

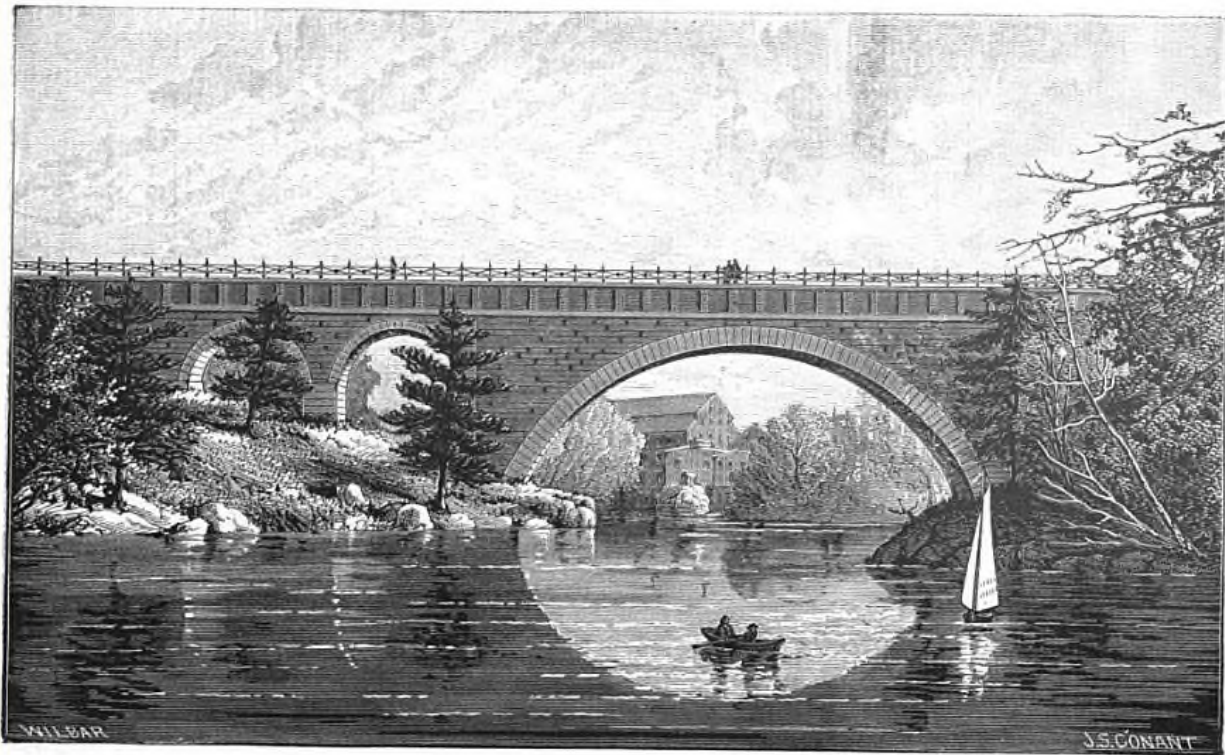
A description of Echo Bridge and Hemlock Gorge from...

King's Handbook of Newton

by **M. F. Sweetser**

Published 1889

The crowning attraction of the village is the famous Echo Bridge, a marvellous stone aqueduct on which the Sudbury-River water is carried across the Charles River, high above the stream, on its way to the thirsty throats of Boston. There is a path leading down from Ellis Street, near the Baptist church, alongside the aqueduct, with an enrailed platform just under the arch large enough to accommodate a dozen persons. The favorite word to hurl at the arch is July, and the serious charge of lie — lie — lie is thrown back as vigorously and almost as frequently as if the bridge were a political newspaper in campaign time. The human voice, on a still day, is rapidly re-echoed 18 times from beneath this arch, and a pistol-shot gives 25 repetitions. According to the highly imaginative engineer of the water-works, " A shout, of moderate intensity, is reverberated back with so many and so distinct repetitions that all the neighboring woods seem to be full of wild Indians, rushing down from the hills, and with their terrible war-whoop ready to dash into view, and annihilate all traces of the surrounding civilization."



ECHO BRIDGE, THE AQUEDUCT OF THE BOSTON WATERWORKS.
Across the Charles River at Newton Upper Falls.

This beautiful bridge was built in 1876 and 1877, of solid granite masonry, 500 feet long, with five arches of 37 feet span; one (over Ellis Street) of 28 feet; and the great segmental arch over the river, 130 feet in span, with a radius of 69 feet, and a height of 51 feet above the stream, or 70 feet to the top. There is but

one larger arch in America. The foundations rest on solid rock, with a pressure of 16 tons to the square foot. The arch is but 18 feet wide at the crown, and presents a very symmetrical and pleasing appearance, which is heightened by the sylvan beauty of the surroundings. The river below, still confused from its wrestle with the mill-wheels above, and its heady plunge over the rocky falls, flashes and darkens through the deep gorge, reflecting like a mirror the high hemlock trees above, and wimpling away around the fair wooded islet below. As Mary Blake says, in one of her charming suburban essays: "Like a properly trained athlete, the bridge runs on narrow arches across the level land, until one swift bound of unusual length carries it over the river. It is a place of enchantment. The fairy godmother of the place lives under the river-arch, with a chorus of attendant nymphs who echo your lightest whisper with true feminine pertinacity."

http://archive.org/stream/kingshandbookofn00swee/kingshandbookofn00swee_djvu.txt

http://books.google.com/books?id=cTEAAAAAYAAJ&dq=king%27s+handbook+of+newton&source=gb_navlinks_s