

Am I not a great fat rector, living upon a mighty income, while my poor curate starves upon the scraps that fall from the luxurious table? Do I not visit that horrible London, and enter into its abominable dissipations? Am I not this day going to dine on venison and drink claret? Have I not been at election dinners, and joined the Babel-confusion of a town hall? Child of simplicity, am I fit to be a friend to you? . . ."

Bohemia is only a stage in a man's life, except in the case of fools and a very few others. It is not a profession. A man does not set out saying, "I am going to be a Bohemian"; he trudges along, whispering to himself, "I am going to be a poet, or an artist, or some other kind of great man," and finds Bohemia, like a tavern by the wayside. He may stay there for years, and then suddenly take post-horses along the road; he may stay a little time, and then go back whence he came, to start again in another direction as a Civil Servant, or a respectable man of business; only a very few settle down in the tavern, forever postponing their departure, until at last they die, old men, still laughing, talking, flourishing glasses, and drinking to their future prosperity.

I have tried to show what life is like in this tavern on the road to success—this tavern whose sign, gaily painted—a medley of paint-brushes, pens, inkpots, and palettes, with a tankard or