

CONTENTS

To the Reader	4
Foreword.....	5
Introduction.....	6
Letter 1	7
Letter 2.....	8
Letter 3	14
Letter 4.....	18
Letter 5.....	21
Letter 6.....	24
Letter 7.....	27
Letter 8.....	31
Letter 9.....	36
Letter 10.....	40
Letter 11	42
Letter 12.....	46
Letter 13.....	80
Letter 14.....	83
Letter 15.....	86
Letter 16.....	90
Letter 17.....	100
Letter 18.....	103
Letter 19.....	110
Letter 20.....	113
Letter 21.....	119
Letter 22.....	122
Letter 23.....	125
Exercises	127
Keys to Excercises.....	163

TO THE READER:

THIS IS AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE PART OF J.O. Choules's book "Young Americans Abroad; or, Vacation in Europe: Travels in England, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia and Switzerland" devoted to his travels in England. It comes with a CD, which will help to master one's listening and pronunciation skills.

This edition includes exercises meant to review and build up one's knowledge of the English history and culture, to develop one's skills in English grammar and speaking, and to enrich one's vocabulary. It takes one through the most wondrous places in Liverpool, London, Bath and Bristol and offers an inside look and a detailed description of exterior of most marvelous buildings in England.

For self-study 5 following steps are recommended: 1. Listen to the audio file and read the text. 2. Make up your own vocabulary for each letter. 3. Do the exercises provided at the end of the book. 4. Check your answers with the key. 5. Listen to the audio file again focusing on the vocabulary, grammar, pronunciation and cultural points that you've worked on through steps 1-4. Also, you can work on your pronunciation making stops and repeating after the native speaker or advance your translation skills trying synchronic or consecutive interpretation.

Still other ways of using this edition would be for extensive reading or courses of "Speaking Practice" (Topics of going around England, English Art), "History of England", "Stylistics of English", reading and translation courses, etc.

Enjoy your travels in the world of the English language and culture!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank G. N. Babich, A. P. Chudinov, M. Yu. Brodsky and T. N. Gornovaya for proofreading of the text and making suggestions for its improvement, for their trust, encouragement and the great inspiration they excite in me. I also express gratitude to one of my most gifted and industrious students Lola Shamuratova for her great help and assistance in working on this project.

FOREWORD

CHOULES, John Overton,

clergyman, was born in Bristol, England, 5 February, 1801 and died in New York City, 5 January, 1856. His parents were Wesleyans, but he became a member of the Baptist church in 1819. After graduation at the Baptist divinity school in Bristol, he came to the United States in 1824. He supplied various churches in the vicinity of New York City, and became in the spring of 1825 principal of an academy at Red Hook, on the Hudson.



He was ordained pastor of the 2d Baptist church, Newport, Rhode Island, in September, 1827, took charge of the 1st church in New Bedford, Massachusetts, in 1833, and of the Washington street church, Buffalo, New York, in 1837. He was settled over the Sixth street church, New York City, in 1841, at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, in 1843, and in 1847 became pastor for the second time of his old church in Newport.

Dr. Choules was a personal friend of Daniel Webster, and delivered a sermon in his memory at Newport, 21 November, 1852. He had mingled with various English celebrities in his youth, and was intimate with the most cultivated public men of his day. He was very successful as a teacher, and had a few pupils under his charge at his home during most of his life. One of his specialties was old Puritan literature, of which he had a fine collection in his library. He published "Young Americans Abroad," a description of a vacation tour with his pupils, and "The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star," a narrative of a pleasure excursion to Europe with Cornelius Vanderbilt (Boston, 1858). He also completed Smith's "History of Missions" (2 vols., New York, 1832) and was, for a time, editor of the Boston Christian Times. In 1844 he contributed an introduction to Daniel Neal's History of the Puritans, continued Hinton's "History of the United States" to 1850, and edited various works.

