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PADERBORN

Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

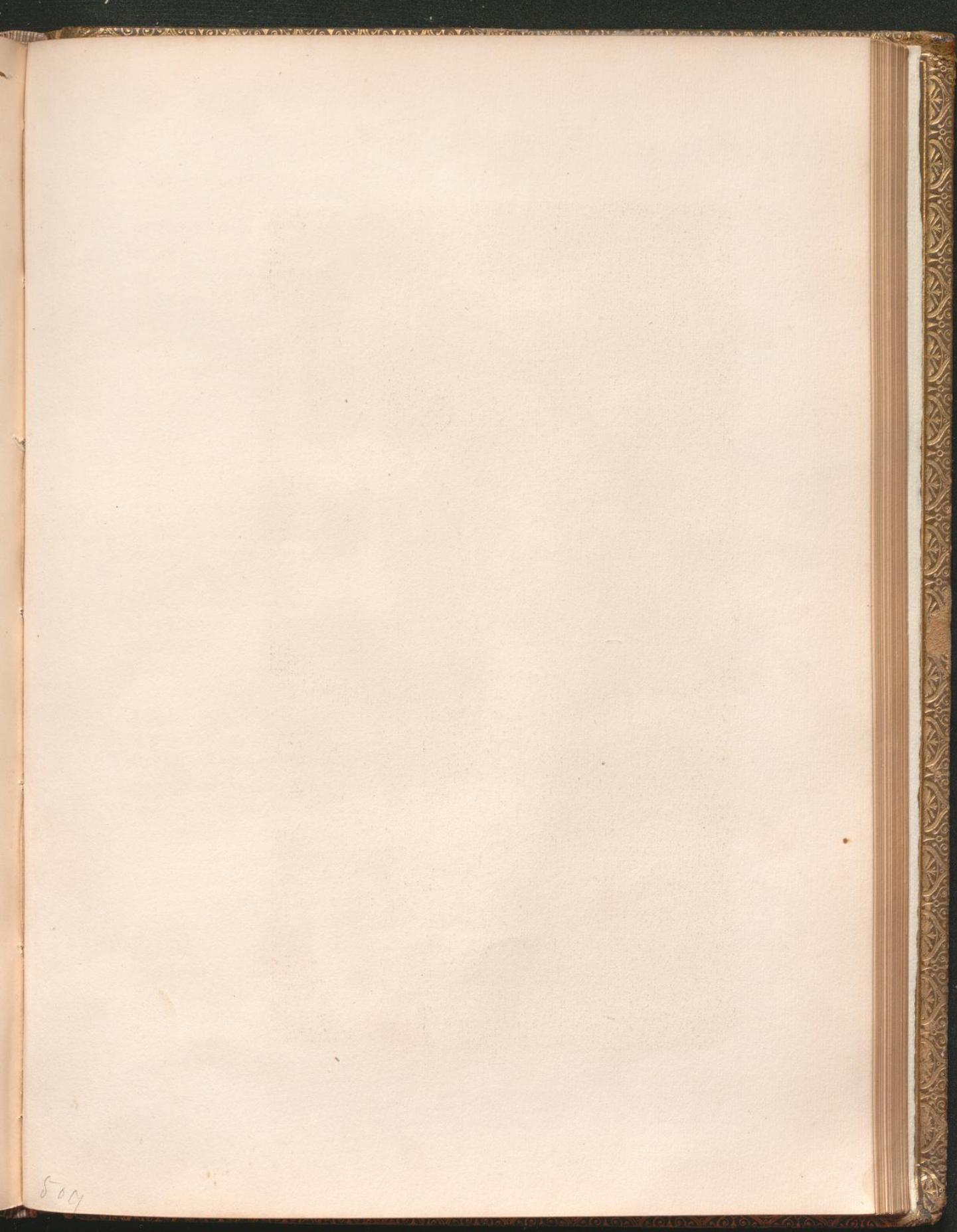
a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1872

Indian Rock, Narragansett.

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University of Michigan

Engraving by W. H. Worrell
from a drawing by Wm. H. Jackson.

Smithsonian Institution

Indian Rock.

MARQUARDT'S LTD.

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

But, after all, the great feature of the place is the process of evolution which Rhode-Islanders are proud, and expect to be connecting New Haven Bay to the Narragansett, with whom it intermixes. The ordinary process of evolution is as follows: A fire of wood is built in the chimney upon a layer of large stones, and in a circular form; and, when they have sufficiently heated, the stones are all swept off, and a quantity of coals are then scattered upon the ashes, which are immediately covered with a thin layer of sand, and this by the successive cooling effect of the process, forms a brick. In due time the brick is removed and the flueing broken, and the stones of chisel and hammer. At Rocky Point during every winter, and especially in winter, iron is collected from the neighboring shores, so numerous are the wrecks which seem to be sent here for the many shell-fish to stalk upon.

Passing down the coast, we find ourselves overlooking the open sea upon Narragansett Pier, where the waves are at their full force and fury. A fort can be reached in an instant from the pier, or more of space than we from which the region back is visible, and of which may be seen in the picture, was erected a few years ago, of a single row of heavy blocks of granite, clamped together with iron rods. The fort is built inside a small fortification where vessels might lie and discharge their broadsides, and the danger of being disengaged by the winds and waves. It was recently struck by a massive pile of rock, enough to defy the power of man, and yet the heavy mass cast it a blow from which it never recovered, and sank, and has since torn away the iron chains and tumbled the huge stone into the ocean.

Until a comparatively recent date, there were no houses, and occupied only by a fisherman's house, but now there are about a dozen houses, and some of them soldiers may be seen, on a white sand beach, overlooking the beach that was once so wild and solitary, and not freed from debris, nor the destroyed houses, have been removed along the shore, sometimes leaving a long, low, flat, or vast dimensions. People have in parts of the Union been known to come here to break the surf, the surf crashing and plunging in the waves, and the spray flying over them, as they pass upon the high, perpendicular rocks that line the shore, and as far as the eye can see, the smooth, hard beds where the bathing is done. There are no trees on land, or our eyes so rich and varied in their coloring as these—beads of the blue there and dashed on rocks at all points, and the American shore until you reach the bay of Pugget, "Temper Rock," of which we give a view on steel, from which the name is derived, is said from an old tradition, which declares these to be the remains of Indian spear points in which the waves had never been able to wash away the sharp points, as many other absurd legends.

