

circles of England's aristocracy. When he came to his own experiences he was most graphic and amusing; and having explained how before choosing his line he had considered how he could best make his own talents available in the world, he gave a pathetic and touching description of a friend, who with the highest capacity had attempted to grasp fame and fortune as a poet. The tale of his youthful aspirations, marriage, short career, and early death, could scarcely have failed to draw tears from the eyes of most of his hearers. It was the most delicate and perfect piece of acting imaginable, and redeemed what I considered the faults of some portions of his otherwise excellent lecture.

*Saturday, January 14th.*—At an early hour we drove over to South Boston, to visit the Deaf and Blind Asylum, under the management of Dr. Howe. We crossed the water, by an earthen causeway, to an island in which South Boston is situated. We stopped in front of a fine stone building, standing on the summit of a hill, with a high flight of steps leading up to the entrance-door. It is admirably situated for the health of its inmates, and from it there is a fine view of the city and its surrounding waters and islands. A blind boy opened the door, but he moved with so much freedom and rapidity, that I at first had no idea he was thus afflicted. I had a letter to Dr. Howe from a friend in England, and Mr. Prescott had also given me a note to him; but, greatly to our disappointment, we found that he and all the children had gone to Boston to attend the funeral service of Colonel Perkins, the great patron of the institution, who had a few days before been gathered to his fathers. Everybody in authority was away, so that we