

From Bellows Falls, we passed down to Walpole. This is another handsome village; some of the houses are splendid.

Putney, on the Vermont side, presented nothing particularly interesting.

We reached Brattleborough, at evening, and there passed the night.

In Dummerston I saw a great slate quarry: the strata were vertical, and the excavation was like a deep canal, so that as I walked into it, the perpendicular strata formed a perfect wall on both sides, and I trod on their edges. It was a fine example of primitive roofing slate; and from this place and the vicinity, at Brattleborough, &c. it is extensively quarried, and carried down the river.

In speaking of the villages on Connecticut river, I often use the epithets beautiful, handsome, &c. till they are in danger of becoming trite. Still I must repeat them with respect to the eastern* village of Brattleborough.

This village is built principally upon one street, and contains very few houses or shops that are not an ornament to the place. The street is parallel to the river, and passes through luxuriant meadows, spreading into an extensive champaign, bounded by the Connecticut, which here, for miles, washes the base of a grand mountain barrier that limits the view on the east. This view was best seen in retrospect, as we rose the hill, at the south end of the

* The other village I did not see.