



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Picturesque America; or, the land we live in

a delineation by pen and pencil of the mountains, rivers, lakes, forests, water-falls, shores, cañons, valleys, cities, and other picturesque features of our country ; with illustrations on steel and wood, by eminent American artists

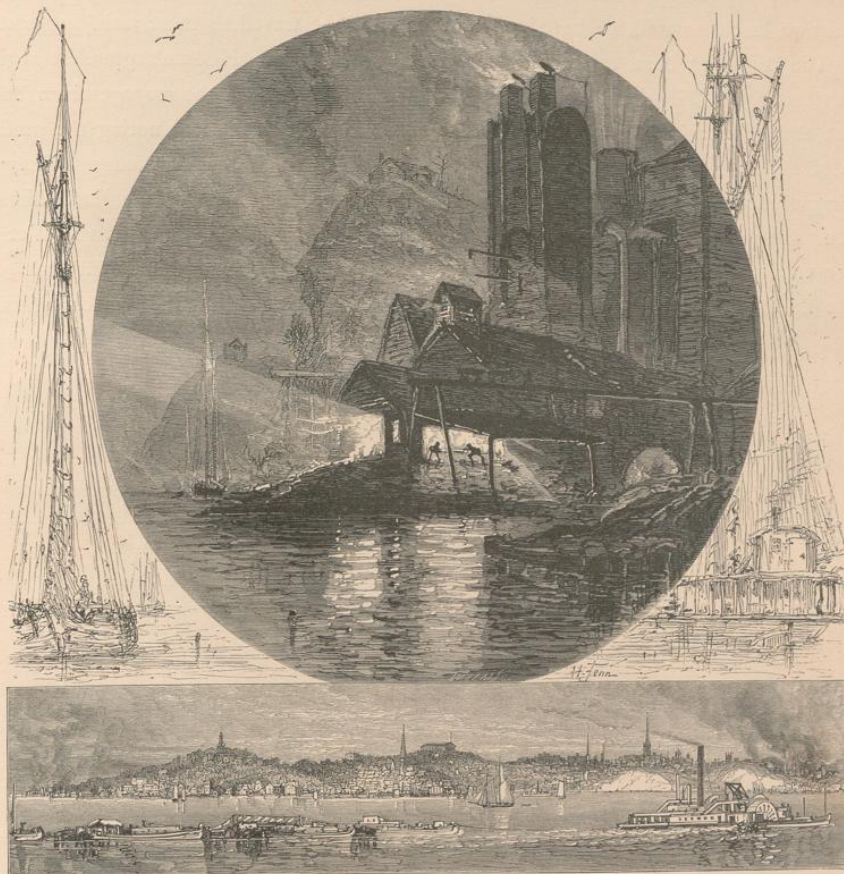
Bryant, William Cullen

New York, 1874

Higlands And Palisades Of The Hudson.

[urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65884](https://nbn-resolving.org/urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-65884)

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.



Poughkeepsie, and its Foundries at Night.

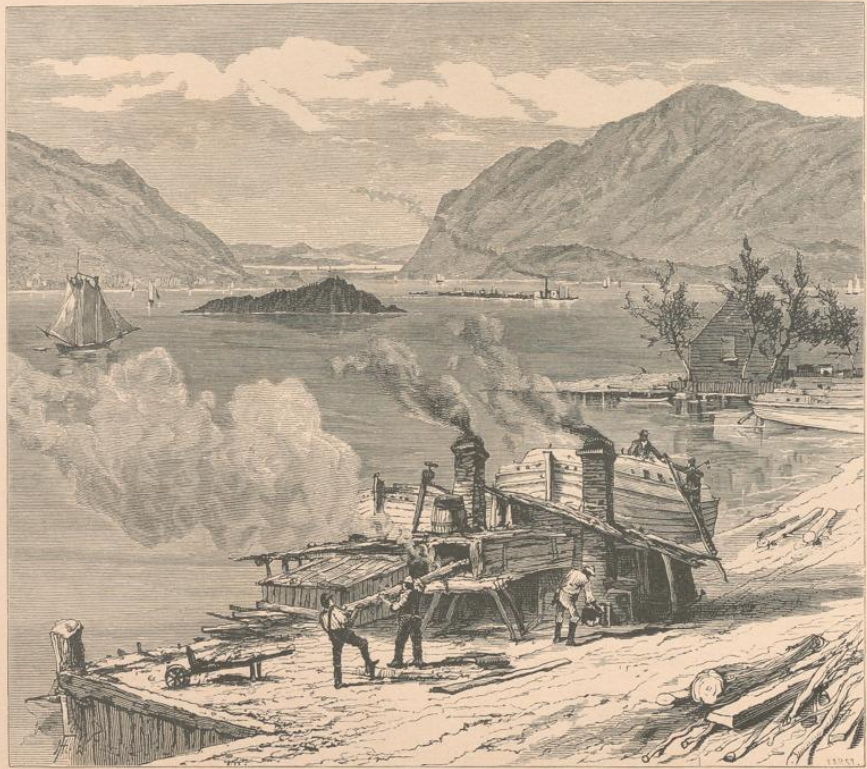
HIGHLANDS AND PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY FENN.

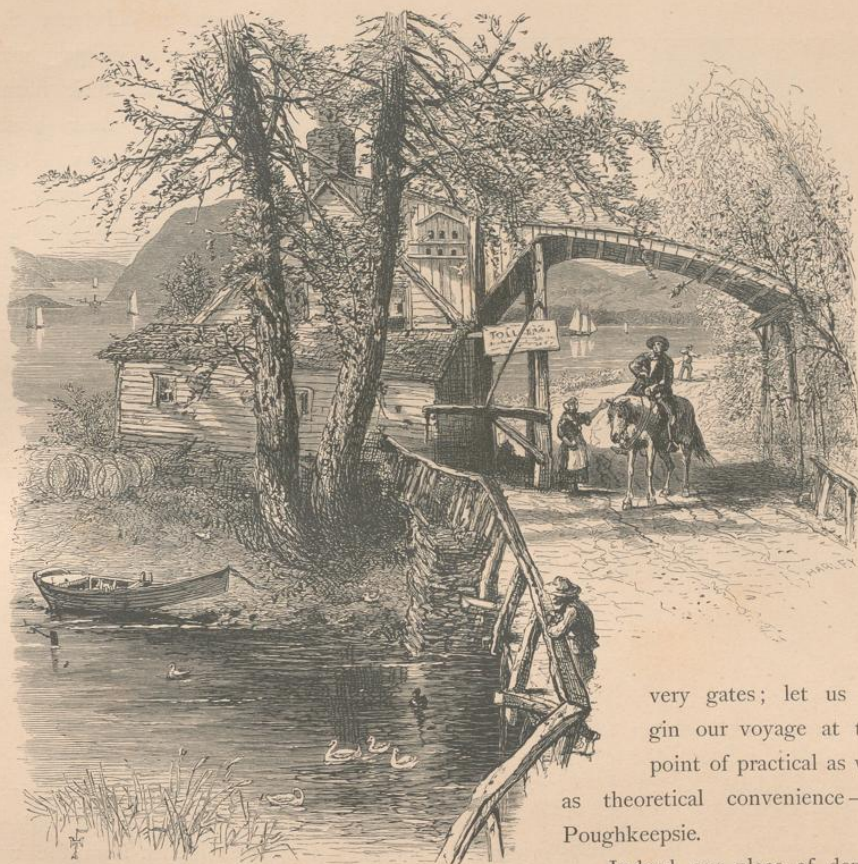
TO those who are willing to accept such unobtrusive companionship as we have to offer, in this artist's voyage among the noblest scenes of our most beautiful and perfect American river, we must say at the beginning that we shall not follow the tra-

ditions of the ordinary guide. To him it matters little by what path he leads a traveller to the most glorious outlook, nor does he care for his observer's frame of mind; he will suddenly show you the Rhine-fall from the back-door of a dingy beer-house, and point out your first view of Niagara through the dusty window of a hackney-coach. To us, the way of approach seems of no little moment; and here especially, among the scenes we know so well, we have our fixed ideas of the traveller's most satisfying course.

