[From our European Correspondent.]

"London and its Curiosities."

MESSRS. EDITORS: Perhaps the latter part of the description of my voyage from New York to London, (published in the *Telegram*) was too much hurried, but I am certain that the anxiety to see land, will excuse us from expatiating at length upon the picturesque coasts of England, when it is considered that we had been at sea fourteen long days. In passing up the English Channel we sailed so near the shore that we had a good view of Hastings, where William the Conqueror landed and fought his first battle, in 1066.—Also Brighton, the fashionable English watering place. It was quite dark when we arrived off the celebrated Castle of Dover. We came to anchor near Margate, in the month of the Thames, there not being sufficient water in the river at low tide to go further. We were underweigh at daylight next morning, steaming up the noble Thames. Passing Graves End we arrived at the Victoria Docks, Blackwall, the end of our travel by boat. After having our "boxes" searched for cigars, English reprints, &c., we were allowed to go ashore, where we found ourself surrounded by a high wall, through the gates of which we could not pass until we had walked a mile, in the rain too, to a police station and paid each person six-pence, a fee required for landing. Some of the Americans said many cuss words about having to walk so far. We now went to the Railway station and bought tickets for London, eight miles distant.—Very soon the train arrived. In England there are three classes of cars. As a general thing, no one takes a first class coach but the nobility and those who wish to throw away money. The second class is almost as good and much cheaper—the third class have common benches and the fare is less than half.—The coaches here are different from those in America; being only about one-third as long, and each one is divided into three apartments—eight seats in each apartment. The steps are on the sides, and people get in and out there instead of at the ends, as in our American cars. All railroads in England have a continuous rail (by fastening) in consequence of which the cars ride very easy; there is no jostling whatever. With this exception our traveling accommodations are superior to the English. After going over the tops of many houses we arrived at Fenchurch St. Station in the heart of London! London, the largest city in the world! London, the centre of the commerce of the world! London, the financial centre of the world! And what else could be said of it? In no other city are so many distinct aspects presented; in no other city are so many different traits and peculiarities noticeable; no other city possesses the wealth, the importance and the abounding population for which it is noted. To London, as the true centre of the world, come ships from all climes, bearing the productions of nature, the results of labor and the fruits of commerce. Science, art and invention seek it as their home.

To visit London and to carry back to far off homes some pleasant memories and some profitable facts seems to be the reasonable wish of hundreds; and once within the city every stranger endeavors to accomplish the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest space of time, and in the most economical manner.

London lies principally in a valley surrounded by gently rising hills. It is situated about sixty miles from the sea on the river Thames, which divides it into unequal halves. The northern half contains the principal public buildings, the southern being occupied chiefly with manufactories. The city is built generally of brick. The houses are very low, scarcely more than two stories in height, of a sombre and rather dingy look, caused by the use of large quantities of coal fuel. The streets are well paved and the city generally clean.

The number of inhabitants within London is about 3,400,000—a population perfectly Chinese in its density.

Perhaps no city has had more written about it, than London. All classes of writers have exulted in its greatness. Its praises have been celebrated in verse. Southey calls it,

"A spacious city,
"The seat where England from her ancient reign
"Doth rule the ocean as her own domain."

Although the true origin of London is not known, it was probably founded before the Christian Era. My history, tells me that it was fortified by the Romans in the year 50. Tacitus in the year 61 describes the London of that day, as "the great mart of trade and commerce." It is not my purpose to tell of London as it was, but as it is.

Before I left the ship I made an agreement with too other gentlemen to see London together. Singularly enough we were total strangers, from the three corners of America; i. e. New York, California and North Carolina. As a matter of course our first impulse was to find a hotel. We lodged at the Anderton in Fleet street. We now began to consider what place we should see first, but before starting out in the wilderness, we must select a landmark. This we found in the dome of St. Pauls Cathedral, which is discernible in nearly every part of the city. As St. Pauls was near our hotel, and it being the hour for Choral service of which I had heard so much; we decided to go there first.

