

looked at me as if they fully believed that I was the veritable hero of my own tale. I explained to them that I really was acquainted with the hero, and I gave them a sketch of the adventures on which I founded the story.

Among the guests was Mr. Tom Appleton, a brother of Mrs. Longfellow's, an excellent specimen of an American gentleman of fortune, who has seen the world. We soon found that we had many mutual acquaintance. He goes every year to Europe, and mixes with every class of society. I much admired him for the way in which, wherever he goes, he stands up for America and the Americans, and with his frank, hearty manner, puts down all opposition. A Mr. Greenough was there, an architect—a man of much talent. He is brother to the sculptor of that name, a man of great merit. Another brother, fully his equal as a sculptor, was lost to his country by death.

The drawing-room was ornamented with numerous articles of *vertù*. Nothing could be more elegant and *recherché* than the repast. The poet desired to be remembered to many of his English friends, among others, to several mutual ones, Dudley Costello and his talented sister.

He does not advocate the adoption of the international copyright. With a high-minded liberality and pure love of fame, not very usual in the present day, he assured me that he is desirous to have his works reproduced in England in every form, and that he thinks, had publishers to pay for them, they would not be so extensively circulated as they are under present circumstances.

My friends were speaking of the extraordinary occasions on which people in the States go about begging, and the coolness with which they beg for all sorts