

Science, to the monument recently erected in honor of officers and soldiers who fell in the memorable Rebellion. It rises on your eye, as you approach, from the centre of a neat little square, laid out with walks, and bordered with trees. It is a granite structure, of plain design, surmounted by the figure of a guardsman on duty, robed in a heavy military cloak. Day and night, amid storm and sunshine, the poor fellow stands,—his musket resting beside him,—unchallenged and unrelieved. One Sabbath morning, not long ago, as soon as the good people hereabout were stirring, the unusual appearance of this taciturn patriot created some excitement. During the night a bevy of pale students, from over the way, scaled the monument, and rewarded the vigilant and bare-headed defender of their liberties with a superannuated beaver hat. Such benevolent inclination does the love of country beget in noble minds!

Near by is the old burying-ground, where the bones of some of the primitive colonists are lying. I lingered there one misty morning, till, under the constraint of keen appetite, I was minded to withdraw. Contrary to the custom of graveyards, this ceases to fatten upon its food, and looks as if it were smitten by a curse—or the consumption. The venerable slabs, mostly of slate, that mark the sunken graves, seem in the last stages of dilapidation; and the figures graven superficially upon them look so solemnly grotesque, one cannot but wonder whether they were intended for consolation or amusement. A death's head and cross-bones better befit a pirate's flag than the sepulchre of a Christian, as they point rather to the earth beneath than to the heaven above. In this old burying-ground is to be found the name of President Holyoke, one of the aforesaid dignitaries of Harvard College.

But, reader, you will think me a long time getting to the "Square," so minute has been my consideration of wayside objects. We have, however, arrived at last, and must leave the car, which will carry us no farther. I might have taken another car up Brattle street if I had chosen to wait; but in the face of the sinking sun, and charmed with the quietude and beauty of everything around me, I preferred to walk.

As I was going past the University Press, I paused for further meditation. Reader, in the building that I have referred to (the blank windows of which seemed staring coldly upon me), I tried at that time to earn my bread—for, know you not, I am an