

—but there you fancy yourself safe from the blow of a skull-cracker, hurled by an unseen hand on watch under a gateway.

"The police make themselves conspicuous here by their absence; 'tis a fit spot for midnight murder and robbery—unprovoked, unpunished. Honest tradesmen may reside here, but not from choice; they are bound to ignore street rows; lending a helping hand to a victim would cause them to receive, on the morrow, a notice to quit.

"Be on your guard, if necessity brings you, after nightfall, to this unhallowed ground. Danger hovers over, under, round your footsteps. If an urchin plays a trick on you at a street corner, heed him not. Try and catch him, he will disappear to return with a reinforcement of roughs, prepared to avenge his pretended wrongs by violence to your person and injury to your purse.

Should a drunken man huddle you as he passes, do not mind him, it may end in a scuffle out of which you will emerge, bruised and with rifled pockets.

"We dare not tell you yield to fear, but be prudent. Though prudence may be akin to fear, you never more required all your wits about you. It is very unlikely you will ever select this road again, though it be a short cut. Such are some of the dangerous streets in their main features. There are thoroughfares, on the other hand, to which fancy lends imaginary charms; the street in which you live, for instance. You think it better, more agreeable. Each object it contains becomes familiar, nay cherished by you—the houses, their doors, their gables. The very air seems more genial. A fellowship springs up between you and your threshold—your land. You get to believe they know you as you know them—softening influences—sweet emanations of 'Home'!"