

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

head on one side, and dance up insidious—Then 'tis time to dance off, quoth I ; so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier—from thence to Pesqnas, Beziers—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcasson, and Castle Naudairy, till at last I danced myself into Perdrillo's pavilion.

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