wretched both at home and abroad ; his money spent, his health decayed, and, worst of all, his poem of Socrates keeping the fact of its existence a persevering secret from the world ; poor Edward seemed to have little more to do on earth. His countenance daily sank, his eye looked lustreless and hollow, and the very principle of life kept oozing drop by drop from his bloodless and spectral body. Though weakened with the slightest exertion, yet his nervous energy still kept up a constant irritation. If he lay down at night, it was to dream the most fearful visions, or think, in sleepless abandonment, of her who was gone for ever. If he rose in the morning, it was with a dull, deadening conviction that this day would be like the last. Sometimes in the midst of these reveries, his landlady would enter his room with a pressing demand for money ; but when she beheld his corpse-like countenance, so perfectly miserable and emaciated, her heart would sink within her, and she would leave him with a phrase almost of kindness in her mouth.

One morning, however, about a fortnight after the fire, she boldly intruded herself into his presence, and telling him that she had a bill to make up by the morrow, insisted on immediate payment. Edward was lying on his bed as she approached, and turning his heavy eye towards her, "in a few weeks, Mrs. Scroggins, perhaps a few days," he exclaimed, "you will be sure of all your money. I shall by that time be dead ; but my father, when he hears that I am gone, will be too generous to war with my ashes, I shall then be remembered with affection, and all those who have suffered for my follies will be amply recompensed."

The good woman's feelings and interests here seemed to have a desperate struggle. "Dying, Mr. Daubigny," she replied, "and the bill unpaid too ? but never mind, it can't be helped, you shan't die, young gentleman, if good nursing can cure you ; but do, pray Sir, let me write to your father."

At the mention of his father the young man's energy returned : "never, never, Mrs. Scroggins, that mortification shall at least be spared me. If I have been disappointed, I have not, thank God, the misery of suing to him, whose bounty I voluntarily rejected. Once, indeed, I had hopes that my name would have been brought before his mind through the medium of public celebrity, and that I should have returned in glory to his arms ; but that delusion is over now, and after having since made every possible atonement, after toiling till my strength is gone in the hell of a newspaper office, and adding to my labors the drudgery of a confined Editor ; after having done all this, and in vain, I have nothing left but to die."

A few days after this conversation, Mrs. Scroggins, by the advice of her prime counsellors, Messrs. Strutt & Tims, (but keeping the circumstance a secret from Edward) advertized in the papers that a gentleman, calling himself Socrates Daubigny, lay ill at her lodgings, and that as his mind seemed somewhat affected, she was induced to take this step in hopes that the intelligence might reach his relations. And this indeed seemed her only remedy, for scarcely had the advertisement been despatched to the London newspapers when the owner of the bill for £40 arrived, and, in the course of an interview with Edward, bluntly informed him, that if the money were not paid into his banker's hands within three days, he should immediately proceed against him.

There wanted nothing to complete his affliction but this one threat. With a brain all fire, and a heart all ice, our young misanthropist now sate gloomily and resolutely down to meditate that last of all crimes—suicide. As the idea slowly familiarized itself to his mind, he rose from his chair, and, rushing wildly down into the open street, took (as he thought) his last farewell of life. The evening was dull and rainy, accompanied with a thick fog, that deepened even the dullness of Holborn. Crowds passed Edward on all sides, but in the faces of none could he read either kindness or humanity, for his blood was curdled—his very nature perverted, and earth seemed stamped with a curse.

On returning after an hour's hurried ramble to his lodgings, he deliberately took out his razor, and then, eyeing it with the fixed sternness of despair, prepared to undergo his last frightful ordeal. What thoughts, at that awful moment, passed through his mind may never now be known, but the one which rankled most deeply at his heart, was a silent clinging misanthropy; not boisterous and impassioned, but calm, settled and resistless, eating the way through the ruins of his kindlier thoughts, like some deadly respite among the fragments of a mouldering edifice. For an instant, however, he paused in his bloody work; he paused as he recollected his once devoted father, but when again he brought to mind the necessity of returning to him all suppliant and humiliated, he sat down to write one farewell letter, imploring his pity and forgiveness; and then, after rising from his chair and imprecating a solemn curse on earth, had already placed the weapon to his throat, when a quick step was heard coming up stairs—the door burst suddenly open—an unexpected form advanced—and the guilty, the abandoned Edward fell senseless in the arms of—his father.

* * * * *

It was just one month after this occurrence that our hero recovered as if from a deep sleep, and found himself on his own bed at Caversham, with the old housekeeper seated beside him, reading, with spectacles on nose, the story of Susanna and the Elders. With some difficulty he was made to comprehend that his mind had been impaired by a fever, but that, on his partial recovery, he had been removed by easy stages to Caversham.

"And my father," said Edward hastily, "what of him? tell me, I entreat you, Mrs. Morris; methinks I have a dim recollection of his well known form standing beside me in my illness; speak, is it not so?"

"You have guessed right Master Edward, but I entreat you to compose yourself."

"I am quite well,—indeed I am well; let me then go to my father;" and he was endeavoring to raise himself from the bed, when the housekeeper pacified him by a promise that she would send for Mr. Daubigny.