The true way, then, to learn the noblest beauties of the Hudson's grandest region, is to enter the Highlands with the river's course; beginning the voyage from some point above, watching the growing picturesqueness of the stream, and noting the gradual rise of the hills, the increasing grandeur of their outline, and the deepening majesty of their presence, until, with his heart full of this slowly-gaining beauty, one finds himself among the perfect pictures which lie in the very midst of the mountain-group. Let us enter on our journey in search of the picturesque, then, from some point at a little distance up the river. Newburg is too near the Highlands; it lies in the shadow of their



The Hudson, south from Newburg.



On the Old Newburg Toll-Road.

very gates; let us begin our voyage at that point of practical as well as theoretical convenience—at Poughkeepsie.

Indeed, our place of departure is itself, in the matter of picturesque outlook, not to be

despised. The "rural city," as one of our writers has called it, lies very pleasantly upon its group of gentle hills, and overlooks a bright and sunny portion of the river-view. By day, one may quarrel a little with the smoke of its busy founderies, but by night these become the most strangely beautiful and striking feature in many miles of the Hudson's scenery. They light the river like weird beacons, and the sound of their great furnaces comes across the water in the stillness, as the panting of giants that toil when the weaker forces of the world are all asleep.

Our departure from Poughkeepsie allows us to approach the Highlands by the "Long Reach"—that quiet and sunny portion of the river's course that here lies like a broad, straight avenue between the beautiful banks, for more than twenty miles. Its upper extremity is at Crom Elbow—the *Krom Elleboge* of the old Dutch settlers; its



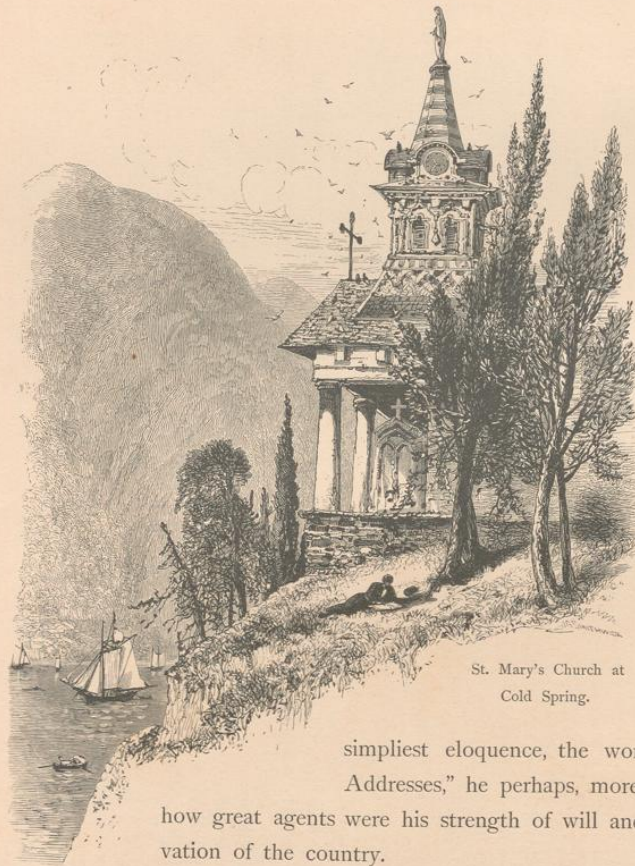
The Storm-King and Cro'-Nest.

lower is at Newburg. Sailing down it, we pass many points which their history, as well as their beauty, makes noteworthy. Here, on the eastern bank, two miles below the town, is Locust Grove, entitled to remembrance as the summer home of Morse, whose name the wires of his telegraph have told to all the world. A mile or two farther on, where Spring Brook comes into the Hudson, lived stout Theophilus Anthony, the blacksmith, a century ago, who helped to forge the great chain that once guarded the river at Fort Montgomery, below. Farther still in the Long Reach lie the bright little villages of Milton and Marlborough, almost hidden from the river by the high banks; we pass New Hamburg, too, called into sad prominence a year or two ago by one of the terrible disasters that are all too common now; and so, noting picturesque little Fishkill on our left, we come upon the beautiful Newburg Bay—the most perfect of the Hudson's harbors.

Close by the gate of the Highlands, opposite the



WEST POINT, AND SCENES IN VICINITY.



St. Mary's Church at
Cold Spring.

range of the Fishkill hills, and overlooking a stretch of river and shore such as you may hardly find anywhere else in the world, Newburg lies, with its bright group of picturesquely-clustered houses, with memories of old Revolutionary days surrounding it, and every association connected with it that should make it a marked town among our historic places. Here were Washington's headquarters during a part of the stormiest of the war-time; and here, in combating with the strongest and

simplest eloquence, the work of the famous "Newburg Addresses," he perhaps, more than anywhere else, showed

how great agents were his strength of will and earnest purpose in the salvation of the country.

It is with the beauty of the old town, however, and not with its history, that we have to do. From the shore below it we have gained one of the most perfect views of this noble part of the Hudson's course. We see the entrance of the Highlands, and the broad expanse of water lying between this and the town. This is the very perfection of an approach to the glorious scenery below. The broad bay forms a kind of enchanted border-region, which the true guide will let his visitor study well; and it and its shores—along which one should pass to fully learn the beauty of the great stretch of sunny river—put one in the truest mood for the first sight of the grander aspects of mountain and stream upon which he is to look with the next stage of his journey. One should pass, we say, along the shore as well as make the voyage upon the river, to catch the full beauty of this scene in Newburg Bay. The old toll-road runs along the western bank of the Hudson here, and gives from time to time such glimpses of the hills below as are worth a day's travel to seek. From one of these Mr. Fenn has shown the very spirit of the whole scene. This is a portion of the journey that no

one should miss. And now we are within the gates of the Highlands themselves, in the presence of the great Storm-King and the dark pile of the Cro'-Nest.

To us these two noble mountains are the grandest of the Highland range. They have a charm that might induce a man to live in their shadow for no other purpose than to have them always before him, day and night, to study their ever-changing beauty. For they are never twice alike; the clouds make varying pictures all day long on their wooded sides, and nowhere have we seen more wonderful effects of shadow and sun-



Glimpse of the Hudson from Fort Putnam.

