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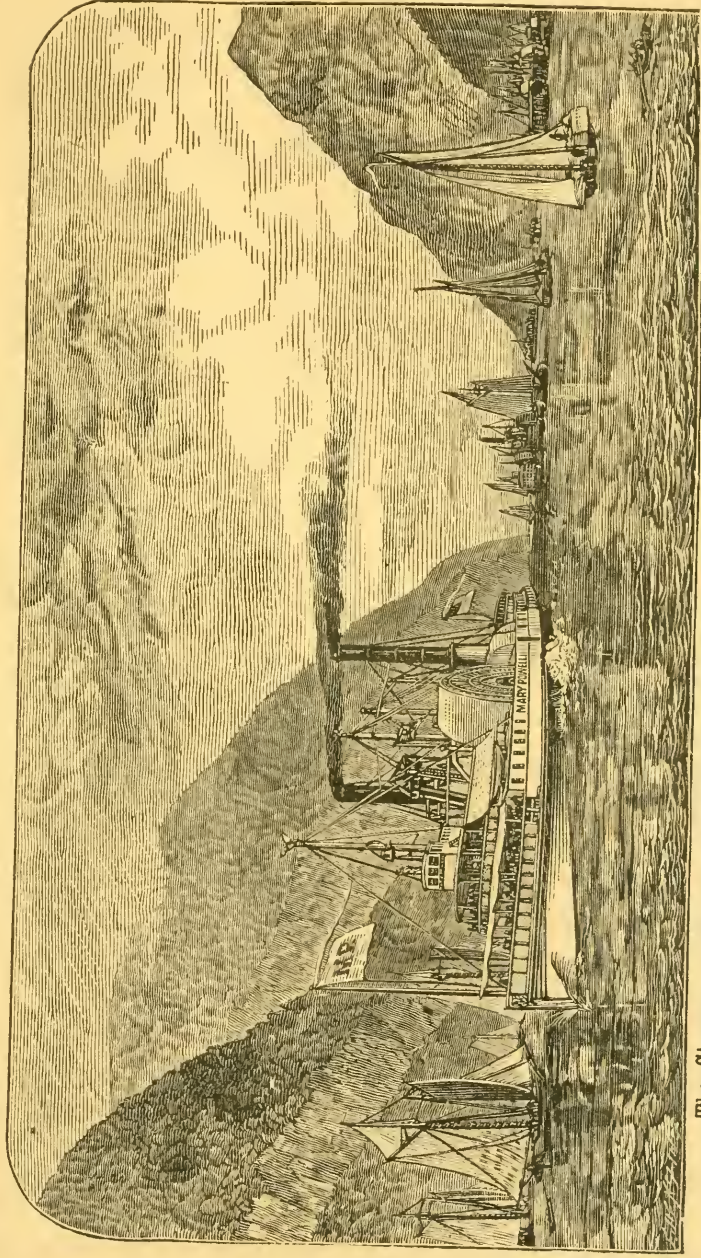
Price,

THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

By the Author of

"The Hudson by Daylight."

10 Cents.



The Steamer **MARY POWELL** in the Highlands.

The Steamer is now passing the base of the Old Cro' Nest, and the View here given includes the Northern Portal of the Highlands
STORM KING ON THE LEFT. BREAK-NECK MOUNTAIN ON THE RIGHT.

The **MARY POWELL** leaves New York 3:30 P. M., lands at Cozzens', West Point, Cornwall, Newburgh, Milton, Poughkeepsie, and city of Kingston. Morning Trip down, touching at the above-named places, arrives in New York at 10:45 A. M., connecting with Jersey City Ferry for Philadelphia.

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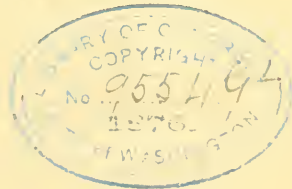
HEADQUARTERS AT THE

West Point Hotel.

THE
HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE HUDSON BY DAYLIGHT."

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PUBLISHED BY
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THE HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

“In all its length far-winding way
Of promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that, like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.”

Two million people, about one twentieth of the population of the United States, live in and about the cities of New York and Brooklyn, or within a radius of twenty miles from the Battery. Of this number comparatively few have ever seen the Hudson Highlands. The fare from New York to Cozzens, West Point or Newburgh, is 75 cents. There is no city so fortunate in its surroundings as our own metropolis, with the finest bay and harbor in the world, and a river at its very doors grander than the Rhine, the Danube, or any of the storied streams of Europe.

The Hudson was called by the Spaniards the River of the Mountains, and the name is suggestive of its grand surroundings. In its short course of 250 miles from the wilderness to the sea, it takes in fifty miles of the Adirondacks, thirty miles of the Catskills, twenty miles of the Highlands, and fifteen miles of the Palisades.

In this little guide or pamphlet we propose to call attention to the Hudson Highlands, promising to do something more worthy of this mountain district another season. In our “Hudson by Daylight,” one of the divisions is marked The Highland’s “Sublimity,” as distinguished from the Tappan Zee “Repose,” and the Catskills “Beauty,” and we use a part of this section in this edition.

