

stand my feelings but could not share them ; you could still pass both places without being touched by that secret spell they can always cast upon me. Therefore, I am not attempting anything so hopeless as to distil into these pages the whole ineffable charm of London, but shall be satisfied if I can extract from that some one of its many enchantments to which we are all amenable, blending with it, for purposes of comparison and sharper emphasis, just so little of its more exclusively personal elements as one man may easily communicate to another.

It does not matter where we make a beginning ; you cannot go down any street of the city without walking into the past ; but I have a private fancy to start from Smithfield Market, partly because I am drawn to it by curious personal ties, chiefly because it looks the least but is really one of the most romantic parts of London. Take the train to Farringdon Street, and as you come out of the station you will see inscribed on the wall facing you "Cow Cross Street, Leading to Turnmill Street," and the sight of that name may remind you that this is the street that was in old days known colloquially as Turnbull Street : it was a shockingly disreputable place of brothels and gambling dens, as you have gathered from frequent references to it in the plays of the Elizabethan dramatists. "Lord, Lord !" says Falstaff, talking of Justice Shallow, in *Henry the Fourth*, "how subject we old men are to this vice of lying. This same starved Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street ; and every third word a lie." Ursula, in Ben