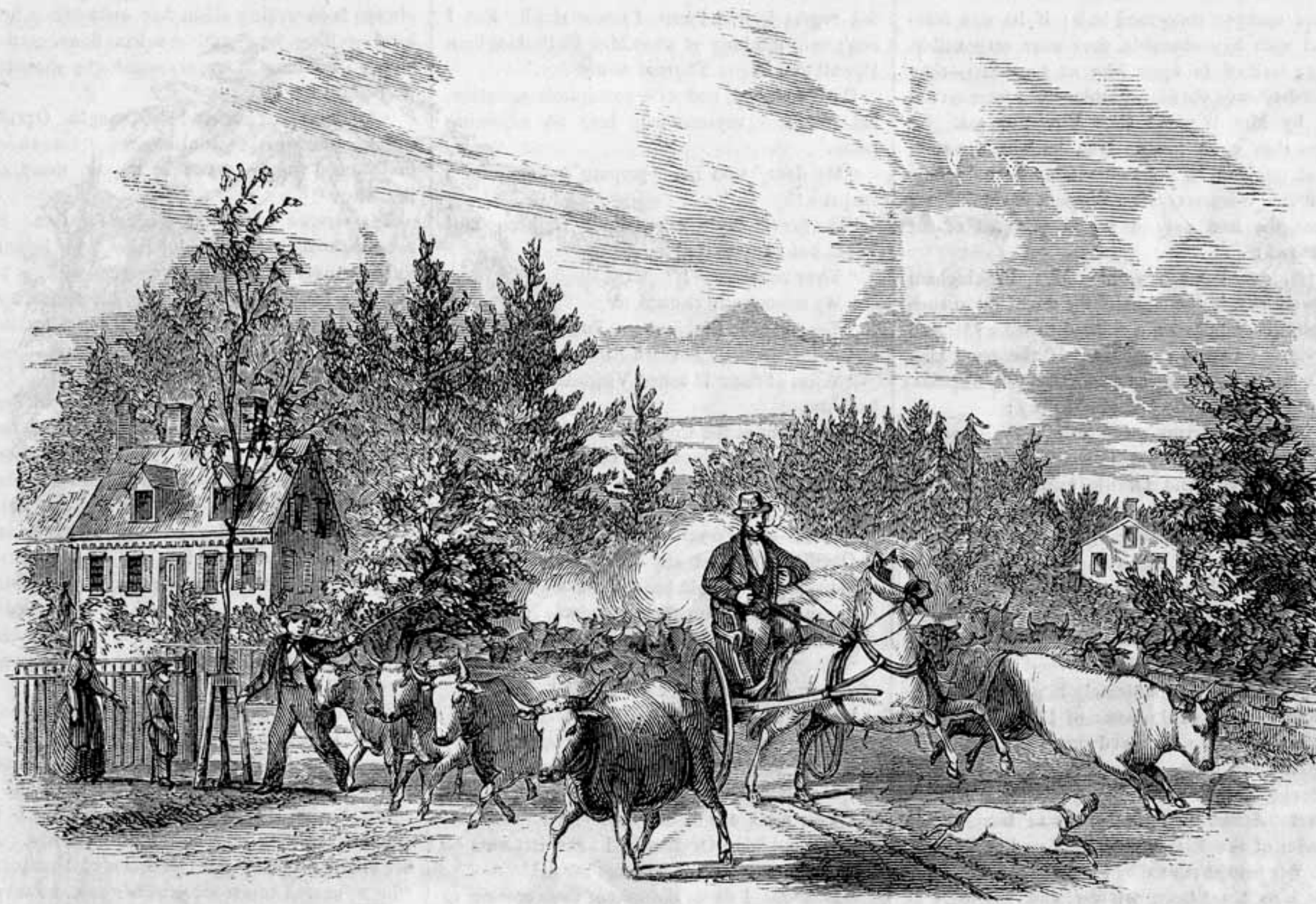


BRIGHTON HOTEL AND CATTLE MARKET.

The series of illustrations, given herewith by our artist, requires some account of Brighton and its interests. Brighton—originally a part of Cambridge—is five miles from Boston, and is, naturally, one of the pleasantest towns in Massachusetts. Its natural bound—Charles River, making a graceful and very picturesque feature in the views had of the town, is also of value for its navigation, and affords delightful sails. The chief interest, at present, in the town, is in its widely known Cattle Market, which originated during the revolutionary war, through the enterprise of Jonathan Winship, sen., who bought cattle for the army; and thus, from a limited trade, the market has become a very important feature of the business of the place. The sales for several years have amounted to between two and three millions of dollars per annum, and the number of cattle to two or three hundred thousand annually. The cattle market draws together a great number of strangers from various parts of the country, and they are provided with comforts at the finest suburban hotel in the vicinity of Boston. This hotel is kept by Mr. Wilson, and stands in the first rank of "out-of-town" hotels. It is a pleasant summer resort, and thousands prove, by their frequent visits thereto, its very great superiority to other hotels in the vicinity of Boston. Thursday is market-day, and, for several days previous, the roads are thronged with droves of cattle and sheep. Brighton was the place of residence of Peter Faneuil, the donor of "Faneuil Hall" to the town of Boston; and later, the dwelling place of Noah Worcester, the "Apostle of Peace," so called. Omnibusses run to Brighton, under the care of Mr. Wellman and the popular "Dan," affording a very pleasant ride of five miles, and through many delightful scenes.—Adams, in his sketch of the towns in the vicinity of Boston, says, that among the environs of Boston, none present more varied and beautiful natural scenery than this town. As one looks down from its pleasant hills upon the wide and rich landscape which encircles him—Watertown and Newton, Brookline, Roxbury, Boston, Charlestown, Cambridge, with their clustering objects of interest—he is most impressed with the contrast between the present condition of the country and its appearance as described two hundred years ago. The author of that quaint old book, 'Wonder-Working Providence,' written almost two hundred years since, could he come back now, would be sadly puzzled, we fancy, to find superlatives enough in the king's English to paint his amazement. He wrote thus of Boston and its environs: 'Invironed it is with brinish floods, saving one small istmos, which gives free access to the neighboring towns by land on the south side, on the north-west and north-east. Two constant fairs are kept for daily trafique thereunto. * * * All these [hills], like overtopping towers, keep a constant watch to see the approach of foreign dangers, being furnished with a beacon and loud babbling guns to give notice, by their redoubled echo, to all the sister towns. The chief edifice of this city-like town is crowded on the sea



