

itself, to my thinking; he is a very poor creature. How is yours?"

"Mine? Oh, I have trained him at last; he knows where his paper and envelopes are kept, and where the firewood is and all his things. My other used to swear; this one is good tempered. But he is not the big style of thing; he has no order at his buttonhole. I like a chief to have an order if he hasn't, they may take him for one of us, and that is so mortifying. He takes home office stationery, and asked me if I could go to his house to wait at evening parties."

"Ah! what a Government, my dear fellow!"

"Yes, a set of swindlers."

"I wish they may not nibble at our poor salaries."

"I am afraid they will. The Chambers keep a sharp lookout on you. They haggle over the firewood."

"Oh well, if that is the style of them, it will not last long."

"We are in for it! Somebody is listening."

"Oh! it is M. Rabourdin that used to be. . . . Ah! sir, I knew you by your way of coming in. . . . If you want anything here, there is nobody that will know the respect that is owing to you: there is nobody of your time left now but us. M. Colleville and M. Baudoyer did not wear out the leather on their chairs after you went. Lord! six months afterwards they got appointments as receivers of taxes at Paris."

PARIS, July 1836.