

through the busier thoroughfares, errand boys, and sometimes even loafers, who should have had a greater sympathy with me, jeered at my pipe and my clothes, doubtless encouraged by the boy who sat in front and drove, and was (I am sure of it) carrying on a winking conversation. But I minded them no more than the dust. For was I not now a free Bohemian, on my way to the haunts of Savage, and Goldsmith, and Rossetti, and Lamb, and Whistler, and Steele, and Carlyle, and all the others whose names and histories I knew far better than their works! No, I will not do myself that injustice; I knew nothing of Carlyle's life, but his "Sartor Resartus" was my Bible; I knew little of Lamb, but I had had "Elia" bound privily in the covers of a school Cæsar, to lessen the tedium of well-hated Latin lessons I remember being called upon to construe, and, with unthinking enjoyment, reciting aloud to an astonished class and master the praises of Roast Pork. I knew the works of these two better than their lives. And Carlyle had lived in Chelsea, whither my grocer's van of happiness was threading the suburban streets, and Lamb had lived in a court only a stone's throw from the office of the little newspaper whose payments for my juvenile essays had helped my ambition to o'erleap the Thames and find a lodging for itself.

Over the Albert Bridge we moved as