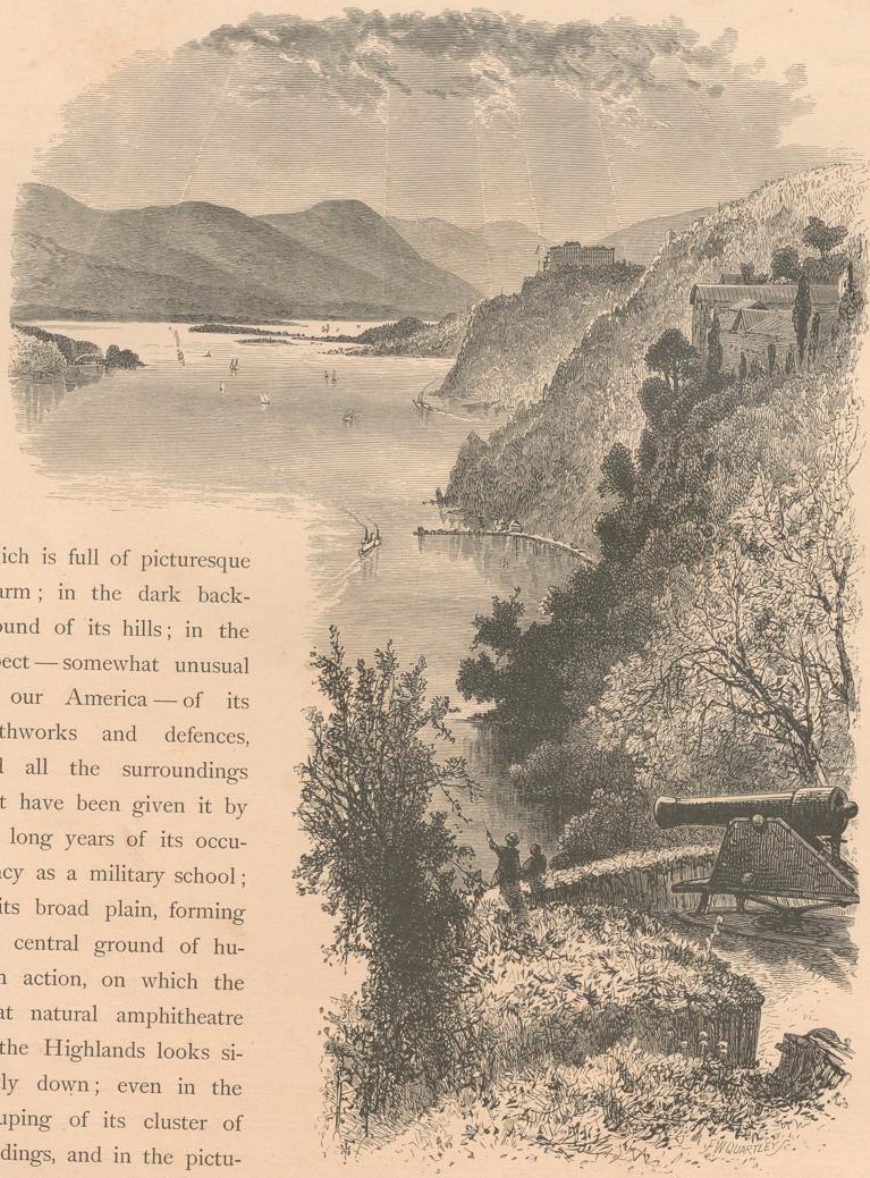
shine. Under the frown of a low thunder-cloud they take on a grim majesty that makes their black masses strangely threatening and weird; one forgets to measure their height, and their massive, strongly-marked features, by any common standard of every-day measurement, and they seem to tower and overshadow all the scene around them, like the very rulers and controllers of the coming storm. And when the sunlight comes back again, they seem to have brought it, and to look down with a bright benignity, like giant protectors of the valley that lies below.

Beyond them, on a remarkable and beautiful promontory, extending into the river at what seems to us the most perfect point of the whole course of the Hudson, lies West Point. It has always been to us an ideal place. In its shores, every view of

which is full of picturesque charm; in the dark background of its hills; in the aspect—somewhat unusual in our America—of its earthworks and defences, and all the surroundings that have been given it by the long years of its occupancy as a military school; in its broad plain, forming the central ground of human action, on which the great natural amphitheatre of the Highlands looks silently down; even in the grouping of its cluster of buildings, and in the picturesque monuments about it, that call up so many memories,

there seems to us a harmony of beauty that makes the site of our important military post one of the most attractive spots in the whole country.

It is from West Point, too, that the most satisfying views of the Hudson itself are

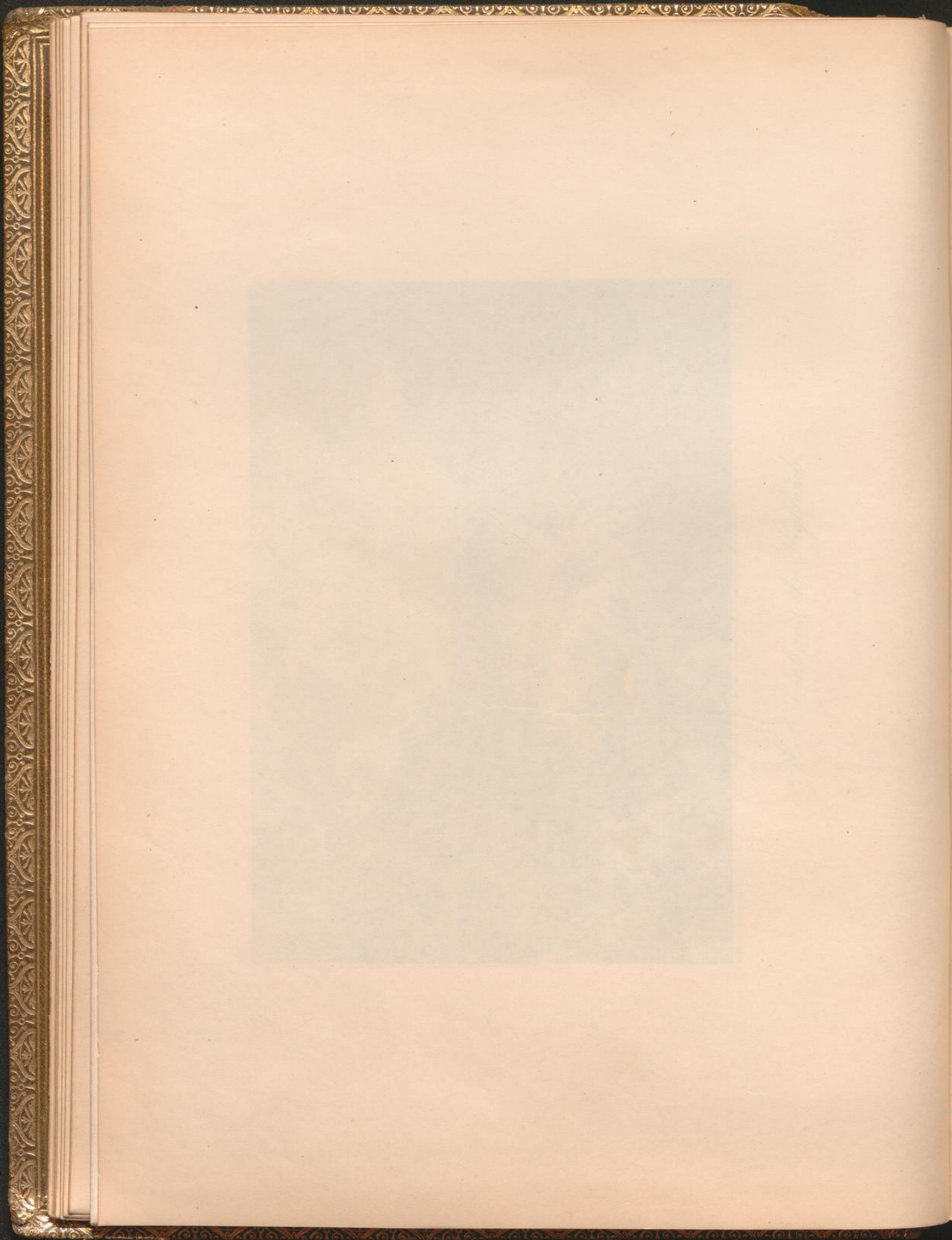


View south from the Academy Grounds.



West Point and the Highlands.

New York, D. Appleton & Co.



to be gained. Whoever has looked out from the broad veranda of the hotel near the parade—the familiar “Roe’s”—and seen the broad reach of the river stretching northward between the picturesque dark hills, never forgets the perfect vista that lies before him here.

