

returned the whole of them, preferring to throw myself on the hospitality of the public authorities of Paris, rather than be indebted to, and probably embarrassed by, private favours.

During my brief residence in the French metropolis, excepting three days, I dined and breakfasted by myself. I never entered a theatre; only once a café. I neither paid nor received visits. In short, I totally abstained from any other society than that which I had the happiness to enjoy in the public streets.

My amusements solely consisted in collecting literary sticks, picked up exactly in the order and state in which I chanced to find them. They are thin, short, dry, sapless, crooked, headless, and pointless. In the depth of winter, however, a faggot of real French Sticks—although of little intrinsic value—may possibly enliven for a few moments an English Fireside. I therefore with great diffidence offer them to my readers, and, hoping the fuel I have col-