Now I am well aware that many reams of paper have been written by correspondents about the great Protestant Cathedral of St. Paul, therefore I feel as if I was touching a hackneyed subject. It ranks next to St. Peters at Rome as a Cathedral, being the second largest in the world. While St. Peters was building many popes and architects passed away. St. Pauls is the work of a single architect in a single reign, having been only 35 years in course of construction. This great building rears its splendid proportions over the ashes of many churches. Fire seems to have been its greatest enemy. The present church is the fifth which has been built upon the same spot, all the others having been destroyed by fire. The outside of the church presents a singular appearance; it was built of white stone, and like all the other buildings in London, is partially smoked. It is yet incomplete—only the main part being used. The windows with one exception have ordinary glass in them, that one has very fine stained glass in it. Of the two towers only one has a clock in it yet. The dome rises from the inter-section of the nave and transept. I learned that it is to be guilt at an immense outlay of money. The steps of the church are very much worn by use, every stranger in London goes to see St. Pauls. On entering the interior I was surprised to find it entirely destitute of ornament—everything being of the simplest workmanship. Here are monuments erected to the memory of great men of all professions. It would be difficult for me to describe them all. Most familiar to an American are those of Gen. Ross, who fell near Baltimore; Sir Edward Packenham, at New Orleans; and that of Lord Cornwallis whose gallant deeds in India are inscribed on his monument, nothing being said of American history (Yorktown) but "*requiescat in pace.*"

It was told that I could get a good view of the city by going up to the top of the dome, but as there was no engine to hoist me, I concluded to travel in the other direction. Having paid the doorkeeper six-pence I was allowed to go down into the vaults, where I found a guide ready to show and explain to me, whatever I wished to see. I asked to be shown where Nelson the naval hero was buried, and I was directed to a sorcophagus of black marble. It is very fine, and was originally intended for and prepared by order of Cardinal Woolsey for his own interment. On top of the tomb are these words:

HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON.

His remains are deposited underneath it. Close by we see the tomb of the man who so effectually checked Bonaparte, and gave a long peace to Europe. Both as a statesman and soldier, the Duke of Willington receives the greatful admiration of his countrymen. Everywhere can be seen testimonials erected to his memory. He is buried in a porphyry tomb, in a sarcophagus of very plain workmanship. In an adjoining apartment is the gorgeously decorated car used at the public funeral of the hero of Waterloo. Although specially cautioned not to put my hands on any of these tombs, I could not help touching them. It was now 6 o'clock—time for closing the gates, and happily for us, we had seen all of St. Paul. Satisfied with what we had this day seen, we bent our steps towards the Anderton Hotel.

Next morning having decided to go to a place of amusement,

CRYSTAL PALACE.

We went to the station where we found an immense crowd going there, it being festival day. It may be well for me to mention here, that all the great festivals are held at Crystal Palace. The Palace, Park and Fountains are quite new, having been designed and laid out in 1852. The main building is a parallelogram 1600 feet long by about 300 feet wide. It is an immense building wholly of iron and glass—hence the name Crystal. It is difficult to conceive how such slender pillows can be made to support such a great weight. The interior is divided into various apartments, and the arrangement of the contents is in a great measure governed by these divisions. The centre transept is the region of amusement and enjoyment. Under the prodigious dome is the vast Handel Orchestra. There are also numerous theatres and side shows where one can see anything from a monkey show to an opera. Here is a collection of the fine arts of all countries; nature in her finest forms is everywhere around. The several divisions into which the Palace is divided are termed Courts and the small spaces intervening between the Courts are called vestibules. First of all is the Egyptian Court, with its curious specimens of ancient art—from Egypt we go to the Greek Court. Here also, we find the Greek art tastefully displayed. The model of the Parthenon is very nice.

The transition from the Greek to the Roman is less sudden than from the Egyptian to the Greek. Indeed it is scarcely a transition at all. The ancient Romans were warriors and men of business, all the art being copied from Greek models, modified only by the different circumstances of the two people. The centre of the Roman Court is occupied with models of the structures of the "Eternal City." On the one hand is the Forum, the spot in which the great meetings took place; on the other hand are the Colosseum and Pantheon, not in their present ruined state bus as they formerly stood. We pass on the Alhambra Court, as a reproduction of a portion of the great palace erected in Spain by the Moors. The design of this Hall is one of the most beautiful things I ever saw. We see slender golden pillars, brigh colors, the shrubs and flowers of a garden. It is perfectly magnificent.