For the three following days he continued in this state of debility, after which he began every hour to gain strength, and, what is still more satisfactory, had lost all that awful nervous irritation which had so long fretted him to madness. His mind instead was now flooded with a torrent of melancholy thoughts; he looked upon the past as a dream; but when he recalled his visits to Huntingdon, his summer walks with Laura, his last parting with her, and the poor girl's subsequent death, he dreaded almost to awake from such a reverie. Everything indeed around him conspired to nourish thought. The season was autumn, the leaves on the different trees were falling, the birds in Caversham Park had all ceased their song, and the Thames, no longer a gentle summer stream, swelled with the October rains, now inundated the vast ranges of the "King's meadows." As our invalid sat hour after hour by his bedroom window, looking out on the far spread prospect that lay beneath him; he felt how calmly, amid such scenes, he could have passed away his life with Laura; how calmly,—but all was vain; the only one he ever truly loved was dead, and even nature herself was henceforth dumb to him.

Almost a week had now passed since the restoration of his senses, and he was once again enabled to leave his chamber. His father, however, greatly to his surprise and disappointment, though he daily sent to make enquiries, never ventured once near him; and when he expressed his mortification at such neglect to Mrs. Morris, she could only answer him with "he is a strange gentleman, Master Daubigny, we all know that; but depend on it, he can't hold out long."

By this time Edward had so far recovered health, that he was enabled to

take short walks in the Park, and sometimes, when the day was fine, to ramble even as far as the bridge; from which, as in days of childhood, he would love to cast his eyes over the noble prospect that lay around him; the chalk hills of Caversham, beneath which the silver Thames rolled, whispering and laughing along; the thick woods of his father's park, or the distant spires of Reading, gleaming like gold in the sunshine, with the grey turrets of Saint Lawrence's Church towering far above them all.

He was seated one morning at his breakfast, reading, for the hundredth time, the last letter he had received from Laura, when the housekeeper entered his room, with "your father consents to see you, Master Edward." Delighted with the news, our hero leaped up in ecstacy from his chair, and then, turning suddenly towards Mrs. Morris, "and where is my father?" he exclaimed.

"In the drawing-room, Master Edward."

"Is any one with him?"

"A few friends only—Mr. and Mrs. Pope, and an old gentleman, whose name I have forgotten."

In a few minutes our hero had dressed himself for this exciting interview: but when all was ready, and he was quitting his solitary chamber, his courage failed, and he almost wished he could have deferred it. For a full hour he continued pacing up and down his room, nervous and agitated, and doubtful as to how he should be received; when a second message arrived, requesting he would hasten down stairs, for that his father and friends were anxious to see him. Somewhat reassured by this last intelligence, he ventured to leave his room, but on reaching the drawing-room door, and hearing the sound of voices within, his courage again failed him; twice he placed his hand upon the lock, and twice he withdrew it, till, unable longer to master his agitation, he rushed up stairs, and fairly bolted himself into his bedroom. This nervousness continued for a few minutes, when he resolved at last to muster up courage, and making accordingly one heroic exertion, rushed a second time down stairs, threw open the drawing-room door, and found himself clasped in the arms of a forgiving father.

An instant longer, and he was as much at home as ever; for only friends were there—Mr. and Mrs. Pope, (for the second time ascertained to be Her Majesty,) and above all, his old acquaintance Colonel Vernon, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing on his countenance the proofs of his daughter's death. On shaking hands with this last, poor Edward was

dreadfully affected: the veteran, too, seemed scarcely less agitated, and turned aside his head, apparently to hide a tear.

When the mutual greetings were over, Mr. Daubigny advanced towards his son, and grasping him kindly by the hands, thus, in the presence of all, addressed him:—"Your career of folly—not to say of crime—is now, Edward, I trust, at an end; and once again you return to your father's house, as completely restored to his forgiveness as if you had never erred. If you think, however, that I was unacquainted with your follies, you are mistaken. I knew them from first to last; your own countenance when you visited me at Xmas, betrayed your secret; but I was resolved, since you had chosen your own path, that you should continue in it, till it closed, as I foresaw it would, in severest retribution. At that critical moment, I stepped in; and well knowing your abode, with which I had been previously acquainted by your bookseller, rushed in just time enough to save you, rash boy, from destruction. Thus much with respect to the past; let us now consider the future. You are born, you know, to an estate, amply sufficient for all the comforts, not to say luxuries of life, but as, notwithstanding I wish you to see the world, and thereby appreciate the happiness of your condition, I am resolved that you shall spend some time in travel. Meanwhile, a circumstance that lately occurred, and which hastened my arrival at Tooke's Court, has raised you, my boy, as high in a father's admiration as a son could possibly wish. Two friends of mine, who on their road to visit me at Caversham, halted for a day in London, were exposed to a most frightful catastrophe, from which, however, your courage saved the daughter, and in consequence, the father's life. You remember the fire at Furnival's Inn?"

"Perfectly," replied Edward with astonishment.

