

with a superior air, he assures you that he is not gullible enough to believe that it is quite so old as all that, for it is not even chipped.

On your ride with your voluble instructor through narrow lanes, the inside seams of the city, bearing the quaint nomenclature of olden times; past Lithiputian shops not much larger than Canadian apple bins and where \$10.00 would be a fair estimate of the value of the stock in trade, till finally you descend and peer through the gates of Christ Hospital, commonly known as "The Blue Coat School," an institution which has handled thirty generations of Boy.

You whip out *Baedeker* and he says it is "a school for twelve hundred boys and one hundred girls, founded by Edward VI., with a yearly income from land and funded property about £60,000." The quadrangle where the boys are playing is the burial ground of the Grey Friars. It is said that in order to cheat St. Peter into the belief of the sanctity of the dead, many laymen were buried in the habit of the brotherhood. Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge played in this quadrangle, and bled each others noses in the same chevy-chase style as the young barbarians of to-day. The boys have yellow stockings, buckled shoes, flapping skirts, and wear a clergyman's band around their necks. They are always bareheaded. The French say the English thus expose their boys in this atrocious climate because the population is inconveniently large.

A few minutes walk from this interesting school, down Cheapside and along past Ludgate Hill, brings you into Fleet Street, so called, because it is the old bed of the River Fleet. It is now occupied by "eating houses" and "paper stainers in monochrome"—otherwise editors. It is with quite the nature of a shock that you recognize the figure of *Mr. Punch* in the original.