

London.

April 9. 1871.

Acc. 976

My Dear Mamma.

It is Holiday time now & I have been going about a little to various places. I shall be glad however when the library at Jermy St is open again day after tomorrow & I can go back there.

Last Thursday evening there was a grand service at Westminster Abby, & Bach's "Passion" was performed. I thought I should like to go, & by way of getting there in very good time, I started about 8 o'clock & was at the Abby at about 6.15. There was a tremendous crowd there however, & I noticed up that the Abby was full. The truth was that they had

filled the place with orders, which was very absurd after having advertised it in the newspapers as public. The crowd was so thick, that though the people near the gates were told by the police, that there was no chance of getting in, & wished to go away. They could not press through, but had just to stand & wait patiently till the people dispersed. The people were rather angry at having been so sold, & whenever a reporter or other official appeared he was booed & hissed at. The crowd was very good humoured however, & joking at each other a good deal. One man said that they were all "members of the press" &c. I had the pleasure of standing in this festive crowd for an hour, hoping all the time that the gates would suddenly be opened, & then coming away as wise as I went.

Tonight I have had a somewhat
sinister experience. I intended to go to
the evening service, under the Dome at St
Pauls, & got there three quarters of an
hour before the time, but too late, as the
gates were shut, & great placards up
"The Church is full" you could easily
see that it was the case for people who
had been let in were coming out again
unable to find standing room. I thought
I would not care to wait another
hour in another Crowd & so went up
Watling St, & into a church I found
there. It was called St-Mary
Aldermany. & was one of the City Churches,
& I should think ^{my} Sir Christopher Wren's.

The congregation consisted of about two
or three dozen people, the Parson, the
Clerk, & a few Charity children in the
gallery, the girls in fantastic caps.
The service was very dull & the

Sermon ditto, but - then you could hardly expect a man to compose a good sermon for such an audience.

I am going to write to Cathie, I have some new clothes made, as my present suit has become quite shabby & has got such a good polish on the Elbows &c that you can almost see your face in ~~the~~ it. I think I have trousers enough for the present & so will get a coat & waistcoat, of some darkish coloured tweed. I will ask him to send patterns.

Hoping to have another letter to acknowledge before I send this off on Thursday next -

I am

Your affectionate Son

George