

porters. After, I should think, about four miles drive, we reached South Place, Finsbury, where we had secured rooms, and were met by our friend, Mr. L——. This hotel, which is very quiet and comfortable for this bustling place, was full of Quakers, who were holding a convention. They were such sweet-faced women! They wore no gray, as is the usual custom, but plain black silk dresses and deep white collars; some went so far as to wear very long trains, which is a great departure from the original Quaker style.

I dislike English hotels so far; it seems such a nuisance to think of what you want and order it beforehand; the American style is much nicer, with the bill of fare. Mr. L—— and Robert have gone out, and after changing my travelling dress and putting my room to rights, I sat down to write this journal. I never expected to put down everything. Robert says I shall soon give it up; I hope not, I would like to read it over when we are settled in our home again.

Our first morning in London I spent alone, Robert having some business with Mr. L——, so I determined to go to Regent Street and see the shops. They put me on the 'bus. I had been down the evening before, so I knew something of the road. I enjoyed that rattling drive. I always enjoyed driving in London; there is such a world of bustle and noise, and so much to see and interest one; and the way they dodge the passing vehicles is something wonderful to me; I always expected a crash. I alighted at Oxford Circus, keeping my eyes on the objects