Equally beautiful in sunshine and shadow, and fairly glorious in a storm, this is such a scene as no other river can show. Sit and watch it lying under the sky of a cloudless autumn morning, when its outlines all seem mellowed with a touch of golden haze, and it is framed by the many-colored splendors of the foliage of late October; or see it when the perfect beauty of the new green of spring is over its hills, and the river is just rippled by a touch of air; or, best, perhaps, and certainly grandest of all, when the overhanging thunder-cloud of a summer afternoon comes slowly nearer, and first the sharply-outlined black shadow, and then the distinct, clearly-marked edge of the pelting storm, approach across hills and river, until, with the growing thunder and whirl of rain, you find yourself overtaken by the tempest; see this picture of the Hudson in one of these aspects or in all, and you will grant that no Old World vaunted Rhine can show you more and truer beauty than is thus given in our own home.

But this perfect river-view, which lies always before the visitor, to be enjoyed without an effort, and to satisfy even without any thing else, is really only the beginning of what West Point has to offer to a lover of the picturesque. Turn in whatever direction one may from the parade-ground of the academy—the recognized central point of all things at the post—he finds new points of outlook, and new beauty waiting for him everywhere. On the summit of Mount Independence, an irregular hill, some distance back from the river, are the ruins of old Fort Putnam—such ruins as are left of the once stout work; and, climbing to these, one gains a new glimpse of the Highlands and the water. It is useless to try to show in words the different and always fresh charm that each new point of observation gives; nor could the pencil show it with entire success unless it could fill a volume with sketches, in which even then one would miss the glorious coloring that forms a crowning beauty of these hills. The ruins of the fort are themselves picturesque, with that beauty of ruins that is so rare with us in America—the nameless charm that, even for the least sentimental, always surrounds an old, decaying structure that has played its part in the world, and seems resting and looking on dreamily, only an observer now, and not an actor.

Close by the central grounds of the academy there are other relics of old days, monuments that have an interest besides their picturesque aspect, as they lie among the green of the turf and trees. Along the steep shore of the river, that rises so suddenly as to form a series of sharp precipices and rough terraces between them, there are many of these memorials, and many historic nooks. Here, half-way down the slope of the shore, is “Kosciuszko’s Garden,” where the brave Pole used to make his favorite haunt, and where he would lie and read in his leisure, regardless, according to the story, of the



THE HUDSON AT "COZENS'S."

fact that shot from the vessels in the river now and then struck the rocks not far away. Along the paths that lead from one to another of these natural terraces are smooth cliffs, on which the names of famous victories have been cut in large, bold letters; the vines and ferns give to these natural frames of green, and the plain records are the most perfect that could have been devised—better than any tablets of less noble simplicity. There is no lack of memorial-stones erected by men's hands, however; here and there a column or an obelisk looks out from the foliage—a monument to some army hero, who once went out into earnest battle from the quiet existence and petty events of "the corps."

Down by the most beautiful part of the shore runs the path—memorable in the lives of countless fledgling soldiers—that has been named by profane souls "Flirtation Walk"—a designation at which the heart of any man over two-and-twenty must sink, in despair of his race. For the path is a perfect ideal of beauty; at every point of its course there are glimpses of hills and river that it makes a man's whole life better to have seen; and yet it must exist for whole generations more of gray-clad youngsters under the title of "Flirtation Walk!" Not that we quarrel with the fact of the flirtation—under sun, moon, or stars, there is no such place for tender passages and summer love-making—but why did not some young hero, with his memory full of these things, christen it by any name, though ever so ultra-sentimental, that would commemorate them better than the chosen title that now rules?

From the shady nooks of the West Point shores one may look out upon parts of the opposite bank that are, in their quieter fashion, also beautiful. Opposite the promontory of the Point lies the little village of Cold Spring—a bright group of houses by the water. Above and below it the shore rises into high, steep banks, and on one of these stands the little church of St. Mary's, which Mr. Fenn has chosen for a picture that might almost persuade one he was looking upon some view of a little chapel crowning the rocks by an old river of Europe, so quaint is it, and so foreign in its features to the ordinary aspect of our American scenes. Near by it the railway runs along the bank and through a rough tunnel in the ragged point; but the little church looks like a mediæval building, as far removed as possible from the practical progress of to-day.

But we must not long digress from the detail—even though it be so meagre—of the beauties that more closely surround the West Point plain. We should be unfaithful to our duties as guide if we did not lead the looker-on at these favorite scenes of ours to some few more of the points from which he will carry away pleasant memories. One of these is the landing-place itself at which he finds himself upon arrival by the ordinary route from the city; for one is carried by the train to Garrison's, on the Hudson's eastern side, and thence in a little steamer across the river, and is landed at the foot of the cliffs of the promontory. Here is a road leading to the plain above, and built by

the engineers in a single long slope from the water, along the steep face of the shore, to the point where it again reaches level ground. It is to this road and the views seen from it that we would, in guide-book manner, call the reader's notice. Whoever is sound in wind and limb should walk up the long, regularly-graded ascent, and now and then look down at the river. It lies below him, seen through the branches of the trees, as he will see it nowhere else. Such a sense of overhanging the water is hardly felt even on the Palisades themselves. The rocks above and below the road are grouped in



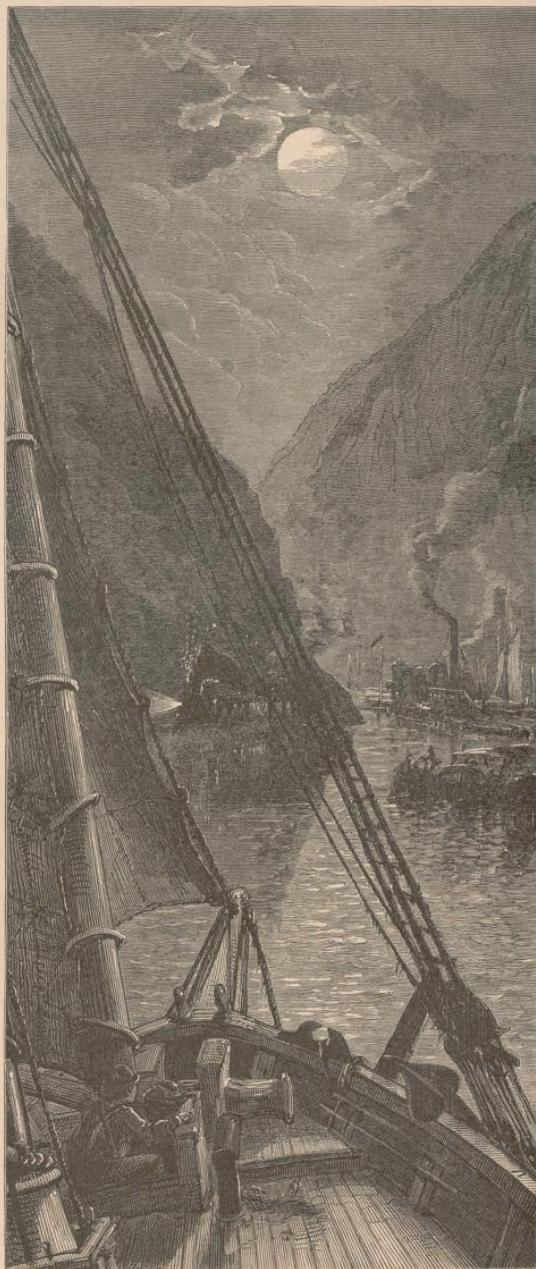
Anthony's Nose, from the Western Shore.

rough, massive forms; the sense of height is far greater than actual measurement would warrant; and the outlook, wherever one turns, is striking, and such as will be gained from perhaps no other point but this, midway in the slope along the cliff.

