

and *Tribunal de premier instance*. To the Court of Cassation there are attached some twelve Counsellors, all of whom are handsomely salaried by the Government. Madame d'Aumont, who from her years might have been more appropriately the daughter than the wife of her excellent husband, was as gay and *spirituel* as she was beautiful and young. Her form was small and elegant, or what the French and their anglo-imitators call *petite*. Her hair and features were fair and flaxen—her blood, by the side of her father and maternal grandfather, was derived from one of the British Isles. But this, in the matter of the fairness of French complexion, is no criterion, for the Parisians, in the opinions of those competent of judging, have considerably the advantage of the Londoners in this regard. Indeed the writer distinctly recollects the crowing of several Parisian editors on this subject, over some London wights of the quill and type, whom they styled their dingy brethren of cockney-town.

In Paris, however, as every object looks bright and gay in its pellucid atmosphere, the smoke of London is certainly a very unfair medium, through which to examine the actual complexion of the ever changing faces in its crowded streets. But to return to Madame d'Aumont. She resided in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, near the gay *Boulevard des Italiens*, in what Parisians call an *appartement*. Now an apartment, as her's was, may be considerably larger than a good sized English dwelling house. Besides sundry detached offices for private use, it consisted of two *suites* of eight or nine large rooms each, running parallel with each other, around a spacious court yard, into which a wide gate-way opened from the outer street. The large six-storied building itself surrounding the court yard, contained at least three of these *appartements*, one on each flat; and the rank and means of the occupants were in the inverse ratio of their storied elevation.

The residence of Madame d'Aumont was *au premier*, or on the first flat above the ground floor, which goes by the name of the *rez de chaussée*. A large wide stone stair, common to all the occupants, ran up the interior of the building; and outside the entrance door of the *appartement* on each flat, hung a bell pull. Flowers tastefully arranged on stands, ornamented the large hall at the foot of the stair-case; and it should not be omitted to state that the porter's lodge, that inevitable adjunct of Parisian abodes on a large scale, stood just at the spot where common sense invariably requires it—near the entrance gate.

“*Dites lui d'entre à l'instant*”—“tell him to come in immediately,” said a voice of silvery loudness from an interior room to the servant who had just announced Master Guy by his proper appellation. The latter was, after passing through four or five large and lofty rooms *en suite*, whose furniture, though