

an old woman (the old women appeared to me to shrink from the sight most of all), as on a glance at the corpse she turned on her heel and walked out; then in ran a number of lads; a wrinkled old grandmother, with all her strength, lifted up a fine, pretty boy of about three years old, without his hat.

The point at which I stood, I was afterwards informed, was that which had been selected by a well-known French actress, who, with an *esprit de corps*, to say the least, of an extraordinary character, has been in the habit of repeatedly visiting La Morgue professionally to study the sudden changes of countenance of those who, as they continually pour into it, first see the ghastly objects purposely laid out for their inspection; and certainly a more dreadful reality could not be beheld, and yet, the more I reflected on what I saw, the more dreadful it appeared. The flashes of horror and disgust that suddenly distorted the faces of most of those who consecutively approached the glass windows were certainly very remarkable, and yet the utter nonchalance of others, both young and old and of both sexes, approaching sometimes almost to a smile, was infinitely more appalling, because it but too clearly proved how easily and how effectually