

bridge and Mount Auburn, Washington stood, when he read to the troops his commission from Congress. Here, in Boston, the troops fired upon the people. There a citizen bolder than the rest denounced the authors of the wrong. There is an English cannon-ball still sticking in one of the walls, and there are some English elms which must have been planted in the early period of the colony.

Yet folks from the old country may console themselves with the idea that they were Englishmen who conquered, fighting in that cause always so dear to them, resistance to arbitrary taxation. Were they the less our brethren, and less deserving of our respect because they did that? For the unfortunate separation that ensued they were not to blame, but the parties who forced them to it.

Crossing by a bridge an arm of the sea we come to Charleston, which is, in fact, but a suburb of Boston, and on a small adjacent rise is built a tower of granite to commemorate the battle of Bunker Hill, which took place here. We ascended the tower by a winding staircase within, and found at the top two small pieces of cannon fixed against the wall, with an inscription, stating, that they were two of the only four which the colonists had in their possession when they began the struggle for their liberties.

Strange to say, the tower does not commemorate a victory, but a defeat. The entrenchments of the Americans were forced, and they were driven from the field. Yet, with the patient courage that distinguishes their race, they bore this and a succession of reverses afterwards, until by such bloody lessons they learnt how to