

OXFORD STREET, HOLBORN, ETC. 811

in his heart, with that good cockney, Henry S. Leigh :

The haunts we revelled in to-day  
We lose to-morrow morning ;  
As one by one are swept away  
In turn without a warning. . . .  
No nook nor cranny dear to me  
Should undergo removal,  
Though Progress went on either knee  
To beg for my approval !