On entering the Pompeion Court we are warned by the celebrated word "*Cave Canem,*" written above the door. Next we come to the Tropical Department, the Byzantine Court, the Medieval Court, and so on until we get to the Monkey House, which never fails to attract a crowd. There are also numerous shops in which you can buy anything from a carriage to a jewsharp. Quality, novelty and varity cannot be exceeded elsewhere. Out in the Park may be seen the great water-works and fountains. There is a large lake containing three islands wholly occupied by life-sized models of the ugly, gigantic animals of the ancient world. There all the principal features of geology are found displayed in such a practical manner that any one can easily study the characteristic points of that useful branch of the history of nature. Here is also said to be the largest educational model ever attempted in any part of the world. It consists of all the rocks that constitute the known portion of the earth's crust, and covers several acres. In the Park is an Archery and Croquet ground. We saw the old English game of Drop-Handkerchief, the lady drops a handkerchief, and the gentleman who first catches her gets a kiss, and *vice versa.* I did not take a part in it for fear the ladies would all want to kiss me.

No hurried view of this vast assemblage of art will satisfy the curiosity or enable the spectator to appreciate its beauties. He might well spend weeks and in so doing acquire an amount of knowledge which books, in the absence of such illustrations, would fail to impart.

Tired and wearied out by continued walking we went to the Station and took the train for the West End of London. After a refreshing night's sleep we went to the historical monument of Great Britain. I speak of

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Dark shadows of the past enshroud the gloomy building, but they throw into bolder relief the intelligence and refinement which illuminate our day. The Tower was erected by the Normans during their wars with the Saxons. We were conducted through every portion of the Tower by warders, who wore quite an odd dress and high cocked hat, but were quite civil in character. The main Tower, called White Tower, is the form of a rectangle, each corner of which is surmounted by a watch tower. A stone embattled wall, 40 feet high and 12 feet thick surrounds this Tower and the inner ward.

It is connected with and defended by twelve strong towers, standing at unequal distances apart. These towers are very conspicuous, and are known as Bloody Tower, Bell Tower, &c. Outside of this is another wall and next is the moat (now filled) which goes around the tower and opens into the river. This moat is crossed by a drawbridged which can suddenly be raised in case of emergency. The annals of the tower are replete with gloomy events. A detailed account of it would fill volumes—all that I can attempt is to recall the recollection of a few historical facts. The history is sad enough. I could not help but pause before Traitors Gate—a gateway which opens into the Thames and through which all prisoners were brought from Westminstes afler their trial. How many illustrious personages have passed under its portals to exchange the dreams of honor and glory for the stern realtties of a torture room, and that fatal block and axe. We see all around the gloomy prisons where illustrious personages have sighed out a lifetime. We are at the Chapel within which the bodies of those prisoners moulder in the dust. I cannot recall the names of the many Britons who have from time to time been incarcerated within these walls. Many a Scotsman, too, chafed within the dismal dungeons of this fortress. I need only mention the names of Baliol, of Bruce, and of the noble Wallace who suffered a cruel imprisonment and terrible death. I was taken into the chilly, damp little room, about ten feet square, in which was confined Sir Walter Raleigh, the settler of Roanoke Island. Here he wrote his history of the world. In the centre of this same room are the various instruments of torture, the original heading axe, and the block on which Anne Boleyn and two other of the wives of Henry VIII were beheaded—the marks made by the axe are very distinct. In the Bloody tower was confined Mary, Queen of the Scots, Cranmer and others. In Buwyer tower tradition says the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine.—At the foot a narrow, winding, staircase is supposed to be the place where the two royal children were murdered by order of Richard III. Many interesting inscriptions may be seen written upon the walls of the prison by its despondent inhabitants. One said to have been traced by Lady Jane Grey with a pin, on the walls in the room which she was confined, reads thus:

"To mortal's common fate thy mind resign,
My lot to-day, to-morrow may be thine."

The tower is now used as an Armory. Here is the old armor worn in the days of Chivalry. In the Horse Armory are the Knights of the different periods mounted on horse, in full armor. This old armor is very heavy, and presents a curious spectacle to the people of our day. I noticed one cap-a pied suit made for Henry VIII when he was 18 years old. The weight of the suit is 92 pounds. After taking a look at the Crown Jewels (in Jewel Tower) consisting in part of the Queen's Crown, (said to be worth one million dollars) the Kahinoor diamond, the largest in the world; we were content to follow our guide to the gate and make our exit.

That night we went to the

ALHAMBIA,

where we were charmed with the music and plays, viz: The beauties of the Harem, in which *Mdlle Rita Sangalli* appeared with 150 ladies of the Corps de Ballet. The performances closed with "God save the Queen" by the Orchestra.