*To George Sumner, ESQ,
as a slight tribute of gratitude
for his kind attentions in Paris,
and in admiration of talents
devoted to the interests of freedom,
these letters are respectfully dedicated,
by his obliged friends,
the authors.*

INTRODUCTION

One evening last winter a few private pupils were sitting in the study of their instructor, when he stated his intention to pass the spring vacation in Europe, and his wish to have two or three of his young friends as his travelling companions. An earnest and joyous desire was expressed by each lad to enjoy the gratification, and in the course of a short period the arrangements were made which afforded him the pleasure to assure three boys that they should accompany him. The ages of the young travellers were twelve, fourteen, and sixteen. Their attention was immediately directed to a course of reading adapted to prepare them for the beneficial use of the proposed tour; and during its progress each boy kept a journal, which was useful as a reference in the correspondence kept up with friends and families at home.

A companion in study, left behind, and prevented by duty from joining the party, wished to have constant advices of the movements of his friends; and the letters of the young travellers to a lad of sixteen are, at the advice of many friends, now submitted to the perusal of those at that age. No similar work is known to the authors of these letters; and at the forthcoming gift season it is hoped that the young of our country may be amused and gratified by these reminiscences of other lands.

J.O. CHOULES.

NEWPORT, R.I.,

Nov. 25, 1851.

Letter 1

Astor House, New York, April 1, 1851.

Dear Charley:

I have just arrived at this place, and have found my companions on hand, all ready for the commencement of the long-anticipated voyage. We regret the circumstances which render it your duty to remain, and we all feel very sorry for the disappointment of your wishes and our hopes. You will, however, feel happy in the thought that you are clearly in the path of duty; and you have already learnt that that path is a safe one, and that it always leads to happiness. You have begged us all to write to you as frequently as we can, and we have concluded to send you our joint contributions, drawing largely upon our journals as we move from place to place; and, as we have for so many years had pleasant intercourse in the family circle, we wish to maintain it by correspondence abroad. Our letters will, of course, be very different in their character and interest, because you will bear in mind that our ages are different; and we shall write you from a variety of points, some having a deeper interest than others. I trust that this series of letters will give you a general view of our movements, and contribute to your gratification, if not to your instruction. The weather is delightful, and we are anticipating a fine day for leaving port. It is to all of us a source of pain that we are deprived of your sunny smile; and while we are wandering far away in other lands, we shall often, in fancy, listen to your merry laugh; and I assure you, my dear fellow, that, wherever we rove, it will be amongst our pleasantest thoughts of home when we anticipate the renewal of personal intercourse with one who has secured so warm a place in our affections.

Yours truly,
J.O.C.

Letter 2

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, April 14.

Dear Charley:

It is but twelve days since we parted, and yet we are actually in the old world, and the things which we have so often talked over on the rock-bound shore are really before me. Yes, we are on the soil of Old England, and are soon to see its glories and greatness, and, I fear, its miseries, for a bird's eye view has already satisfied me that there is enough of poverty. You know we left New York in a soaking rain, and the wind blowing fresh from the north-east. We all felt disappointed, as we had hoped to pass down the bay, so celebrated for its beauty, with the bright sunshine to cheer our way; but we had to take comfort from the old proverb, that "a bad beginning makes a good ending." James, George, and I had made up our minds to a regular time of sea-sickness, and so we hastened to put our state room into order and have all our conveniences fixed for the voyage. As soon as we had made matters comfortable, we returned to the deck, and found a most formidable crowd. Every passenger seemed to have, on the occasion, a troop of friends, and all parts of the immense steamer were thronged. The warning voice of "*all on shore*" soon caused secession, and at twelve o'clock we had the great agent at work by which we hoped to make headway against wind and wave. The cheering of the crowd upon the wharf was hearty as we dropped into the river, and its return from our passengers was not lacking in spirit. The Arctic, you know, is one of the Collins line of steamers, and I was not a little surprised at her vast size and splendid accommodations, because I had only seen the Cunard boats in Boston, which are very inferior, in size and comfort, to this palace and tower of the ocean.

