

DOG MARKET.

AT Paris, on one day in every week, namely, on *Sunday*, there is a dog market, held in a place which on *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays* is a horse market, and which, wearing, as is lawful in heraldry, its highest title, is called "*Le Marché aux Chevaux*."¹

On proceeding there on *Sunday*, at about half past one o'clock, I found myself in a rectangular open space, 240 yards long by 44 yards broad, surrounded by a high wall, divided lengthways down the middle by a stout oaken post and rail fence, on each side of which was a paved road, bounded by grass, shaded by a triple row of trees. In the centre of the oak fence was a large fountain of water. Beneath the trees, and parallel with the two paved roads, were stout oaken rails divided into pens, each bearing the name of the horsedealer to whom it belonged, and which, even if empty, no one unauthorised by himself can use. The horses, affixed to these rails by rings which

¹ Horse-market.