It is an accepted and established truth (and well known since the day Willis moved to Idlewild), that the Cornwall slope of Storm King is the place to find health. And it is reasonable that these mountains,

varying from one thousand to sixteen hundred feet high, should give on each plateau a succession of varied climates. We therefore thoroughly believe that if the worn-out brain-working men of New York would take three or four weeks among these mountains, they would derive greater benefit than at all the fashionable watering places on the coast or in the country. Take some good point as a centre, and make excursions every day or two, either pedestrian or on horseback, and in fact live in the mountains. Take the Cornwall Mountain House, the Highland House, Garrison, West Point Hotel, Cozzen's, the Parry House or some of the pleasant boarding houses of Cornwall or Highland Falls, and make excursions as follows. To give our own pleasant experience in making these routes, we made the Cornwall Mountain House our starting point, and had the advantage of arranging our trips and conversing with Dr. Champlin, a gentleman as enthusiastic as ourselves in the health and beauty of this entire mountain region.

We will speak of these excursions in their order.

FIRST DAY : The new mountain road which passes up Cornwall Heights and over a spur of Storm King to Cro' Nest Plateau.

SECOND AND THIRD DAYS : Pedestrian trips to the Lake District of the Highlands, to Round Lake, to Long Lake, and to Bog Meadow Pond (not a very poetic name for the source of Buttermilk or Cascade Falls).

FOURTH DAY : Take Mary Powell boat from Cornwall to West Point any morning. Cross over to Garrison Landing, reaching there about 8 A. M.; visit Indian Falls, the old Beverly House, and Undercliff, the home of the poet Morris.

FIFTH DAY : Repeat this trip and visit Sugar Loaf, Hamilton Fish's grounds, the old landing where Arnold fled to the "Vulture," the North Redoubt and the South Redoubt Mountains.

SIXTH DAY : Visit the Lake District on the East side of the Hudson. Lake Oscawana, seven miles East from the Highland House ; Salpaugh Pond, five miles east on the same road, and Cat Lake, on the top of Cat Mountain, about three miles north from the Highland House.

SEVENTH DAY : Take a sail or row boat and visit Pollipel Island, and

find the old cabin which once belonged to the witch and her son, the mythical Sycorax and her son Caliban.

EIGHTH DAY : Visit Iona Island, the celebrated pic-nic ground of the Hudson. Iona is at the Southern Gate of the Highlands, Pollipel Island at the Northern.

NINTH DAY : Cross to Fishkill Landing, and visit the North Beacon Mountains, one of the Beacon Heights of the Revolution.

Other trips will suggest themselves to the visitor, but these that we have indicated will show how much of interest is here congregated. The Highlands embrace the historic, the romantic, the traditional, and the poetic of our early and later literature, and we refer in the following pages to

1. The story of Captain Kidd as associated with Kidd's Point.
2. The Dunderberg, the Olympus of Dutch Mythology.
3. Anthony's Nose, with its grave miracle.
4. Buttermilk Falls or Cascade Falls.
5. West Point and Fort Putnam.
6. Beverly House and the treachery of Benedict Arnold.
7. The story of Talleyrand.
8. Indian Falls and the Highland House.
9. Constitution Point, the home of the Misses Warner.
10. Undercliff and Old Cro' Nest.
11. Reference to Indian Legend.
12. The romance of Pollipel's Island.
13. Cornwall, on the beautiful slope of Storm King.
14. Cro' Nest Plateau and the New Mountain Road.
15. Idlewild, the home of the poet Willis.
16. The old Gorilla of the mountains, just discovered.
17. The site of Prof. Morse's novel, never written.



MEARNS HOUSE,

NEAR WEST POINT,

HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y.

In the Heart of the Highlands

For the last Seventeen Years the most prominent and best known of the Highland Houses.

GROUNDS SPACIOUS.

Abundance of Fruit and Vegetables on the Place.

MEANS OF ACCESS :

MARY POWELL to Cozzen's Dock, or day Boats to West Point,
and Hudson River Railroad to Garrison's, crossing
by ferry to Cozzen's Landing.

MRS. A. MEARNS, JR., *Proprietor.*

We hope to have a more complete Cut for our next edition. But there is one thing certain, no one will be disappointed, as is often the case, with exaggerated views.

THE HIGHLANDS — SUBLIMITY.

“ And ever-wakeful Echo here doth dwell,
The nymph of sportive mockery, that still
Hides behind every rock, in every dell,
And softly glides unseen from hill to hill.”

Turning Kidd's Point, or Caldwell's Landing, almost at right angles, the steamer enters the Highlands. Near the Point will be seen some upright planks, or caissons, near the water's edge. They mark the spot where Captain Kidd's ship was supposed to have been scuttled. As the famous captain's history seems to be quite intimately associated with the Hudson, we will give in brief

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.—His name was William, and he was born about the middle of the seventeenth century; and it is thought, near Greenock, in Scotland: resided at one time in New York, near the corner of William and Cedar Streets, and was there married. In April, 1696, Kidd sailed from England in command of the “Adventure Galley,” with full armament and eighty men. He captured a French ship, and, on arrival at New York, put up articles for volunteers: remained in New York three or four months, increasing his crew to one hundred and fifty-five men, and sailed thence to Maderas, thence to Bonavista and St. Jago, to Madagascar, then to Caiicut, then to Madagascar again, then sailed and took the “Quedah Merchant.” Kidd kept forty shares of the spoils, and divided the rest with his crew. He then burned the “Adventure Galley,” went on board the “Quedah Merchant,” and sailed for the West Indies. Here he left the “Merchant,” with part of the crew, under one Bolton, as commander. Then manned a sloop, and taking part of his spoils, went to Boston via Long Island Sound, and is said to have set goods on shore at different places. In the mean time, in August, 1698, the East India Company informed the Lords Justices that Kidd had committed several acts of piracy, particularly in seizing a Moor's ship called the “Quedah Merchant.” When Kidd landed at Boston he was therefore arrested by the Earl of Bellamont, and sent to England for trial, 1699, where he was found guilty and executed. Now it is supposed that the crew of the “Quedah

