

BURLINGTON SCENERY

By Stella Endicott

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They tell of "picturesque Winchester" that most desirable spot for building lots, and why should we not enlarge upon the advantages of locating in our goodly town? Surely, not from want of vacant lots, but alas! Our sister town is more favored than we, for while the iron horse has made its way through the midst of those salable lands, it has avoided us and passed upon either side, as if from fear of the contamination with our soil. Even its sound does not disturb our peaceful valleys, only as it touches some edge of meadow land.

Whatever may be said of Burlington, either for or against its accommodations for travelling, its farming—that question belongs to some of our successful farmers to discuss—its methods of education, the progressive spirit of its citizens, etc., yet in one thing it certainly stands unsurpassed by any of its neighbors. It has been said that long familiar signs lose the newness of the first charm, but no one of us needs the tourist or the city visitor to make know that nature has been more than generous in bestowing on this town her many gifts.

In the first place, we have our ancestors to thank in the site that they chose; setting aside the fact that in "ye old time" the valley was the favored spot, as the symbol of peace and plenty. Burlington was "set on a hill" and is a "city that cannot be hid." Perhaps the first view of our forefathers from the top of Bennett Hill caused them to look ahead and see in imagination the church nestling among the trees, just below, and the tops of white farmhouse rising at short intervals near. A golden sunset from that point would well repay the most practical of us. The only mountain of which this part of the state can boast is clearly outlined against the sky, and with the brilliantly colored clouds resting against it, with that haze which comes in autumn lightly enveloping all, one's first inclination is to doubt if, after all, it is anything but some ideal brought forth on canvas by a successful landscape painter.

Passing under the hill, leaving the town proper on the left, one should take a peep at the road, though the woods or, in the local term, the "New Road," though in the strictest sense new no longer. Even the tangled underbrush contains wonderful specimens of nature's handiwork and to the casual observer, the masses of snowy clematis, now so soon to take on its filmy dress, are not without beauty. Approaching the Center from the Arlington direction, the ascent by terrace with fragrant woods on either side could not be lovelier, were it on the other side of the water, though then of course we could say we had been "abroad," and the unknown always has more charms than the matter-of-fact, commonplace known. An explorer in a northerly direction comes to the Shawshin River, winding in graceful curves through the meadows and lowlands. If he does not waste his time by sitting on the bank in a futile attempt at catching fish, he will find that he has not made a useless journey.

The other scenes almost innumerable—Woodhill, the road toward Wilmington, the narrow strip between the Sewall house and the church, the turnpike—why, there is almost a continent of unexplored territory before our very eye if we will look out not in at the beauties that have been given us, that we may enjoy them and grow to be nobler men and women through the silent influence.