

linson's, where Mr. Keyes formerly lived, by the Waldo Cary place (anciently Skiff) now owned by John S. Smith, where we discover some appearance of former days. On going up the "Sandy Hill," as it was formerly called, we come to a plat of about sixteen acres of land, which was included in the lither pasture, north meadow and great pasture of the Cary farm. It is the tongue of land between Jackson street and the old Mansfield road, which unite at Mr. Nathaniel Robinson's. This property was owned for some years by Mr. Martin Harris, of this village, who, by the application of an abundance of manure and the expenditure of a large amount of elbow grease, brought it into a high state of cultivation. A few years since, Mr. Harris sold this land to Messrs. J. R. Fry and J. A. Lewis, who now own it in equal shares, we believe. Mr. Fry has built him a very pretty cottage on his part of the land, which is nearest Mr. Robinson's, and his fields show that they are tilled by a neat farmer, who need not be ashamed of his work.

Mr. Lewis has also built him a modern styled house, which is nearly opposite the grove in the great pasture, and when he gets things in trim about it, he will have a very pretty and desirable place. As most of our village readers know, Mr. Lewis is the proprietor of the Willimantic Nursery, and a large portion of his land is in growing trees, shrubs and plants. Mr. L. seems to be the right sort of man for this business, and has any amount of industry and go-aheadativeness. His nursery appears to be in fine condition, and is worth taking quite a journey to see. We are glad to learn that his enterprise is being well rewarded, his sales having been quite large this spring. We do not say this by way of puffing, for Mr. L. does not need anything of the sort; but because we consider his establishment a great benefit and convenience to Willimantic and the neighboring towns. Mr. L. goes, however, understands the value of printer's ink, and is a shrewd enough Yankee to be willing to invest a dollar in advertising when he is morally sure that he will obtain five or ten dollars in return—a lesson which many engaged in business are very slow to learn.

But we fear we are making the description of our trip too lengthy; though as to the trip itself we can assure our readers it was most delightful. We will merely add that we found the eastern part of our pleasant village looking thrifty and greatly improved in most respects since we last went the rounds.

Hoping to give our distant friends some accounts of our further explorations at another time, we close our long rambling account of this our first trip of the season. W. L. W.

A young lawyer of Philadelphia wrote to an old limb of the law near Chicago, which read thus:—

"Is there an opening in your part of the country, that I can get into?"
 Answer—"There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no curb around it. If it will suit, come on."

There never was a great action which had not nearly or remotely, a great thought for its ancestor.

Good intentions will not justify evil actions.
 When one will not two cannot quarrel.

WILLIMANTIC AND VICINITY.

No. II.—Over the River.

In accordance with our promise to give absent Willimantic subscribers some account of our village, with its improvements and surroundings, as it appears at present, we here-with furnish some impressions of our second trip, over the south side of the river.

On a pleasant summer morning we pass over the arched stone bridge, standing in the place of the old Iron Works bridge, formerly noticed, and under the railroad tracks at the south end of it, when we turn to the right and go up to Pleasant street, most appropriately named, by the late Asa Jillson, Esq. And here, at the outset, we are forcibly reminded of time's changes, and the multiform "improvements" in this vicinity, which have wellnigh obliterated the old landmarks. In spite of ourselves, and of our efforts to "let the dead past bury its dead," and look only at the things of the present, memory is busy with schoolboy scenes, and golden visions of other and younger years, which "fond recollection presents to our view." But, although we love to linger on the scenes of the past, especially the sunny days of childhood, (and who does not?) yet we have no such veneration for the past as to desire its return. No, the present, all things considered, is better than the past, and the future will be better than the present. Onward, is the motto of the age, and it is our motto. Onward with improvements in everything that will promote human welfare, physical, moral, mental and spiritual, until the dawning of the bright millennial day.

But somehow we can never go over the bridge in this direction, without thinking of the "old road" that led up to the schoolhouse, with its delicious springs of pure cold water by the way-side, with the great overhanging trees and hemlock shrubbery on its high southern bank, and regretting its departure to make place for the real and practical, but not very poetical, iron rail. Who that ever traveled this road to and from the little old schoolhouse on the hill, does not recur to the lingering hours spent here in summer, by the refreshing springs under the shade of the grand old trees, and almost wish, for a single day, to be "a boy again"?

As we passed up, the morning train from Hartford came thundering along, passing over a part of the old road about which we had been meditating. We were so near that we recognized the countenance of a gentleman with whom we were formerly acquainted, who at the same time appeared to recognize us, and waved his paper containing the glorious news from the Army of the Potomac. The train moved on, and we awoke from our revery and began to look about us.

"Beautiful for situation" truly is the mansion which was the home of the late Asa Jillson, Esq. There is very little change in the appearance of the house or its surroundings that would be discovered from the road, except that the natural hemlock shrubbery in front has grown considerably since we were last here. In fact, the carriage road with its overarching trees

looked so natural—so much as it did years ago—that we almost expected to see the familiar form of the original proprietor passing up or down the avenue. We remembered the pleasant hours we had spent here, years ago, when we were a teacher and "boarded round," mingling in a cheerful and sympathetic circle, and sharing the hospitalities of a refined home. And when we recollected that the then happy circle had been broken time and again, that the remnants of the family were scattered and not one left in Willimantic, and that this fine residence is now a boarding-house, we could not but indulge a shade of regret and muse on the changes that time brings—ah, how surely—to all families. The new residence recently erected by the Linen Company, just to the west of the Jillson mansion, for Mr. Conant and Mr. Reed, is a fine building, its elevated position commanding an extended prospect, while the grounds around it are laid out with taste. There are several equally desirable building lots to the west of this: The schoolhouse, where we learned our A, B, C, has been made over into a neat cottage, painted white, and is owned by Mrs. Goff. Just beyond, on the same (north) side of the road, is the new two-story dwelling house of Mr. Edwin Hall. It appears well, is on the most elevated ground about here, and the view north, over into the center of the village, is very fine.

The Alfred Young homestead, formerly owned by the late Capt. Zeph. Young and now by his brother Alfred, looks much as it did forty years ago, and all the surroundings bear the marks of little change. Passing up the old Middletown turnpike west, we come to the locality well known in former days as the "Hemlocks." When a boy we used to think it a singularly dark and "lonesome" place, occasioned by the dense hemlocks on both sides of the road. But the cutting and slashing have cleared up much that darkened the way, and its beauty and glory have departed. A short distance east of the brook, on the river side, Mr. Andrew Fuller has built him a house, in a very retired place. As we passed by we mentally exclaimed, "What could induce you, Mr. Fuller, to clear away all those beautiful groups of young hemlocks, which kind nature had spread so profusely all around your dwelling; and why trim up those tall evergreens, leaving them looking so barren and shadowless?" But tastes differ, and it is none of our particular business to question the taste of any one.

The cattle pound by the brook has disappeared and Mr. Fuller on one side and Mr. Tracy on the other have greatly improved the appearance hereabouts. Over the brook and a few rods west, on the north side of the road, is the new and elegant residence of John Tracy, Esq. The house is a large, square one, plain, but tasteful and imposing, while the surroundings are appropriate, and the grounds suitably adorned and well cultivated. The fine woods in the rear of the house, extending down to the Willimantic river, is a charming feature, especially in sun-