Merchant," which Kidd left at Hispaniola, started with their ship for the Hudson, as the crew was mostly gathered from the Highlands and above. It is said that they passed New York in the night, and started with their ship for the manor of Livingston; but encountering a gale in the Highlands, and thinking they were pursued, run her near the shore, now known as Kidd's Point, and here scuttled her, and the crew fled to the woods with such treasure as they could carry. Whether this circumstance was true or not, it was at least a current story in the neighborhood, and an enterprising individual, about forty years ago, caused an *old cannon* to be discovered in the river, and perpetrated the first "Cardiff Giant Hoax." A New York Stock Company was organized to prosecute the work. It was said that the ship could be seen in clear days, with her masts still standing, many fathoms below the surface. One thing is certain—the Company didn't see it or the *treasurer* either, in whose hands were deposited about \$30,000.

THE DUNDERBERG rises directly above this point—the Olympus of Dutch Mythology. It was the dread of the early navigators, and sailors had to drop the peaks of their mainsails in salute to the goblin who inhabited it, and presided over those little imps in sugar-loaf hats and short doublets, who were frequently seen tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist. No wonder that the old burghers of New York never thought of making their week's voyage to Albany without arranging their wills; and it created as much commotion in New Amsterdam as a Stanley expedition in search of Livingstone. Verdrietege Hook, the Dunderberg, and the Overslaugh were names of terror to even the bravest skipper.

ANTHONY'S NOSE.—The high peak on the east bank, just above the "Nameless Highland," is Anthony's Nose, which, in our Guide-Book published in 1869, we considered the prominent *feature* of the Hudson. It is about 1500 feet high, and has two or three *christenings*. One says it was named after St. Anthony the Great—the first institutor of monastic life, born A.D. 251, at Coma, in Heraclea, a town in Upper Egypt. Irving's humorous account is, however, quite as probable, to wit: that it was *derived* from the nose of Anthony Van Corlear, the illustrious trumpeter of Peter Stuyvesant. "Now thus it happened that



ROAD TO COZZENS' DOCK.

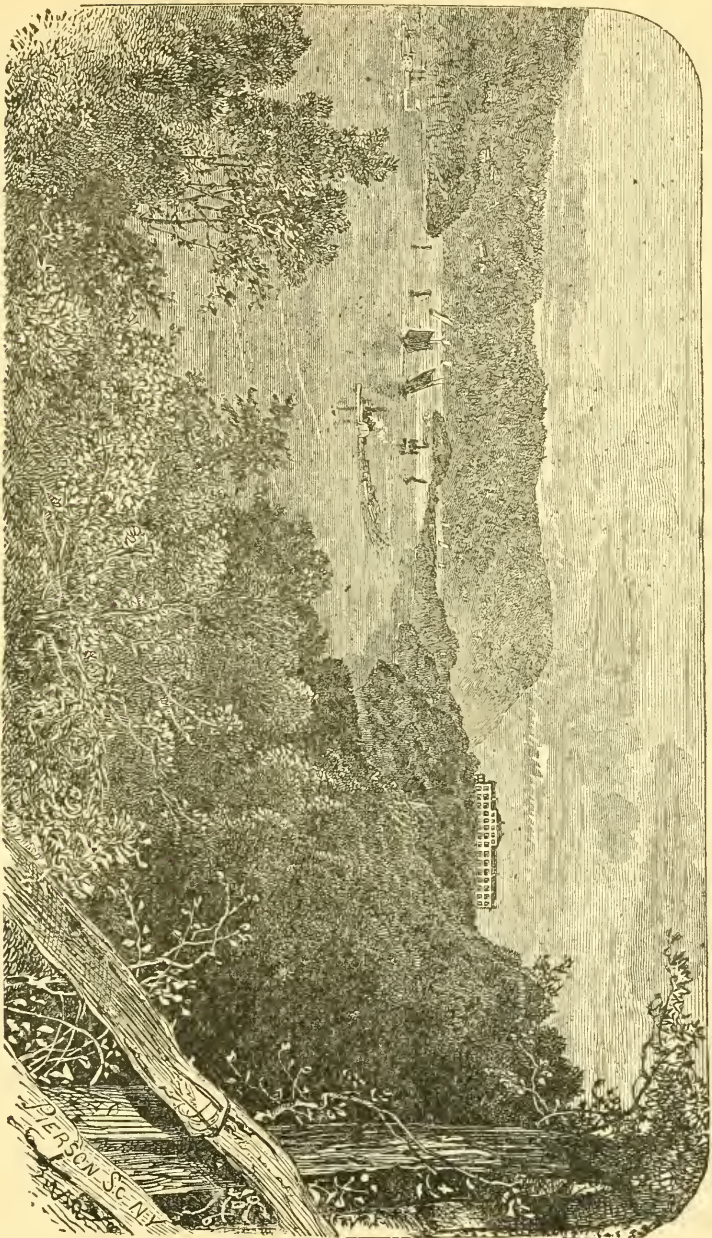
“The main road, partly cut like a sloping terrace in the rocks, is picturesque at every turn, but especially near the landing, where pleasant glimpses of the river and its water craft may be seen.”—*From Lossing's "Hudson, From the Wilderness to the Sea."*

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 waves 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. When this astonishing miracle was made known to the Governor, and he tasted of the unknown fish, he marveled 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." This mountain was called by the Indians Kittatenny, a Delaware term signifying "endless hills."

