

and streets with hardly two houses alike; streets crossing each other at all angles, streets ending with a park, and streets ending with a wall; streets running under lofty arches, and streets running over viaducts of granite and iron; streets narrowing, widening, and crooking in their course; here lined with magnificent edifices, and there with the abodes of poverty and vice; streets paved with granite, streets paved with asphaltum, and streets paved with wood. From every street diverge innumerable alleys, lanes, byways, short-cuts, and arched passages, some straight and some oblique, leading to courts, squares, markets, churches, schools, colleges, or to other streets again. Railroads greet you everywhere, with trains thundering over the houses, trains crossing stone bridges, and trains rumbling underground. At every point of the compass you see lofty church-spires, monuments towering in the sky, and tall chimneys of innumerable factories pouring out columns of smoke that hang like a gloomy pall over the town.

Go to the river-bank, and you will see both sides of the Thames lined with huge buildings crowded with merchandise from every clime; you will see a thousand acres of docks stretching far inland, in which six thousand ships are lying every day in the year from all quarters of the globe,—docks, one of which alone is said to employ over three thousand men in loading and unloading the vessels in the basin, where one hundred million tons of produce have been stored at a time, and of which the West India alone are capable of holding one hundred and eighty thousand tons of goods. You will see there all the types of humanity, and hear all the principal languages spoken under the sun; you will see the blue-eyed Norwegian elbowing the sandy-haired Scotchman, and the Milesian, the bronzed African; the yellow Chinese, with his small almond-shaped eyes, sallow skin, and long pig-tail, jostling the hatchet-faced, raw-boned Yankee; the Russian, the German, the Malay rushing about, knocking against one another and exchanging jests,—perhaps oaths and fist-cuffs. You will see on the Thames innumerable passenger-steamers shooting under the arches of the dozen magnificent bridges, and steam-ships, ships, brigs, barques, schooners, war-vessels, barges, propellers, tugs, scows, mud-boats, dredging-machines, canal boats, and floating hospitals and prisons, sailing about or lying at anchor on the eternally vexed stream. Gorgeous shops, mammoth hotels, galleries of paintings, museums crammed with priceless treasures; libraries with millions of vol-