

the knees were deeply discoloured, and yet, for some reason, the thighs were quite white! The soles of her feet, which were stiffly upturned, had been so coddled by the water in which she had been drowned, that they appeared to be almost honeycombed. From the wall above there projected eight little streams, about the size of those which flow from the rose of an ordinary garden watering-pot, arranged to fall on her face, throat, neck, and legs (round her middle there was wrapped a narrow piece of oil-cloth), to keep the body wet and cool.

Above her, hanging on pegs, was the miserable inventory of her dress: a pair of worn-out shoes, ragged stockings, shift, and the dripping mass (her spotted cotton gown and petticoat) which I had already observed. A more revolting, ghastly, horrid, painful sight I fancied at the moment I had never before beheld; and yet the living picture immediately in front of it was so infinitely more appalling, it offered for reflection so important a moral, that my eyes soon turned from the dead to the various groups of people who were gazing upon it; and as my object was to observe rather than be observed, I managed, with some difficulty, to get into the right-hand corner of the partition, where I was not only close to the glass, but could see