On the opposite side of the promontory from this, and some distance beyond the academy grounds, is the cemetery of the post. Overlooking the river to the north and east, and lying in a little level plain above the cliffs, where the sunlight falls all day long, and where every thing in scene and surrounding seems to join in giving quiet

and peaceful beauty to it, it is such a resting-place as any man might choose after a soldier's stormy life. Here Scott is buried, and here are many heroes of fame more or less widely spread—all honored by the younger men growing up to take their places, with an honor partly made up of generous ambition to go and do like them, partly of an admiration for bravery in the abstract, and partly of the nameless and indescribable sentiment of veneration that hangs about the memory of "a graduate." To us, the cemetery—overlooked by dark old Cro'-Nest; looking down on the river far below; quiet and peaceful in the sunlight; silent, yet never gloomy, under the stars; scarcely touched, it would seem, even by the winds of the Highland storms—is among the West Point scenes that seems most beautiful.

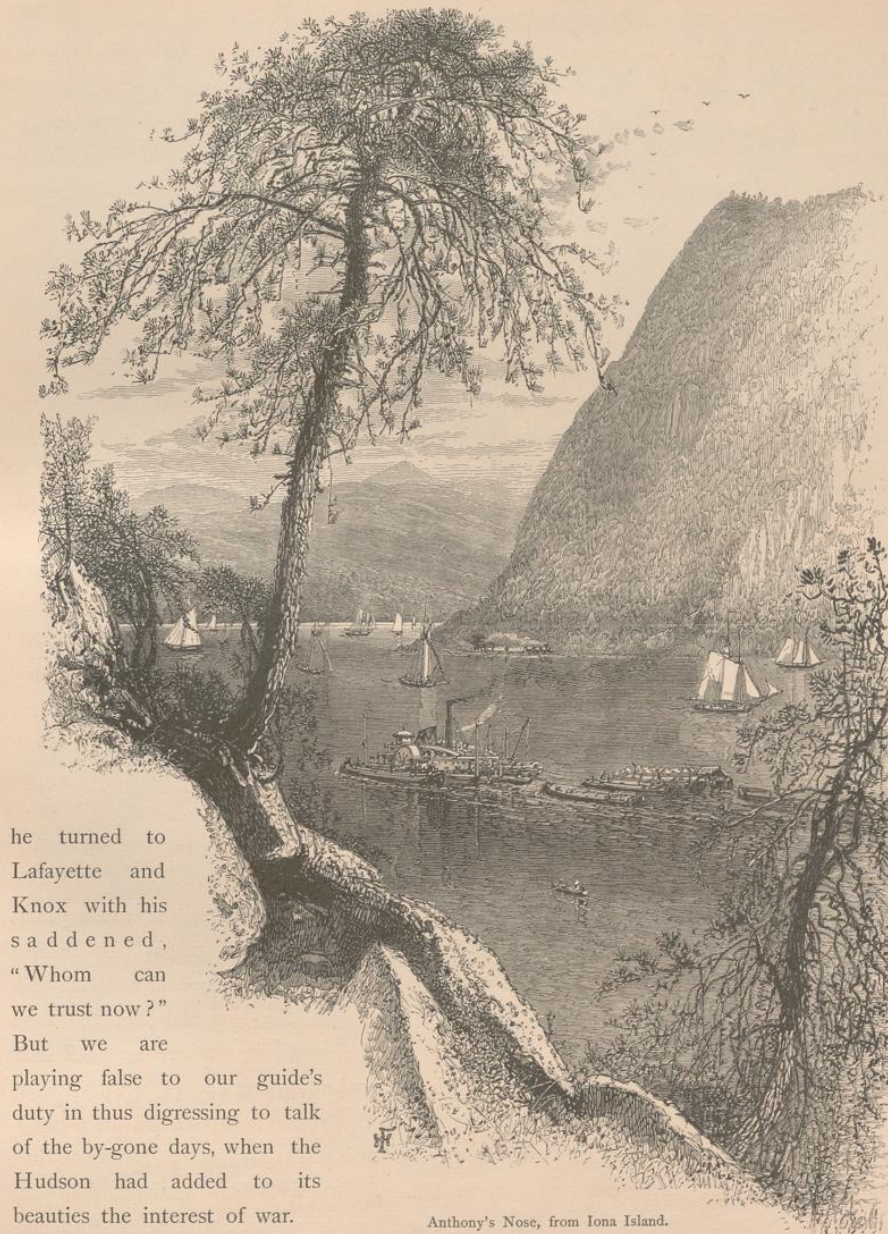
We must not leave the Point without saying something of the associations, which, besides its beauty, make it a place full of interest to every traveller through the Hudson's scenery. For here are the scenes of not a few events to which every one's memory turns back familiarly, and the whole neighborhood is



Near Anthony's Nose at Night.

among the most famous regions of our history. During the War of the Revolution, West Point was, if not the principal, at least one of the most important military posts in the country. Singular as such a statement must appear to us now, it was looked upon—as an American historian has phrased it—as the key to the passage between the New-England and the Middle States—the colonies of Revolutionary days. It commanded the entrance to the Upper Hudson; it was the centre of the scene of many principal movements of the war; it was invaluable as a deposit for munitions, and troops were mustered within its fortifications, to be sent to every part of the theatre of action. Upon its defences was concentrated much of the attention and effort of the Congress and the leaders of the army. Here, from Gee's Point to Constitution Island (no longer surrounded by the stream), was stretched across the Hudson the huge chain, to which reference has been made already. "It was laid," says the best description that we have at hand, "across a boom of heavy logs, that floated near together. These were sixteen feet long, and pointed at each end, so as to offer little resistance to the tidal currents. The chain was fastened to these logs by staples, and at each shore by huge blocks of wood and stone." Several of the great links of the chain are preserved at the Point; and the work of the stout old blacksmith looks as though it might have borne the wear and rust of centuries; but by the vessels of an enemy its strength was never tested. Here, too, on a conspicuous part of the promontory, Kosciuszko constructed Fort Clinton, in 1778. Of Fort Putnam we have already spoken; and, indeed, the whole vicinity of the post was provided with no mean works for fortification and defence. It is not hard to see, then, apart from other reasons, why Washington and his generals looked upon it as, perhaps, their chief fortress. The fighting colonies had no other military stronghold of such extent and permanent character as this.

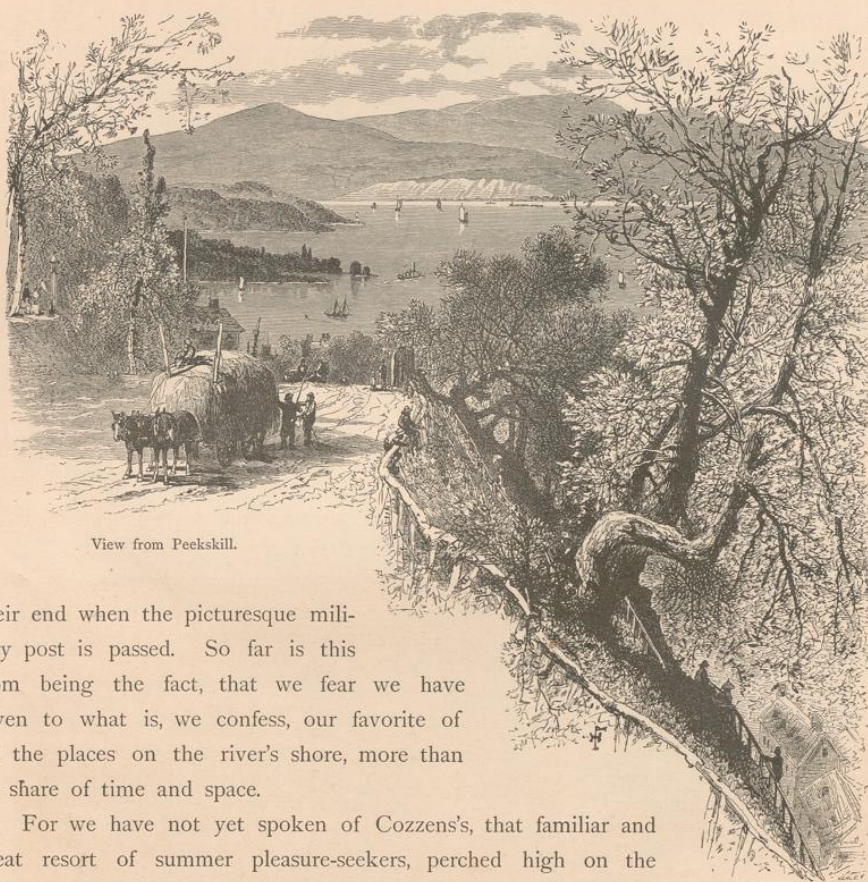
All these features of the place contributed to increase the magnitude of the crime which will always be associated with the history of West Point—the treason of Benedict Arnold. It is impossible to forget it as we look at the scene of the plan—impossible even for us, who have come to seek rather the beauty of the present than the stirring recollections of the past. Inevitably we picture again in mind, as we did when school-boys, the September morning when the traitor heard of the miscarriage of his plans, and wonder what feeling came to him as he sat at the table of Beverly House (where Colonel Beverly Robinson had made his home, on the eastern side of the river, nearly opposite the post), and the note was brought to him from his subordinate at the military station below, that said "Major André, of the British army, is a prisoner in my custody." The scene with his wife, the hurried flight, his treacherous surrender of his boatmen—all these things that were wont to stir our blood when we read them in the school-histories, come back to us perforce when we linger at the Highland fortress. It must have been, indeed, a sorry time for more men than Arnold; and one can have a feeling of thorough sympathy for the disheartened commander-in-chief, when