Next morning we went to Westminster Abbey. Here is this huge structure, the sacred depository of fame and grandeur, I could trace mankind through all the wilderness of their frailties and misfortunes—from time immemorial to to-day—and reflect on the shortness of my existence in meditating on the inementoes of immortality before me. Here lies the great and ambitious,—both kings and subjects—poets, statesmen and philosophers—heroes, novelists and divines—all mouldering in one common grave—mother earth.—With Englishmen it has always been a great ambition to be buried in Westminster. The great Nelson, after he had won the battle of Aboukir, is said to have exclaimed, "an Earldom and Westminster." Nevertheless he was buried in St. Pauls.

History is in doubt as to the exact time of the foundation of the Abbey—though the first Abbey on this spot is supposed to have been erected by King Sebert in the 6th century—and said to have been consecrated by St. Peter himself. It was rebuilt by both Edward the Confessor and then by Henry III in the 16th century, and was intended by him as the burial place of only those of royal blood. The form is that of a cross. The interior is superbly ornamented with costly guilding, delicate carving and fine steined glass windows. After procuring our tickets a verger took us around and explained everything to us in detail. The buildings is divided into various apartments, called transepts, Chapels, &c. In the large Chapel divine service is held every day. I had the pleasure of attending service in Westminster. There is three distinct organs, all connected and worked by one person. The small Chapels are occupied with the tombs of royal persons. In the Cnapel of St. Edward is the ancient shrine of that Saint, erected to receive his remains, by Henry III. In this Chapel is also kept the Coronation Chairs, (two) one of which was brought from Scotland by Edward I in the year 1297.

In this chair all the resigning soverigns have been crowned since Edward I. It is a quaint looking, dilapidated, old wooden chair. My curiosity becoming so much excited I took a seat in it in order to see if it was different from others, but I was soon admonished by the Verger, that I would be compelled to leave the Abbey, if such a thing occurred again. Under the chair is also the very *identical stone* (so says the Verger) said to have been used by Jacob in the Holy Land as a pillow. In this same Chapel is a rough tomb of slabs of marble—which encloses the body of Edward I of whom I have just spoken -Long-shanks I believe was his nick-name. His tomb was opened in the year 1772, by a party of Antiquarians, and the body was perfect, after a period of more than 400 years. Nine or ten other Chapels dedicated to various saints open to the ambulatory round the chair, a description of their contents would be too extensive. Cromwell and several of his family were buried in the Chapel of Henry VII, but were exhumed after the restoration of Charles II. The Abbey contains the remains of 14 Kings, several Queens and many Dukes.

Since the time of Henry VIII the royal family have been buried at Windsor Castle. The South Transept or Poets corner is appropriated to the reception of monuments and mortal relics of poets and men of letters. Here are memorials of Addison, "Rare old Ben Johnson" Sheridan and a host of others. Charles Dickens, too, is buried here. In the North Transept are buried Statesmen. Here lies Pitt and close beside him, his illustrious rival Fox, also Wilberforce, Canning and Grattan. In the North aisle is a monument to the memory of Maj. Andre of Anserian notoriety. I could have spent days in this venerable old church pondering its historical contents, but my time would not admit of it, so I bade adieu to the Abbey.

I could write much more about what I have seen in London, but I have already exceeded the bounds at first intended and must conclude in a few words.

Bar shops in London are kept exclusively by women, and there is very little drunkenness and rowdiness observable on the streets and elsewhere. Now Messrs. editors, I think this is one good reason why women should be allowed to vote, hold office and court. I insist that it would have a moral effect upon men. We would have less profanity, drinking and perhaps there would not be so many old maids. But I must not allow myself to be thus inveigled into politics and drawn from my subject.

In conclusion I will say that I was more particularly impressed with the immensity of London than anything else. Of course we in America cannot presume to possess such historical mementoes as these people—for history is the result of time. We are a new world—a new people. The only way I can conceive a city in America equal to London is to place Washington with its public bulldings within New York city—and join Brooklyn and Jersey city. We would then have a rival for London in the beauty and size of its buildings and its population.

More anon.

