

we again visited the Athenæum, where I delivered a note to Mr. Fullsome, the librarian, given me by Mr. Prescott. He told me that the city corporation were about establishing a large public circulating library, much on the same plan as the London Institution or Mudie's. There are at first to be twenty or thirty copies of each work, and after some time, a copy or so only of them being retained, the rest are to be sold.

Harvard University has a large library, and arrangements have been made between the three libraries I have mentioned, that the more expensive works should only be purchased by one of them, each in turns taking its share, and thus, by exchanging catalogues, a student requiring a work will be tolerably certain of finding it at one or the other.

In the afternoon I called on Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, the chief booksellers and publishers in Boston. I had much conversation with Mr. Fields, a man, I was told, of great humour and wit, and a poet, though of a grave countenance. He informed me that, for the present he feared the International Copyright Law would not pass Congress, though he was assured that it would do so ultimately. A very powerful work has been published against the proposed law, and he considered that any attempts to refute the arguments it maintains would only exasperate its opponents, and probably defer the settlement of the question. He was very polite, and offered to aid me in any object I might have in the city. I bought a copy of Mrs. Howe's poetry, just published, and also one of my own books, "Mark Seaworth," which had been reprinted in the States, to give to one of Longfellow's boys.

The day was frosty and cold, very like an English