

It is composed of huge blocks of granite, a superb structure, worthy of the days of ancient Rome. It is a large square edifice, raised on massive arches. My friend considers it, as do I, one of the lions most worthy of inspection in Boston.

We next went to the State House, which overlooks the Park, and has a fine dome, with a superb view from its summit. We went into the Hall of Senators, and into that of the Lower House, then sitting. Both halls are handsome and commodious. The members of the Lower House were just then coming out,—sober, quiet men, such as I should expect to see the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. In the entrance-hall stands a statue of Washington, by Chantrey, full of grace, dignity, and expression; a work, I should think, he has not often surpassed. The military cloak forms a graceful drapery to the figure. I seldom have looked at a statue with more pleasure and satisfaction. From the State House we went to the Athenæum, to look at a cast taken from another statue of the hero at Washington, by Beaudin, and presented by Mr. Appleton to the institution. He had it made, he said, lest the original might be destroyed, and this valuable memorial of a great man lost. The artist came over to stay with the General, and took it from life, portraying not only his features, but his air, his dress, and attitude. Chantrey's statue is the hero idealized; Beaudin's, the man himself, the statesman who secured peace and prosperity to his country.

Our last visit was to Franklin's tomb, which is in a churchyard in the centre of the city. America may well be proud of producing a man who devoted to her service so large a share of patriotism and genius as he possessed.