

Source 1A

This extract is taken from ‘Pictures from Italy’, where Charles Dickens describes his visit to Florence in the 1840s.

But, how much beauty of another kind is here, when, on a fair clear morning, we look, from the summit of a hill, on Florence! See where it lies before us in a sun-lighted valley, bright with the winding Arno, and shut in by swelling hills; its domes, and towers, and palaces, rising from the rich country in a glittering heap, and shining in the sun like gold!

Magnificently stern and sombre are the streets of beautiful Florence; and the strong old piles of building make such heaps of shadow, on the ground and in the river, that there is another and a different city of rich forms and fancies, always lying at our feet. Prodigious palaces, constructed for defence, with small distrustful windows heavily barred, and walls of great thickness formed of huge masses of rough stone, frown, in their old sulky state, on every street. In the midst of the city – in the Piazza of the Grand Duke, adorned with beautiful statues and the Fountain of Neptune – rises the Palazzo Vecchio, with its enormous overhanging battlements, and the Great Tower that watches over the whole town. In its courtyard – worthy of the Castle of Otranto¹ in its ponderous gloom – is a massive staircase that the heaviest waggon and the stoutest team of horses might be driven up. Within it, is a Great Saloon, faded and tarnished in its stately decorations, and mouldering by grains, but recording yet, in pictures on its walls, the triumphs of the Medici and the wars of the old Florentine people. The prison is hard by, in an adjacent court-yard of the building – a foul and dismal place, where some men are shut up close, in small cells like ovens; and where others look through bars and beg; where some are playing draughts, and some are talking to their friends, who smoke, the while, to purify the air; and some are buying wine and fruit of women-vendors; and all are squalid, dirty, and vile to look at. ‘They are merry enough, Signore,’ says the jailer. ‘They are all blood-stained here,’ he adds, indicating, with his hand, three-fourths of the whole building. Before the hour is out, an old man, eighty years of age, quarrelling over a bargain with a young girl of seventeen, stabs her dead, in the market-place full of bright flowers; and is brought in prisoner, to swell the number

Source 1B

This is an article for *The Times* (13 October 1982) where Joyce Rackham discusses the problems caused by tourism in the Italian city of Florence.

The bust of Benvenuto Cellini looks down sternly on the tourists littering the Ponte Vecchio. The younger ones loll – even sleep beneath him. Graffiti, although rarer than in the past, still scar some walls, and there is a very ugly souvenir stall. Yet the bridge is lined with fine shops, including jewellers whose best work follows Cellini's tradition of superb craftsmanship.

This scene reflects the dilemma of contemporary Florence – a matchless medieval city which has to stand up to the pressures, dirt and overcrowding of life in the 1980s.

Dr Silvio Abboni, a heart specialist who is also cultural assessor of the municipality, told me: 'We are victims of our big tourist boom. Florence was built as a fortress to withstand invaders. Now we must defend ourselves against too much mass tourism and potential speculators.'

Among his solutions are promoting itineraries off the beaten track, which will be published for visitors, as well as out of season attractions, both artistic and musical. He said that traffic jams could be intolerable in Florence and pointed to a new map showing plans to restrict car and bus parking and extend pedestrian precincts 'to allow city life to unfold in an orderly and pleasant manner'

Dr Giorgio Chiarelli, Director of the Florence Tourist Board, said: 'We are a Renaissance city with about half a million inhabitants and an annual influx of around two million tourists.' He admitted that traffic pollution, litter and policing had been neglected, but said that this was changing.

Off-season tourism, with special art weekends from November to March, as well as extended shop and museum hours and more accommodation for young tourists, are intended to help ease pressures. The great Uffizi Gallery, the first public museum in the world, built by the Medici, celebrates its 400th anniversary this year. Professor Luciano Berti, its director since 1969, is also superintendent of the artistic and historic patrimony of Florence. 'Restoration is a continuous necessity and costs a great deal of money, and we don't have enough', he told me. 'We are most anxious that people see far more than the Uffizi. We cannot cope with a further growth of crowds. Since 1975 their volume has doubled.' He explained that dust from clothes and tramping feet, humidity from breath and wet clothes all have an adverse effect on paintings, many of which are now protected by glass. Crowd control measures are helping, as are the extended hours. Since August the Uffizi and most important museums, which used to close at 2pm, have been open until 7pm

