

Street, and Mr. Fowler frequently drove Mr. Abbott and Ethel in the park in his dogcart.

One day, while down town in Wall Street, we went up into the gallery of the Stock Exchange.

It is a large building, and includes telephone, waiting, and reading rooms, besides the large hall, where the business is transacted. This is a large oblong chamber, but is not, I believe, so large as the London one. The shouts and yells were very much the same as one hears at similar institutions.

On Wednesday, the 11th, the night before sailing, we gave a dinner at Delmonicos'. We had a reception-room and dining-room, and there were present Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Mr. Allen, Mr. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, Ethel, Charley, and myself. The dinner was well cooked and served, and done in good style. Delmonicos do this sort of thing very well.

From the time we landed to the time we sailed we experienced nothing but the greatest kindness from our American kindred. It is impossible for an Englishman to feel himself a stranger when among them. They know as well as we do that, though separated by one of the unfortunate accidents of history, we are all descended from the same race, and in that way are drawn together by a mutual and undefinable sympathy.

I believe the Americans generally have a great reverence for England and the rest of Europe. Of