

CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY 13th, *Friday*.—A magnificently bright day—a great contrast to yesterday. The air was fresh and pure, and though slightly frosty, to our feelings it was very warm. Our breakfasts, as were all our meals at the Rivière House, were luxurious, abundant, and admirably served.

Soon after breakfast Mr. Abbott Lawrence called on us.* He is a fine dignified old man, with a benignant countenance, a most genial manner, and tall and stout in figure—such, indeed, as I should paint one of the fathers of the Constitution; and I can fancy no man better fitted worthily to represent the great Republic at a Foreign Court. He has only lately returned from England, where he was for some time American Minister. He sat for more than half an hour, and gave his opinions freely on Eastern politics, observing that England is bound by every tie and interest to oppose Russia, and that all true-hearted Americans wish her success. He assured us that the great mass of honest Americans have a sincere affection and regard for England, and that, should she require aid, they would

* I much regret to have heard lately of his death.