

hand in hand and then dancing around me, bewildered me with such a variety of false reasons, that, seeing the landlady was also entirely on their side, I ended the short unequal struggle by telling her I would abandon the apartment above for that in which I stood. "Bien, Monsieur!"¹ she replied, with placid satisfaction; and, as I had now become her lodger, instead of acting as if she felt that nothing remained but to get her rent and as much as she could besides, she instantly evinced a desire to shield me from every possible imposition and to render me every friendly assistance in her power—duties, or rather virtues, which, during my residence under her roof, she unremittingly performed.

As my hotel was scarcely a hundred yards off, I returned there for my portmanteau and letter-box, and after parting with M. Meurice, who again very civilly expressed his regret at his utter inability to accommodate me, I put my small amount of luggage into a voiture de place, and, walking by its side, returned to my own street, my own porte-cochère, my own concierge, my own staircase, and—on entering my apartment and dismissing the porter who had followed with my baggage—to my own home.

¹ Very good, Sir!