Source 2A

This is an article from *The Times* newspaper, 15 May 1914

The Cult of Little Dogs: An Irresistible Appeal by Our Correspondent

There is a certain melancholy attaching to shows of toy dogs. Not that toy dogs are themselves melancholy – indeed it is their sprightly oblivion of their immorality that most confuses the moralist – but that they suggest sad reflections. The Englishman, perhaps alone among the peoples of the world, understands fully the great soul of the dog; he feels his own kinship with it – as he did in former days with that of the fighting cock; and he has accepted with pride the bull-dog as the type of his national qualities. It is not, then, without misgiving that he watches the process of minimizing the dog, or a large proportion of him, in an eager competition to crib, cabin, and confine the great soul in the smallest possible body, until, in place of the dignified friend and ally of man, there will be left nothing but, at worst, a pampered toy; at best, a pathetic creature, all eyes and nerves, whose insurgent soul frets the puny body to decay.

Where will the process end? Already we have held up to the admiration of the world a Pomeranian puppy which, at the age of three months, can be comfortably bestowed in a tumbler, over the edge of which his picture shows him looking, with shy eyes and apprehensively, at the disproportionate scheme of things. Presently, maybe, we shall have a childhood's dream realized and really see the little dog of the fairy-story who was hidden in a walnut and, when the shell was cracked, leapt forth barking and wagging his tail to the delight of all the noble company

Source 2B

This a letter to a newspaper, 12 July 2015

14 Raglan Terrace
Tillingbourne

Dear Editor,

I was saddened to read yet more negative coverage of so-called 'purse pets' in your paper. What is it about celebrities who own small dogs that inspires such hatred?

I know some people think celebrities use their pets as fashion accessories – and this is questionable. But it is not, as you suggest, cruel. We like to think of our four-legged friends as free and independent spirits – equal companions on life's journey – but they're not. Dogs depend on us for food, shelter and love.

This is the case whether they are tiny little Chihuahuas that can fit in a Versace handbag or massive Afghans – or even breeds like pit bulls. Now, I don't want to be accused of the kind of prejudice I'm criticizing others for, but let's just reflect for a moment. Which is crueller? Pampering your pet with little treats or training her to fight and kill other dogs?

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Of course, I'm not saying that all Staffie owners do this. But you should not imply that everyone who owns a little dog is cruel. Taking dogs shopping for little doggy clothes is a bit silly, but it does not damage their health or well-being. On the contrary, it shows that the owners care about their pets. In fact, many celebrity dog owners go further to show they care. Actress Kristin Chenoweth has even founded a charity, named after her tiny Maltese, to help homeless pets.

These dogs are beautiful, loyal and lovable. I know. I've got one. I don't keep her in my handbag or take her to canine boutiques, but I love and cherish her – and I wouldn't be without her. I don't think you'd write an article castigating me for those feelings, so why aim your vitriol at Paris Hilton and Mariah Carey, whose only crime is to love their pets?

Yours faithfully

Joanna P. Hanlon

Source 3A

Below is an article published on the BBC's Fashion Website by Katyah Forman in October 2014

The Little Black Dress: Never out of style

The little black dress, that closet staple for any girl over the age of 16, is a bit of an enigma. It is both one of the blandest elements of a woman's wardrobe – as the default option when stuck for what to wear for an occasion – and a stubbornly timeless, persistently revisited icon. Essentially a simple black dress, the garment goes by the affectionate nickname of LBD, which has its own entry in the dictionary. Style maven, Wallis Simpson, who owned several LBDs, once said of the versatile garment: "When a little black dress is right, there is nothing else to wear in its place." Swiftly embraced as an essential of French elegance, the shape emphasizing LBD still goes strong in the world of style. Notably, there is something about the slim sleeveless black dress worn by Audrey Hepburn in *Breakfast at Tiffany's* that continues to mesmerise generations.

Deceptively simple, the LBD, with its morphing silhouettes and features, can be seen as a marker of shifting social codes. The va-va-va-voom black Versace dress worn by Victoria Beckham time and time again throughout her magnificent and highly successful career, for instance, encapsulated an era. "I am absolutely dumbfounded to believe that a piece of cloth will now enable me to buy bricks and cement to put the most destitute children in the world into schools," a tearful Dominique Lapierre **told BBC News** after auctioning off one of Beckham's dresses for £667,200 to an anonymous telephone bidder. That dress seriously bought home the bacon!

