

picture he had witnessed, that, to relieve his mind, and also to console his only surviving sister, he determined to return to his distant motherless home, and on his arrival at its door he was, as he well deserved, most affectionately embraced—by . . . his mother! It need not be said that the person he had seen lying on the table of La Morgue, disfigured by death, was not hers; whereas, had the corpse, instead of being naked, been dressed, he would, no doubt, have at once perceived that it was not his mother, whose costume du pays, and particular dress, were, of course, imprinted in his mind.

The number of bodies annually exposed for three days in La Morgue amount to about 300, of which above five-sixths are males. The clothes of one of the latter who had been buried without being reclaimed were still hanging near me. A considerable proportion of the corpses are those of suicides and of people who have been murdered.

On the whole, I left my position in the corner impressed with an opinion, since strengthened by reflection, that La Morgue at Paris is a plague-spot that must inevitably, more or less, demoralise every person who views it. On going out of the door I observed dangling over my head a small tricolor flag, garnished as usual with the words "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality."