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, 1874

Valley Of The Conneticut.

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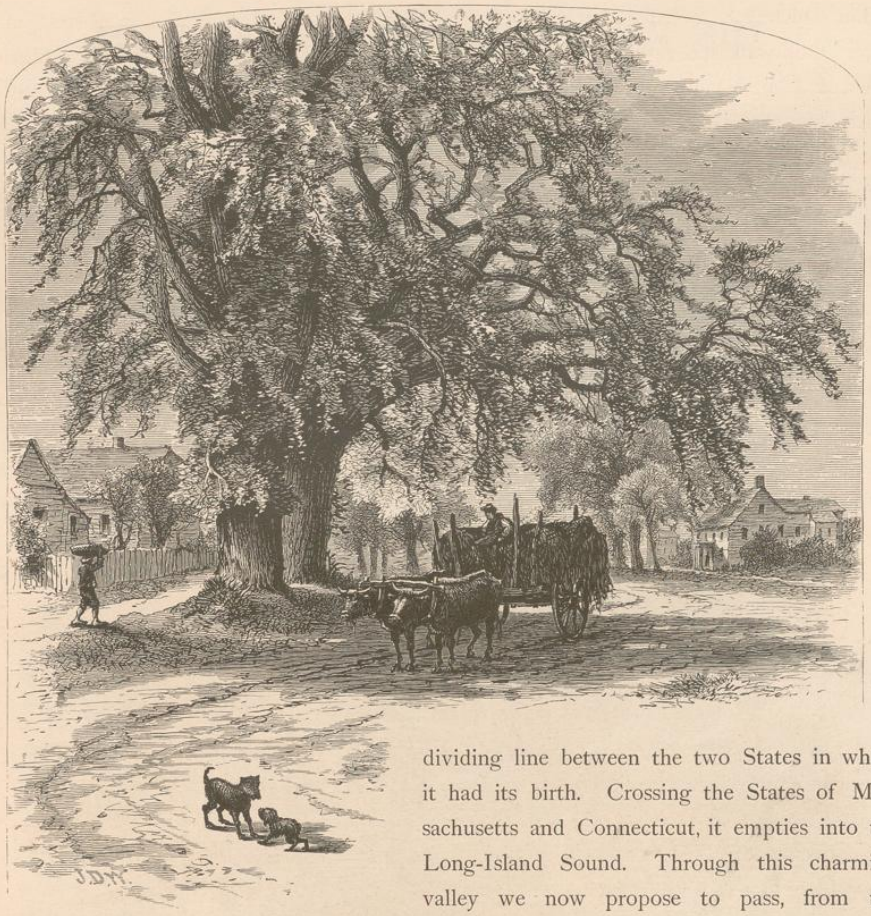
THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. DOUGLAS WOODWARD.

THE charms of the beautiful valley of the Connecticut have so often been described that all persons of intelligence in this country must have some knowledge of them. Among the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont the queen of our New-England rivers takes its rise. Flowing in a nearly southerly direction for four hundred miles, it forms the



Saybrook.

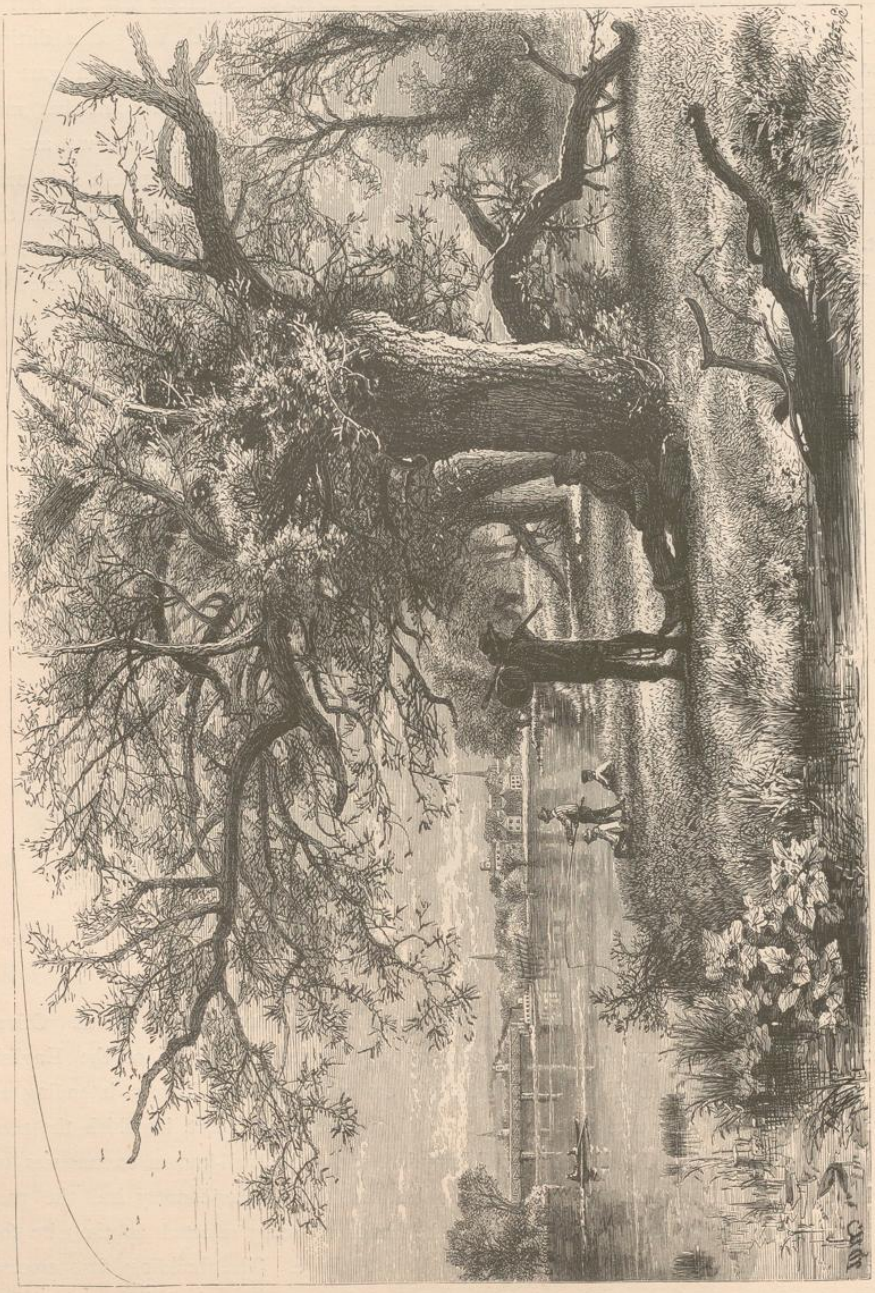
dividing line between the two States in which it had its birth. Crossing the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, it empties into the Long-Island Sound. Through this charming valley we now propose to pass, from the mouth of the river to its northern head, near Canada, our artist meanwhile giving us sketches of some of the leading points of interest, and making us acquainted with the rare beauty of its exceedingly varied and picturesque scenery.

Leaving the cars at the junction of the Shore Line Railway with that of the Connecticut River, if we are good pedestrians we shall not fail to walk the entire length of the broad street on which have been built most of the houses of the ancient town of Saybrook. Although the distance to Saybrook Point—the terminus of the railroad at the mouth of the Connecticut—is not far from two miles, we shall not find our walk a wearisome one. The venerable elms beneath which we pass will remind us of the olden times, and there will be enough of the antique meeting our eye to carry us back to the times when Lord Say and Seal and Lord Brook, in the unsettled period of the rèign of Charles I., procured from Robert, Earl of Warwick, a patent of a large tract of land,

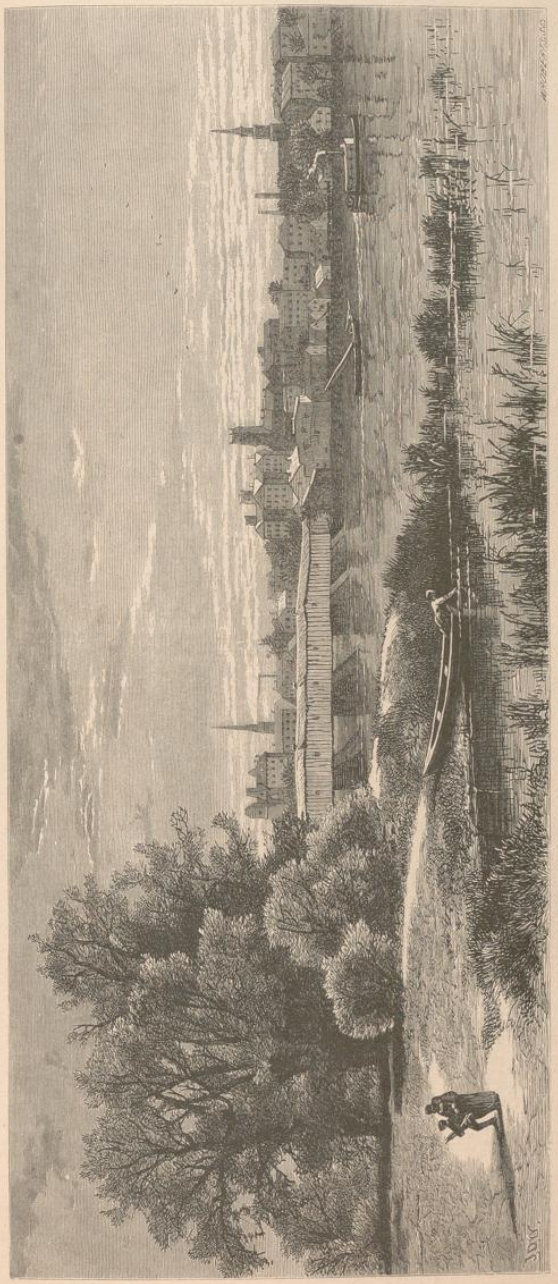
within which was included the territory on which the town of Saybrook was laid out in 1635. Our walk has brought us to a gentle rise of land, from which we get a distinct view of Long-Island Sound. On our right is a cemetery, through the iron gate of which we pass, and come almost immediately to a very ancient and somewhat rude monument. We read the simple inscription—"Lady Fenwick, 1648;" and we are informed that she was Lady Anne Botler, or Butler, the daughter of an English nobleman, and the wife of General Fenwick, the commandant of the fort erected not far from this spot. Another item of historic interest also comes to our notice. The place where we are now standing was laid out in those early days with great care, as it was expected to

Mouth of Park River.

become the residence of eminent men, and the centre of great business and wealth. Oliver Cromwell, with a company of men who, subsequently, during the period of the English Commonwealth, became so distinguished, actually embarked in the Thames, intending to settle in Saybrook. A square was laid out a little west from the fort, in which the plan was to erect houses for Cromwell, Pym, Hampden, and other well-known commoners of England. What different fortunes might have befallen the mother-country had the project been carried out! Saybrook Point had the honor of being selected as the site for the collegiate school which afterward became Yale College. The building first erected must have borne some resemblance to a rope-walk, being one story in height and eighty feet in length.



