

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANUARY 16th, *Monday*.—The day was somewhat raw and cold for America, but since we crossed the Atlantic, we have not encountered any of that damp, chilly weather, such as seems to penetrate to the very marrow in Old England. We were engaged to dine with Professor Longfellow at two o'clock. We had also a previous dinner engagement, at the Lawrences, but as we were unwilling to lose the pleasure of either of these parties, we had resolved to exert our gastronomic powers to the utmost, and had accepted both.

At an early hour we drove out to Cambridge, intending to call on Professor Agassiz, but only reached the poet's house in time for dinner. I had taken with me an American edition of a book of mine, called "Mark Seaworth," to give to his boys. On my presenting it, my vanity as an author was not a little gratified by his exclaiming, "Oh, we already have 'Peter the Whaler;,' my boys prefer it to any of their other books." Then calling to Mrs. Longfellow, he re-introduced me as "Peter the Whaler himself." Some of the other guests said they knew and liked the book, and the boys came up and