

rebellious dreams of his youth die in his breast, and he ends a Royal Academician.

The writer, when he marries, learns that he must no longer trust to earning a living by accident, while he does his favourite work. There are two ways open to him: he may do an immense amount of criticism and journalism, and keep his originality for what leisure he can find, or he may make his best work the easiest to sell. To keep up his prestige at home he must become a popular author.

The worst of it is that in becoming a success you lose the sympathy of the friends you have left in Bohemia, and find that for them you are even as one of the abhorred Philistines, tolerated for old sake's sake, but no longer one of the fighting band.

On the other hand, if the young man does not marry, he finds as he grows up that he is less and less of a Bohemian. His individuality no longer needs for its emphasis expression in externals. His taste in talk becomes less catholic—he is bored by the extravagant young fools who are ready to say anything about everything they know nothing about. He is annoyed at last, unless he is so philosophic as to be amused, by the little people with their great pretences, their dignities without pedestals; and he finds, as he becomes less able to give them the homage they require, that they become annoyed with