THE CONNECTICUT, ABOVE MIDDLETOWN.



Hartford, from East Side of the River.

Leaving Saybrook — a place around which cluster so many venerable associations—we begin our ascent of the river. We soon pass through scenes which remind us, on a diminished scale, of the Highlands of the Hudson River. A sail of thirty miles brings us to one of the most beautiful places on the river — Middletown — a partial view of which our artist has given us, the sketch having been taken above the city. As the writer was walking up from the river to the McDonough House, he had for his companion Professor S——, of the Wesleyan University. On remarking to him that it was his practice while travelling in Europe to seek some elevated spot from which to get a bird's-eye view of the places he visited, allusion having been especially made to the view of Athens obtained from Lycabettus, the professor replied that nowhere abroad had he seen any thing more beautiful than Middletown and its surroundings from some high spot in the western section of the city. As we stood on the top of Judd Hall, one of the buildings of the

Wesleyan University, and let the eye range over the widely-extended scene, we could heartily respond in the affirmative to this remark. The city itself presents a most attractive appearance, with its streets of generous width, adorned with shade-trees and many elegant mansions and public buildings. The Methodists have here one of their earliest and most flourishing seats of learning in the country, founded in 1831. Its oldest buildings were originally built for the American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy, under the care of Captain Partridge. This institution not meeting with the success which its projectors had anticipated, it was purchased by the Methodists, and, under the care of that denomination, is taking high rank among the best colleges of the land. Some of its buildings, especially the Memorial Hall and Judd Hall, are among the finest of their kind in the country.

Opposite Middletown are the famous freestone quarries, from which some of the most stately and costly buildings in New York and other cities have been erected. According to tradition, the rocks at the northern and principal opening originally hung shelving over the river. They were used for building-material not long after the settlement of Middletown. A meeting was held in that town in 1665, at which a resolution was passed that no one should dig or raise stones at the rocks on the east side of the river but an inhabitant of Middletown, and that twelve pence should be paid to the town for every ton of stones taken. Now the Connecticut freestone is as famous as the ancient Pentelic marble from the quarries near Athens.

The level tracts north of Middletown will not be overlooked by the tourist. These meadow-lands, which are found all along the Connecticut, are exceedingly fertile; and some of the finest farms in the New-England States have been formed out of this soil of exceeding richness. It was these meadow-lands that attracted the attention of the early settlers of the State, and brought to Connecticut some of the best blood of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies. Above Middletown, a few miles, is Wethersfield, claimed by some to be the oldest settlement in the Commonwealth. Among those early comers to the lowlands of Connecticut there was one woman, who had a good share of spirit, and, we judge, no small amount of humor, in her composition. It is related that, when the settlers arrived at the place where they were to land, some controversy arose who should first set foot on the shore. While the men were contending with each other for this privilege, good Mrs. Barber, taking advantage of the contention, dexterously sprang forward, and, reaching the shore, had the honor of first treading on the soil. Wethersfield is a venerable, staid old place, long celebrated for a specialty to which its inhabitants have directed their attention—the cultivation of the onion. It is also the seat of the State-prison, which, if we mistake not, the authorities of Connecticut, with their traditional skill in turning an honest penny from all enterprises in which they embark, have made a source of no little income to the State.

We are now approaching one of the most charming cities in our country—the city

HARTFORD, FROM COLT'S FACTORY.

of Hartford. The scenery all about it is of a very picturesque character. Its banks are among the most beautiful levels on the river, and indicate at a single glance that they

Stone Bridge, Hartford.

must be a mine of agricultural wealth to the cultivators of the soil. The original name of the place did not carry with it the euphony which usually characterizes the old In-

Terrace Hill, City Park, Hartford.

dian names, it being called Suckiaug. The story of the hardships of its early settlers is a familiar one. Dr. Trumbull tells us that, "about the beginning of June, 1635, Mr

Hooker, Mr. Stone, and about one hundred men, women, and children, took their departure from Cambridge, and travelled more than a hundred miles through a hideous and trackless wilderness to Hartford. They had no guide but their compass, and made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets, and rivers, which were not passable but with great difficulty. They had no cover but the heavens, nor any lodgings but those

Main-Street Bridge, Hartford

that simple nature afforded them. They drove with them a hundred and sixty head of cattle, and by the way subsisted on the milk of their cows. Mrs. Hooker was borne through the wilderness upon a litter. The people carried their packs, arms, and some utensils. They were nearly a fortnight on their journey. This adventure was the more remarkable, as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England in honor, affluence, and delicacy, and were entire strangers to fatigue and danger." It

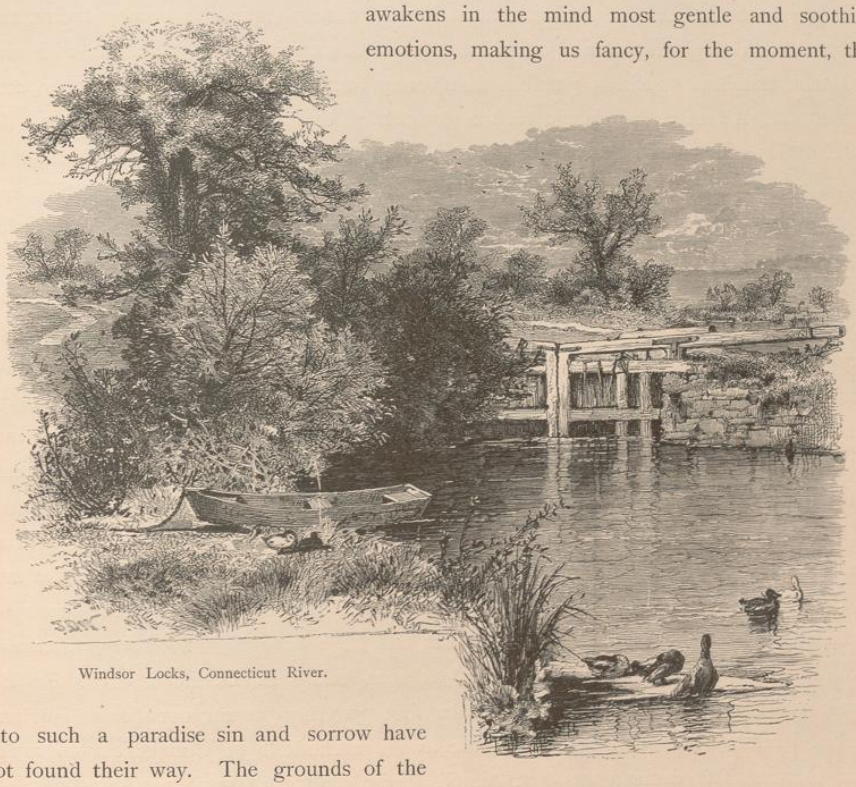
does not fall within our design to follow the fortunes of these adventurers. It is out of our power to comprehend the difficulties which they encountered. Among their severest trials was the constant dread in which for years they lived of the attacks of the savages, by whom they were surrounded, who, with ill-concealed chagrin, saw the rich possessions over which, without let or hinderance they had been wont to roam, slipping out of their hands, and the white men becoming the lords of the soil.

The city of Hartford, in our judgment, contrasts favorably with the many places in our country which, if looked down upon by an observer a few hundred feet in the air, look like a checker-board. The very irregularity of its laying-out adds to its charms. It is divided at the south part by Mill or Little River, two bridges across which are seen in the accompanying sketches. We present also a sketch of Terrace Hill, in the City Park, one of the most beautiful spots in the city. Just back of the fine old trees which occupy the centre of the picture are the buildings of Trinity College, an Episcopal institution, which has done good service in the cause of sound learning. On the grounds is a noble statue of Bishop Brownell, in which he is represented in full sacerdotal robes, looking benignantly over the scene on which his eye is supposed to rest. The buildings of Trinity College are soon to be removed to make way for the erection of the Capitol of the State of Connecticut, which bids fair to be one of the most costly and elegant structures of its kind in the country.

Hartford is celebrated as being the seat of some of the best charitable institutions in the United States. Prominent among these are the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Retreat for the Insane. The first of these institutions was founded by an association of gentlemen in 1815. It owes its origin to a distinguished clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Cogswell, the father of a beautiful child who lost her hearing at the age of two years, and not long after her speech. Wishing to educate this daughter, and in his deep sympathy including other young persons alike unfortunate, it was arranged that the late Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D., should visit Europe, and in the institutions for the deaf and dumb in the old country gain all the information he might need for successfully establishing a similar institution in the United States. On his return he was accompanied by Mr. Laurent Clerc, himself a deaf-mute, who, under the celebrated Abbé Sicard, had been a successful teacher for several years in Paris. Under the joint supervision of Messrs. Gallaudet and Le Clerc, the institution soon won its way to popular favor. The number of its pupils increased rapidly, all parts of the country being represented among them. So successfully did the cause of its unfortunate inmates appeal to the public benevolence that Congress granted to the asylum a township of land in Alabama, the proceeds of the sale of which were invested in a permanent fund.

Half a mile, in a southwesterly direction from the centre of the city, on a most sightly spot, is the Retreat for the Insane. Its founders showed their good taste in selecting this place for an institution which, of all others, should be so situated as to

secure for its inmates every thing that can charm and soothe a disordered mind. From the top of the building the eye ranges over a scene of rare beauty. In the immediate vicinity is the city of Hartford, with its public buildings, its elegant mansions, and its numerous manufactories, representing the industry and thrift of a busy town. The view of the Connecticut Valley in both directions, north and south, is very extensive, and embraces some of the choicest scenery on the river. Looking west, we see numerous villages, in which are found forest-trees and orchards, beneath whose grateful shade nestle cottages and farm-houses, the very sight of which awakens in the mind most gentle and soothing emotions, making us fancy, for the moment, that

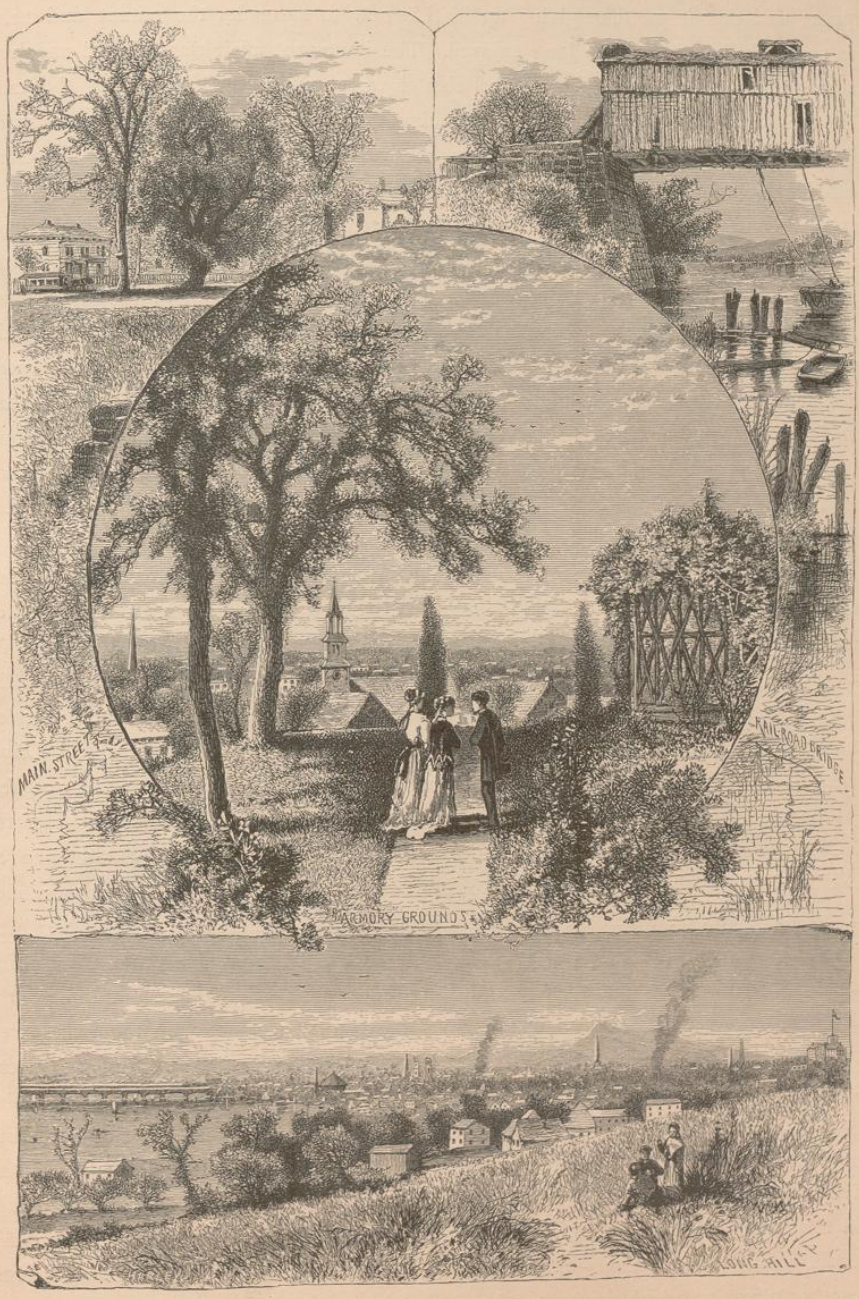


Windsor Locks, Connecticut River.

into such a paradise sin and sorrow have not found their way. The grounds of the Retreat have been laid out in excellent taste. Some twenty acres furnish the most ample facilities for delightful walks and rides; while the old trees, standing either singly or in clusters, invite to quiet repose those whose diseased intellects and wayward imaginations may find rest amid such peaceful scenes. How many morbid fancies, how many strange hallucinations have been put to flight amid these scenes; how changed have been views of life and duty, which have made the world both dreary and desolate, and robbed many a soul of its peace! Let any one with nerves shattered by excessive brain-work, and weary with

the daily and constant toils of life, walk through the neat, airy halls of the Retreat, or wander over its beautiful grounds, and breathe the invigorating airs which come from the neighboring hills, and he will at once feel a kindly influence pervading his whole being, and filling him with profound gratitude that Christian benevolence has here put forth her best efforts to alleviate the sorrows of humanity. "The general system of moral treatment at this institution is to allow the patients all the liberty and indulgences consistent with their own safety and that of others; to cherish in them the sentiment of self-respect; to excite an ambition for the good-will and respect of others; to draw out the latent sparks of natural and social affection; and to occupy their attention with such employments and amusements as shall exercise their judgment, and withdraw their minds as much as possible from every former scene and every former companion, and give an entire change to the current of their recollections and ideas. By pursuing this course, together with a judicious system of medication, many of these once miserable beings, cut off from all the 'linked sweetness' of conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal enjoyment, are now restored to the blessings of health, to the felicities of affection, and to the capacity of performing the relative duties of domestic and social life."

Any allusion to Hartford without reference to the famous "Charter Oak" would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the character of *Hamlet* left out. Although the story is a familiar one to the people of Connecticut, we do not lose sight of the circumstance that we are writing these sketches for hundreds and thousands in our own country, and in other lands, who have not so much as heard that there was a "Charter Oak." This famous tree, now no longer standing, occupied an eminence rising above the south meadows, not far from the ancient mansion of the Wyllys family. Like the great elm on Boston Common, its age is unknown, the first settlers of Hartford finding it standing in the maturity of its growth. Some idea of its great size may be formed when we are told that it was nearly seven feet in diameter. The cavity in which the charter was hid was near the roots, and large enough, if necessary, to conceal a child. The story of the "Charter Oak" is soon told. In December, 1686, Sir Edmund Andros, who had been appointed the first governor-general over New England, reached Boston, from which place he wrote to the authorities of Connecticut to resign their charter. The demand was not complied with. "The Assembly met as usual in October, and the government continued according to charter until the last of the month. About this time Sir Edmund, with his suite and more than sixty regular troops, came to Hartford, where the Assembly were sitting, and demanded the charter, and declared the government under it to be dissolved. The Assembly were extremely reluctant and slow with respect to any resolve to bring it forth. The tradition is that Governor Treat strongly represented the great expense and hardships of the colonists in planting the country; the blood and treasure which they had expended in defending it, both against the savages and foreigners; to what hardships he himself had been exposed for that

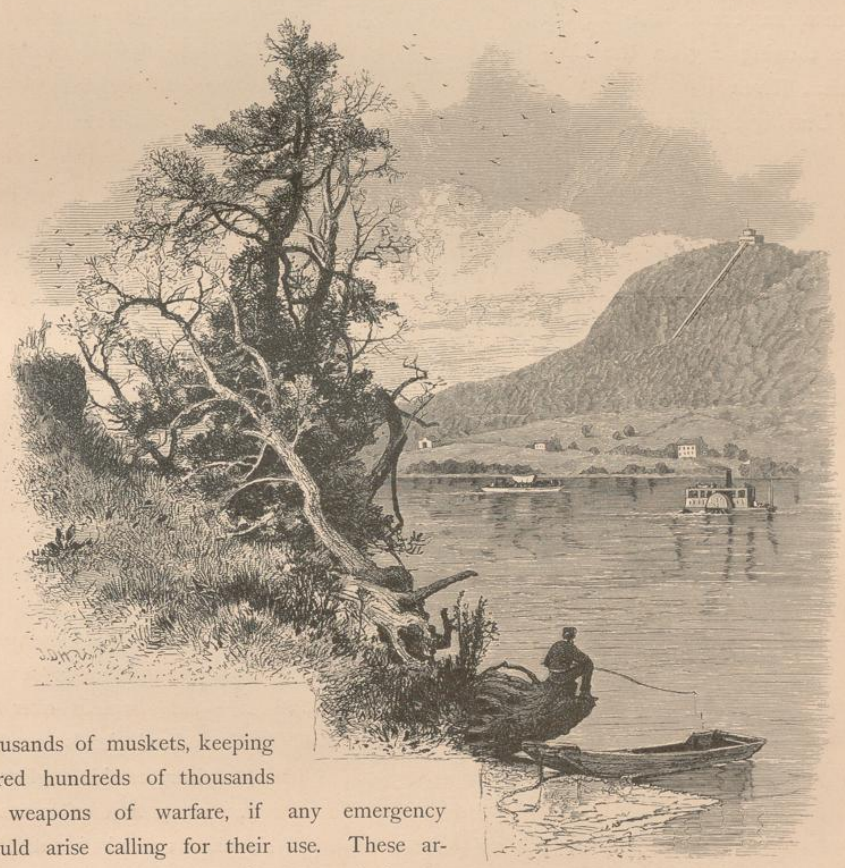


SCENES AT SPRINGFIELD.

purpose; and that it was like giving up his life now to surrender the patent and privileges so dearly bought and so long enjoyed. The important affair was debated and kept in suspense until the evening, when the charter was brought and laid upon the table where the Assembly were sitting. By this time great numbers of people were assembled, and men sufficiently bold to enterprise whatever might be necessary or expedient. The lights were instantly extinguished, and one Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, in the most silent and secret manner carried off the charter, and secreted it in a large hollow tree fronting the house of Hon. Samuel Wyllys, then one of the magistrates of the colony. The people all appeared peaceable and orderly. The candles were officiously relighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or of the person who carried it away." The "Charter Oak" was cherished as an object of veneration and affection by the inhabitants of Hartford for several generations. A few years since, in 1856, weakened by age and decay, it fell before the blasts of a severe storm. It lives now only in the memory of a generation which in a few years will, like their fathers, have passed off the stage. It would be easy to extend this sketch of Hartford indefinitely; but we are warned that we must pass on to other scenes.

As we journey on up the valley of the Connecticut, we do not lose our impression of the wonderful beauty of the extensive meadows, and the indescribable charms of the neighboring and overshadowing hills. Had we time we would be glad to linger for a few hours in the ancient town of Windsor, settled as early as thirteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the birthplace of those distinguished men so much honored in the times in which they lived—Governor Roger Wolcott and Oliver Ellsworth, LL. D., Chief-Justice of the United States. We must pause for a few moments at Springfield, one of the busiest, most thriving of all the interior cities of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Let us ascend the cupola which crowns one of the United States buildings, on Arsenal Hill, and survey the scene, and acknowledge that the panorama on which the eye rests deserves all the commendation that has been given it. Rich alluvial meadows stretch far away in the distance along the river, rising gradually to quite an elevation, and terminating in a plain reaching several miles east. Lofty hills rear their heads in all directions, clothed in the summer with the richest verdure. Villages and farm-houses everywhere meet the eye, while the busy city is spread out like a map at our feet. An incessant noise from the rolling wheels of long trains of cars, converging toward or radiating from the spacious railroad station, falls upon our ear, while the smoke that ascends from the factories without number tells us of an activity which tasks the brain and the physical energies of many a skilful mechanic. And this is the Agawam of the olden times, when the wild Indian roamed over this splendid country, whose name—Springfield—was given to it as far back as 1640. It has, like other places to which we have referred, its history and its traditions of fearful sufferings and shocking outrages, when the savages made their attacks on its defenceless

inhabitants. The days of barbarous warfare have long since passed away; but the citizens are not allowed to sever themselves from all warlike associations, inasmuch as the United States has here erected one of the most extensive armories in the country. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, it is the largest arsenal of construction in the country, and has always employed a large force of men in the manufacture and repair of tens of

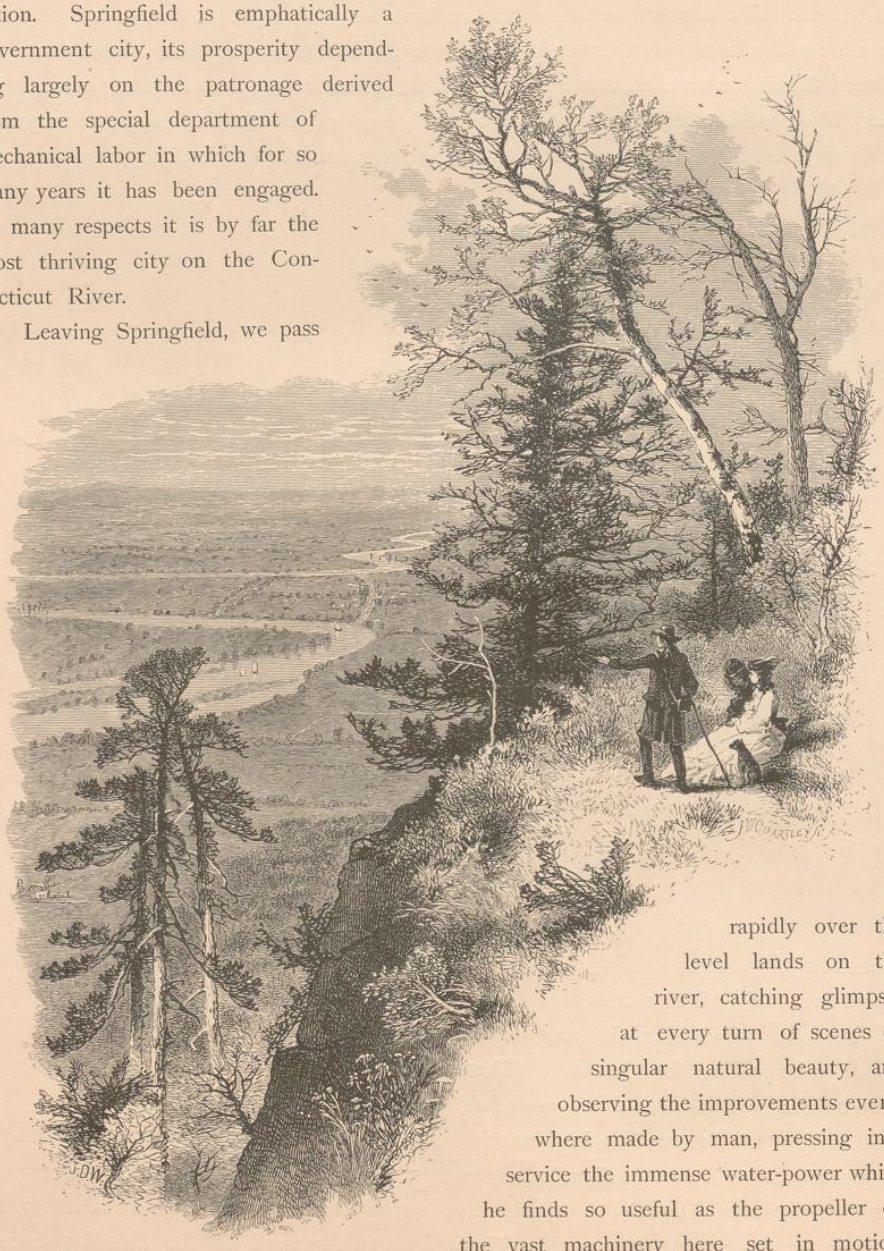


Mount Holyoke.

thousands of muskets, keeping stored hundreds of thousands of weapons of warfare, if any emergency should arise calling for their use. These arsenal-buildings have once been assaulted. In 1786, during the insurrection in Massachusetts, known as the "Shays Rebellion," a vigorous effort was put forth to get possession of the United States Arsenal. At the head of eleven hundred men, Shays marched toward it, intending to carry it by assault. The officer in command of the defensive force—General Shepard—warned the assailants of the danger to which they exposed themselves, but, his warnings not being heeded, he fired upon the attacking party, killing three of their number and wounding one, when the assailants fled in all haste from the scene of

action. Springfield is emphatically a government city, its prosperity depending largely on the patronage derived from the special department of mechanical labor in which for so many years it has been engaged. In many respects it is by far the most thriving city on the Connecticut River.

Leaving Springfield, we pass rapidly over the level lands on the river, catching glimpses at every turn of scenes of singular natural beauty, and observing the improvements everywhere made by man, pressing into service the immense water-power which he finds so useful as the propeller of the vast machinery here set in motion. Chicopee, and especially Holyoke, will not fail to attract the attention of the tourist, if, with his love of Nature, he combines an interest in works which give scope to human industry, and minister to the comfort



The Connecticut Valley from Mount Holyoke.

and add to the luxuries of life. The scenery along the river, if possible, grows more charming as we advance. The hills are nearer to the river, and begin to assume the name of mountains. We have reached Northampton, in all respects one of the most

The Oxbow—View from Mount Holyoke.

beautiful villages in this or in any other land, situated on the west side of the Connecticut, on rising ground, about a mile from the river, between which and the town lie some of the fairest meadow-lands in the world, covering an area of between three thousand and four thousand acres. Like Hartford, the town is somewhat irregularly laid out, deriving from this circumstance what to many eyes is a great charm—the charm of diversity. It abounds in shade-trees,

Mount Tom from Oxbow.

the venerable appearance of which gives evidence of their great age. Few places of its size can boast of a larger number of elegant mansions and villas. Many persons of intellectual culture and taste have made their homes here, amid the charming scenery of the place, that they may enjoy the many social and intellectual privileges which the village affords.

We will cross the river and take our stand by the side of the doubtless enthusiastic gentleman whom our artist has described as standing near the edge of a precipitous cliff on Mount Holyoke. The imagination can easily picture the exceeding beauty of the scene. The sketch shows to us the river winding through the meadow-lands, which, it needs no words to tell us, are of surpassing fertility. Changing our position, we are at the Mountain House, so distinctly seen in the next picture. Here we are, nearly a thousand feet above the plain below, spreading far away both north and south. From this elevated point let us look about us. We quote from one who writes enthusiastically of this lovely scenery: "On the west, and a little elevated above the general level, the eye turns with delight to the populous village of Northampton, exhibiting in its public edifices and private dwellings an unusual degree of neatness and elegance. A little more to the right, the quiet and substantial villages of Hadley and Hatfield; and still farther

east, and more distant, Amherst, with its college, observatory, cabinet, and academy, on a commanding eminence, form pleasant resting-places for the eye. Facing the south-west, the observer has before him, on the opposite side of the river, the ridge called Mount Tom, rising one or two hundred feet higher than Holyoke, and dividing the valley of the Connecticut longitudinally. The western branch of this valley is bounded on the west by the Hoosic range of mountains, which, as seen from Holyoke, rises ridge above ridge for more than twenty miles, checkered with cultivated fields and forests, and not unfrequently enlivened by villages and church-spires. In the northwest, Graylock may be seen peering above the Hoosic; and, still farther north, several of the Green Mountains, in Vermont, shoot up beyond the region of the clouds in imposing grandeur. A little to the south of west, the beautiful outline of Mount Everett is often visible. Nearer at hand, and in the valley of the Connecticut, the insulated Sugar-Loaf and Mount Toby present their fantastic outlines, while, far in the northeast, ascends in dim and misty grandeur the cloud-capped Monadnoc."

