

Everything within it looked quiet, comfortable, and substantial; and as in the book of one's every-day life there is nothing like beginning from the very beginning, before I allowed myself to go into the street, or even to look out of my window at the charming novelties—for everything in Paris was new to my eyes—that were passing and repassing, I unpacked my little property, put my clothes into my two chests of drawers, my papers into my secretaire, my portfolio, inkstand, pens, and pencil on a good-sized table, and then, completing my arrangements by carrying to and placing before the latter a comfortable arm-chair, like Robinson Crusoe I looked around me with an inward satisfaction it would be difficult to describe; and I was standing very much in the attitude of a young artist joyously admiring the painting he has just concluded, when, with great velocity, there shot past my nose—to tell the truth, it actually hit it—an arrow of air, about a foot long, but no thicker than a piece of packthread, that did not smell as it ought to do. “It is the breath of envy,” said I to myself, “mortified at my happiness!” and discarding the green-eyed monster from my thoughts, and again admiring my location, I bade it a short adieu, and descended into the street.