

## An Anonymous Letter.

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### I.

#### THE PUBLIC WRITER.

Fifteen or sixteen years ago, the courtyard of the Holy Chapel presented quite a different aspect from that which it now presents. It is not because many changes have been made, or because the streets leading to it have been improved or widened. No. Everything has remained in nearly its primitive state. The wooden wall which once enclosed the staircase by which the people ascended to the corridor communicating with the public Hall of the *pas perdue*, though a little elevated, still encircles the old monument; but with the increasing activity which took place in the locality, many of the characteristic marks of old Paris have gradually disappeared. Before the opening of this new thoroughfare the court of the Holy Chapel was almost a suburb of the city where every trace of Parisian society was lost, one after another. This courtyard formed a little world by itself, which had its own invariable customs; now noisy, now silent and always frequented by the same people; early in the morning by the ushers of the Supreme Court who remained till the hour at which the *referendaires* were used to arrive, by