The artist has given us another view of the valley from a spot called Oxbow, from the peculiar conformation of a rock which resembles the bow of an ox. We have the same charming scene of meadow and winding river which we had in the other picture. From Oxbow, also, we have a view of Mount Tom, the twin-brother, if we may be permitted to call it, of Mount Holyoke—not as much visited as the latter, but well worth climbing, and not disappointing the highly-raised anticipations of the tourist. The

Mount Holyoke from Tom's Station.

village of South Hadley lies on the east side of Mount Tom. This place has almost a national reputation as being the seat of the famous Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

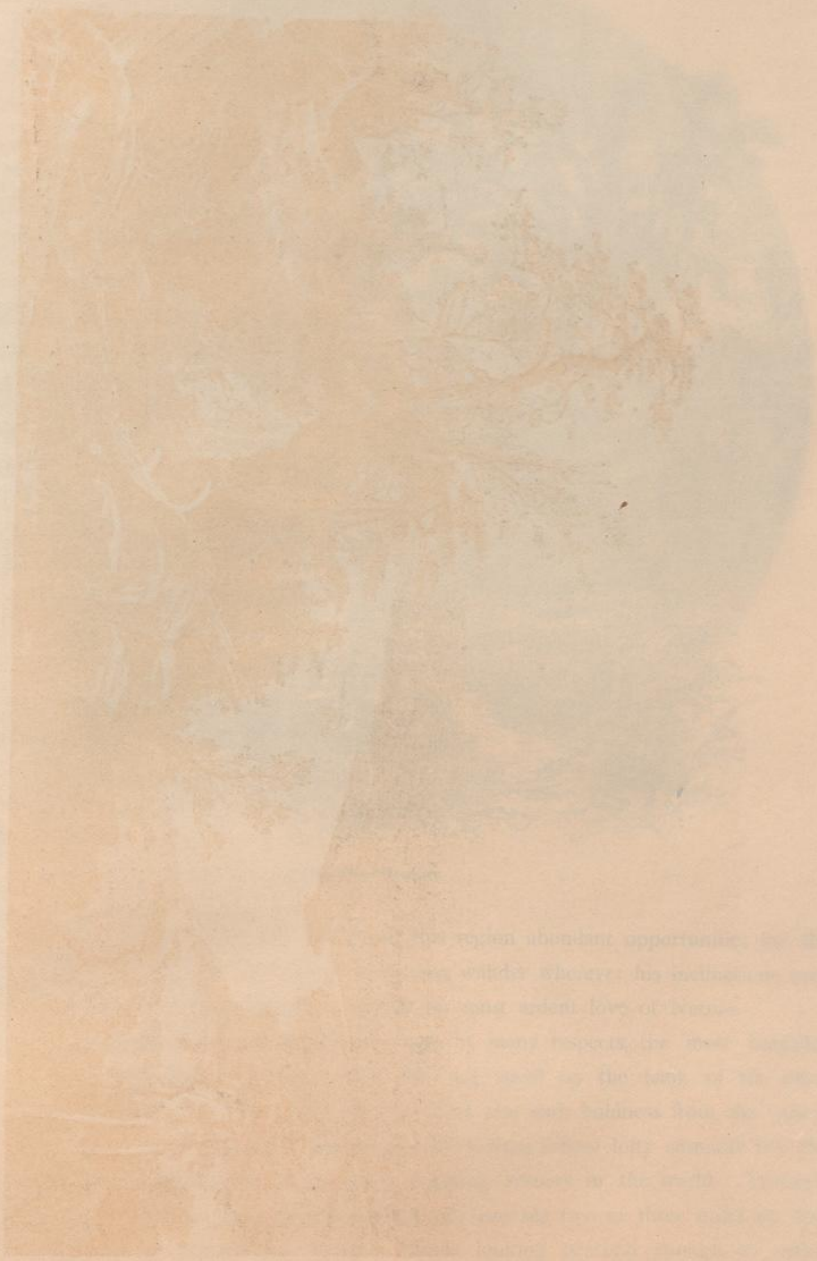
Titan's Pier, Mount Holyoke.

There are not a few spots in its neighborhood from which a spectator will get most picturesque views of the surrounding country. The other views which we have intro-

J. D. WOOLWARD. Entered according to Act of Congress, A.D. 1874, by D. Appleton & Co. in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington. S. V. HUNT.

Connecticut Valley, from Mount Tom.

New York, D. Appleton & Co.



Northampton Meadows.

duced will prove that an artist will find in all this region abundant opportunities for the exercise of his skill, and that the man of taste may wander wherever his inclinations may direct, and be sure of finding enough to gratify his most ardent love of Nature.

South Hadley bears off the palm of being, in many respects, the most beautiful village on the Connecticut. Let the tourist take his stand on the bank of the river, and look toward the northwest. Holyoke and Tom rise with boldness from the valley, standing on either side of the river like watch-towers, from whose lofty summits the observer may look out upon some of the most charming scenery in the world. Through the opening made between these twin-mountains one can see two or three miles up the river, in which will be noticed one or two islands, looking peaceful enough to make another paradise on earth. Scattered over the meadows are the fine old trees whose

summer shadows are so inviting, through whose foliage may be seen the more prominent buildings of Northampton. Directly above the town the Connecticut, changing somewhat its usual course, turns northwest. Making a bend to the south again, it moves on for a little distance, and then turns toward the east. In these winding movements, of nearly five miles in extent, it has enclosed, except on the eastern side, an interval of singular beauty, containing some three or four thousand acres. On the isthmus of this peninsula is the principal street of the village, not surpassed in loveliness by any street in the whole country. It is nearly level, is sixteen rods in breadth, and lined with trees, whose verdure in summer is rich beyond conception. South Hadley is famous as having been the residence of

Table-Rock, Sugar-Loaf Mountain.

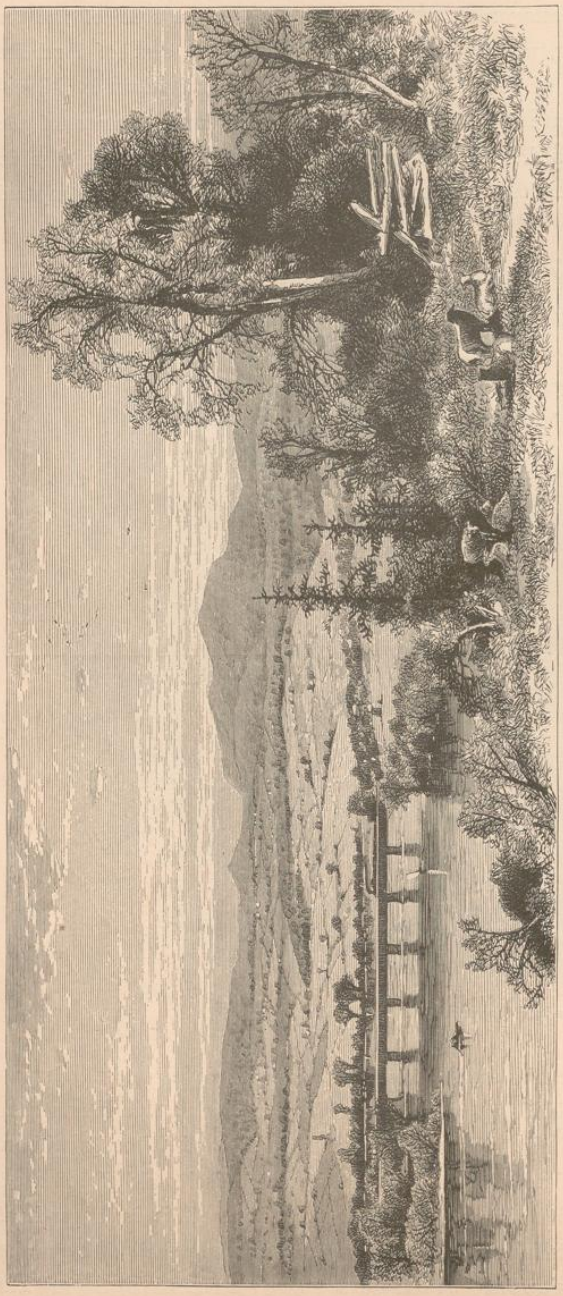
Whalley and Goffe, two of the regicides of Charles I., they having sat in the court which tried the monarch, and signed the warrant for his execution. They succeeded in escaping from England when their lives were in great peril, and, in 1664, they came to South Hadley. It is said that "when the house which they occupied was pulled down the bones of Whalley were found buried just without the cellar-wall, in a kind of tomb formed of masonwork, and covered with flags of hewn stone." Not long after the death of Whalley, his companion, Goffe, left Hadley, and spent the closing days of his life with a son of his companion in exile in Rhode Island.

