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A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.

MY LODGING.

ON my return from my stroll, at about ten o'clock P.M. of the day of my arrival in Paris, to Meurice's well-appointed hotel, I was conducted by one of the waiters to my "appartement;" and as on introducing myself to, or, to speak more correctly, *into* its bed, I found it to be a particularly warm, comfortable poultice, which seemed to draw from my body and bones every ache or sensation of fatigue, I soon ceased to admire it, France, England, or indeed, any body or any thing.

"Heaven bless the man who first invented sleep!"

The next morning early, awakening quite refreshed, and with a keen appetite for novelty of any description, I was amused to find not only that I myself had become, and as I lay in my bed was, a great curiosity, but that apparently the whole hotel was looking at me! My room, an