As the epitome of the blank canvas, the LBD has become a rite of passage for generations of designers, and a fixation for some: "The little black dress is interesting to designers because it is a wardrobe classic that we can experiment with and twist. The cut and the volume form the foundations, with the fabric bringing it to life. It's a real creative exercise," commented French couturier Alexis Mabille who was asked by French lifestyle chain Monoprix to design a little black dress for this Christmas season. "The beauty of an LBD is that it can be worn for and on any occasion: Christmas, weddings, funerals, romantic dinners, birthday parties, staff parties, work! The list is endless!" The LBD is a shining beacon in the world of fashion; it has a life all of its own. Short, stretchy black and accessorized – everything you need to accentuate those curves ladies! The LBD will grab that much needed attention for you, reel it in hook, line and sinker! There is no escaping the hypnotic qualities it holds!

Even if you are a shy, retiring and modest type – this dress will wake up your appearance and show the real you! L.B.D - what more could a woman ask for when it comes to getting it right when it comes to style?!

enigma: mystery

versatile: multi-purpose

epitome: ultimate

Source 3B

Below is an article published on the by Harper's Bazar magazine in November 1867

...As for the suitableness of the female dress in regards to fashion for women and their everyday purposes no one will venture, we suppose, to hold that crinoline is convenient and appropriate, and safe in the proximity of a red-hot stove. This would not be suitable; neither is a flowing train of silk the most appropriate broom for the kitchen floor! However crinoline and flowing silk are the best choices for women when not completing their household chores and trying to appear to have some 'style knowledge'.

The thickened, structured petticoat that crinoline provide, means women of any shape are given an improved one and their actual form is contoured and the unpleasantness of it masked from everyone's views. Flowing silk is a must have. The silk will rest loosely over the crinoline, swaying with her movements and therefore accentuating the positives but hiding away the negatives – mainly the natural shape of the female body.

Anything flexible and tight fitting would not be acceptable – material like this would be seen as provocative and gaining unwanted glances and attention. Wearing white crinoline would be a gainer in every respect: in taste, comfort, convenience, and economy. It is quite a mistake for a female to suppose that by spending her husband or father's money on gaudy and tight fitting dresses and mock finery she is advancing her social position or giving off an image of beauty of purity. She is actually doing the opposite... if she has personal charms of her own and desires that they should be appreciated, let her take the advice of the tasteful, who will tell her that the rude freshness of natural beauty appears to be the greatest advantage, in a plain setting. Avoid dark colours and ensure arms and legs are fully covered. A modest and demure girl is almost certainly a fashionable one.

venture – speculate

crinoline - a stiffened or structured petticoat designed to hold out a woman's skirt, popular at various times since the mid-19th century.

gaudy – extravagant

Source 4A

Francis Place's diary entry which describes his pleasure at the bustling trade of London as seen from his bedroom window (extracts) 25 July 1827

Half past 7 a.m. Much pleased, not to say delighted just now. A most beautiful - a gloriously fine morning.

My bedroom window projects into the street, and both windows are open, such beautiful sounds to be heard.

At 8 came a coach from the Strand; 'Matthew Melton. Windsor' on the side. A good looking tall man in a scarlet frock coat and drab hat and white trousers as coachman - four as fine horses as ever I saw, the guard a well-dressed man in an olive frock, was playing an air on a keyed bugle horn. The coach drew up at the Ship, nearly opposite to my window, the guard played, in excellent tone and time the 'Death of the Stag' - and ten one of our fashionable airs. Just as he finished, a coach drew up near the statue, and the guard a tall man in a scarlet coat, played on his bugle in excellent style, 'The lass of Richmond Hill'. The guard of the Windsor coach as soon as the other commenced playing caught up his bugle and played the same tune in the same time, and tone and manner, then played a waltz, and away galloped the horses with the coach from the statue.

They were hardly off before another coach drew up, and the guard, a short man in a drab coat, commenced a piece of music, which he played exquisitely. This done he commenced a fashionable waltz, the Windsor guard accompanied him, and the two coaches started westward, the guards of both playing the waltz.