GOING TO BRIGHTON.



ROAD SCENE IN BRIGHTON—DRIVING TO MARKET.

banks, and wharfed out with great labor and cost; the buildings beautiful and large, some fairly set forth with brick tile, stone and slate, and orderly placed with seemly streets, whose continual enlargement presageth some sumptuous city. But now behold the admirable acts of Christ at this his people's landing. The hideous thickets in this place were such that wolves and bears nurst up their young from the eyes of all beholders in those very places where the streets are full of girls and boys, sporting up and down with continued concourse of people. * * * This town is the very mart of the land; Dutch, French and Portugalls come here to trafique. A part of the 'brinish floods,' which of old thus 'invironed' Boston, have been forced to retreat before the encroaching hand of civilization and art. And the numerous bridges and avenues which now stretch out as arms on all sides of our

metropolis to embrace the beautiful gardens and teeming farms, the quiet homes and tasteful and costly country seats of a large suburban population, have already more than fulfilled the above prophecy of the good old Johnson, wherein he 'presageth some sumptuous city' to come, and testify that the 'small istmos,' which, in his day, gave 'free access to the neighboring towns by land on the south side, on the south-west and north-east,' has proved quite insufficient for access now. The most agreeable of these various channels of communication, both as a pleasant drive and for the fine view afforded of Boston, as one enters, is the Western Avenue, which was opened for travel July 2, 1821. Commencing at the foot of Beacon Street, Boston, it extends, by one branch, to Brookline, and by another to Brighton—the line of which latter it meets at a distance of two and a half miles from Boston

Common. It bears the name of Beacon Street through Brighton, and is continued to Watertown." The business at Brighton has called for more extensive accommodations; and during the past season, the Cattle Fair Hotel, of which our artist has given us a fine view herewith, has been very much enlarged at a great expense. There is now a spacious public room, a large business room, and barber's room adjoining. Numerous parlors and sleeping rooms have been added, and other alterations and improvements been made. The house was planned by that celebrated architect—William Washburn, Esq., of Boston, and the work was executed by Mr. W. W. Dane, of Brighton. It is finished in modern style, and is probably the largest and most convenient public house in the vicinity of Boston, and as you approach it on either side, makes an imposing appearance. Mine host, Mr.

Wilson, is the prince of landlords, and universally popular. The principal railroad station is in Winship's Gardens, through which the Worcester railroad passes—in summer, a delightful place of resort. This road, the first ever built among us for passengers (the Quincy Railroad, the first in the country, having been used only for the transportation of stone), was opened on the first of April, 1834, through Brighton and as far as Newton. The weekly receipts at this Brighton station exceed those at any other station on the Worcester road, having amounted, some weeks, to five thousand dollars and upwards. There is another station on the same road in the eastern part of the town nearest to the city. This, from having been called the "Cambridge crossing," has sometimes deceived travellers, and led them to suppose it was in Cambridge; whereas the Charles River, a mile beyond the crossing, is the division line between the two places. Some elegant houses have been lately erected in the vicinity of this station. And, for a better understanding of the locality, it is desirable that it be known as the "East Brighton Station," rather than as the "Cambridge Crossing"—to which city the station in no wise pertains either by situation or by any facility which it could afford to the inhabitants of that place for communication with Boston.

DYING WORDS OF WILBERFORCE

"Come, and sit near me; let me lean on you," said Wilberforce, to a friend, a few minutes before his death. Afterward, putting his arms around that friend, he said: "God bless you, my dear!" He became agitated somewhat, and then ceased speaking. Presently, however, he said: "I must leave you, my fond friend; we shall walk no further through this world together; but I hope we shall meet in heaven. Let us talk of heaven. Do not weep for me, dear —, do not weep; for I am very happy; but think of me, and let the thought make you press forward. I never knew happiness till I found Christ a Saviour. Read the Bible—read the Bible! Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never felt the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible." He afterwards spoke of the regret of parting with friends. "Nothing," said he, "convinces me more of the reality of the change within me, than the feelings with which I can contemplate a separation from my family. I now feel so weaned from earth, my affections so much in heaven, that I can leave you all without a regret; but I do not love you less, but God more." Such were the closing words of one of the most gifted and polished minds.—*New York Observer.*