

boy, bringing a letter addressed to he knew not whom; and two or three times by a lady, sometimes an old one, and sometimes a young one, who called on me, intending to call on somebody else. In all these cases a long apologetic dialogue ensued; and although my visitors had thus abundant opportunity to observe my grotesque appearance, which in England would, I truly believe, have made even the Bishop of London bite his lips or smile, yet such is the power of politeness in the French people, that in no one instance did any one of my visitors allow me to perceive from his or her eyes, or from any feature in his or her countenance, that he or she had even observed the magpie appearance of my face.

While I was following my prescription, I explained to the concierge that in case anybody called—I had no acquaintances in Paris—I was not at home. When it was over, which was only two days before I returned to England, the old woman walked up stairs to congratulate me, and then, addressing me and my tiny apartment, as if we were of vast importance, she said to me, “A présent, Monsieur, que vous pouvez recevoir votre monde!”¹

On the day I left Paris I received from my obliging landlady her account, in which in no in-

¹ Now, Sir, that you can receive the world!