

and surrounded by a gaping crowd, was a travelling conjuror, who appeared to possess the power of making every face of his attendant assembly smile or grin with more or less delight.

After standing for some time, listening sometimes to the bullfinch, sometimes to the conjuror, but more constantly looking towards the little building between them, I approached its door, from which, just as I entered it, there walked out arm-in-arm two well-dressed ladies, with flowers in their bonnets. On entering a small room—it was La Morgue—I saw immediately before me a partition, composed of large clean windows, through each of which a small group of people, looking over each other's heads, were intently gazing. Within this partition, on the wall opposite to me, was hanging, and apparently dripping, a long, thin mass of worthless and nondescript substance that looked like old rags. On approaching the smallest of the groups I saw close to me, on the other side of the glass partition, five black inclined planes, on one of which there lay on its back, with a nose crushed flat like a negro, with its cheeks swelled out exactly as if it were loudly blowing a trumpet, the naked, livid corpse of a robust, well-formed young woman of about twenty years of age. The face, throat, chest, arms, and legs below