

mer. The location is retired and quiet, and altogether it is one of the finest private residences in this place or vicinity. Our principal objection to the site would be that there is no "distance to lend enchantment to the view" in any direction; the most extended outlook from the front being limited to the lowland and part of the hill beyond, extending hardly a mile. But it is pretty difficult to find all things just to one's mind in a building site.

Above, on the corner of the main and Lebanon roads, is the residence of Whiting Hayden, Esq., a fine, substantial building, in modern style and good taste. The dwelling of his son, James E. Hayden, is just south, on the Lebanon road, and is also a fine residence. We noticed on Mr. Hayden's grounds a stand of the tobacco plant, and believe he cultivated to some extent last year, and successfully. Our antipathies against the "weed" are such that perhaps we had better not say much on the subject. From appearance we judge that Mr. Hayden is paying some attention to grape culture, the only one in the place, we believe, who is doing so.

The little cottage, that was, next west of Gen. Baldwin's residence, which is now owned by the General, has been altered into a fine two story dwelling, and is really a most desirable improvement. It is now the residence of the Rev. Mr. Bradford.

But we are spinning a long yarn for the distance traveled, and will "dry up."

There have been no very recent improvements on "South Side"—one of the most pleasant localities in the village—except as above noted.

Going as far as the old red gate house, which looks quite "natural" though no gate extends across the highway to bar our further passage west, we turn a short corner, and over the river come down through the village, after a pleasant morning ride.

W. L. W.

We little thought at that time buildings would be erected and quite a little village sprung up in this locality. The eastern part of this tract belonged to Alfred Howes, and the middle and upper portion, which once belonged to the old Fitch farm, was purchased, by Dea. Charles Lee at the time he bought the water privilege, and built the little cotton factory where the Smithville mills now stand. Soon after he sold a considerable lot to Mr. T. W. Cunningham, who undertook to transform one of the worst portions of it into a mowing lot. This by dint of ditching, digging, plowing, harrowing, and a great amount of work in getting out the rocks, snags, roots, &c., he finally accomplished in a most successful manner. His example stimulated others, and the lots below him have been drained, and some of them greatly improved.

Within some dozen years as many dwellings and one manufactory have been erected, though not on the lowest part of these grounds, and from the location, its nearness to the business center of the village, we doubt not that many more buildings will be put up in the next dozen years. Not having visited this section for a number of years, though having a pretty near view of it from our domicile, we accepted the kind invitation of Mr. Ona Carpenter, a few weeks since, to ride over and take a look at this thriving portion of the village. Passing up "Tanner's Lane" we miss the old slaughter house that stood at the head of it, where Samuel Barrows and Jesse Crane, from Mansfield, commenced and carried on the butchering business some thirty years ago. When we recollected how cheap meats were sold, and how little it cost to get the choicest steaks and finest roasts, compared with present prices, we almost sighed for a return of those "good old days." Barrows and Crane were succeeded, we believe, by Caspar Lyon and Hez. Palmer, who, in addition to the butchering business, kept a livery stable. If we are not mistaken, they did considerable toward improving the swampy grounds in the rear and to the east of the slaughter house. They were succeeded by the Turners, and then Turner and Bigelow, Turner and Howes, and we don't know how many others carried on the business here. The whole property, building and lots, owned by Lyon and Palmer, passed into the hands of Gen. L. E. Baldwin, who sold the house on Main st. (built by Samuel Barrows) and the stable to Warren Tanner, who lives on the premises, keeps a livery stable, and who, it is generally believed, knows the difference between a good horse and a poor one. Passing along the road that leads across the valley, a short distance directly north of where the slaughter house stood, on the east side of the road, where the mud was formerly knee deep, stands the steam sash and blind factory, a considerable building of stone, owned and operated by Warren Atwood. We remember, years ago, that Mr. Atwood used his best exertions to form a joint stock company and erect a steam factory on the depot lot, for mechanical and manufacturing purposes. If an energetic company had then taken hold of the matter, considering the lot could have been had, and the building erected so much cheaper than now, it would probably have been a navine investment. R...

er one near by. To the west of this was a plot of more elevated ground on which, in our school-boy days, stood several shagbark walnut trees where, when such things were free plunder, we used to go and help ourselves. On this upland several cottages and very pretty dwellings have been erected. Of the five buildings in a row the most western belongs to Mr. Stearns, the harness maker, the next this side to Mr. Randall; the next to Mr. Green, the next to Mr. Morse, the tailor, and the most eastern one belongs to Gen. Baldwin, and is occupied by Mr. Robertson, the jeweler, and Mr. Sparks, the baker. Beyond this and to the north, on the west side of the street, are the new and pleasant residences of Mr. Alpaugh and Mr. Eaton, merchants. On the east side of the road nearly opposite, Mr. Parke has built him a neat, cosy home on one of the most desirable locations in the vicinity.

Passing along up the hill we take a look at the west, and notice a large house owned by M. Ashley, built on the line of the proposed road from High to Jackson streets. Beyond to the west, we discover a cottage, recently erected by Mr. Bill, and still further on the residence of Wm. D. Barrows. We are not deterred from taking a look over into High street where we discover a new dwelling, which, we are told, belongs to Dr. Fitch, the dentist. W...

have now arrived at the head of vehicle navigation, in other words, the termination of the road and stop at the house of Mr. Ona Carpenter which is built on the east side of the road. The land is considerably elevated where it stands and a steep hill rises back of it. The house is two stories, fronting the village, and the view from it is pleasant and somewhat extensive. It is only some two or three years since Mr. Carpenter left his pleasant home on Union street and went into the woods, as it were, to build him a new one in his old age. He has succeeded far better than we supposed he would. His house is pleasantly situated, and all around it are the evidences of much labor, in clearing the land and bringing it into cultivation. Everything about the premises bore evidence of careful attention and good taste. Fruit trees had been planted and looked promising, flowers adorned the garden and yard, and the place where we had so often rambled and gathered chestnuts years ago, by the assiduous labors and care of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter was made to bud and blossom as the rose.

After a most agreeable call, the third one of the kind we have made in seven years, we returned, well pleased with our visit to this quiet and most respectable neighborhood.

We ought in justice to state that Gen. Baldwin has done much toward building up this portion of the village, and we trust he will do much more. He owns considerable real estate here yet, we believe, and has built a majority of the houses that have been put up in this locality.

Mr. Wightman Williams, who owns a small house that we have omitted to mention, is also entitled to credit for building two or three houses here. Mr. Williams has built some ten or a dozen houses in Willimantic with his own hands, that we can name, and how many more we know

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WILLIAM L. WEAVER, EDITOR.

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Back of the central portion of Willimantic to the north, is a tract of low ground or valley extending from High to Jackson streets, which at some remote period was, perhaps, the bed of a stream or body of water. Forty years ago, when modern Willimantic commenced its existence, this land was almost worthless. It was wet and swampy, and there were places where the mud was so deep it was almost impassable. Mr. Azariah Balcum, who lived in the old Balcum house, now owned by Mr. Laban Chase, when quite an old man undertook to cross this swamp, near the lower end of the hill, known formerly as the "hogback," when he sunk so deep in the mud that it was impossible to get out; and he would very likely have perished had not his cries for help attracted the attention of a man who went to his assistance, and rescued him, nearly exhausted. We used often to cross this swamp when a boy, and well remember that it required all our agility to jump from one bog, or rock, to another.