

ration and the darkness of the morning I did not feel the least inclination to sleep. Consequently I tried to enter into conversation with my *compagnon de voyage*, but nothing more than dry monosyllables could I extract from his mouth. Soon after I had certain indications that Morpheus had bound him in his iron fetters. With so taciturn and so dry a neighbour I could not build the hope of a very pleasant journey. I had not yet had a sight of his person but by the space he seemed to occupy in the carriage and by the tosses I received from time to time with his head on my shoulders, I judged him to be a short lusty man, and on the dawning of the day, when fogs and mists permitted me to take a fair view of him I saw that I was not mistaken in my idea of his person. As to his countenance, it said very little for or against him in the placidity of his sleep.

We continued moving onwards and arrived when broad day at the first station where we were to change horses and to enjoy a welcome breakfast. My travelling companion was roused out of his peaceful slumber, and after having rubbed his eyes and taken a rapid survey of the premises, he walked in to one of those houses where the degree of hospitality is regulated by the means of purchasing it. We were in that province which would inevitably be one of the richest in the world, if only half of the wine, (called after its name) that is drunk all over the world, was truly the juice of the grapes matured within its precincts. But this is far from being the case.

The Districts in which the several qualities of champagne wines are produced are extremely limited in extent, and incapable of answering to the hundredth part of the demand for that beverage so highly valued by Voluptuaries. Here as in many other respects my taste is far from agreeing with that of the generality of Epicures for I never could relish it. My dislike for it perhaps may be attributed to my having been made intoxicated the first time I drank some at a breakfast that several of us on our being knighted companions of the order of St. Lazare gave to our brother officers. I was so sick from that excess, that not only I took a thorough dislike to that wine but also it has guarded me ever after against excess in drinking.