he turned to Lafayette and Knox with his saddened, "Whom can we trust now?" But we are playing false to our guide's duty in thus digressing to talk of the by-gone days, when the Hudson had added to its beauties the interest of war.

Anthony's Nose, from Iona Island.

Because we have lingered so long in the beautiful neighborhood of West Point and its really glorious scenery, the patient reader must not fancy that the noblest views of the Highlands approach



View from Peekskill.

their end when the picturesque military post is passed. So far is this from being the fact, that we fear we have given to what is, we confess, our favorite of all the places on the river's shore, more than its share of time and space.

For we have not yet spoken of Cozzens's, that familiar and great resort of summer pleasure-seekers, perched high on the brow of the cliff that is the most prominent on the western shore for several miles below the Military Academy. Nothing could be more picturesque than the situation of the great building of the hotel, high up in air, looking down upon all the noblest of the river-views. It is several hundred feet above the water in reality; but it looks twice the real distance from the low shore at the base of the cliff to the foundations of the house, for the precipice is here so bold and rugged that the most practised eye is deceived by its appearance of great height. Along this steep descent runs the road, cut as at the post-landing above, in a well-graded slope from the river to the summit of the cliffs. On the shore Mr. Fenn has found a point of view where one may deceive himself into the belief that he looks upon some legend-haunted ruin near the Rhine or the Neckar, so picturesquely are the outlines of this commonplace old structure by the Cozzens's Landing shaped and scarred by time and weather.

But we must hasten on, for now, a little distance farther down the river, we come

upon another of the most glorious mountain-groups of the Highlands—the most southern of all, forming the lower gate, as the Storm-King and its fellows form the upper. Chief among this new group is the bold height of Anthony's Nose, descending sharply to the water of the river at one of the most perfect bends in all its course. So boldly does the promontory jut out into the stream that it seems actually to close its channel; and the good Hendrick Hudson, as he approached it, thought for a time that his progress was finally brought to a close, and that the arm of the sea, up which he imagined that he was sailing, had ended here among the hills. The steep sides of the headland are dark with rock and forest and thick undergrowth; and the coloring of the whole is so stern and sombre, even in the sunlight, that there is about the mountain an air of majesty that makes it by far the most prominent of the chain in which it stands.

Why this famous height received the name it bears, no one knows; but the veracious Knickerbocker claims to have made discovery of the facts that led to the choosing of the title. "And now I am going to tell," says he, "a fact which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but, if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word



The Hudson, north from Peekskill.

in this whole history, for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known, then, that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance, like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now, thus it happened that, bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious Sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When the astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time."

There are other mountains here that guard, with Anthony's Nose, this southern entrance. Chief among them is the grand Donderberg, jutting sharply into the river from the shore opposite the Nose, and a mile and a half below it in the stream's course. Around this Mountain of Thunder the summer storms collect; and its summit is best known to those who have seen it with the frown of a cloud sweeping over it, and the sound of the coming tempest already heard about its sides.

We are in the very land of Irving now; the whole region is peopled with the creatures of his fancy. Who does not remember the "little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, which, they say, keeps the Donderberg? They declare," Irving says further of the river-captains and their legend, "that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders, in Low-Dutch, for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap; that sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps, in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head-over-heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that, at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest."

Of the Sugar-Loaf, Bear Mountain, and the other picturesque hills that form the beautiful southern Highlands, we have not space to speak at length; nor have we looked upon our guide's office as imposing upon us the duty of pointing out to view

each several feature of the Highland scenery. Had we done so, we should be open to a thousand charges of neglect. We have rather floated down with the stream, talking with perhaps some garrulity of what first met our eyes; but if we were to yield to temptation, and wander away upon the shore, or penetrate ever so little inland, we should



A Misty Morning on the Hudson.

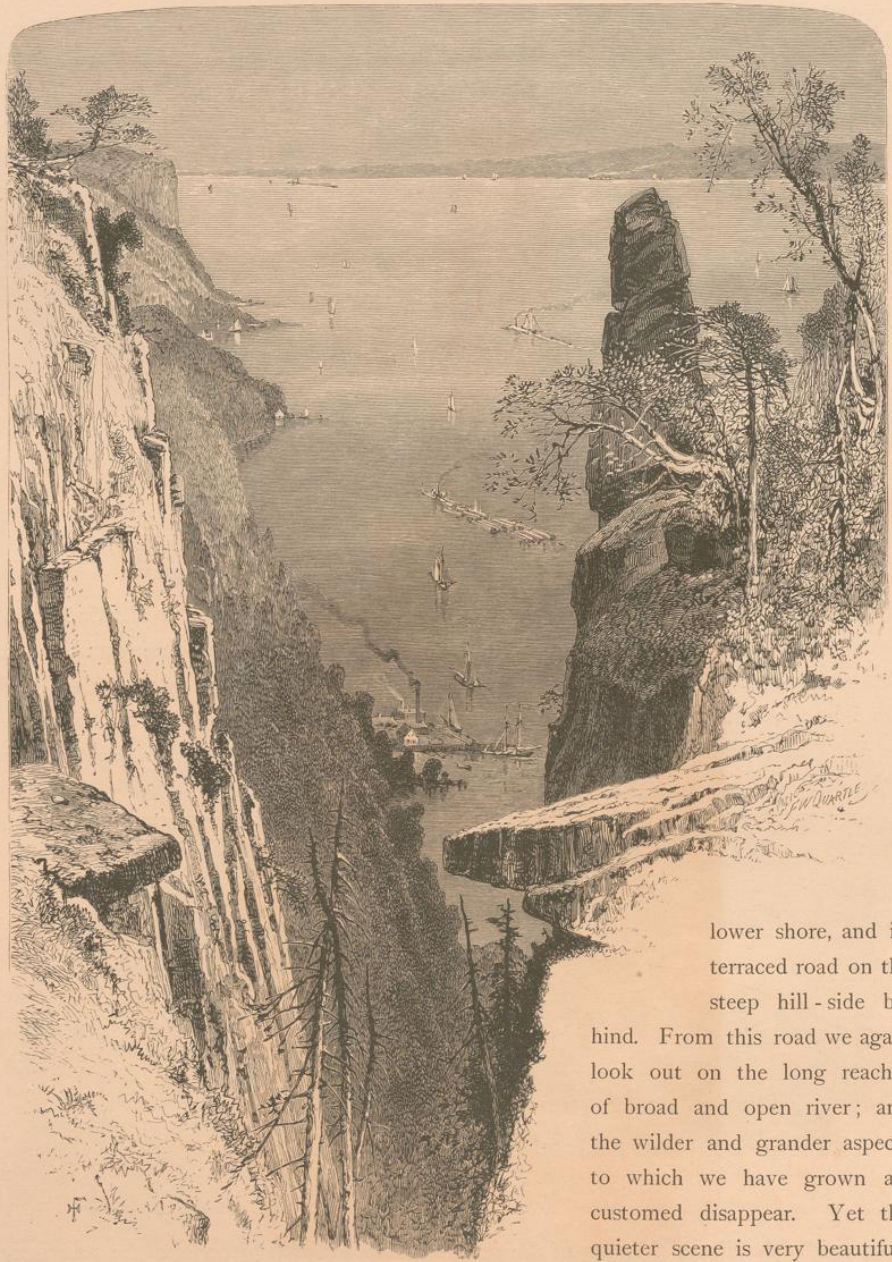
never end our journey. For there would be then all the picturesque creeks that tumble foaming to the river, and all their long, wild valleys, to follow up; there would be the bright villages, with their legends and their scenes of our old history, to recall; and there would be the hundred thousand points of view to visit and to enjoy, each one more than the last. But we cannot do this; and we must make our farewell to the Highland



