

habituated, to a scene more contaminating to the morals of all classes than anything it could be conceived the ingenuity of man could have devised. Indeed, when I looked at the mingled faces of young men, young women, children, infants, and old people, all pointing towards an object which modesty, nay, which common decency would have told them—at all events in combination—to avoid, I could scarcely believe that I was existing within 800 yards of the Louvre, the guest of a brave and intellectual people, whose politeness and amiable civilities I had so much reason to acknowledge! And the more I reflected the greater was my astonishment; for not only was the exposition before me cruel to the dead, and destructive of the morals of the living, but, after all, it was utterly useless!

A person's clothes, instead of being an impediment, are the greatest possible assistance in substantiating his identity; and accordingly in a court of justice it is not unusual for a witness, who had previously been unable to recognise the prisoner at the bar, to exclaim, the instant the latter is forced to put on his head the hat he had been holding in his hand, that he *is* the person who had committed the crime alleged against him.

A set of dripping-wet clothes and rags, hanging on pegs over a body which, when living, had