We should be glad to linger about these delightful regions of the Connecticut Val-

ley. In no direction would it be possible for us to move without finding something most attractive to the eye, and pleasing to a cultivated taste. Thus, a ride of not far from seven miles east of the river, would bring us to Amherst, the seat of Amherst College, founded in 1821, and one of the most flourishing literary institutions in Massachusetts, many of whose officers have stood in the front rank of the educators of the United States. It may be questioned, indeed, if, in extent and variety of knowledge in the sciences of geology and mineralogy, any man in this country could be compared

Sugar-Loaf Mountain from Sunderland.

with Professor Hitchcock when he was at the height of his professional career. But we must resist the temptation which binds us to spots so full of attraction and interest, and move on our "winding way" up the river. We pass Hatfield and Whately, without special examination, for want of time. In the distance rises a conical peak of red sandstone, reaching an elevation of five hundred feet from the plain. This is Sugar-Loaf Mountain, in South Deerfield, of which we have two views from the pencil of our artist, and both of them will repay examination. Although seemingly inaccessible, Sugar-Loaf Mountain may be ascended without serious difficulty on foot; and the tourist will be



Connecticut Valley from Rocky Mountain, Greenfield.

amply rewarded for the fatigue of the ascent when he reaches the summit. At the foot of the mountain the attention of the observer will be arrested by a monument erected there to commemorate an event which took place in 1675. It was in the time of King Philip's War, when Captain Lathrop was enticed into an ambush by the Indians with a company of "eighty young men, the very flower of Essex County," and nearly all of them killed. This whole region was once the scene of frightful disaster, when the savages with relentless fury attacked the feeble settlements, and many fell victims to their arrows and tomahawks. Rising some seven hundred feet above the plain on which the village of Deerfield stands, is Deerfield Mountain. Standing on the western verge of this mountain, one gets charming views of the surrounding country. Deerfield River, after passing over a country fifty miles in extent, discharges its waters into the Connecticut, not far from the spot in which the observer stands. The meadows in this neighborhood are especially worthy of note, as

MOUNT CHESTERFIELD.

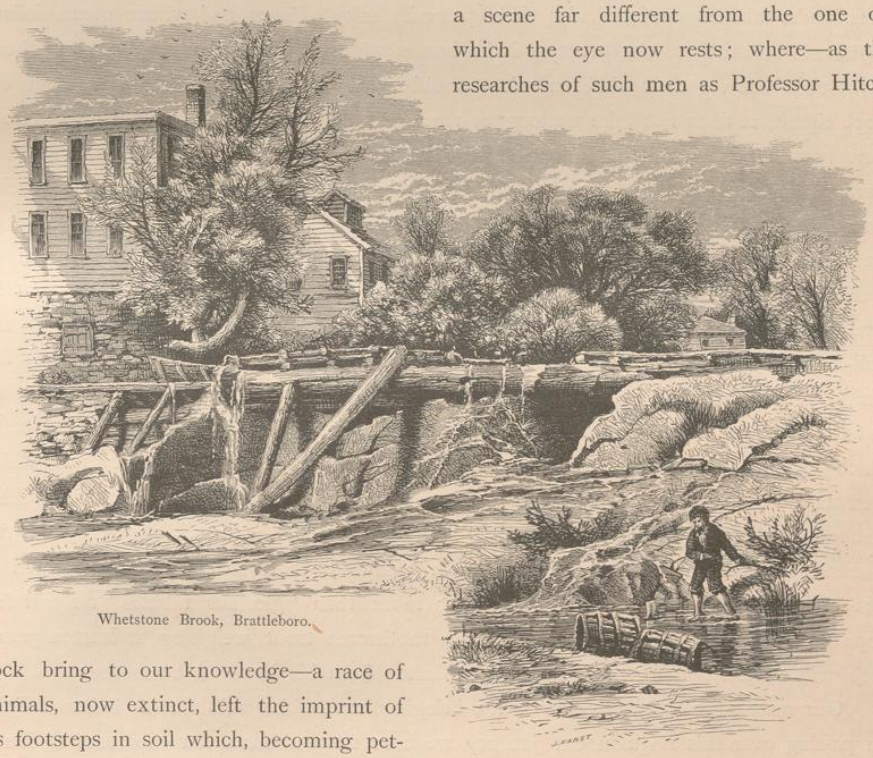
being among the most picturesque on the river. Other elevations, such as Mount Toby and Mount Warner, are worth ascending, and from their summits may be obtained views, each one of which will have some peculiar charm distinguishing it from all other views.

We have reached Greenfield, which combines the activity of a manufacturing with the quiet of a rural village of New England. The two rivers which pass through the place—Fall River and Green River—furnish an excellent water-power, which has not been suffered to lie unimproved. The beautiful elm-shaded streets, and the neat, and, in many cases, elegant and tasteful dwellings, give us an illustration of one of the better class of New-England villages. The artist has given us a sketch of the valley of the Connecti-

Brattleboro.

cut as seen from Rocky Mountain in Greenfield. What images of summer repose are awakened in the mind as we gaze upon the scene on which the eye rests! We cannot help thinking of the changes through which all this region has passed since the white man first set his foot here. We cease to wonder at the fierce struggles of the red-man, who saw himself driven out of a heritage so fair and beautiful, to exterminate a race of beings who had come hither from far across the waters to set up their new homes, and make this charming valley the scene of their industry, and gather here the reward of their toil. We see before us a region, the capabilities of which are far from having been fully developed, where future generations are to live from the products of its fertile soil

and its busy manufactures. A single glance at the "iron horse," dashing across the bridge which spans the Connecticut, sets in motion a train of thought as swift as the locomotive which drags behind itself the cars belonging to its train. How much has the railroad done—how much is it still to do in developing the resources of all this valley, opening a mart for its agricultural products, and the manufactories, whose wheels are run by the waters which flow down these descents! Looking back to an age lying far beyond that of the settlement of the white man, we come to a geological period when this whole country presented a scene far different from the one on which the eye now rests; where—as the researches of such men as Professor Hitch-



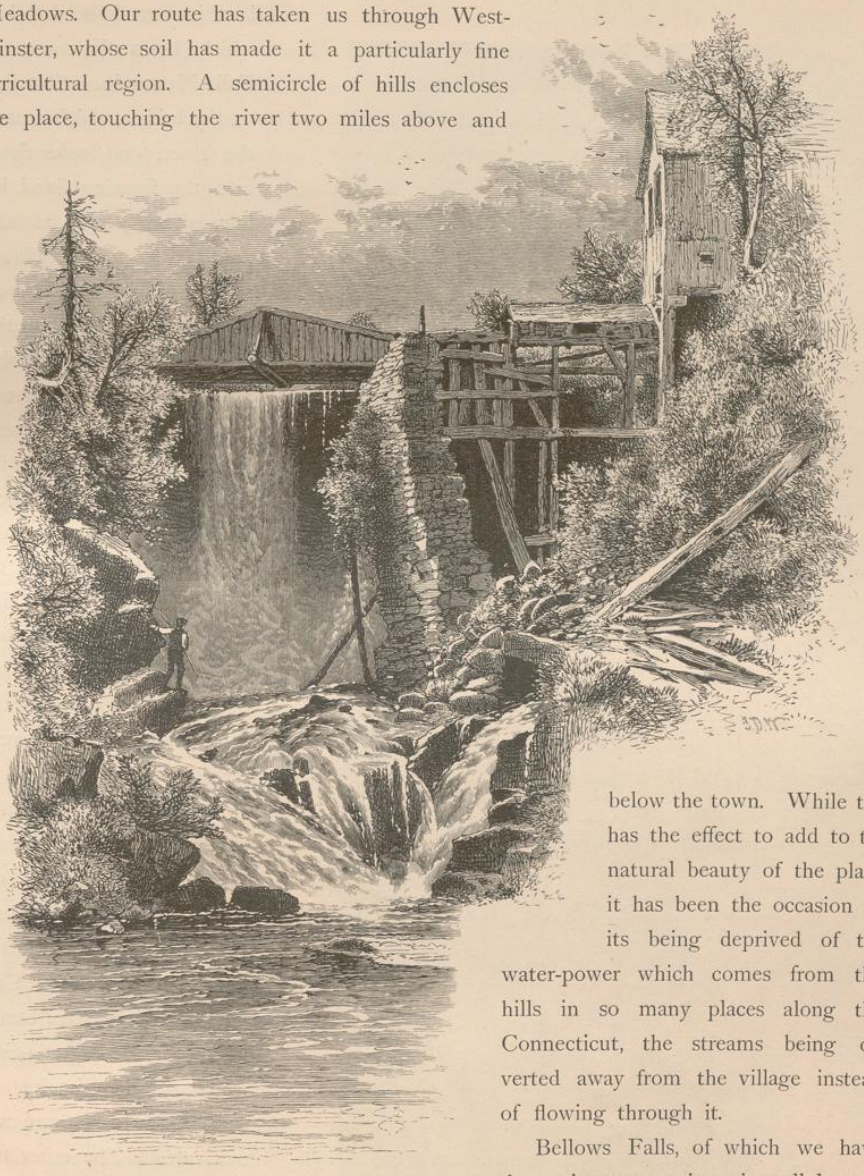
Whetstone Brook, Brattleboro.

cock bring to our knowledge—a race of animals, now extinct, left the imprint of its footsteps in soil which, becoming petrified, has borne down to our vision the marks of the huge creatures once roaming over these lands. Casting our thoughts forward, we see this valley dotted everywhere with villages and hamlets, in which are gathered a population far outnumbering that which now dwells here, whose homes will be abodes of virtue and intelligence. And if natural scenery has aught to do in developing the love of the beautiful, in refining the taste, and in cultivating the imagination, we may justly expect to find here a cultured people, with large brains and warm hearts, who will be among the best citizens of that vast domain which we delight to call our own, our dear country.