Opposite Anthony's Nose is the beautiful island of Iona; and we obtain a fine view of old Sugar-Loaf to the north. We are now in the midst of historic country, and the various points are literally crowded together: Beverley Dock, Beverley Horse, Fort Putnam, North and South Redoubt Mountains, Kosciusko's Garden, and Fort Constitution. Both sides of the river are full of interest, and we will refer to each separately. As the steamer is now nearing the west shore, we will speak first of

COZZENS HOTEL.—[The Day Line Steamers land passengers for Cozzens this season at the West Point Landing, one mile above. The "Mary Powell stops both at Cozzens and West Point.]

The large building on the rock is Cozzens's Hotel, a view of which is given on the opposite page. It is one of the finest landmarks on the river, and commands a wide reach of the Hudson, as it winds among the mountains. The view from the verandas embraces the principal features of the Highlands. It has just the location for a Summer Hotel, an elevation of almost two hundred feet, with a fine breeze, attractive grounds, and charming view. And we feel justified in saying that the deserved reputation of its past history as one of the best appointed summer hotels of the country will be fully sustained in the new management of the Goodsell Brothers.

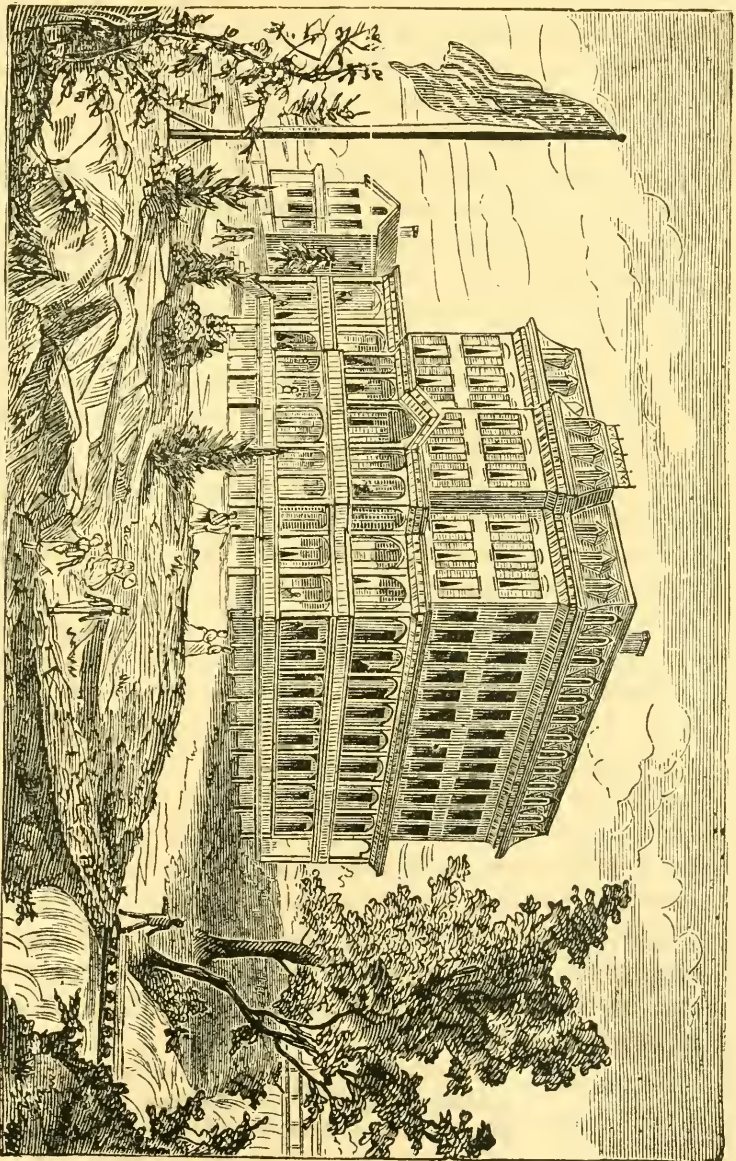


Passengers by Albany Day Boat, landing at West Point, can take Dinner at
COZZEN'S HOTEL,
and return to New York, by boat, same day.

THE PARRY HOUSE has a delightful location on the south bank of the well known "Buttermilk Falls," a stream which falls sixty or seventy feet into the Hudson. It is always beautiful, and, like sparkling wit, *never dry*, even in the longest summer; but the tourist is fortunate who sees it "in full dress costume," after a heavy shower when it rushes over the rocks, "In floods of snow-white foam." This Hotel is very fortunate in its location, standing close on the bank of this poetic stream, on a bluff one hundred and fifty feet above the river, with a beautiful view up and down from shore to shore. We give a view of the Hotel on the opposite page, and the traveling public will be pleased to know that it will be managed this season by the owner and proprietor, Mr. Parry. A part of the old ruin, to which we refer in our Guide Board, has been utilized this season, and presents a fine outlook on the river, and when filled with grace and beauty, seems quite like a turret or battlement of an old time Castle. The grounds consist of seven acres. The name Buttermilk Falls was given by Washington Irving, and was known among the Indians as the Prince's Falls, owned by a Prince of the hill country. The rivulet south of these falls was called by the Indians the Ossinipink, or the stream from the solid rocks; and while we are dealing with "Waterfalls," we might also speak of the Brocken Kil, a stream which empties below Anthony's Nose, a Dutch word from water *broken* in its flow.

