

ward to which an individual belongs. The ways of each street vary. Here, in front of a well-polished door, stands a showy, emblazoned carriage, drawn by thoroughbreds; mark how subdued the tints of the livery are. There is, however, something *distingué* about it, and people hurrying past, assume a respectful bearing.

"In the next street, the carriage standing at the door is just as rich, but its panneling is more gaudy—more striking in colour are the horses; more glitter—more profusion about the silver harness mountings. Though the livery has more *éclat*, there seems to be less distance between the social status of the groom and his master.

"Walk on further—the private carriage has merged into the public conveyance; still further, and you will find but the plain *calèche*.

"Finally, every kind of vehicle having disappeared, the house-doors are left ajar; the inmates like to fraternize with the street. On fine summer evenings, the footpath gets strewn with chairs and benches, occupied by men, smoking—women, chatting *à fresco* unreveredly—laughing that loud laugh, which says, "I don't care who hears me." Passer-by exchange a remark, children play at foot-ball, while the house-dog exulting in the enjoyment of freedom, gambols in the very midst of the happy crowd. The streets are good streets. One travels over them cheerfully, and jolly. An atmosphere of rowdyism, theft, wantonness, hovers over some thoroughfares. Dread and disgust accompany him who careers over them. Their gates and doorways seem dark—full of pit-falls. Iron shutters, thick doors with deep gashes, indicate the turbulent nature of their inhabitants. Rude men on the sidepaths stare you out of countenance, or perform strange signs—a kind of occult telegraphy—which makes your flesh creep. To guard against an unseen foe, you take to the centre of the street—nasty and muddy though it be