

children had retired; none of us thought of moving, yet the talk flagged, and we were all thinking of a subject. At last, old Jim Racket put the question, as to whether we had read the new novel, "*Marrying for Money*." Of course we had. "Talking of marrying for money," said Jack, "reminds me of a strange case, the strangest on record, I bet, and that is my own. Come—its a long time since it happened, and although, doubtless, you have heard the story before, still I do not think you heard the true version—replenish your glasses, fill your pipes, and I'll let you have it." Having complied with his request, and piled on the fire an additional quantity of coals, and taken an easy position in our chairs, Jack, with his old battered meerschaum in his mouth,—which resembled the hero of a hundred fights, or one of Cromwell's old troopers—and after having drunk off half the contents of his tumbler, commenced as follows:—

"You all remember, boys, what a devil of a fellow I was in the days when we used to 'go around.' I don't wish to pass any compliments on myself, but I think you'll all acknowledge, that in those days I was a deuced smart fellow, knew a thing or two, and was besides exceedingly good looking—at least my mother and the servant maids used to tell me so. Like most young men who are possessed of that conceit, I was very vain and egotistical, and fancied every good looking girl I met, was dead in love with me. I'm not joking, when I say now, that I know many who really were; for you must be aware, that the wilder and more go-to-the-devil sort of a fellow a man is, the more the girls will run after him—(Puff! puff!) Infinitely they prefer such a man to your studious, bookish youth, who, as the saying is, 'is intellectually inclined.' Being a wild harem-scarem fellow, as you all know well, I had lots of these opportunities. But I was something of a philosopher too—I philosophised in my own way, and I philosophised thus,—that wishing to lead an easy life, (not having any profession, and hardly any means to subsist upon) my best policy was to marry an heiress. I could not think of marrying an ugly woman, oh! no! What I wanted was beauty and wealth combined, and I was looking all over the city—a small field, I must confess—for such a party; but all in vain.—Although I sought and enquired, no one could be found eligible; two or three there were, to be sure, but all had some draw-back that could not be overcome.—(Puff! puff!) I had passed six months in search of such a treasure, when at length my industry and diligence were rewarded. One fine morning in the fall of 1834, by the boat arrived at Payne's Hotel, a young lady and an old gentleman, her father, who