

place in which all dead bodies found in the streets of Paris or in the Seine are exposed, and as on the following day I had occasion to be in its neighbourhood, I determined I would fulfil my kind friend's prophecy by "finding my way" to it. Accordingly, walking along the Quai, I perceived on the banks of the Seine, close before me, touching the extremity of the Marché Neuf—indeed, the nice, fresh, green vegetables in the last of the booths ranged along the wall of the Quai actually touched *it*—a small, low, substantial Doric building, constructed of massive, roughly-hewn stones, as large as those commonly used in England for a county jail.

On gazing at it attentively for a few minutes a stranger might consider it to be a post-office, for a certain proportion of the crowd that was continually passing along the thoroughfare in which it stood kept what is commonly called "popping in," while about the same number—just as if they had deposited their letters—were as regularly popping out, and then proceeding on their course.

On the east wall of this little building there hung, singing in a cage, a bullfinch, belonging to one of the vegetable-selling women in the market. On the right, standing on a chair