The Hudson, at Yonkers.

group, with Mr. Fenn's sketches of the great promontory, and go on into the new scenes of the river below.

As Newburg at the northern entrance of the Highlands, so lies Peekskill near the southern. Very picturesquely the town is placed, with its houses lying on the sloping

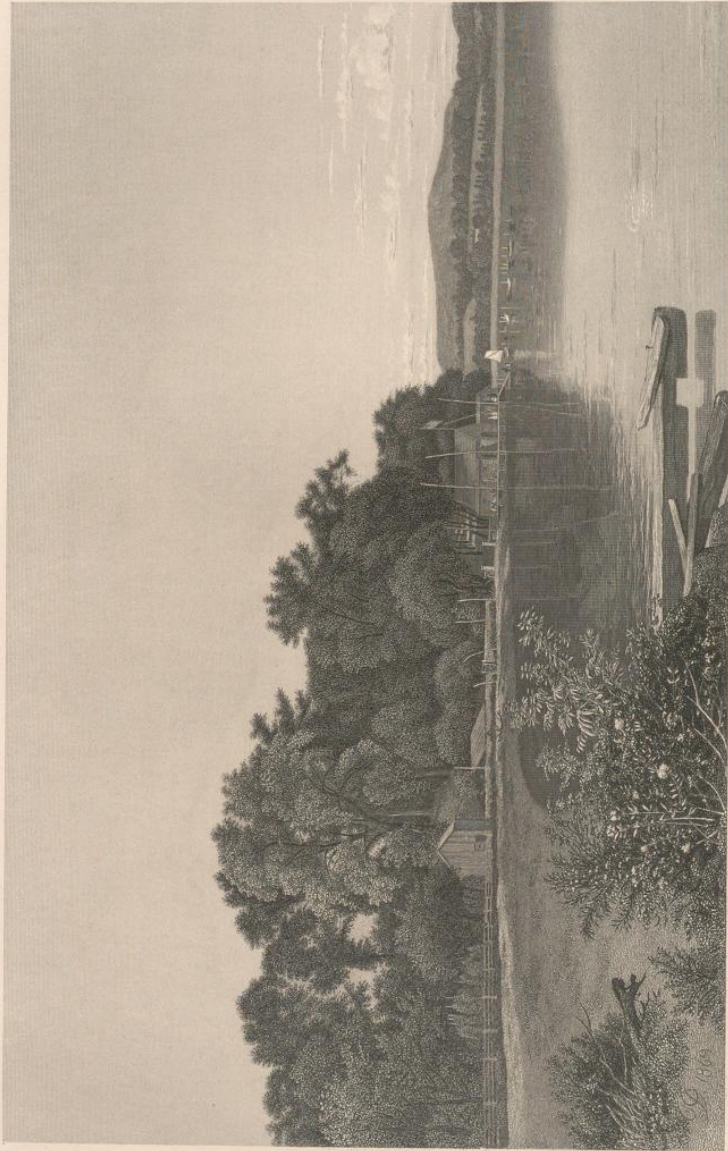


The Palisades.

the high terrace, a pleasant country meets the view, where along the river-banks are the little country-places that make homes for crowded-out New-Yorkers.

lower shore, and its terraced road on the steep hill-side behind. From this road we again look out on the long reaches of broad and open river; and the wilder and grander aspects to which we have grown accustomed disappear. Yet the quieter scene is very beautiful; and, looking southward from

21



Engraved by G. W. Walliswood.

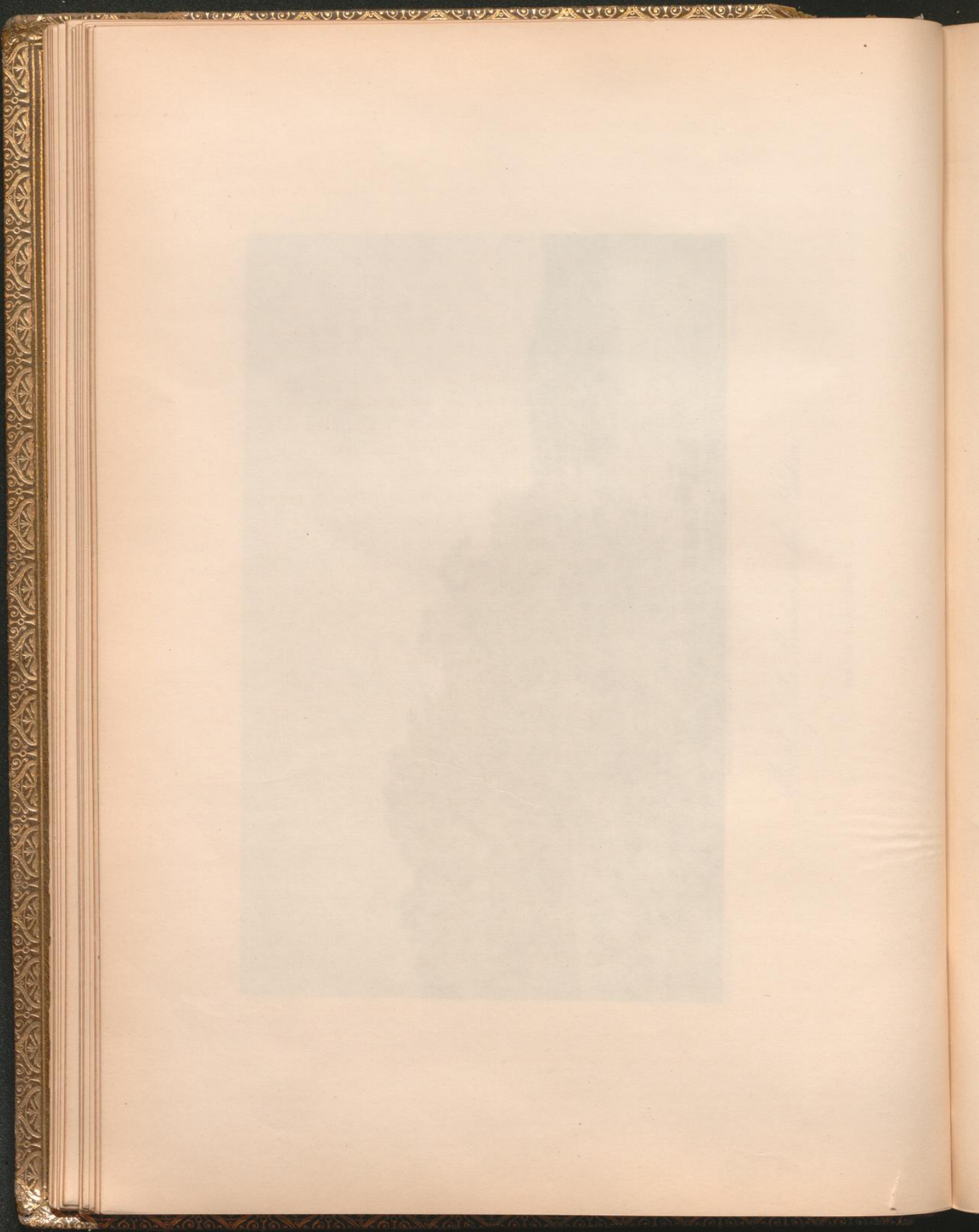
View looking up the Hudson River, from the mouth of the river, and on the west side of the city.