But we can stay no longer on this Greenfield eminence to indulge in these reveries. We descend, therefore, and keep on, in our northerly course, passing through Bernardston, and coming to South Vernon, from which we will take the few miles' ride required to bring us to that beautiful New-Hampshire village—Keene. We shall be particularly struck with the length and width of its streets. The principal street, which is a mile long, is an almost perfect level, and is throughout its entire length ornamented with what adds so much to the charm of our New-England villages—the fine old trees. Blessed be the memory of the fathers, in that they had the good taste to plant these trees, under whose grateful shades their posterity might linger, and whose green foliage might add so much to the beauty of the homes which they were rearing, not for themselves only, but for their children who should come after them. Returning from our short circuit, it does not take us long to reach Brattleboro. We are now getting into a more rugged portion of the country. We crossed the boundary-line of Massachusetts at Vernon, and are now in Vermont. Brattleboro has the well-deserved reputation of being among the most beautiful sites on the Connecticut. As a sanitarium, it is in some respects preëminent, and for many years has been resorted to by persons in search of health. The Asylum for the Insane, long regarded as one of the best institutions of its kind in the country, is located in this place. Brattleboro has also several large and well-conducted water-cure establishments. The water here is said to be of remarkable purity, issuing cool and most refreshing from the hill-sides. The fine, invigorating air, and the romantic scenery which in all directions meets the eye, make this village one to which invalids love to resort. We give a representation of Mount Chesterfield, which presents a singularly regular and unbroken appearance. One is almost tempted to think that good old Izaak Walton has come back from the other world to enjoy in this enchanting region the piscatorial pleasures in which he took so much delight when he was an inhabitant of our earth. Something more than "glorious nibbles" we will fain hope that he gets, and that a basket of fat, toothsome trout, weighing at least a pound each, will reward him for the tramp he has taken from his home to catch them.

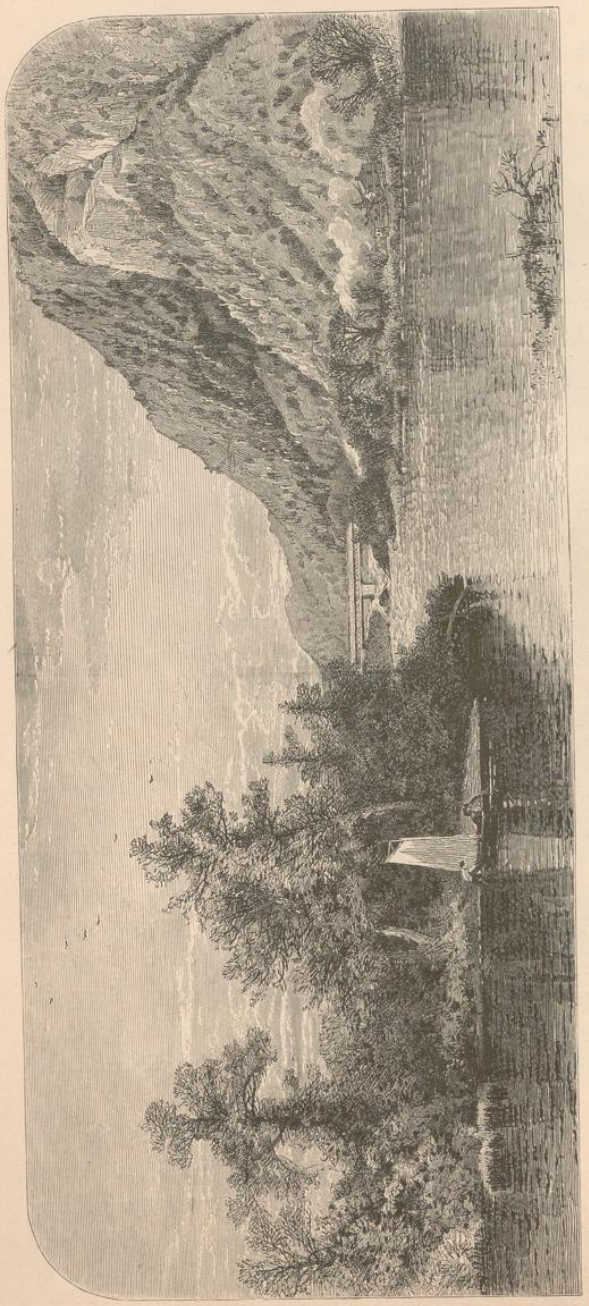
Our next stage is twenty-four miles, bringing us to the well-known Bellows Falls. In passing over this stage in our journey we have stopped for a few moments at Dummerston, one of the oldest towns in the State, watered by West River and several small streams, useful as water-power. Near the centre of the town is what is called Black Mountain, an immense body of granite, through which passes a range of argillaceous slate. Our artist has given us a sketch of an old mill in Putney, a few miles north of Dummerston. This village is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut River, and embraces within its limits an extensive tract of river-level, known as the Great Meadows. Sackett's Brook is a considerable stream, which within a distance of one hundred rods falls one hundred and fifty feet. On the breaking out of the French War, in 1744, a settlement was begun and a fort erected on Great

Meadows. Our route has taken us through Westminster, whose soil has made it a particularly fine agricultural region. A semicircle of hills encloses the place, touching the river two miles above and below the town. While this has the effect to add to the natural beauty of the place, it has been the occasion of its being deprived of the water-power which comes from the hills in so many places along the Connecticut, the streams being diverted away from the village instead of flowing through it.



Old Mill, Putney.

Bellows Falls, of which we have three picturesque views, is well known as the stopping-place of the railways, and, to some extent, a place of summer resort. The falls, which give the chief charm to the place, are a succession of rapids in the Connecticut. These rapids extend not far from a mile along the base of a high and precipitous hill, a partial view of which we



Bellows Falls from Distance.

have in one of the sketches, which bears the name of Fall Mountain. Standing on the bridge which crosses the river, one looks down into the foaming flood below. The gorge at this point is so narrow that it seems as if one could almost leap over it. Through this chasm the water dashes wildly, striking with prodigious force on the rocks below, and by the reaction is driven back for quite a space upon itself. In a distance of half a mile the water descends about fifty feet. Apart from the falls there will not be much to detain the tourist in this spot. There are several pleasant villages in the vicinity to which agreeable excursions may be made.

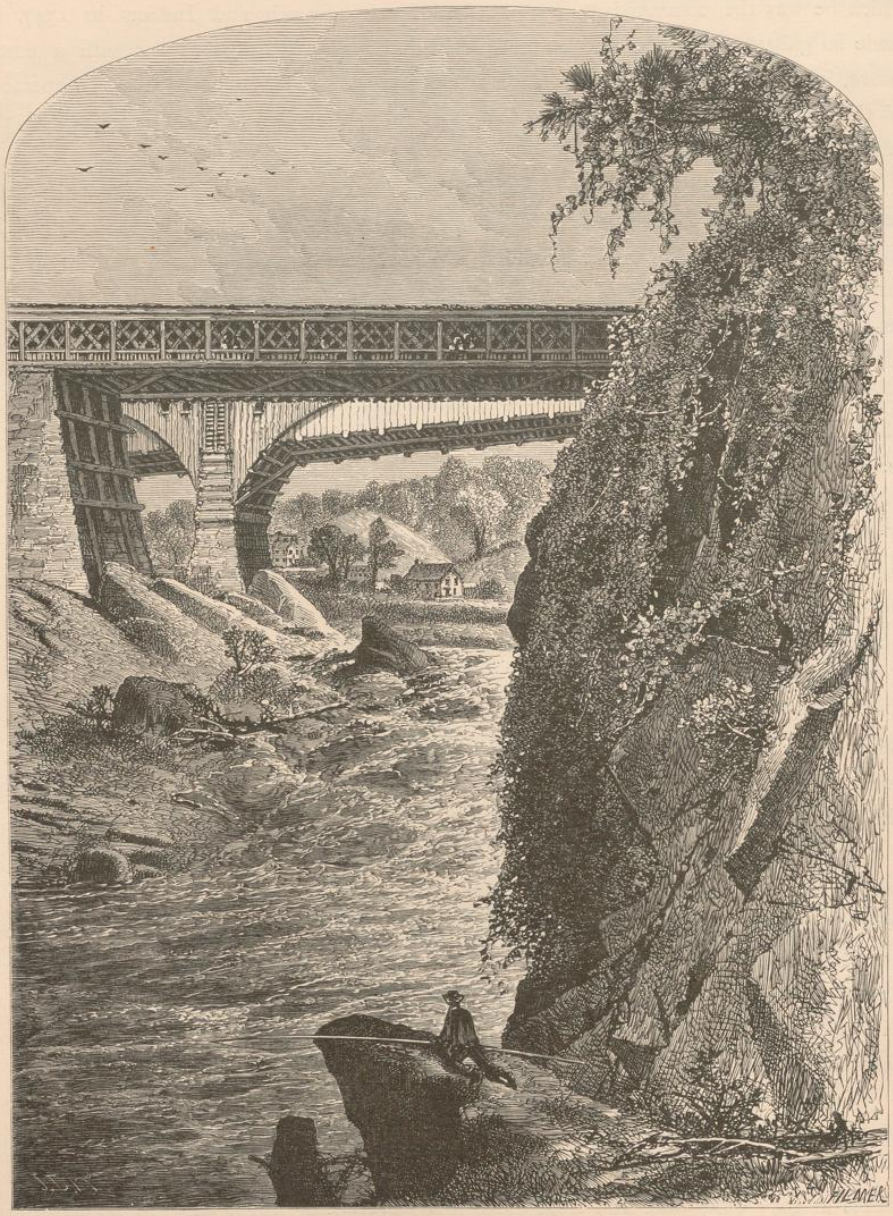
Keeping on in our northerly course, we come to Charlestown. At this point there are in the Connecticut River three beautiful islands, the largest—Sartwell's Island—having an area of ten acres, and well cultivated. The other two have not far from six acres each in them. Among the first settlers of this place was Captain Phinehas Stevens. When the fort, of

which he was the commandant, was attacked by the French and Indians in 1747, he made so gallant a defence that he was presented by Sir Charles Knowles with a costly sword, in token of his appreciation of the bravery of the heroic captain. In memory of this act of Sir Charles, when, a few years after, the township was incorporated, the inhabitants gave it the name of Charlestown.