WEST POINT.—What Quebec is to Montreal and the "rest of Canady," West Point is to New York and our Country. This may be considered a mathematical formula, a sort of "rule of three" statement, but we are safe in saying that these rocks are as historic if not as gray, that the view of the Hudson at this point is grander than the St. Lawrence, that old Fort Putnam is as venerable as the Heights of Abraham, and the new fortifications are as pleasant if not so imposing as the walls and Citadel of Quebec, and the sensation is something the same in both places; we feel that we are in the midst of law and authority, and at the end of our first Centennial we feel justified in quoting from one of our American poets:

"What though no cloister gray or ivied column
Along this cliff their sombre ruins rear,
What though no frowning tower or temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here.



PARRY HOUSE,

West bank of the Hudson River, delightfully situated, newly and handsomely furnished, distant one and one-half miles below West Point. The above Hotel is conducted by

WILLETT PARRY, Owner and Proprietor.

Yet sights and sounds at which the world have wondered
Within these wild ravines here had their birth,
Young freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,
And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth.
• And not a verdant glade or mountain hoary,
But treasures up within the glorious story."

WEST POINT HOTEL.—The first thing to do is to get located at a Hotel, and there is no finer one on the Hudson than the one we have indicated at the opening of this paragraph. In fact it is the only one on the Government Grounds, and its location is unrivaled; on one side commanding the entire Parade Ground, and on the other looking out upon the River two hundred feet below, with the finest view of old Cro Nest and Storm King to the north, a wonderful vista of grandeur, poetry and beauty. The Hotel is now in the management of Albert H. Craney, well known for many years as a successful Hotel manager both in New York and Washington. Mr. Craney is "the right man in the right place," and we congratulate the government that this important post, the care of the traveling public, is so well administered. Excursion tickets from New York to West Point and return are only \$1, via the Day Line Steamers, and the three hours stay before the return boat gives ample time for looking over the grounds and taking dinner at the Hotel. There is a new road from West Point to Cornwall now in process of construction, and we understand all completed save half a mile, and the coming tourist of the Hudson will make this "part and parcel" of his trip. We will speak of it more fully in connection with Cornwall, but will say here that carriages can be obtained of Messrs. Denton's popular livery, to visit this road and connect with carriages on the other side for Cornwall. The panoramic view is very grand. Messrs. Denton are also proprietors of the regular line of Omnibuses which connect at the West Point Landing. West Point has a beautiful location, and Washington suggested this place as the most eligible situation for a Military Academy. It went into operation about 1812, and the land was ceded to the General Government of the United States in the year 1826. The Academy Buildings and Parade Grounds are on a fine

plateau about two hundred feet above the river. The parade-ground seems almost as level as a floor; and, as the buildings are at a little distance from the river, they are only partially seen. The first building on the right hand to one ascending from the landing is the riding-school used in winter. To the rear of this the public stables, accommodating one hundred and fifty horses. Then, as you ascend, the pathway brings you to a new fireproof building for offices, a beautiful feature. To the right hand of this building is the library, with a dome. The next building is the chapel; and next to the chapel is the old riding-hall, now used for recitation-rooms, gymnasiums, gallery of paintings, and museums. On the same street are located the cadet barracks; and to the north, the officers' quarters. Prominent in this vicinity is the fine monument to General Sedgwick. Starting again at the old riding-hall, and going south, we come to the cadet hall and the cadet hospital; and still further south, another section of officers' quarters. Near the flag-staff will be found a fine collection of old cannon, old chains, old shell, and the famous "swamp angel" gun, taken from the rebels. Fort Knox was just above the landing. Near the river bank can also be seen Dade's Monument, Kosciusko's Garden, and Kosciusko's Monument. Old Fort Clinton was located on the plain, near the monument; and far above, like a sentinel left at his post, Fort Putnam looks down upon the changes of a hundred years. But of all places around West Point, Kosciusko's Garden seems the finest and most suggestive, connected as it is with a hero not only of his own country, but a man ready to battle for free institutions, taking up the sublime words of the old Roman orator, "Where *Liberty* is, *there* is my country." A beautiful spring is near the Garden, and the indenture of a cannon-ball is still pointed out in the rocks, which must have disturbed the patriot's meditations.

