

tion, the property of some great company, occupied its site. I next walked on through the busiest streets I had ever seen,

“With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all,”

to Tower Hill; and saw the crown jewels of England, and the English history done in iron, — for such is the true character of the old armory, containing the mailed effigies of the English kings. I saw, too, the cell in which imprisoned Raleigh wrote his “History of the World;” and the dark narrow dungeon, with its rude stone arch, and its bare walls, painfully lettered, as with a nail-point, furnished me with a new vignette, by which to illustrate in imagination some of the most splendid poetry ever written in prose. From the Tower I walked on to explore that most ingenious work and least fortunate undertaking of modern times, — the Thames Tunnel; and found it so extremely like the ordinary prints given of it in the “Penny Magazine” and elsewhere, that I could scarcely believe I had not seen it before. There were a good many saunterers, like myself, walking up and down along the pavement, now cheapening some of the toys exhibited for sale in the cross arches, and now listening to a Welsh harper who was filling one of the great circular shafts with sound; but not a single passenger did I see. The common English have a peculiar turn for possessing themselves of *almost-impossibilities* of the reel-in-the-bottle class; and a person who drew rather indifferent profiles in black seemed to be driving a busy trade among the visitors. The great charm appeared to lie in the fact that the outlines produced were outlines of their very selves, taken under the Thames. I spent the rest of the day in riding along all the greater streets on the tops of omnibuses, and in threading some of the more characteristic lanes on foot. Nothing more