

jette moins d'os et de papier dans les rues."¹ He added that some families that used to consume ten pounds of meat a day subsisted now on only four, and consequently that the chiffonnier loses like the butcher.

"Si la tranquillité vient, nous ferons peut-être quelque chose; mais," he added, very pensively, and apparently without the slightest idea of the important moral contained in the words he was about to utter, "quand il n'y a pas de luxe, on ne fait rien!"² (a shrug).

"What a lesson," said I to myself,—looking at his brass plaquet, faded blouse, and pale, sunken cheeks, which, beneath his thin whiskers, kept quivering as he talked,—“am I receiving in the Capital of the Republic of France from a poor, half-starved chiffonnier! What would the Radical Members of both Houses of the British Parliament, who unintentionally would level the distinction and wealth they themselves are enjoying, say, if they could but hear from the lips of this street scavenger the practical truth that, when they shall have succeeded, they will deprive, not

¹ Sir, since the revolution people have become more economical; the consumption in their kitchens is less; people throw less bones and paper into the streets.

² If tranquillity comes, we shall, perhaps, do something; but when there is no luxury we can do nothing.