We all anticipated a hard time of it, from the severe storm which raged all the morning, and I, in common with all the passengers, was delighted to find it any thing but rough water outside the Hook. We kept steaming away till we lost sight of land with the loss of daylight, and yet the sea was in less commotion than it frequently exhibits in Newport Harbor. The next morning, at breakfast, we had quite a fair representation at table, and I think more than two thirds presented themselves for

duty. We boys were all on hand, and passed for “able-bodied men.” The routine of life on board was as follows: We breakfasted at eight, lunched at twelve, dined at four, took tea at half past six, and from nine till eleven gentlemen had any article for supper they saw fit to order. This is quite enough of time for taking care of the outer man, and any one careful of his health will be sure to intermit one or two of these seasons. All the meals were excellent, and the supplies liberal. The tables present a similar appearance to those of a first-class hotel. In regard to our passengers, I think I can say, with confidence, that a more agreeable set of persons could not well have been gathered together. It really was a nicely-assorted cargo. We numbered one hundred and thirty, and all the various parts of our country were all represented. Philadelphia sent the largest delegation; from that city we had more than twenty.

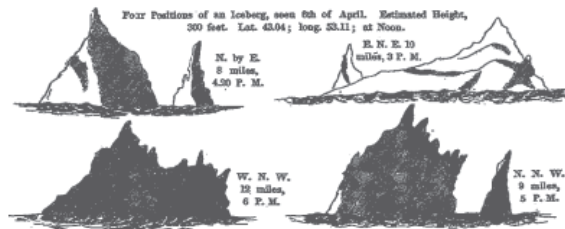
I liked the looks of the passengers at the first glance, and every day’s intercourse heightened my estimate of their worth and pleasantness. Amongst the company we had Professor Haddock, of Dartmouth College, going out to Portugal as *chargé d’affaires*. He was accompanied by his lady and son. Then, too, we had the world-renowned Peter Parley, with his accomplished family circle. Mr. Goodrich, after a long labor for the youth of his country, for whose reading and instruction he has done so much, has been honored by the government of the United States with an appointment as consul at Paris. Mr. Goodrich resided there for two or three years, and was in Paris during the revolution of 1848. He seemed fond of the company of young people, and we spent a great deal of time on board with him, listening to his stories, some made up for the occasion, and narrations of the events in February at Paris, and some capital anecdotes about the last war with England, during which he served his country in the army. The Hon. George Wright, of California, and her first representative in Congress, was also one of our party; and his glowing descriptions of the auriferous regions kept groups of audience for many an hour. The Rev. Arthur Cleveland Cox, of Hartford, favorably known as the author of some pleasant rhymes and sonnets, Mr. Cunningham, a southern editor, and several retired sea captains, all contributed to enhance the agreeableness of the voyage.

I am sorry to tell you that, three days out, we had a sad occurrence in our little world. Just as we were sitting down to lunch at eight bells, the machinery stopped for a moment, and we were informed that William Irwin, one of the assistant engineers, was crushed to death. He ac-

cidentally slipped from his position, and was killed instantaneously. In less than half an hour he was sewed up in canvas, and all hands called to attend his funeral services! The poor fellow was laid upon a plank covered with the American flag, and placed at the wheel-house. The service was performed by Mr. Cox, in full canonicals; and I can assure you that the white-robed priest, as he issued from the cabin and ascended the wheel-house, really looked impressively. At the close, he was committed to the deep. What food for thought was here! A man in health and at life's daily task,—alive,—dead,—and buried,—all these conditions of his state crowded into thirty minutes! The poor man had a mother who was dependent upon him. Dr. Choules drew up a subscription paper for her benefit, and nearly five hundred dollars were at once raised for her relief. This unhappy event, of course, gave a sad damper to the joyous feelings which existed on board, and which were excited by our fine weather and rapid headway. On Sunday we had two sermons in the cabin to large congregations, all the passengers attending, with the officers and many of the crew. The morning service was by Dr. Choules, and the evening one by Mr. Cox.

In the afternoon, April 6, we had the gratification to see a magnificent iceberg. We were in lat. $43^{\circ} 4'$, lon. $53^{\circ} 11'$ at twelve o'clock, and at three the ice appeared at about ten miles' distance. The estimated height was about three hundred feet. One of the passengers took a sketch. I also made one, and have laid it aside for your inspection.

The berg had much the appearance of the gable end of a large house, and at some little distance there was another, of tower-like aspect, and much resembling a light-house. The effect of the sun upon it, as we saw it in various positions, was exceedingly fine. On Monday, the 7th, we saw a much larger one, with several small ones as neighbors. This was probably one mile in length, and about two hundred feet high.



