

of the road, patched with zinc or tin and bearing an inscription, saying that it was the tree under which Gen. Washington had first assumed command of the American army. About twenty minutes ride further on and we reached our goal, Mount Auburn Cemetery. Over the massive archway the following new, but always true text is inscribed:—"Man is of dust and to dust he shall return."

We strolled through the grounds, which are artistically laid out in flower beds and which in this regard vie with anything seen in Horticultural Hall in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition. We only think of going, as the bells in some neighboring church chime out the twelve strokes reminding us that it is noon; we are all sorry to leave, as we had been there only about an hour and had not seen half the grounds. The Cemetery is very large and its tombstones, monuments and vaults are very imposing. We returned to the hotel by cars and on the way passed through Washington and Tremont streets, and had a fine side view of Boston Commons and of many noble edifices. After partaking of dinner the ladies retired, and the gentlemen separated and in parties of two and three took short walks in the neighborhood of the hotel. Mr. Leve, who had been absent looking after the excursionists who were to meet us in Boston, now returned and told us to make ready to start; at about 5.30 P. M. the hotel coach drove up, we entered and were driven rapidly to the wharf, where we embarked on the steamer "Forest City," for Portland, Me.

The peculiarities of the steamer of course were soon the subjects of discussion, and we contrasted it with the beautiful *Bristol* on which we had spent the preceding night. It was small for an Ocean steamer, had narrow cabins and a very perceptible smell of tar and pitch about it, and the passengers were crowded off the forward deck, in order to make room for six carriages;—we also carried quite a number of watermelons as freight. Punctually