

intelligence of the people, the look of the buildings, and the tone of Boston, which reminded me of Edinburgh. I do not mean to say that the two cities are alike, but still one constantly recalled the other.

Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Howe were at home when I reached their house, but the servant begged I would sit down till they returned, which I did. They welcomed me with all that kindness and frankness which we found so attractive in our American acquaintance. The Doctor, in his early days, went out from America to Greece to aid the Greek patriots against the Turks, and fought bravely for them. He told me, that he well knew David Urquhart, who was then a most noble gallant youth, a perfect young hero. His reminiscences of those days were very interesting. He gave me an account of Odessilus's revolt. The Greek chief and Trelawney took shelter in a cave, when young —, an Englishman, instigated by Fenton, who had followed them there, shot at Trelawney. Fenton was immediately cut down and killed by Trelawney's followers, but — was bound and kept alive. When, two days afterwards, Trelawney, who had been shot through the neck and fainted from loss of blood, recovered, he questioned —, and finding that he had been a mere tool in Fenton's hands, gave him his sword, and told him that he was at liberty. When young — joined the patriots, he was a fine handsome youth, full of high hopes and gallant aspirations, eager to distinguish himself, the only son of his mother. She, however, could scarcely have had the natural affection of a parent, for she made him an allowance of 300*l.* a-year to keep out of England. Some eight years afterwards, Dr. Howe, being in England, encountered the once handsome youth landing from a