Four Positions of an Iceberg, seen 6th of April. Estimated Height, 300 feet. Lat. 43.04 ; long. 53.11 ; at Noon.



Icebergs seen from the Steamship "Arctic," on the Voyage from New York to Liverpool, April 6, 1851.

We saw several whales frolicking at the distance of a mile, and distinctly saw them spout at short intervals.

After having had all reason to hope for a ten-day passage, we were annoyed for four or five days with head winds, materially retarding our headway. The evenings of the voyage were generally spent on deck, where we had charming concerts. Seldom have I heard better singing than we were favored with by eight or ten ladies and gentlemen. One universal favorite was the beautiful piece, "Far, far at sea." On Sunday, the 13th, just after morning service, conducted by Mr. Cox, we made Mizzen Head, and obtained a magnificent view of the north coast of Ireland, which was far more beautiful than we had expected. The coast is very bold, and the cliffs precipitous, in many places strongly reminding us of the high lands of the Hudson. A more exquisite treat than that which we enjoyed all the afternoon in looking on the Irish coast I can hardly imagine. At night we had a closing service, and Dr. Choules preached. Every one seemed to feel that we had cause for thankfulness that we had been brought in safety across the ocean, and under so many circumstances of enjoyment. We have made acquaintances that are truly valuable, and some of them I hope to cultivate in future life.

One of the great advantages of travel, Charles, seems to be, that it enables us to compare men of other places than those we live in with our former acquaintances. It brings us into intercourse with those who have had a different training and education than our own; and I think a man or boy must be pretty thoroughly conceited who does not often find out his own inferiority to many with whom he chances to meet. On board our ship are several young men of fine attainments, who, engaged in mechanical business, are going out to obtain improvement and instruction by a careful study of the great exhibition. A number of gentlemen with us are young merchants, who represent houses in our great cities, and go to England and France twice and three times every year. Some of these

are thoroughly accomplished men, and, wherever they go, will reflect credit upon their country. In no country, perhaps, do young men assume important trusts in commercial life at so early a period as in America. I have heard one or two Englishmen on board express their surprise at finding large business operations intrusted to young men of twenty and twenty-one; and yet there are some such with us who are making their second and third trips to Manchester, Leeds, Paisley, and Paris, for the selection of goods.

I ought to tell you that, on the last day of the voyage, we had a great meeting in the cabin, Mr. Goodrich in the chair, for the purpose of expressing the satisfaction of the passengers with the Arctic, her captain, officers, and engineer. Several good speeches were made, and some resolutions passed. This has become so ordinary an affair at the termination of a passage, as to have lost much of its original value; but as this ship had an unusual number of passengers, many of them well known to their fellow-countrymen, and as great opposition had been displayed, on both sides of the ocean, to this line of steamers, it was thought suitable to express our views in relation to this particular ship and the great undertaking with which she is identified. Every man on board was satisfied that, in safety, these ships are equal to the Cunard line; while in comfort, accommodation, size, and splendor they far surpass their rivals. It really seems strange to us that Americans should think of making the ocean trip in an English steamship, when their own country has a noble experiment in trial, the success of which alone depends upon the patriotism and spirit of her citizens. The English on board are forced to confess that our ship and the line are all that can be asked, and I think that pretty strong prejudices have been conquered by this voyage. Every one left the ship with sentiments of respect to Captain Luce, who, I assure you, we found to be a very kind friend, and we shall all of us be glad to meet him again on ship or shore.

On Monday, the 14th, at three o'clock, we took our pilot, and at eight o'clock we anchored off Liverpool, and a dark-looking steamtug came off to us for the mails, foreign ministers, and bearers of despatches. As we came under the wing of one of the last-named class of favored individuals, we took our luggage, and proceeded straight to the Adelphi Hotel. I ought to say that James was the first to quit the ship and plant his foot on Old England. It was quite strange to see it so light at half past eight o'clock, although it was a rainy evening. I shall not soon

forget the cheerful appearance of the Adelphi, which, in all its provisions for comfort, both in the coffee-room and our chambers, struck me more favorably than any hotel I had ever seen. Although our state-room on board the Arctic was one of the extra size and every thing that was nice, yet I longed for the conveniences of a bed-chamber and a warm bath. I am quite disposed to join with the poor Irish woman who had made a steerage passage from New York to Liverpool on a packet ship; and when landed at St. George's pier, and seated on her trunk, a lady who had also landed, when getting into her carriage, said, "Well, my good woman, I suppose you are very glad to get out of the ship?" Her reply was, "And indeed, my lady, every bone in my body cries out *feathers!*"

Yours truly,
WELD.

