

We went one evening to the Eden Theatre, where they have a splendid orchestra, composed of fifty-one men. The building is a perfect gem. It is surrounded inside by a garden full of mirrors, which make it look as large again. They have here a ladies' band, between the acts, and we witnessed some of the most wonderful dancing, and afterwards the most comical pantomime. The people certainly go in for a good time, and we seemed to have copied them, for we have never enjoyed ourselves so much anywhere, but I could not fancy living here all the time. I don't think I shall remember half the places we have visited, and our drives and walks in the evenings. I am sorry that I have not written everything down, but it takes so long, and we are tired out every night, so we are just going to say good-bye. I shall not need any journal to remember our trip back to London, by Calais and Dover. Such a rough, stormy time! and everyone so terribly sea-sick; while the rain poured down in torrents, and the little steamer rocked and rolled. Altogether we passed a most dismal time, and reached Dover a very dilapidated crowd of people. We did not venture to rise until safely at the wharf, and the frantic motions of that vessel had ceased—and for days I could feel that motion. The quiet of South Place was the greatest relief, but still the rain poured down, and London was enveloped in a fog. However, we started for Regent Street in the morning, through rain and fog, and tried to enjoy it. Being well provided with waterproofs and umbrellas, we walked around the streets. We received