

bringing up a family. The woman is always for stability and order; a precarious, haphazard, irregular, unhealthy existence has none of the compensations for her that it holds out to her husband. Not that she does not think of him, too; but she prefers to see him healthy than a genius. Anyhow, the door into the registrar's office is the door out of Bohemia. Things are never quite the same again. Witness Lamb, writing to Coleridge: "I shall half wish you unmarried (don't show this to Mrs. C.) for one evening only, to have the pleasure of smoking with you and drinking egg-hot in some little smoky room in a pothouse, for I know not yet how I shall like you in a decent room and looking quite happy."

And then, too, whether she means it or not, the wife alters the man's view of the goal at the end of the journey. She is always on the side of the recognised success. The artist, however unruly, finds himself once a week wearing a frock-coat at an "at home" given by his wife to "useful people." He soon discovers that he must exhibit in the usual places, if only to please his lady. He makes fewer experiments, but settles down to adapt his technique to subjects that are likely to tell. He works harder, or at least more consistently, and has less time for other people's studios. He learns that he is not a god after all, but only a workingman. The