

Colonel Perkins, Prescott, Abbott Lawrence, and other leading men. It is so far private that it is supported by private contributions, but has a large number of members belonging to it,—indeed, nearly all the more educated and wealthy people in the city. On the ground-floor is a statue-gallery, containing casts or copies of many of the first works of art to be found in Europe, such as the Apollo, Venus, Laocoon, with several original works of the highest merit by American artists. One, a boy struggling with an eagle, is very effective: it is by Greenough, whose brother we afterwards had the pleasure of meeting at Professor Longfellow's. Another, "The Drowned Mother," is painfully beautiful and true, while the conception and execution are equally original. She lies with womanly dignity, her left arm encircling her child, which has fallen somewhat behind her as death has relaxed her grasp. She has evidently retained her hold of the loved object to the last, and died just as the surf has washed her to the shore. There are numerous busts of Washington, Franklin, and other great men. One of Washington in the costume he ordinarily wore is very interesting. It is lifelike,—the man himself, though to the vulgar eye not the hero who stands in the State House. The staircase is handsome. On the first floor there is a fine and very extensive library, worthy of the most literary city of the Union. Members take the books to their own homes; and all applicants of good character desirous of studying are admitted to read in the rooms. On the second story is a picture-gallery. Among the finest pictures was a very large one of King Lear, by West, who, though an American by birth, can scarcely be called an American artist; and a very beautiful St. Sebastian, by an artist who may justly be claimed