

the Bank, about three miles. Found Lombard street and Mr. Bosanquet's, and soon learned Pa's address. Got outside another "Bus," as they call them, for Oxford street. Every street, name and building seemed familiar. The Bank in the right—the Mansion House on the left—and Cheapside before me; then came Holborn Hill, and High street, Oxford street, St. Paul's, the Old Bailey, &c. I could not but think I had seen them before, only that they appeared older and blacker. We dropped from the omnibus at Bond street, and followed it down to Piccadilly; from thence to St. James', passing the celebrated Crockford's Club House, and at 19 Bury street found Pa at his old lodgings, very neat and comfortable, and engaged as usual with a mass of papers and memoranda. We were glad to meet, and hear what each had to say, and still more to hear that Uncle Gordon and Charles Merritt were in London. The latter called just as we were going out, and, swelling our numbers to four, we marched down to St. James' Park, in rear of the Admiralty and Horse Guards; thence unto Parliament street, and that small court which rules the destinies of some colonies, Downing street. We visited the National Gallery in Trafalgar street, but were disappointed, as the exterior promised much, but within the collection was, very small, although excellent of the kind. Bury street is a very central spot, either for business people or visitors. We are within two minutes walk of Regent street, the finest street in London, surrounded by Clubs, Parks and all other attractions. We dined at half-past five, and then Charles and I went to see the play at Covent Garden theatre. The interior of this building is immense, and brilliantly lighted. Of the play it is unnecessary to speak; but the great attraction of the Christmas Pantomime, which was played for the last time, and proved to me that they can do things in London in a finished manner. The quantity and brilliancy of the scenery was wonderful. The band contains fifty performers, whose music was almost perfect. After the play, we adjourned to the celebrated tavern called the "Coal Hole," where you get a supper, or anything you wish to drink, and hear singing from 500 people, generally broken-down gentlemen of the musical profession. One of them sang an extempore song, composed, of course, as he proceeded. The rhyme was good, and the subject related to matters of the day, and visitors in the room in a sort of friendly criticism. So much for theatres.

To-day our visit was to the Zoological Gardens, where we saw more for a shilling than in any place in London. The Garden is nicely arranged in walks, ponds and yards, where the different inhabitants are kept in a manner as near as possible to their native state. Some of the cages are warmed by stoves, with keepers constantly in attendance to all of them. There is every description of animal, bird and fish. The playful monkey, the sedate orang-outang, parrots, dogs, and fishes. In the evening, Jediah and I went to the English Opera, and enjoyed a rare treat in the musical line.

Wednesday.—Our party visited the Thames Tunnel. I had the good fortune to be with Pa, who explained all that we passed, like an old Londoner. The view of the Thames and shipping from London Bridge is fine, but the crowd and bustle never seemed to diminish. We descended into the Tunnel by a temporary stairway in the large pit on the Surrey side, 70 feet deep, and 50 in diameter. But one passage is open to visitors, though both are cut through to the Wapping side. The effect of the light on the white arches, and the regular slope of the Tunnel, is very fine. Near the other

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