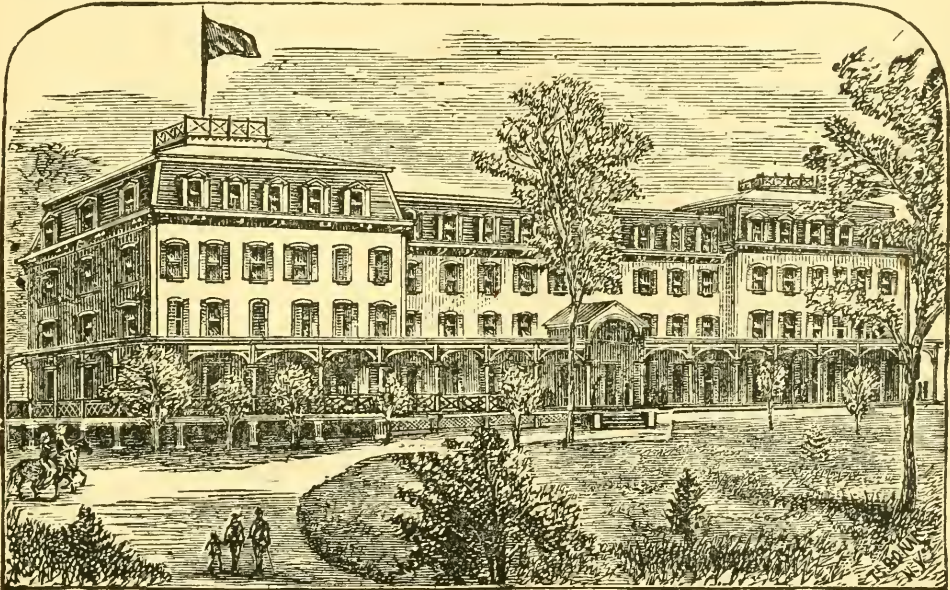
West Point during the Revolution was the Gibraltar of the Hudson; and the saddest lesson of those stern old days is connected with its history. Benedict Arnold was in command of this important point, and the story of his treachery is familiar to every schoolboy. It will be remembered that Arnold met Andre at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, at a place now known as Treason Hill, near the village of Haverstraw: Major Andre was sent as the representative of the British commander,

Sir Henry Clinton. Andre, with the papers and plans of Arnold se-
creted in his *boots*, passes down the Tarrytown road, and was arrested,
as we said in our article on Tarrytown, and the papers discovered. With
this preface, our history will carry us across the river to

GARRISON, on the east side. Arnold returned from Haverstraw to
the Beverley House, where he was then living. This house is situated
about one mile south of the Garrison Depot, near the magnificent
grounds and residence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish. Colonel Jamieson
sent a letter to Arnold informing him of the facts, and this letter Arnold
received on the morning of the 24th of September. Alexander Hamilton
and General Lafayette were at breakfast with him. He read its contents
and excused himself from the table, kissed his wife good-bye, told her
he was a ruined man and a traitor, kissed his little boy in the cradle,
fled to Beverley Dock, and ordered his men to pull off and go down the
river. The "Vulture," English man-of-war, was near Teller's Point,
and received a traitor, whose living treason had to be atoned by the
blood of Andre, the noble and pure-hearted officer. It is said that
Arnold lived long enough to be hissed in the House of Commons, as he
once took his seat in the gallery, and he died friendless, and, in fact,
despised. It is also said that one day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre
on foot from Paris, in the darkest hour of the French Revolution, pur-
sued by the bloodhounds of the reign of terror, he was about to secure
a passage to the United States, and asked the landlord of the hotel, "So
there are Americans staying at your house? I am going across the
water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New
World." "There is a gentleman up-stairs from Britain or America,"
was the response. He pointed the way, and Talleyrand ascended the
stairs. In a dimly lighted room sat the man of whom the great minister
of France was to ask a favor. He advanced, and poured forth in elegant
French and broken English, "I am a wanderer, and an exile. I am
forced to fly to the New World without a friend or home. You are an
American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I
may be able to earn my bread." The strange gentleman rose. With a
look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the
next chamber. He spoke as he retreated, and his voice was full of

suffering: "I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, 'I have not a friend, not one, in America!'" "Who are you?" he cried. "Your name?" "My name is Benedict Arnold." Would that our modern traitors had the same vulture at their vitals as in the early days of the Republic, when treason was made odious without the aid of politicians.

If West Point and its fortifications had passed at that time into the hands of the enemy, it would be difficult to say what disaster might have befallen our arms; but, through all those dark days, when the



THE HIGHLAND HOUSE, GARRISON, N. Y.

G. F. GARRISON, Owner and Proprietor.

American army literally tracked their way with blood through the snows of seven winters, it seemed as if the matter was entirely in the hands of Divine Providence; and that the words of Patrick Henry were every day verified: "There is a just God, who presides over nations."

As we have before stated, the station Garrison, on the Hudson River Railroad, is directly opposite West Point, and about half a mile from the depot is the Highland House, standing on a magnificent plateau.

We call attention to the fact that this is *not* the Highland House near Cozzen's, neither is it the little house at the ferry crossing, as unpleasant mistakes have sometimes been made, but "The Highland House," about four hundred feet above the river, appropriately named, lying in the very centre of the Highlands. Its proprietors are descendants of the family who lived here in the time of the Revolution, from whom the ferry and landing took their name. The house has been recently enlarged to almost double its former capacity. Its location is certainly



INDIAN FALLS, NEAR HIGHLAND HOUSE, GARRISON, N. Y.

one of the finest along the river. The plateau is inclosed by the North Redoubt and South Redoubt Mountains, reaching from Sugar-Loaf and Anthony's Nose on the south, to Breakneck on the north.

Wander where you will, the surrounding mountains abound with wild and picturesque glens. Poet, artist, novelist, and historian, *all* who find books in running brooks, continually add their testimony to the accumulating evidence. In brief, all who wish to spend a summer

pleasantly and profitably will find the "Highland House"—a cut of which is here given—one of the finest family hotels on the Hudson River. Its location is picturesque and healthy, on higher ground than West Point, and commanding a full view. The scenery and drives of the Highlands are very fine.

