

Christmas wreaths were twined round two pillars at each side of the room. Mrs. Longfellow soon appeared. Her figure is fine and tall; her manner calm, and dignified, and very pleasing, while she possesses an abundant fund of lively conversation.

I may venture to describe the poet, and I hope he will pardon me, though I may not do him justice; but let me assure him that everything about him excites so much interest among all those who delight in his works in England, that I should be considered guilty of great neglect were I not to give some notice of his outward man. His address is extremely affable and animated, without the slightest approach to pedantry, and at once shows that he is a man of genius. He is about the middle height, compactly built, and active though not slight; with a piercing eye, and a full, rather overhanging brow; his complexion is fair; his eyes are somewhat close together, with a longish nose, and a mouth exhibiting firmness and confidence in his own powers. Every time we afterwards met I became more and more pleased with him. His manners are those of the world, with a *bonhomie* which is very winning.

We were soon discussing books and writers of books, the leading spirits of our two great countries. After talking for a few minutes he stopped short, and said, "I am certain of it,—we have met before,—many years ago though." "When can that have been? I must own that I have no recollection of your countenance; but then, from being near-sighted, countenances do not make much impression on me," I replied. "Did not you cross from Ostend to London one night in September 1842? and did not you spend the first part of it on deck, as the cabin was crowded?" he asked. "I am pretty