Drawn by David Johnson.

Mouth of the Hudson, on the Hudson

New York, D. Appleton & Co.

Faint, illegible text covering the page, possibly describing geographical features or historical events. The text is significantly obscured by a large, irregular brown stain in the center.



And now follows a long reach of river of which our title strictly takes no cognizance; it is neither in the Highlands, nor is the greater part of it bordered by the most picturesque portion of the Palisades; yet how can we pass it entirely by without a word—even we who are seeking that which is by nature beautiful, and have nothing, by the stern limitations of our duty, to do with story or reminiscence or manifold attractions of association? We cannot pass by it without at least a word or two; for here, in the part of the river to which we are coming, are scenes that every one knows by heart. We do not mean to speak of Stony Point, where gallant Anthony Wayne led his men so well through the July midnight in 1779; or of Treason Hill, where Arnold's plans were matured, and where André took the papers that betrayed it; or of the hundred other historic localities that lie hereabout; for we will not weary the voyager again with long rehearsal of history, or call him away from his journey. But, when we speak of scenes that every one knows by heart, we mean those that have been touched by Irving's pen, and those among which he himself lived and wrote.

For now we approach the Tappan Zee, and that whole region of the river and its valley which is always connected with the romance and the legendary lore that he created for it. And below is his own home of Sunnyside, standing in classic ground for all Americans. Who can pass, a little above Tarrytown, the shore beyond which lies Sleepy Hollow, or sail past the banks of which every point suggests some memory of the sunny-hearted writer, and not be glad at the thoughts they bring into his mind? Every thing that Irving has touched he has turned into something better than gold.

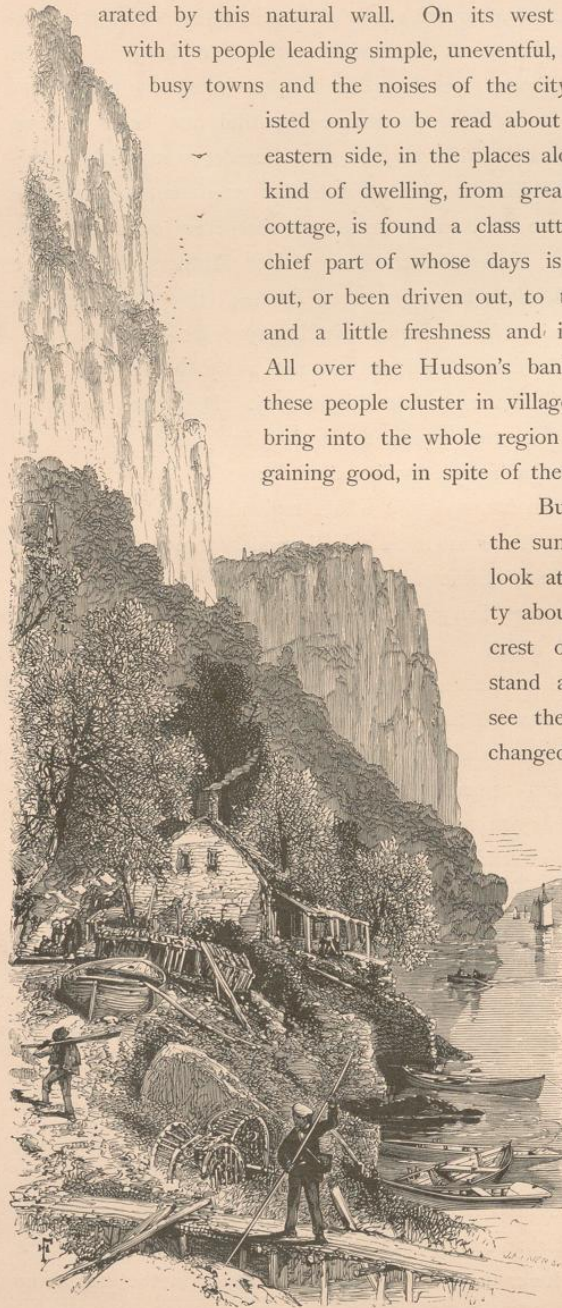
But, while we have looked only at the eastern shore in this part of the Hudson's course—the eastern shore, to which its associations irresistibly draw the traveller's first glances—the Palisades have already begun, and have grown into an unbroken, massive wall upon the western bank. In strict truth, and geographically, their great escarpments begin in the neighborhood of Haverstraw, and run south along the river-bank for thirty miles or more; but the noblest part of their wall of vertical and columned rock is of much less extent. It is that portion which we call the noblest in which they rise, in rude and rugged but uninterrupted line, to the height of three hundred and even five hundred feet, attaining their greatest magnitude in the enormous and jutting buttress that thrusts itself into the stream nearly opposite Sing Sing.

For miles on either side of this, their giant ridge, like a natural fortress, lies between the river and the bright and fertile region on its west. Here and there the wall is cut by deep and narrow ravines, and through such fissures in the cliffs are gained some of the most perfect views of river and landscape that have greeted us in all our course. It is through such rifts in the rock that one sees the stream lying so far below that it seems almost in another world, and looks across into the blue distance in the east as he might look out from a great and magical window that gave a glimpse into an entirely different life. For nothing could present sharper contrasts than do the two regions sep-

arated by this natural wall. On its west lies the quietest farming country, with its people leading simple, uneventful, pastoral lives—people to whom the busy towns and the noises of the city seem as far away as if they existed only to be read about and wondered over. But on the eastern side, in the places along the banks of the river, in every kind of dwelling, from great country-seat to smallest suburban cottage, is found a class utterly different. These are they the chief part of whose days is passed “in town,” who have come out, or been driven out, to the beauty of the country for rest and a little freshness and invigoration in their homes, at least. All over the Hudson’s banks, from Newburg to New York, these people cluster in villages and little cities, trying hard to bring into the whole region the bustle of their town-life, but gaining good, in spite of themselves, from their surroundings.

But there is more to be gained from the summit of the Palisades than an outlook at the various aspects of the humanity about their base. High up upon the crest of the great escarpment one may stand and look far away into the east, or see the most glorious sunsets that ever changed the sky to gold and fire. To

the north lie the Highlands we have passed, stretched out in noblest panorama for his view; and to the south the river flows on in a broader stream, until on its eastern side the city begins, and the stream changes its aspect, and passes between the crowded shores that send out across it the noisy thunder of their busy life; and Palisades, and rocky hills, and long reaches of still stream, and green, pleasant banks, make a sudden end, as the Hudson sweeps grandly and quietly down to the sea.



At the Foot of the Palisades.