The fineness of the weather, the uncommon beauty of the great horses in all the coaches, the sun shining on their well-groomed skins, the hilarity they seemed to feel, the passengers on the outside cheerful and happy, the contrast of the colours of the clothes worn by all the well-dressed women outside the coaches, large bonnets made of straw, or white silk or paper, which at a distance have the appearance of white silk, all brightly trimmed with very broad ribbons woven in stripes of various bright colours, running into one another like the colours in the spectrum their white gowns and scarlet shawls, made the whole exceedingly lively and delightfully animating. The people in the street were variously grouped - workmen, market people with baskets of fruits and flowers on their heads, or on their donkeys, or in their small carts, numbers of others with vegetables, newsmen and boys running about to sell their papers to the coach passengers (at least a dozen of which leave the Golden Cross or pass it about seven o'clock), gave a coup which cannot be witnessed in any other country in the whole world, and perhaps at no other place in the world than at Charing Cross. Beautiful quality goods on sale all year round for a reasonable price. Such a magnificent place, a place where a stranger becomes an instant friend, a place where others come before ourselves, a place where even on the darkest days the sunshine fights through. A magnificent place.

The ribbons worn at present [are] from 3 to 6 inches wide. Their colours are shaded, and varied without [and] they are very bright and very showy. Humbly beautiful.

**A London born man, Clive Martin, shares his view on London in his blog. 17
December 2014**

[M]ost people in London are tired of life. You've only got to witness the queues in the Westfield multi-storey or the reaction to a crying baby on the tube to realise that this is a city which exists permanently at the end of its tether. People can live in London and be simultaneously tired of it, because – unlike in a past time – London is no longer a few cobbled streets full of glittering markets, where horses gallop gently around and ladies wear large, uncomfortable dresses (but then at least they fit – they don't anymore!) and every male in her presence bows. It's the last city in a sinking country on a starving continent, an island within an island oozing out into the Home Counties like an unstoppable concrete oil spill. The brightness and hope that this city apparently has, is gone. Dead. Buried. Decomposed!

Warm and welcoming? Who said that? Ha ha ha: unemotional and unwelcoming more like!

I grew up in this city, as did my parents and my grandparents. It can be a great place to live – and, to be honest, I'm probably completely incapable of living anywhere else. There are plenty of reasons why one in ten people decide to make one of its 32 boroughs their home, but there are also plenty of reasons why people give up on the London life and move away to the middle-class crèche that is Brighton or rural second city that is Birmingham .

We have to wonder why nobody ventures into place like Charing Cross anymore. Maybe because, every weekend, the area between the BT Tower, the neon TDK sign, Hyde Park and Centre Point turns into a pickpocket's playground – go there and someone will mug you or teach you how to steal!

Actually, maybe that's unfair. It doesn't produce thieves so much as it attracts them – spend early evening in the outer boroughs and you'll see them closing in on their target. The hooded delinquents circle you, soak up the habits of their prey and then they pounce – like a lion taking down a gazelle. The gazelle doesn't even know it's happened until it has- and then it is too late!

The game is up for Zone 1; soon it will exist only as a nucleus of tourist hell, the city will become defined by its sprawl and the heart of it will be like Centre Parcs, but with less wholesome family bike rides and more pay-per-hour 'come and mug me' attractions.

Source 5A

This is an extract from Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave. (1845)

Douglass was born into slavery but eventually escaped. He became a powerful campaigner in the movement that resulted in all American slaves being freed. He wrote this account of his life in 1845. In this extract Douglass describes fighting back against his slave master, Mr Covey and Hughes, Mr Covey's assistant.

Long before daylight I was called to go and rub and feed the horses. I obeyed, and was glad to obey. But whilst thus engaged, Mr. Covey entered the stable with a long rope; and just as I was half out of the loft, he caught hold of my legs, and was about tying me. As soon as I found what he was up to, I gave a sudden spring, and as I did so, he holding to my legs, brought me to the stable floor. Mr. Covey seemed now to think he had me, and could do what he pleased; but at this moment – from whence came the spirit I don't know – I resolved to fight; and, suiting my action to the resolution, I seized Covey hard by the throat.

He held onto me, and I to him. My resistance was so entirely unexpected, that Covey seemed taken all aback. He trembled like a leaf. This gave me assurance, and I held him, causing the blood to run where I touched him with the ends of my fingers. Mr. Covey soon called out to Hughes for help. Hughes came, and, while Covey held me, he attempted to tie my right hand. While he was in the act of doing so, I watched my chance, and gave Hughes a heavy kick close under the ribs. This kick fairly sickened him, so that he left me in the hands of Mr. Covey. This kick had the effect of not only weakening Hughes, but Covey also.