About a mile and a half to the north, in a picturesque glen, are Indian Falls, well known to artists, and by them made familiar to those who never had the opportunity of visiting one of the prettiest little points of scenery on the Hudson. It is impossible to condense their beauty into a single sketch, but we present the above cut as an index-hand pointing the tourist to the real beauty of which any representation would be only a shadow. With a book of poems in hand, or a *walking romance* on one's arm, we imagine a summer's day would glide by, "as golden hours on angel wings."

The Glen Falls are only half a mile distant; and, added to this blended history and beauty, all over this eastern bank there are local legends—unclaimed children of history—waiting for their relationship to be acknowledged. Surely there is no place where the history of our country can be studied with greater interest than among these wild fastnesses, where Freedom found protection.

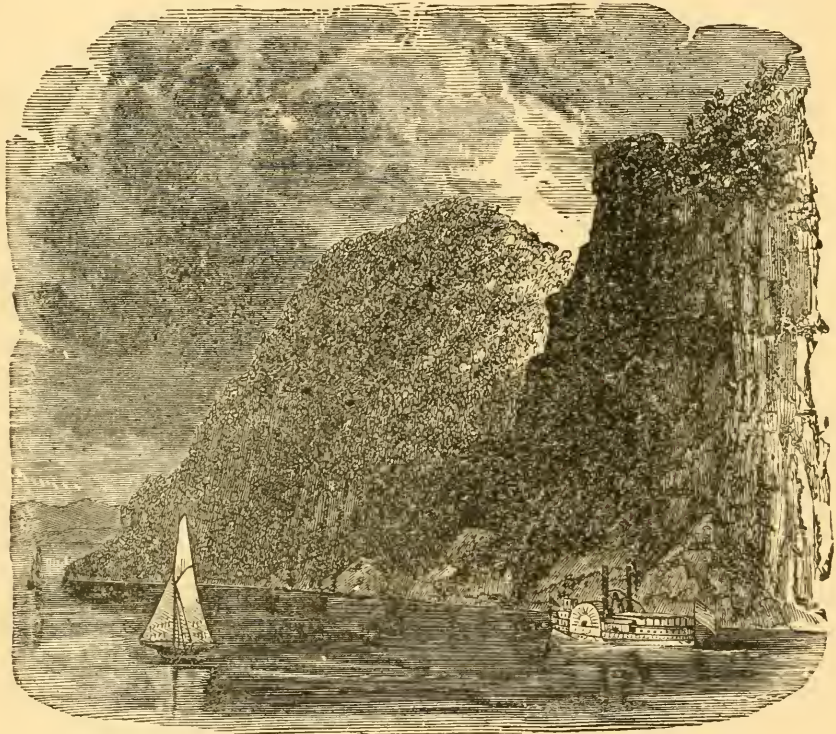
CONSTITUTION POINT.—A short distance above West Point Landing the steamer turns a right angle. On the east bank, almost opposite, known as Constitution Island, lives Miss Susan Warner, author of "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World," of which latter work 40,000 copies were sold in the United States. On this point, or island, ruins of the old fort are still seen. It was once called Martalaer's Rock Island.

COLD SPRING.—A little to the north, also on east bank, is the village of Cold Spring, which received its name very naturally from the fact that there *was* a cold spring in the vicinity. A short distance north of the village we see

UNDERCLIFF, the home of the poet Morris, now owned by his son. It lies, in fact, *under the cliff* and shadow of Mount Taurus, and has a

fine outlook upon the river and surrounding mountains. Standing on the piazza, we see directly in front of us Old Cro' Nest; and it was on this piazza that the poet wrote

“Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.”



OLD CRO' NEST.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

It is said that Mrs. Morris was the *original* of that beautiful character painted by Washington Irving, in his charming essay, "The Wife."

OLD CRO' NEST is the first mountain above West Point, and 1418 feet high. Its name was given from a circular lake on the summit, suggesting by its form and solitary location a nest among the mountains, and

this fancy soon gave a name to the entire mountain. This mountain is also intimately associated with poetry, as the scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay":—

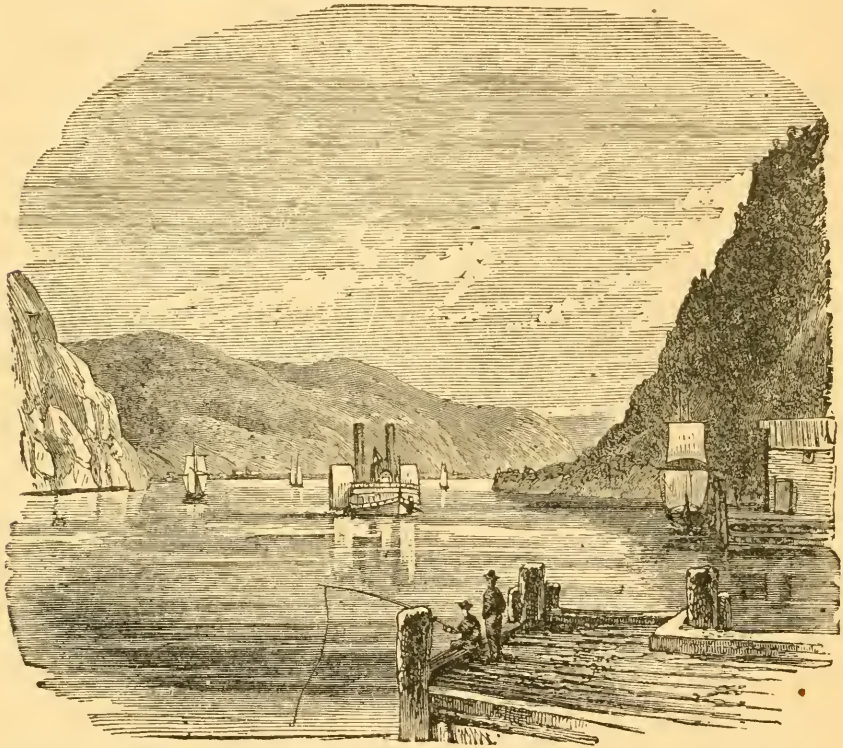
"'Tis the middle watch of a summer night,
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
The moon looks down on Old Cro' Nest—
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

