

by America. There was a fine portrait of Colonel Perkins, the great patron of art. I was struck, also, by a picture representing a father and his dead son slain in battle.

In the afternoon we drove out to Cambridge, to call on Professors Longfellow and Agassiz, of Harvard University. We crossed an arm of the sea, by a long artificial causeway, to that portion of the suburb of Boston called Cambridge. Our first visit was to the poet. Passing the University Buildings on our right, which, surrounded by green lawns and trees, put me in mind of those on the banks of the Cam, we drove on to his garden-gate. A straight plank walk leads up across a lawn to the house, a large wooden edifice, one of the oldest in the State, and once the head-quarters of Washington. A verandah runs round it on the ground-floor, in which we saw a gentleman, with a cloak over his shoulders, pacing up and down. "That, I am sure, is the poet," said A. He saw us approaching, and by the time we reached the hall-door he had opened it, and stood stretching out his hand. Welcoming us cordially before even asking our name, he ushered us into a handsome drawing-room, when, still holding our letter of introduction and our card in his hand, he sent one of his two nice, active, slender boys to tell Mrs. Longfellow that an English lady and gentleman were come to call on her, and not till then did he retire to the window to look at our credentials, returning instantly to talk of the friend who had given them to us.

During the short interval we took a survey of the room. It was surrounded with very handsome, dark carved oak book-cases and cabinets, bronze statuettes and figures. There was a wide fireplace for wood, and green