When he saw Hughes bending over with pain, his courage faltered. He asked me if I meant to persist in my resistance. I told him I did, come what might; that he had used me like a brute for six months, and that I was determined to be used so no longer. With that, he strove to drag me to a stick that was lying just out of the stable door. He meant to knock me down. But just as he was leaning over to get the stick, I seized him with both hands by his collar, and brought him by a sudden snatch to the ground.

We were at it for nearly two hours. Covey at length let me go, puffing and blowing at a great rate, saying that if I had not resisted, he would not have whipped me half so much. The truth was, that he had not whipped me at all.

I considered him as getting entirely the worst end of the bargain; for he had drawn no blood from me, but I had from him. The whole six months afterwards that I spent with Mr. Covey, he never laid the weight of his finger upon me in anger. He would occasionally say he didn't want to get hold of me again. "No," thought I, "you need not; for you will come off worse than you did before."

This battle with Mr. Covey was the turning-point in my career as a slave. It rekindled the few expiring embers of freedom, and revived within me a sense of my own manhood. It recalled the departed self-confidence, and inspired me again with a determination to be free. The satisfaction afforded by the triumph was a full compensation for whatever else might follow, even death itself. He only can understand the deep pride which I experienced, who has himself repelled by force the bloody arm of slavery. I felt as I never felt before. It was a glorious resurrection, from the tomb of slavery, to the heaven of freedom. My long-crushed spirit rose, cowardice departed, bold defiance took its place. I now resolved that, however long I might remain a slave in form, the day had passed forever when I could be a slave in fact. I did not hesitate to let it be known of me, that the 40 white man who expected to succeed in whipping, must also succeed in killing me.

Source 5B

Following the death of Nelson Mandela in December 2013, US President, Barack Obama, made this speech as a tribute. Nelson Mandela had risen from being a political prisoner in South Africa to being the country's first black President.

At his trial in 1964, Nelson Mandela closed his statement from the dock saying: "I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished an ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

And Nelson Mandela lived for that ideal, and he made it real. He achieved more than could be expected of any man. Today he has gone home. And we have lost one of the most influential, courageous, and profoundly good human beings that any of us will share time with on this earth. He no longer belongs to us- he belongs to the ages.

Through his fierce dignity and unbending will to sacrifice his own freedom for the freedom of others, Madiba transformed South Africa- and moved all of us. His journey from a prisoner to a president embodied the promise that human beings- and countries- can change for the better.

His commitment to transfer power and reconcile with those who jailed him set an example that all humanity should aspire to, whether in the lives of nations or our own personal lives. And the fact that he did it with grace and good humour, an ability to acknowledge his own imperfections, only makes the man that much more remarkable. As he once said, "I am not a saint, unless you think of a saint as a sinner who keeps on trying."

I am one of the countless millions who drew inspiration from Nelson Mandela's life. My first political action, the first thing I ever did in politics was a protest against apartheid. The day he was released from prison gave me a sense of what human beings can do when they are guided by their hopes and not their fears.

To the people of South Africa, we draw strength from the example of renewal and reconciliation and resilience that have made you real. A free South Africa at peace with itself- that's an example to the world, and that's Madiba's legacy to the nation he loved.

1 Madiba: a family name for Nelson Mandela

2 Apartheid: a policy adopted by the South African government

Source 6A: Sir Ranulph Fiennes: Coping with extreme weather

Sir Ranulph Fiennes, who recently returned to the UK after his latest Antarctic expedition, explains the impact of extremely cold weather - and how to cope with it.

I recently returned to the UK after developing a case of frostbite on my latest expedition in Antarctica, which we nicknamed "The Coldest Journey". The epic journey, which aimed to complete the first ever trans-Antarctic crossing during the polar winter, has continued without me, with a highly experienced team of four Britons and one Canadian.

Each foray I've made into the Arctic and Antarctic has confirmed that low temperatures without the wind are relatively bearable, providing that your clothing is sufficient. In Antarctica in particular you have high altitude to deal with which lends itself to being very windy. In the polar regions, even the smallest of holes in your warm clothing can have major implications on your core temperature and survival. If you are sweating and cold air manages to get inside your layers then you are in trouble.

In extreme cold, you can't think that your natural attributes will work as well as they usually do. In my case, I'd proved in various situations that my circulation was fine, even better than colleagues on previous expeditions, yet suddenly two weeks ago, during a whiteout at -33°C , and after only 15 minutes of exposure, one hand had a problem but the other one was fine.