Letter 3

Liverpool.

Dear Charley:

Well, we have fairly commenced our travel, and yet I can scarcely realize the fact that I am here in Old England, and that, for some months at least, I shall be away from home and the occupations of the school-room. The next day after landing we went to the custom-house to see our fellow-passengers pass their effects, and really felt glad to think of our good fortune in landing every thing at night and direct from the ship. It was an exciting scene, and I was not a little amused to observe the anxiety of the gentlemen to save their cigars from the duty imposed, and which amounts to nine shillings sterling per pound. All sorts of contrivances were in vogue, and the experiences of men were various, the man with one hundred, perhaps, being brought up, while his neighbor with five hundred passed off successfully, and, as he cleared the building, seemed disposed to place his finger on the prominent feature of his face.

I quite like the appearance of Liverpool. After walking through the principal streets and making a general survey of the shops,—no one speaks of *store*,—I think I can testify to the extraordinary cleanness of the city, and the massiveness and grandeur of the public buildings.

Our attention was first directed to the cemetery which had been described, you remember, to us one evening in the study. It is on the confines of the city, and is made but of an old quarry. I liked it better than any cemetery I ever saw; it is unlike all I had seen, and, though comparatively small, is very picturesque, I may almost say romantic. The walls are lofty, and are devoted to spacious tombs, and the groundwork abounds in garden shrubbery and labyrinth. Some of the monuments are striking. The access to this resting-place is by a steep cut through the rock, and you pass under an archway of the most imposing character. At the entrance of the cemetery is a neat chapel, and the officiating minister has a dwelling-house near the gate.

I wish you could see a building now in progress, and which has taken twelve or fourteen years to erect, and from its appearance will not, I suppose, be finished in four or five more. It is called St. George's Hall. The

intent is to furnish suitable accommodations for the various law courts, and also to contain the finest ball-room in Europe. It is in a commanding position. I know little of architecture, but this building strikes me as one of exquisite beauty. We obtained an order from the mayor to be shown over it and examine the works, and we enjoyed it very much. The great hall will be without a rival in England. The town hall is a noble edifice, and the people are quite proud of it. The interior is finely laid out, and has some spacious rooms for the civic revelries of the fathers of the town. The good woman who showed us round feels complacently enough as she explains the uses of the rooms. The ball-room is ninety feet by forty-six, and forty feet high. The dining and drawing-rooms are spacious apartments. On the grand staircase is a noble statue of George Canning, by Chantrey, whose beautiful one of Washington we have so often admired in the Boston State House. In the building are some good paintings of the late kings; one or two by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Exchange is directly behind the hall, and contains in the centre a glorious bronze monument to Lord Nelson, the joint production of Wyat and Westmacott. Death is laying his hand upon the hero's heart, and Victory is placing a fourth crown on his sword. Ever since I read Southey's *Life of Nelson*, I have felt an interest in every thing relating to this great; yet imperfect man. You know that illustrated work on Nelson that we have so often looked at it contains a large engraving of this monument. As Yankee boys, we found our way to the top of the Exchange, to look at the cotton sales-room. This same room has more to do with our good friends at the south than any other in the world. The atmosphere would have been chilly to a Georgian planter, as cotton was down—down.

The Necropolis is a very spacious burying-place, open to all classes, and where persons can be interred with the use of any form desired. The gateway is of stone, and not unlike the granite one at Mount Auburn; and on one side is a chapel, and on the other a house for the register. Not far from this we came to the Zoological Gardens, kept in excellent order, and where is a good collection of animals, birds, etc. The Collegiate Institution is an imposing structure in the Tudor style.

