

, a superb structure. It is a large edifice. My friend considered it the most worthy of

which overlooks a superb view from the top of Senators, and the city. Both halls were filled with members of the Senate, —sober, quiet men, the descendants of the founders. In the center stands a statue of George Washington, —a face, dignity, and majesty which he has not often seen in the graceful drapery of a statue with the State House. A cast taken from the original, by Beaudin, is in the institution. He might be destroyed, but the man lost. The general, and took it as a loss, but his air, and the statue is the hero of the statesman who tried to

which is in the heart of America may be devoted to her and genius as he

Parting from my agreeable and courteous companion, I returned to the Rivière House, where our early dinner prevented our seeing as much of the city as we wished to have done.

In the afternoon we went out to make some purchases; among them I bought, by Professor Longfellow's advice, old Cotton Mather's "*Magnalia Christi Americana*"; or, the Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first Planting in the year 1620, to that of 1698." It is a most quaint and amusing work, treating fully as much of secular as of ecclesiastical affairs. I got a clever satirical work called the "*Potiphar Papers*," very much after the style of Thackeray. I bought also an American Prayer-book, by which the heads of our Church might wisely, I think, revise our own.

I have not described Boston. To call it a quaint old city, would not do it justice. It is, I fancy, very unlike any other in the United States. There is a staid, dignified, comfortable, old-fashioned, conservative look about it, which no other possesses. From its order, sobriety, and respectability, it put us very much in mind of Edinburgh; though neither in its plan, situation, nor style of architecture, is it in any way like the Athens of the North; yet, as one recognises a likeness in the expression of two very dissimilar faces, so we agreed that the expression of the two cities was similar. We were always civilly treated wherever we went by all classes, in shops, in public conveyances, and in the streets, whenever we had to ask our way. But for my picture of Boston. Many of the houses are built of red brick, with full, well-conditioned bow-windows, which reminded us of those in an old English country town, such as the chief banker, or the mayor, or a flourishing solicitor, would