

ing love of old memories—become indifferent, dead-like—to the feelings and requirements of the present? This does not naturally follow. We are, nevertheless, inclined to believe that outward objects may act powerfully on one's inner nature; that the haunts and homes of men, are not entirely foreign to the thoughts, pursuits, impulses, good or bad, of their inmates.

Active—cultured—bustling—progressive citizens, we would fain connect with streets and localities partaking of that character, just as we associate cheerful abodes with sunshine and repulsive dwellings with dank, perennial shadows.

One of our writers has graphically depicted, in French, the character of the high-ways and by-ways of his native city: to his truthful sketch, habited by us in an English garb, we shall allot a corner in these stray leaves:

THE STREETS OF QUEBEC.

*(A Translation.)**

“In a large city,” says M. Legendre, “each street has its peculiar feature. Such a street is sacred to commerce—a private residence in it would appear out of place. Such another is devoted to unpretending dwellings: the modest grocery shop of the corner looks conscious of being there on sufferance only. Here resides the well-to-do—the successful merchant; further, much further on, dwell the lowly—the poor. Between both points there exists a kind of neutral territory, uniting the habitations of both classes. Some of the inmates when making calls wear kid gloves, while others go visiting in their shirt sleeves. The same individual will even indulge in a cigar or light an ordinary clay pipe, according as his course is east or west. All this is so marked, so apparent, that it suffices to settle in your mind the street or

* From “Les Echos de Quebec, par N. Legendre.”