

of those small fish for which Yarmouth is so famous, and ruminating over the state of my affairs. They stood thus: I was without money. Sophia's dinner party came off on that very evening, and my necessity had compelled me to lend my dress suit to a suppositious uncle. What was I to do? It was true I had a gold watch and chain, but Sophia had admired them, and I did not like to appear before her without them. I sat down and pondered over the situation, and came to the conclusion that there was but one way, and that was to take out my dress suit, leaving my repeater in its place. I would wear the chain, and no one need know I was *minus* a watch.

The evening arrived; I had completed my toilet, and stood before the glass admiring the fit of my coat, and giving a few final touches to my white cravat. Taking my latch-key, I fastened it to the end of my chain, instead of my watch, and fixed it in my waistcoat pocket; I then gathered up the few miscellaneous articles which I had removed from the pockets of my walking suit, and distributed them about my person, taking care that no pocket should bulge out to spoil the perfect set of my clothes, and in a few moments was driving rapidly towards the home of my dear Sophia.

I cannot describe the luxury of old Wrenton's mansion—it was tremendous. The very street-door had a rich appearance about it, having two brass knockers on it; the hall was completely furnished; the stair-carpets were so thick that I felt as if I were walking on a hat-brush. The drawing-room was all glass and gold, the curtains of lace, the chairs and sofas covered with blue silk. I was nearly overpowered with the wealth displayed; but plucking up courage, I entered the room with a graceful bow and a firm eye, that already looked upon this magnificence as partly mine. I did all in my power to ingratiate myself with Sophia's father—a short, fat, pimply, purple man, who breathed heavily through a brilliant nose—and flatter myself that I succeeded, for when the servant announced that dinner was served, Mr. Wrenton desired me to take Sophia downstairs. I saw my rival's look of envy, for he was handed over to a fat old dowager; nevertheless, the wretch managed to be seated next to Sophia, and persisted in joining in our conversation.

The party was a large one, the dinner excellent, and the wines superb. The conversation was general, and turned on travelling;