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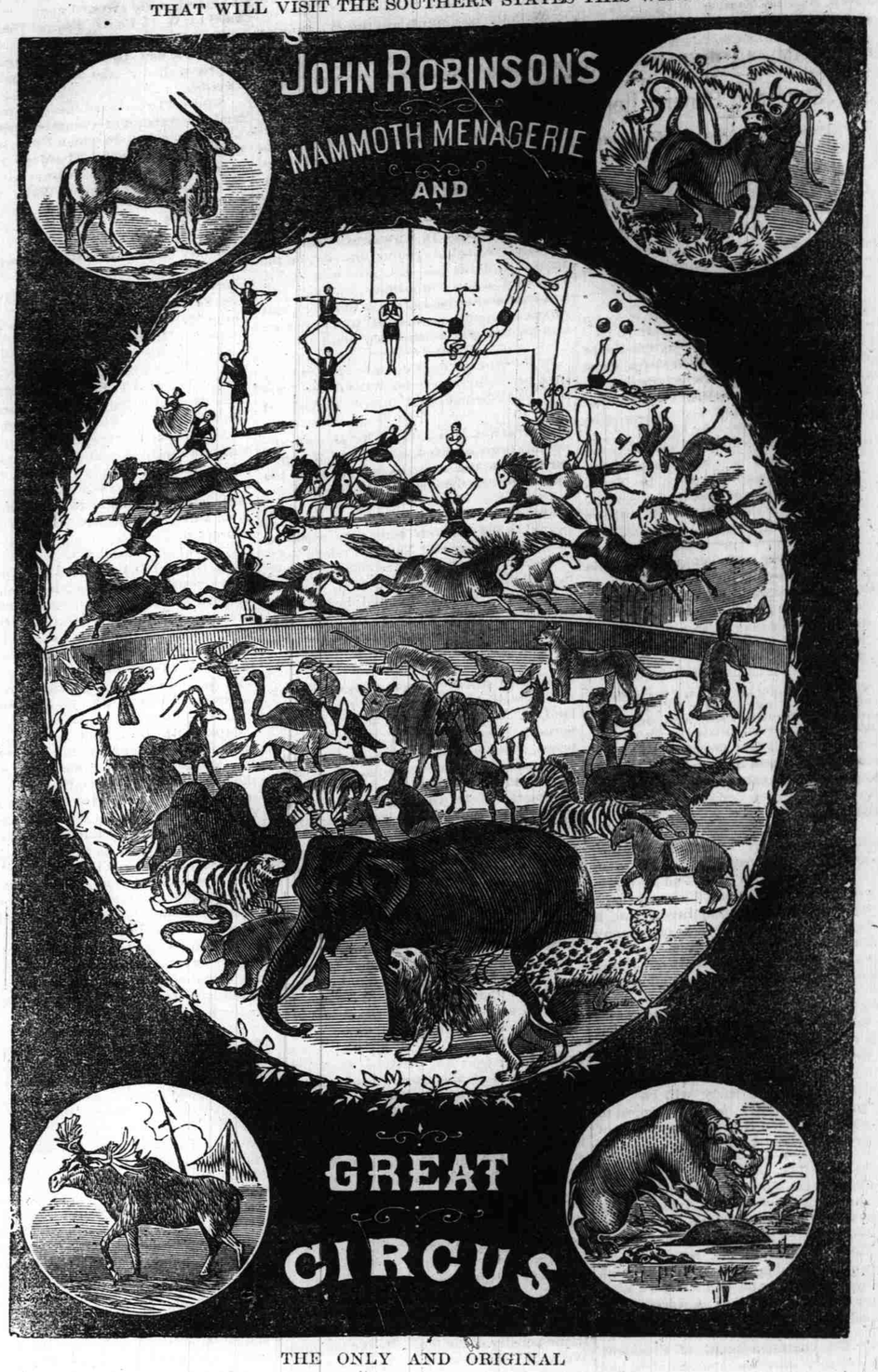

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Having been appointed Assignee of the estate of Archibald Taylor, Bankrupt, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, on the premises, near Portis' Gold Mine, in Franklin county, N. C., on Thursday, the 12th day of October, 1871, at 10 o'clock, A. M., all the personal property belonging to the said estate, to-wit:

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE,
ALL THE FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

and a number of Horses, Mules, Cattle, Hogs, 1 Wagon, Buggy, and other vehicles, and such other personal property belonging to said estate as is not exempt under the provisions of section 14 of the Bankrupt Act of March 2d, 1867.

RICH'D W. HARRIS, Assignee,
Post Office, Oxford, N. C.

Sept. 21. 37—w3tw