St. George's Church, which stands at the head of Lord Street, occupies the position of the old castle, destroyed, I believe, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and is a very graceful termination to one of the best business avenues of the city. Several of the churches and chapels

are in good style. But one of the best buildings is—as it should be, in a city like this—the Sailor’s Home, not far from the Custom House. This is a highly-ornamented house, and would adorn any city of the world.



The Sailor’s Home

The Custom House is thought to be one of the finest buildings in the kingdom. It occupied ten years in its erection. It is composed of three *façades*, from a rusticated pavement, each having a splendid portico of eight Ionic columns. The whole is surmounted by a dome, one hundred and thirty feet high, and the effect of the building is excellent.

The glory of Liverpool is her docks, and a stranger is sure to be pointed to the great landing stage, an immense floating pier, which was moored into its present position on the 1st of June, 1847. This stage is five hundred and seven feet long, and over eighty feet wide. This mass of timber floats upon pontoons, which have to support more than two thousand tons. At each end is a light barge.

In the Clarence dock are to be found the Irish and coasting steamers, and to the north are the Trafalgar, Victoria, and Waterloo docks; the Prince’s dock, and the Great Prince’s dock basin. On the outside of all these is a fine parade, of about one half a mile, and which affords one of the most beautiful marine promenades in the world, and gives an interesting view of the Cheshire shore, opposite the city. The Prince’s dock is five hundred yards long, and one hundred broad. Vessels, on ar-

iving, discharge on the east side, and take in cargo on the west. Besides all these there is the Brunswick dock, Queen's dock, Duke's dock, Salthouse dock, etc.

The Royal Liverpool Institution is a great benefit to the inhabitants. It has a good library, fine collections of paintings, and a good museum of natural history. Many of these paintings belong to the early masters, and date even before the fifteenth century. We were interested to find here a complete set of casts of the Elgin marbles. The originals were the decorations of the Parthenon at Athens, and are now in the British Museum. As we shall spend some time in that collection, I say no more at present about these wonderful monuments of genius. The Athenæum and the Lyceum are both fine buildings, and each has a good library, lecture, and news rooms.

We were disappointed at finding the Rev. Dr. Raffles, the most eloquent preacher of the city, out of town. He was the successor of Spencer, who was drowned bathing in the Mersey, and his Life by Raffles is one of deep interest. The great historical name of Liverpool is William Roscoe, the author of the Lives of Leo X and the Medici. I must not omit to tell you that, during our stay, the town was all alive with a regiment of lancers, just arrived from Ireland, on their way to London. They are indeed fine-looking fellows, and are mounted on capital horses. I have watched their evolutions in front of the Adelphi with much pleasure, and have been amused to notice a collection of the most wretched-looking boys I ever saw, brought together by the troops. There seems to me more pauperism this week, in Liverpool, than I ever saw in New York in my life.

Truly yours,

JAMES.

Letter 4

London.

Dear Charley:

Does it not seem strange that I am here in London? I can hardly tell what to write about first. I stand at the door of our hotel and look at the crowds in the streets, and then at old King Charles, at Charing Cross, directly across the road, and when I think that this is the old city where Wat Tyler figured, and Whittington was lord mayor, and Lady Jane Grey was beheaded, and where the Tower is still to be seen, I am half beside myself, and want to do nothing but roam about for a good month to come. I have read so much concerning London, that I am pretty sure I know more about it than many of the boys who have heard Bow Church bells all their lives. We left Liverpool for Birmingham, where we passed an afternoon and evening in the family of a manufacturer very pleasantly, and at ten o'clock took the express mail train for London. We are staying at a hotel called the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. We have our breakfast in the coffee-room, and then dine as it suits our convenience as to place and hour. We spent one day in riding about the city, and I think we got quite an idea of the great streets.

The Strand is a very fine business street, perhaps a mile long. It widens in one part, and has two churches in the middle of it, and a narrow street seems built inside it at one place, as nasty, dirty a lane as I ever saw, called Hollowell Street. I was very much delighted at the end of the Strand to see old Temple Bar, which is the entrance to the city proper, and which divides Fleet Street from the Strand. It is a noble archway, with small side arches for foot passengers. The head of many a poor fellow, and the quarters of men called traitors, have been fastened over this gateway in former times.

