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OUR VISIT TO BOSTON.

The citizens of Boston preserve with much care all relics of the olden time and are much attached to the traditions of the past. All historical places and objects of Colonial and Revolutionary interest are jealously guarded, and they pride themselves upon their resemblance to an old English town. Fanuel Hall, Old South Church and other historical buildings are sacred in the eyes of every true Bostonian, and in their walls are carefully preserved many interesting relics. These ancient edifices look so quaint and peculiar, surrounded as they are by magnificent modern buildings, presenting a striking contrast between the old and the new. In the centre of the city are two old graveyards, as a stone's throw of each other. It seemed so strange to us these old graveyards, filled with time-stained tombstones and moss covered shrines, in the heart of a great city full of bustle and business. At the iron gate of one of these graveyards are two bronze tablets, on which are engraved the names of some of the distinguished dead buried therein, among whom are the parents of Benjamin Franklin and the victims of the Boston massacre. The handsomest portion of Boston is built on "made ground", and is called "Back Bay", and several citizens informed us that they, when boys, had often gone in swimming and skated where now are broad streets lined with costly buildings. We told them that we had plenty of land in North Carolina, on which to build, without having to haul dirt and encroach upon the water. It is another instance of nature yielding to Yankee energy and industry.

The fire department was an object of much interest and it seems truly wonderful to witness the perfectness of their system. Within ten seconds from the alarm the horses are hitched to an engine, the driver in his seat, the firemen at their posts and away they go dashing through the crowded streets. We were kindly shown at one of the engine houses the modus operandi when an alarm is sounded. Without any previous notice the officer in charge sounded the alarm, and in a twinkling the horses rushed from their stalls and stood at their places in front of the engine, the men came sliding down a pole from their room above, hitched the horses and were ready to start. The harness is suspended by ropes just over the tongue of the engine and is dropped upon the horses as soon as they rush to their places, and thus there is no delay in hitching up. Every man knows exactly what to do and is ready at a moment's notice. Only a portion of each company is on duty at a time, as of course no man could be in readiness all the time without some relaxation, and for the men not on duty there are provided pleasant modes of amusement, and comfortable quarters for all. The horses very quickly learn their duties and seem to understand as if they were human beings.

One of the pleasantest incidents of our visit to Boston was a delightful drive around the city and its suburbs. For this pleasure we were indebted to a committee of the city aldermen and common council, who in a long line of carriages took our entire party to see the sights. We started at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and rode until night, and such a ride it was! We rode several miles through the principal streets of the city, until the eye wearied in gazing upon so many handsome buildings, and then ascended Parker's Hill to view the city at a distance. This hill is about four miles from the State House, and from its summit a most extended view is obtained. It was a scene never to be forgotten. There, stretched out before us, was the city with its countless buildings all apparently crowded together as if there were no streets, and away in the distance was the blue waters of the bay dotted with the white winged messengers of commerce, all presenting a panoramic view seldom seen. We gazed in rapt admiration and thought that this one view was worth a visit to Boston. From this place we drove to a charming and picturesque resort perched in a beautiful grove on the hill side and very appropriately called "Hill side House", where the party were all refreshed with creature comforts. The drive then extended through Brookline, probably the most beautiful of all Boston's suburbs, and abounding with handsome residences surrounded with picturesque parks and lawns. Brookline is not within the corporate limits of Boston, but has its own town government, being the only one of the towns adjacent to Boston that, at an election held a few years ago, voted to grant liquor licenses. Leaving this pleasant suburb we passed through the corporate limits of Roxbury and Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Cambridge, Charlestown and other towns that voted for annexation, so that the population of Boston now numbers nearly four hundred thousand. From Brookline we drove out to the reservoirs which contain the water that supplies Boston, and thence on through Cambridge, passing the late residence of Longfellow, and the old elm tree under which Washington assumed command of the American army, July 5th, 1775. Thence we visited the celebrated Harvard College, whose numerous and costly buildings were much admired, especially Memorial Hall the most imposing of them all. Upon entering this building we beheld on each side marble tablets giving the name of the alumni of the college who were killed in the late war, together with the dates and names of the battles where and where they were killed. We noticed that seven were killed at Appomattox in this State. (Was just there a world of mischief that we saw numerous monuments and memorials erected in honor of dead Union soldiers. Everywhere might be seen these tributes of respect to the memory of the federal dead, and we sighed to think that so many of our dead heroes had no graves and there was nothing to preserve their names or deeds.) In this building (Memorial Hall) is a handsomely furnished theatre, and also a large dining room that would seat probably fifteen hundred persons, and whose walls were adorned with numerous portraits of professors and other distinguished literary men.

The last object visited on this memorable ride was the celebrated Bunker Hill monument, for a visit to Boston would be incomplete without seeing this Mecca of New England pilgrims. As every school boy knows this monument was erected to commemorate the battle that was fought there on the 17th of June, 1775, and it is a noble shaft to the memory of the patriots who there fought and bled. The monument is 221 feet high, about 30 feet square at its base and 15 feet square at its top. We did not have time to climb the 295 steps which led to the top, but we did not fail to climb the hill and view the surrounding country. We had a fine view of Boston and its environs, and we could easily see why it was a place so easily fortified at the commencement of the war. We could see Charlestown, Bunker Hill, Cambridge, Roxbury, Brookline, Dorchester, East Boston, Chelsea, Malden, Mystic River, Boston Harbor, and the ocean beyond, with the numerous islands in the harbor, and the city proper with its 400 miles of streets, and its population of 400,000 souls, all spread out like a map before us. We could