No lover of the picturesque will fail to see Claremont, a place watered by the Connecticut and Sugar Rivers, and having a fine, undulating surface, and surrounded by hills with gentle acclivities, from the summits of which are obtained charming views of the surrounding country. Beds of iron-ore and limestone are here found, which have added much to the wealth of the inhabitants. Claremont took its name from Claremont in England, the country-seat of Lord Clare, one of the most distinguished of the governors-general of the East Indies. From this spot we get fine views of Mount Ascutney, of which the accompanying sketch gives us an excellent idea. This mountain is situated in the towns of Wethersfield and Windsor, and is an immense mass of granite. It is well spoken of as "a brave outpost of the coming Green Mountains, on the one hand, and of the White Mountains on the other." It is sometimes called the Three Brothers, from its three peaks, which are so distinctly outlined as we look at the mountain from the point of view which the artist has selected. How extended and how magnificent the view is from its highest summit, which is nearly eighteen hundred feet from the bed of the river, it is not easy to describe.

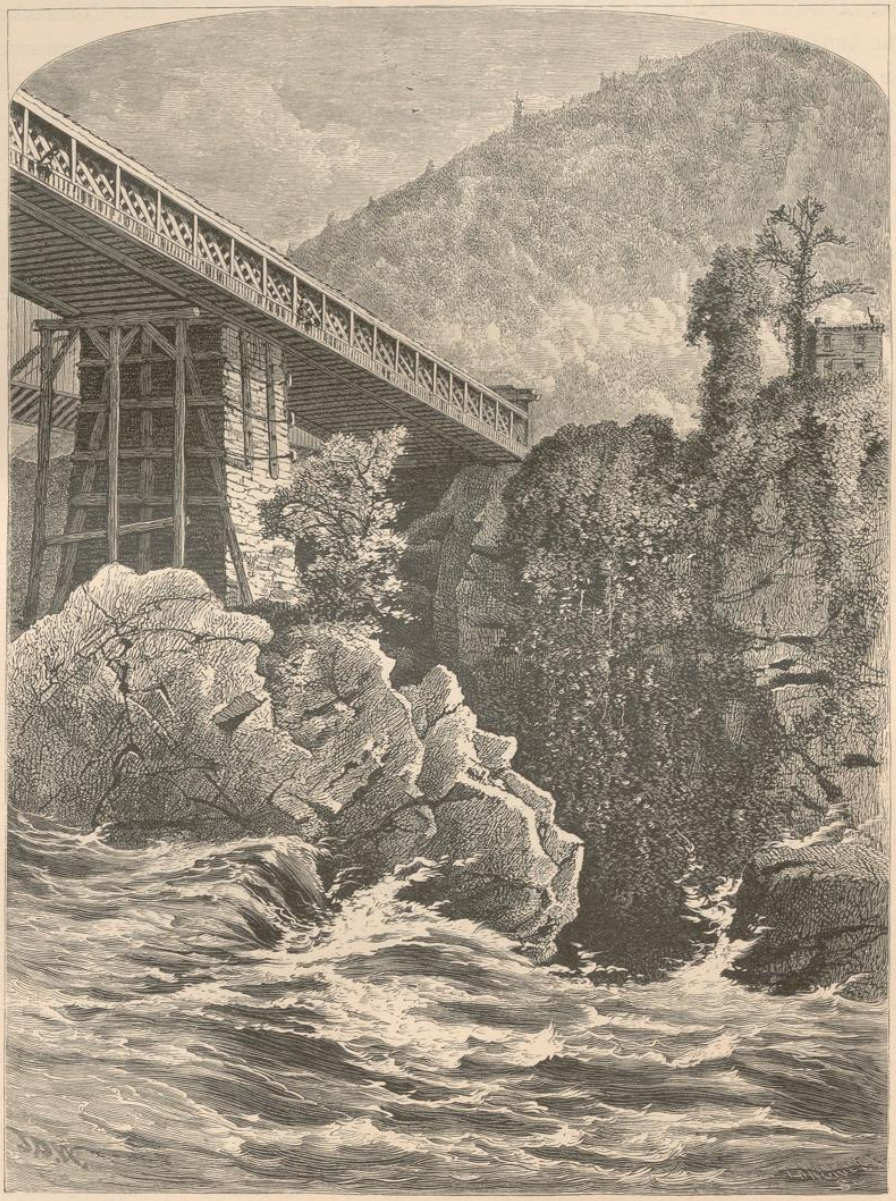
Windsor is our next point of interest, situated on the elevated bank of the river, somewhat irregularly built, but in all respects one of the most charming villages of Vermont. The number of its elegant mansions and public buildings compares favorably with that of almost any village of its size in the country. Its wide, shaded streets give it a peculiarly attractive appearance, and if one ascends the highlands in the neighboring town of Cornish, or climbs to the top of Ascutney, he will look out upon a scene which he will not soon forget. The location of Windsor is such that it has become the centre of trade, both for the towns on the river and for the fertile interior country. Its men of business have been enterprising and far-sighted, and they have built up a town which has enjoyed, and bids fair still to enjoy, a high degree of prosperity.

We have reached White-River Junction, where the White River empties into the Connecticut, of which the artist has given us a view. It needs but a glance to indicate to us that we are in the midst of the mountains. We can almost feel the invigorating breezes as they blow pure and fresh from the "everlasting hills;" and, as we write this sketch in this hot July day, we fancy that we feel all the cooler and brighter as we look upon the scene before us. It is evident that the artist has intended that his sketch shall represent the evening hour. The new moon hangs over the valley which divides the two mountains in the left of the picture. The wind blows very gently down



Bellows Falls.

the mountain-gorge, bending a little to the right the smoke which ascends from the chimney of the cottage in the rear of the bridge. The whole scene is one of quiet beauty. Sitting there where our friend is—on the river's bank—we think we could



The West Branch of Bellows Falls.

easily throw down the burden of life's cares and worriments, and give up ourselves to the romance of the place and the delicious musings of the hour.

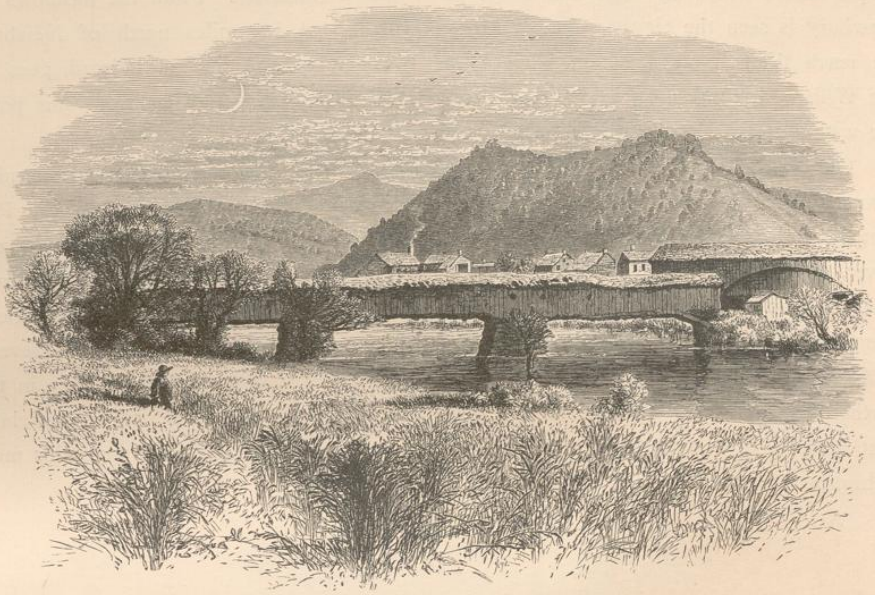
From White-River Junction we go to Hanover, New Hampshire, the great attrac-

tion of which is Dartmouth College, situated about half a mile from the Connecticut. The buildings are grouped around a square, whose area is twelve acres, in the centre of the broad terrace upon which the village has been built. This institution, whose career has been so honorable and prosperous, was chartered by a royal grant in 1769, and received its name from William, Earl of Dartmouth. Its graduates have distinguished themselves in all the walks of professional life. Any college from which such men as Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate have gone forth, may well pride itself on account of its sons.

The villages of Thetford, Orford, Bradford, and Haverhill, may detain us for a few

Mount Ascutney.

hours. We shall find, in all this neighborhood, excellent farms, and a busy, industrious population. In Orford, limestone is found at the foot of a mountain some four hundred feet above the Connecticut. Soapstone and granite abound, and some lead has been discovered. Bradford and Haverhill were so called because their earlier settlers came from towns of that name on the Merrimac, in Massachusetts. The town of Newbury is delightfully situated on the west side of the Connecticut River, and comprises the tract to which the name of "The Great Oxbow" has been given. This tract, on a bend of the Connecticut River, is of great extent, and is well known on account of its rare beauty and the fertility of its soil. Here we have one of the most charming of the many pictu-



White-River Junction.

Moose Hillock, from Newbury Meadows.

resque scenes which our artist has given us of the Connecticut. From the meadows of Newbury is seen the elevation called Moose Hillock. A few miles north of Newbury we reach Wells-River Junction, whence the traveller, by one line of railroad, goes to the White Mountains, or, by another, proceeds to Montreal. Not far from this point the waters of the Ammonoosuck empty into the Connecticut.

Our last sketch represents a scene in Barnet, Vermont, one of the best farming towns in the State, and abounding in slate and iron-ore. The water-power on the Passumpsic and Stevens Rivers is one of the finest in all this region. The fall in Stevens River, of which we have a view, is one hundred feet in the short distance of ten rods. Not far from this point the river Passumpsic discharges its waters into the Connecticut. From this point onward it bears the character of a mountain-stream. There are several pleasant villages on either side of the river, as we follow it up to its very source in the northern part of New Hampshire. The lover of Nature may be sure of finding abundant material to gratify his taste for the sublime and the beautiful all through this most picturesque region.

Stevens Brook, Barnet.

City of Baltimore

(FROM DRUID HILL PARK.)