

Grub Street has broken up into a thousand garrets, but the hacks are still the same. And, as for Murger's young men, as for Collin, as for Schaunard with his hundred ways of obtaining a five-franc piece, why, I knew one who lived well for a year on three and sixpence of his own money and a handsome borrowing face.

"Where are they all?" you ask. "Where is the Quartier?" It is difficult to give an answer without telling lies. For London is more unwieldy than Paris. It is impossible to draw a map, and say, pointing with a finger, "Here are artists, here romantic poets, here playwrights, here writers of polemic prose." They are scattered over a dozen districts, and mingled all together. There are only a few obvious grouping points. The newspapers, of course, are in Fleet Street, and the writers find that much of their life goes here, in the taverns and coffee-houses round about. The British Museum is in Bloomsbury, and students take lodgings in the old squares and in the narrow streets that run up to the Gray's Inn Road. The Charing Cross Road is full of bookshops where all, when they can afford it, buy. Soho is full of restaurants where all, when they can afford it, dine. And Chelsea, dotted with groups of studios, full of small streets, and cheap lodgings, is alive with artists and writers. and rich with memories of both.