

as it became dark every one of these keys were taken from their hooks and deposited, according to their respective numbers, each on the brass bed-room candlestick that belonged to it. One evening, at twilight, I was looking among this row for my candle, which, like all the rest of the lot, was about the thickness of my fore-finger.

"Monsieur," said a servant, popping out of a small room adjoining, and making me a low bow, "*votre flambeau n'est pas encore descendu.*"¹

On the "premier étage," or first floor, was a spacious drawing-room, very handsomely furnished, open to every lodger in the house. I, however, never entered it, and only once peeped into it.

On taking my first prescription from Dr. S. to the chemist, I ascertained that the ointment with which I was to rub my forehead and temples four times a day was as nearly as possible as black as new ink. This affliction, which was indeed a very great one, and which lasted almost the whole of the time I was at Paris, seemed at first not only to forbid my seeing any sights, but to make *me* a sight for any one else to see; however, after sitting in my sky-parlour for some minutes in an attitude of deep reflec-

¹ Sir, your flambeau has not been brought down yet.