

exceedingly small one, on the middle floor of six stories, owned only one blindless, shutterless, window, upon which, from above, from beneath, from the right, and from the left, glared, stared, and squinted, the oblong eyes of the windows of three sides of a hollow square, so narrow that it appeared like an air-shaft, excavated in the middle of the enormous building of which, in fact, it was the lantern.

On each side of my window, like the lace frills on either side of a lady's cap, there elegantly hung a slight thin muslin curtain; but, as in point of fortification this was utterly inadequate for the defences I required, I ventured after breakfast to ask for a larger room that looked anywhere but into that square.

Nothing could be more polite than M. Meurice was on the subject, but eighty thousand strangers had flocked to Paris to attend the grand Fête of the Republic: his hotel was perfectly full; and as it was evidently impossible for him to alter figures or facts, I sallied forth to seek what I wanted elsewhere.

My applications were first to the best hotels, then to the middling ones, and at last to the worst; but good, bad, or indifferent, they were all full. "Monsieur, il n'y a pas de place!"¹

¹ No room, Sir!