

missionnaire, not only the migration but the distribution of my property was effected.

" On retourne tcujours, toujours,
A son premier amour !"¹

From the above anecdote, trifling as it may sound, Mr. Chadwick and the Board of Health would no doubt be able to draw a most important moral. Leaving them, however, two stories below me, to trace to its secret source a tiny cause which in a region high above cesspools and drains had created a stratum of impure air, which, had it been inodorous, I should most certainly have remained in, and which, in a locality where nobody would look for it, has been and ever is ready to nourish fever, I must proceed with the history of my new abode, the outward appearance of which was, as if in a looking-glass, "*veluti in speculum*," reflected to me from the opposite side of the street by a range of windows each forming a sort of portico, opening to the floor exactly as mine did, and communicating with a narrow leaded passage, protected by a line of substantial iron balustrades.

In the roof above me there was (at least so I conjectured from what I saw in the opposite

¹ One always returns to one's first love !