

LA MORGUE.

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AT Paris every face I met appeared to be so exceedingly happy and so remarkably polite that from the hour of my arrival I had been in the habit, without the slightest precaution, of walking anywhere at any time of day or night. Happening, however, to mention to a French gentleman the late hour at which, entirely alone, I had passed along a certain district, he told me, very gravely, that there were in Paris—as indeed there are in all countries—great numbers of men, never to be seen in daylight, who subsist by robbery and occasionally by murder; that after dark they haunt lonely spots, and that not unfrequently, after knocking down and robbing their victims, they have summarily chucked them over the bridges they were in the act of crossing into the Seine.

“You must, my dear (‘mon cher’), be more careful,” he said to me, with very great kindness, “or you will find your way to the Morgue!” and as I had often from others heard it was the