

rich, looked somewhat dimly ranged along the walls, and whose floors of empanelled oak all waxed and highly polished, alternately brightened in the sun-light, or darkened with the shades of those who occasionally crossed them. The room into which Guy was now ushered, was of smaller dimensions than those just alluded to. With the exception of its lofty windows half concealed in their recesses behind overhanging folds of transparent gauze, it was hung around from the ceiling to the floor with crimson tapestry. Fauteuils in the style of Louis XV., high backed, soft and low cushioned, and blue and white with silk and muslin, were dispersed here and there over the floor which was carpetted à l'Anglaise. Besides various other objects of utility or ornament, there was also a grand piano of Erard's which lay open, and upon which were strewn various pieces of music. There were also three antique tables of carved and gilded rosewood, on two of which were scattered some curious *bijouterie*, the other being somewhat smaller and unoccupied, save by a few writing materials and a beautiful stand of massive silver, in the centre of which lay the pens and ink which Madame occasionally consecrated to the *feuilleton* of the *Gazette de France*. Half reclining in a *fauteuil* lay the *petite* and elegant form of Madame d'Aumont attired in a plain and close fitting dress of black *gros de Naples*. Black then reigned the paramount color with the Parisian *belle*, and has since been doubtless superseded in turn by every color in the solar spectre. A small white scarf of the finest gossamer lace carelessly thrown around her otherwise uncovered neck, contrasted with a fair and delicate throat, whose tones, whenever music ruled the hour, had they been professionally exercised, might have rivalled those of a Dorus or a Damorean Cinti. Her smallness of figure and surpassing fairness of complexion, with her light shaded hair and small and finely turned features, contributed in appearance to remove her from her actual age of thirty-four or thereabouts, to some ten years younger. She held in her hand an English Review, just brought to her by her brother, the young Count d'A——s, from the Jockey Club, of which he was one of the exquisites, in common with some young Parisians of distinction; all thoroughly imbued with a peculiar spirit of Anglomania, of which a certain kind of break-neck ambition formed a component part, under the auspices of their leader, Lord Seymour. One of these, the Prince de la Moskowa, son of Marshal Ney, had lately almost reached the summit of this peculiar ambition at a steeple chase by making an involuntary somerset over his horse's head into a ditch. As for Lord Seymour he may be styled the apostle of Anglo extravagancies in France. For many years he has now been a continual resident at Paris, and has fairly succeeded in educating the rising generation of Parisian nobility to a taste bordering on the *fureur*, for club-houses, horse-racing, steeple