

cant person like myself, to dismiss in a cursory sentence men like Johnson, Hazlitt, or Sir Richard Steele. Separate chapters had to be written on historical Bohemia, giving in as short a space as possible something of the atmosphere of reminiscence belonging to particular localities. There are consequently two separate threads intertwined through the book, general, historical, and descriptive chapters, as impersonal as an egotist could make them, chapters on Chelsea, Fleet Street, Soho, and Hampstead, and any number of single incidents and talks about different aspects of Bohemian life—in short, all the hot patch that would be likely to come out if a Bohemian were doing his best to let someone else understand his manner of living. A chapter on the old bookstalls will jostle with an account of the Soho coffee-houses. One chapter will be a straightforward narrative of an adventure, another a discussion of the amazing contrast between the country and the town, the life of the Bohemians and the places from which they come. The whole, I had hoped, would give something like an impression of the untidy life itself.

Bohemia is an abominable word, with an air of tinsel and sham, and of suburban daughters who criticise musical comedies seriously, and remind you twice in an afternoon that they are