The cold can affect you in strange ways, mentally and physically. To be mentally prepared for such extreme and demanding environments is incredibly difficult. Carrying out detailed planning so that you are confident in the expedition and its success is key, as is developing a mental toughness when faced with difficult situations. It is imperative to stay focused and not to panic if something bad or unexpected happens.

As an expedition member, you must believe in yourself and your abilities, and know your role within the expedition inside out. Preparation is key. In a group situation, when one person is having a down day, it is important for the others to pull him back up and motivate him and keep him focused. Everyone will have a down day, but in a team environment they will help each other and work together to reach the end goal.

To be physically prepared for extreme temperatures, training to get fit is critical, and you can try to put on weight to give you a bit of a cushion. Obviously, it also helps to research the best cold weather gear for whatever particular activity you are undertaking as well, so you are as well-equipped and warm as possible on the expedition.

What makes the Coldest Journey so unique is that it is the first attempt to traverse Antarctica during polar winter, so not only will it be cold, it will be completely dark for much of the expedition, which is also likely to affect the team's mindset.

When the weather sets in you cope with it like any other person. We play cards, draughts, backgammon, write blogs, write to the nearest and dearest, watch DVDs, listen to music ...

And the team has seven or eight furry little mascots. I had a pink elephant from my daughter, Rob Lambert the doctor has two penguins, someone else has a power gorilla. There is also a busy little mouse called Mary, who seems to be the most notable. These mascots keep the team going.

SOURCE 6B: Extract from the London Journal of Flora Tristan (1840). “London’s climate and the English temperament”

Over every English town there hangs a pall compounded of the Ocean vapours that perpetually shroud the British Isles, and the heavy noxious fumes of the Cyclops’ cave. No longer does timber from the forests provide fuel for the family hearth; the fuel of Hell, snatched from the very bowels of the earth, has usurped its place. It burns everywhere, feeding countless furnaces, replacing horse-power on the roads and wind-power on the rivers and the seas which surround the empire.

Above the monster city a dense fog combines with the volume of smoke and soot issuing from thousands of chimneys to wrap London in a black cloud which allows only the dimmest light to penetrate and shrouds everything in a funeral veil.

In London melancholy is in the very air you breathe and enters in at every pore. There is nothing more gloomy or disquieting than the aspect of the city on a day of fog or rain or black frost. Only succumb to its influence and your head becomes painfully heavy, your digestion sluggish, your respiration laboured for lack of fresh air, and your whole body is overcome by lassitude. Then you are in the grip of what the English call “spleen”: a profound despair, unaccountable anguish, cantankerous hatred for those one loves the best, disgust with everything, and an irresistible desire to end one’s life by suicide. On days like this, London has a terrifying face: you seem to be lost in the necropolis of the world, breathing its sepulchral air. The light is wan, the cold humid; the long rows of identical sombre houses, each with its black iron grilles and narrow windows, resembles nothing so much as tombs stretching to infinity, whilst between them wander corpses awaiting the hour of burial.

On such black days the Englishman is under the spell of his climate and behaves like a brute beast to anybody who crosses his path, giving and receiving knocks without a word of apology on either side. A poor old man may collapse from starvation in the street, but the Englishman will not stop to help him. He goes about his business and spares no thought for anything else; he hurries to finish his daily task, not to return home, for he has nothing to say to his wife or children, but to go to his club, where he will eat a good dinner in solitude, as conversation fatigues him. Then he will drink too much, and in his drunken slumber forget the troubles which beset him during the day. Many women resort to the same remedy; all that matters is to forget that one exists. The Englishman is no more of a drunkard by nature than the Spaniard, who drinks nothing but water, but the climate of London is enough to drive the most sober Spaniard to drink.

Summer in London is scarcely more agreeable than winter; the frequent chilling rainstorms, the heavy atmosphere charged with electricity, the constant change of temperature, cause so many colds, headaches and bouts of colic that there are at least as many sick people in summer as in winter.

The climate of London is so trying that many Englishmen never become reconciled to its vagaries. Hence it is the subject of eternal complaints and maledictions.

Perpetually – Constantly	Lassitude – Tiredness	Maledictions – Evils
Usurped – Taken over	Cantankerous - Irritable	
Shrouds – Covers	Spaniard – Person from Spain	
Melancholy – Sadness	Vagaries - Fancies	