

those beautiful feelings in the human heart which are most admired may, by the scene I have imperfectly described, be completely ruined.

Of the dreadful history of the bruised, livid, young creature lying prostrate close to me, I was, of course, utterly ignorant. Her mind might have been ornamented with every virtue; she might have fallen into the river by accident. On the other hand, she might have committed every description of crime, and in retribution thereof have been murdered by some one as criminal as herself, with whom she had criminally been living; and yet, whatever might have been her guilt, to be exposed for three days (for such was the time she had been sentenced to lie in La Morgue) naked, in a great metropolis, to the gaze of all ranks and conditions of life—to men of all ages—was, I deeply felt, a punishment so cruel and inhuman that it might almost be said to have exceeded her offence; and yet, if she could have felt the shame that was inflicted upon her, her sufferings individually would have been utterly unimportant when compared to the wholesale injury—and, may I not add, disgrace?—which the people of Paris were suffering, from the possibility of being, first, by curiosity allured, and, after that, by vicious inclinations