

towards her. We long looked at her in silent astonishment; for we seemed afraid of trusting to our senses. Each of us thought it was an illusion or the effect of twilight. But the sun soon appeared above the horizon, and put an end to our doubts. Our fellow traveller struck us with afright. Her skin, of a livid and deadly white seemed just fastened upon bare bone; the orbits of her eyes presented an immense circumference; her thin skinny lips could scarcely cover a perfect set of projecting teeth; and the muscles and blood-vessels of her neck stood out in perfect relief. In a word, her face was a perfect death's head with the exception of two small eyes, sparkling like live coals, from the bottom of their immense orbits, and a vivacity of motion which made her turn her singular countenance from one side to the other with an appearance of insatiable curiosity. After scanning this strange figure for a considerable time, we looked at each other, in silence as if fear had held our tongues.—The little black eyes of the object of our surprise, seemed to interrogate us in succession, and her large mouth smiled, but with an expression of gaiety so out of character with her countenance, that we cast down our eyes under the glance of hers: she seemed like death laughing in our face. Now that we have read the fantastic tales, such an object might appear simple enough; but, in 1812, it seemed to us like the wild phantasm of a dream.

M. Maurice spoke first. "But for my respect for the present company, I would say with the conductor,—'the devil take her! Did you ever see such a face as hers? I have often beheld corpses on the field of battle; I have often seen dissecting-rooms; but never did I——. Upon my word she makes us all shudder. Look at the poor little baby; it is too much afraid even to cry." Meantime, the poor object of these remarks looked at us all, and burst into a fit of laughter; but to the sight only, for we heard no sound. This silent laughter raised in us feelings of horror, but not the least sympathy for her misfortunes. I know not what confessions we should have made to each other concerning our feelings, had not the axle-tree broke. I shall say