

with a quick shake of the head, and with or without a shrug, was said to me not only everywhere, but usually on the threshold.

Finding it impossible to obtain shelter in a caravansary, I determined to take refuge in a lodging, and observing on a board close to me the very words I was in search of, namely, "Chambres à louer,"¹ I rang at the bell. On the door opening of itself I walked into a clean-looking court, and addressing the concierge I had scarcely said two words when, as if she had become suddenly and violently disgusted with me, she shook her head, waved her hand before my face, and said, "Non ! Non !! Non !!! Monsieur !" and turning on her heel left me.

I had scarcely proceeded along the same street—the Rue de Rivoli—fifty yards, when I came to an exactly similar announcement, and as, on ringing the bell, I was very nearly, as before, interrupted by the same signs, the same actions, and the same demonstration of disgust, I asked the porter, with a very small proportion of his own impatience, why, if he had no lodgings, he continued to display his board ? "Pas garnies, Monsieur !" ² he briefly replied, and he then very civilly and good-humouredly explained to me that, had I not been a stranger,

¹ Lodgings to let.

² Not furnished.