

explained my predicament, that, on entering a large coffee-room full of square and oblong mahogany tables, an over-tired waiter, in a white neckcloth, dozing in an arm-chair, no sooner caught a glimpse of the approaching group, than with the alacrity with which Izaak Walton would have twitched at his rod the instant his coloured goose-quill bobbed under water, whirling a white napkin under his left arm, he shuffled on his heels towards a large tawdry chandelier, twisted with his right hand three or four gaslights to their maximum flare, and then, with the jabber of a monkey, repeating to me the surnames of a variety of joints of cold meat, he ended by asking me "What I would please to take?" In reply to his comprehensive question, I desired him to screw back all those lamps which were nearly blinding me, and, as soon as I had returned to the enjoyment of comparative darkness sufficient to be able to look calmly at his jaded face, in three words I withered all his hopes by quietly asking him for the very thing in creation which of all others he would have plucked from my mind—"a bedroom candle."

After turning on his heels and walking like a bankrupt towards the door, without the addition or subtraction of a single letter he tele-