

during the short periods that I looked at them, could I see exuding from them the slightest appearance of smoke.

In the handsome, broad-paved street, which, on looking over the balustrades, appeared to be at an immeasurable distance beneath, were to be heard the rattling of carriages—the rumbling now and then of a heavy diligence—the trot of cavalry—the beating of drums—the sound of bugles;—in short, the sense of hearing at Paris has no protection. Every morning, from half-past seven till nine, martial music of all sorts announced the march beneath of various bodies of troops to their respective guard-mountings. Sometimes fifteen soldiers would pass, preceded by a key-bugle;—then eighteen, headed by a single drum.

As they and their musical accompaniment passed, I almost invariably—stepping out on the leads—peeped over my balustrade. A lady from the window adjoining mine as regularly did the same. I never looked at her—never spoke to her. She could have walked along the leads into my room, but in the exalted region in which we lived it was a point of honour not to do so, and her honour, I am exceedingly happy to say, she never broke.

In Paris a man may live like a gentleman in