Dr. Johnson was once walking in Westminster Abbey with Goldsmith, and as they were looking at the Poet's Corner, Johnson said to his friend,—

“Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.”

When they had walked on to Temple Bar, Goldsmith stopped Johnson, and pointed to the heads of Fletcher and Townley, hanging above,

and slyly remarked,—“Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*.” I suppose you remember that the great dictionary man was a Jacobite in his heart.

The present bar was put up in 1870, and was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The statues on the sides, which are towards the city, are those of Queen Elizabeth and James I; and towards the Strand, those of Charles I and Charles II. They stand in niches.

Whenever the monarch passes into the city, there is much ceremony takes place at the bar. The gates are closed, a herald sounds a trumpet and knocks for entrance, the gates are opened, and the lord mayor of London presents the sword of the city to the sovereign, who returns it to his lordship. The upper part of the bar is used by Messrs. Childs, the bankers, as a store room for their past account books.

Fleet Street is thronged with passengers and carriages of all sorts. Just a few doors from the bar, on the right-hand side, is a gayly-painted front, which claims to have been a palace of Henry VIII and the residence of Cardinal Wolsey. It is now used as a hair-cutting shop, up stairs. We went up and examined the panelled ceiling, said to be just as it used to be. It is certainly very fine, and looks as if it were as old as the times of bluff Harry. Of course we had our hair cut in the old palace.

We followed through Fleet Street, noticing the offices of Punch and the London Illustrated News, till we came to Ludgate Hill,—rather an ascent,—which is the direct way to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul’s. It stands directly in front of Ludgate Hill, and the churchyard occupies a large space, and the streets open on each side, making a sort of square called Paul’s Churchyard, and then at the rear you go into Cheapside. We looked with interest, I can tell you, at Bow Church, and, as the old bells were ringing, I tried to listen if I could hear what Whittington heard once from their tingling—“Turn again, Whittington, lord mayor, of London.” At the end of this street, on the right hand, is the lord mayor’s house, called the Mansion House, and directly in front of the street, closing it up, and making it break off, is the Royal Exchange; whilst at the left is the Bank of England. All these are very noble-looking buildings, and you will hear about them from us as we examine them in our future walks. We went to the counting-house of Messrs. Baring & Co., the great merchants and bankers for so many Americans, and there we found our letters and got some money. Mr. Sturgis, one of the partners, told us to take the check to the bank, No. 68 Lombard Street, and in-

formed us that was the very house where the great merchant of Queen Elizabeth's time—Sir Thomas Gresham—used to live. He built the first London Exchange, and his sign, a large grasshopper, is still preserved at the bank. On Good Friday we had bunnings for breakfast, with a cross upon them, and they were sold through the streets by children, crying "One a penny, two a penny, hot cross bunnings."

We took a carriage and rode to Camden town to visit a friend; thence we took the cars, to Hackney, and called on the Rev. Dr. Cox, who some fifteen years ago made the tour of the United States, and wrote a volume on our country. We then returned to London, and took our dinner at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill. This has been a very celebrated house for one hundred years, and figures largely in the books of travellers fifty years ago. It has a high reputation still, and every thing was excellent, and the waiting good.

You cannot walk about London without observing how few boys of our age are to be seen in the streets, and when we asked the reason, we were told that nearly all the lads of respectable families were sent to boarding schools, and the vacations only occur at June and December; then the boys return home, and the city swarms with them at all the places of amusement. We seemed to be objects of attention, because we wore caps; (here boys all wear hats); and then our gilt buttons on blue jackets led many to suppose that we were midshipmen. The omnibuses are very numerous, and each one has a conductor, who stands on a high step on the left side of the door, watching the sidewalks and crying out the destination of the "bus," as the vehicle is called. There is a continual cry, "Bank, bank," "Cross, cross," "City, city," etc. I must not forget to tell you one thing; and that is, London is the place to make a sight-seeing boy very tired, and I am quite sure that, in ten minutes, I shall be unable to do what I can now very heartily, viz., assure you that

I am yours, affectionately,

GEORGE.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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