"That young lady, then, whom you so chivalrously rescued, is now residing in this house; and as I am well acquainted with her worth, and anxious also to see you settled before I die, I venture to propose her as your wife."

"Never," interrupted Edward. "I will obey you, Sir, in every other particular, but my heart, (and he wept as he spoke,) lies buried in the same grave where Laura also sleeps."

"I feel for your situation," resumed Mr. Daubigny; "but since sorrow cannot raise the dead, and this young lady possesses to the full those charms you so much admired in Miss Vernon; nay, even resembles her in countenance, there surely can be no harm in—"

"Dear, dear father," replied Edward, "I entreat you not to mention the subject; Colonel Vernon plead for me.—"

The frequent mention of his daughter's name, had effectually subdued the veteran, and he had accordingly walked to a distant part of the window, with his handkerchief placed before his eyes.

"You refuse then to submit to my proposals?" added Mr. Daubigny.

"I am sorry, Sir, that in this instance alone I cannot; in every other"—

"Enough—enough," interrupted his father, then suddenly raising his voice, "come forth, my fair unknown," he exclaimed, "and tell this incorrigible boy that though I cannot raise the dead, I can at least produce a substitute, to whom, even he, ungrateful as he is, must yield."

At this instant the folding doors flew open, and there, arranged in all her blushing beauty, stood the spirit of the deceased Laura.

"Can the grave yield up its dead?" said Edward, with amazement; "speak Laura, angel Laura, speak, oh! let me hear your voice," and he rushed half delirious towards her.

At this affecting sight, Colonel Vernon, who had resumed his station in the circle, burst into a violent fit of laughter, which was instantly succeeded by a gentleman-like flood of tears. Mr. Pope and Mr. Daubigny applied also to the snuff-box somewhat oftener than was their wont, while Her Majesty fairly sobbed aloud. In a few minutes, however, the whole party had recovered their serenity; when his father thus again addressed himself to Edward: "You are surprised, I see, at this resurrection, but listen, my boy, while I thus explain the miracle. On your quitting Cambridge, I well knew that if you kept up a correspondence with Miss Vernon, her accomplishments would effectually ensnare you, that your thoughts would be for ever reverting to Huntingdon, and that in short you would be fit for nothing. I therefore agreed with the Colonel that we should spread the report of her death, partly as a punishment due to your extravagance, and partly that you might, on hearing of her decease, push your own fortune with more spirit, and enter with a less abstracted mind into the bustling scenes around you. I calculated, of course, upon your affliction, but I calculated also on your youth and natural energy, and am delighted to find that I have not altogether been mistaken. You have now seen, I believe, some little of the world, and having thus tasted of its bitters, it is fit that you should enjoy its sweets."

At this moment, perceiving his son's eyes turned somewhat reproachfully on Laura, Mr. Daubigny addressed him:

"You are hurt, Edward, that she too could so long preserve the secret of her existence. Believe me, she is altogether innocent; we persuaded her of your inconstancy, your heartlessness, your devotion to some more

62 favored beauty, and in short so worked upon the poor girl's feelings, that
 dr she consented, with a sigh, to forget you ; taking care, however, to men-
 tu tion her regrets in a letter, which by some chance, not difficult to be ac-
 counted for, never reached its destination. And now that these plots and
 h counter-plots are all satisfactorily explained, nothing remains but that you
 a here receive her never again to part ; and if she make as good a wife as
 F she has been a daughter, you will be the most fortunate husband alive."

h Mr. Pope, at this auspicious moment, oracularly tapping his snuff-box,
 I turned himself like a pivot towards Edward, and thus, for the first time,
 1 addressed him : " You have now, young gentleman, proved the truth of
 : what I some months since assured you, that the University is a place
 where both vice and virtue abound, but where, after a time, nature, that re-
 sistless Deity, resumes her station in the hearts even of the most aban-
 doned, so true it is—"

" Mr. Pope," interrupted Her Majesty, " I beg pardon for the remarks I
 am going to offer, but if my memory does not altogether fail me, I have
 heard that very sentence in your sermon upon time."

" By Gad, madam," exclaimed the divine, in an ungovernable tempest
 of rage, " there's no standing this."

" Hush, hush," replied Mr. Daubigny, with a laugh, " let this one day at
 least be devoted to good humour, to-morrow you may quarrel as much as
 you please." So ends the Author.

GEO. F. KEANS,

No. 12¹/₂ WATER STREET,..... SAINT JOHN, N. B.

DEALER IN AND AGENT FOR

Railroad, Steamboat, Mill

AND

MACHINISTS' SUPPLIES.

Rubber and Leather Belting,

STEAM PACKING,

Hose, Tubing, Valves, Gaskets,

And all RUBBER GOODS for mechanical purposes at manu-
facturers' prices.

12¹/₂ Water Street,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

ALEXANDRA
WORKS.

SAW FACTORY,

Canterbury Street, --- St. John, N. B.

J. F. LAWTON,

DEALER IN FILES,

AND MANUFACTURER OF

CAST STEEL SAWS

Of every description,

WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY IN THE MARKET.

SAWS FILED AND REPAIRED.

Carrier Blades, Machine Knives, &c.

