

The village of Trenton is not without a historical interest connecting it with one of the grandest heroes and martyrs of the Protestant Reformation in Europe. It was originally named by Colonel Boon, one of the first settlers, and the agent in the last century of the Holland Company, "Oldenbarneveld," in honour of John Odenbarnevelt, Grand Pensionary of Holland, who was beheaded in the seventeenth century for his religious principles. The story of his life and death has been rendered classic by Motley's spirit-stirring history. The grand old name was thought by the village politicians too long for dating letter-heads, so it was changed to the less suggestive one of Trenton.

The Falls were first brought into notice by Mr. Sherman, a Congregational minister and graduate of Yale College, who, settling as pastor at Oldenbarneveld early in this century, became their proprietor, and made them known to the world. His remains still sleep within sound of the cataract which he so much loved, and his name is perpetuated in one of their designations. His daughter and her husband still dispense refined and courteous hospitality at the summer home, which has entertained as guests some of the most distinguished statesmen, authors, artists, and travellers of the Old World and the New. We let one of these, George William Curtis, a man who has seen more lands and cities than Ulysses or the Wandering Jew, give his impressions of the scene :

"Trenton," he says in his charming volume "The Lotus-Eaters," "is the summer song of rest. Beauty and grace are its praises. Poets' fancies only should image the Falls, they are so rich and rare a combination of quiet picturesqueness and of a sense of resistless force in the running water. You descend from a lofty wood into a long, rocky gorge. It is walled and paved with smooth rocks, and the thronging forest fringes the summit of the wall. Over this smooth pavement slips the river, in those long, swift, still, foamless bounds, which vividly figure the appalling movement of a titanic serpent. The chasm almost closes up the river, and you see a foamy cascade. Then, as if the best beauty and mystery were beyond, you creep along a narrow ledge on the rock side of the throat of the gorge and reach the first large fall. A slight spray enfolds you as a baptism in