

winter day. Being too tired to go to any place of public amusement, we spend the evening in our room. I went down to supper, and found myself opposite to Boucicault and a wild baronet, Sir W—— D——. I introduced myself to the former, as we have many mutual friends, and he invited me to adjourn to his rooms. I frankly told him, I could not agree with his strictures on "The Times," or his account of the mode of life led by literary men of the present time in England, and that he must have been thinking of the contemporaries of Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith when he wrote his description: so we argued the point, he taking my remarks in very good part. He told me, that he had been very successful in New York, and was much disappointed at the small houses he had hitherto drawn in Boston. I explained, that Boston was too much accustomed to literary men to look upon them as lions, that there were lectures of some sort or other going forward every night, and that he really had not yet had time to make himself known. He has since married and gone on the stage in America, and I should think must make a very good actor. He proposed writing his travels through the States, and I hope he may do so, for his terse, graphic, and epigrammatic style will make them very amusing.

*Sunday, January 15th.*—A most exquisite day, clear, fresh, and sunny, the air perfectly exhilarating, though somewhat cool in the shade. At ten o'clock Mr. W—— kindly called to conduct us to St. Paul's church, which faces the Park. The interior was simple and elegant, and the service well and quietly performed by Dr. Vinton, considered one of the best preachers in the place; but his sermon partook too much of the elegant, fashionable style to please us; and, though clever and eloquent, it