STORM KING, to the north of Cro' Nest, is the highest peak of the Highlands, being 1800 feet above tide water. Its first name was Klinkersberg, afterward called Butter Hill, and christened by Willis Storm King. This mountain forms the northern portal of the Highlands, on the west side. Breakneck is opposite, on the east side, where St. Anthony's Face was blasted away. In this mountain solitude there was a shade of reason in giving that solemn countenance of stone the name of St. Anthony, as a good representation of monastic life; and, by a quiet sarcasm, the full-length nose below was probably thus suggested.

The Highlands now trend off to the northeast, and we see the New Beacon, or Grand Sachem Mountain, 1685 feet high, and about half a mile to the north, the Old Beacon, 1471 feet in height. These mountains were used for signal stations during the Revolution. They were called by the Indians the Matteawan, and the whole range of Highlands were sometimes referred to as the Wequehachke, or the Hill Country. It was also believed by the Indians that, in ancient days, "before the Hudson poured its waters from the lakes, the Highlands formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the omnipotent Manito confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age. At length the conquering Hudson, in its career toward the ocean, burst open their prison-house, rolling its tide triumphantly through the stupendous ruins." An idea quite in accordance with modern science.

The steamer is now passing close to the base of old Storm King, and we get a fine view of this mountain rock, with sides all scarred and torn by storms and lightning. Almost before us, to the right, we see

POLLIPEL'S ISLAND, supposed by the Indians to be a supernatural



UPPER ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS, FROM CORNWALL LANDING.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

spot. The island, however, has a little romance connected with it, which is decidedly *supernatural*. Some fair Katrina of the neighborhood, a great many years ago, was beloved by a farmer's lad. She reciprocates, but, by coquettish art, was playing the — (sad havoc) with a young minister's affections. One winter evening, minister and Ka-

trina were driving on the ice, near this island. The farmer's son very naturally was also driving in the same vicinity. The ice broke, and minister and young lady were rescued by the boid youth. The minister discovers that Katrina and young Hendrich both love each other; and there, under the moonlight, on that supernatural island, with solemn ceremony, unites them in bonds of holy matrimony. It ought henceforth and forever to be called the "Lovers' Island." This pleasing story presents a strong contrast to the sad fate of a wedding-party at the Danskammer Rock, to which we shortly refer. We are now nearing the pleasant village of

CORNWALL, and we take pleasure in giving an outline of our pleasant visit "in the leafy month of June," 1876. Our destination was the "Cornwall Mountain House," and we arrived just as the shadows commenced to deepen in the valley. The location of this Charming Resort as a place combining health and pleasure is pronounced the finest in the world. It was selected by Dr. Champlin with special reference to climate and temperature. Theory and fact alike unite in asserting the health of this pleasant resort. The village lies in a lovely valley which Mr. Beach has styled in his able description "as an offshoot of the Ramapo, up which the storm winds of the ocean drive laden with the purest and freshest of air. Sweeping through the Moodna they come to us in all their delicious sweetness, driving before them and beyond our limits all impurities and poisonous exhalations. Now if we ascend the hillsides we gain the additional advantage of height above the sea level, and obtain an air chemically pure."

CORNWALL HEIGHTS AND THE NEW MOUNTAIN ROAD. The traveler who sees "Storm King" only from the River has little idea of its extent. He is struck with its boldness and scarred river front, and feels that old Hendrich Hudson gave it the best name when he styled it "Klinkersberg:"—but when we behold its entire extent as it sweeps away to the west, with mountain rising beyond mountain, we at once acknowledge its supremacy, and hail it "King of the Highlands." The new Road from Cornwall to West Point, now almost completed, will soon open up all the loveliness and grandeur of this section. There is no finer road in all our country, none better engineered, none that conquers a grade

more easily, none that presents a finer outlook, and no mountain road so free and open to the public. It is as thoroughly constructed as the Road up the White Mountains, but there is no toll. It is the free gift of a few enterprising citizens who like to see things "move." The Heights of Cornwall rise in a succession of Plateaus, giving a succession of varied climates, and we notice a massing or clustering of vegetable growth, floral or otherwise, and groves of pines, cedars, and birches. Our road now passes over Deer Hill and winds through the valley of Mount Lancaster and Black Rock to the upper Plateau of Cro Nest. On the Grand Look Out where we stop to take in a view of the valley, we see a cluster of cedars of peculiar growth, which our friend (the Doctor) tells us slope away until three miles from the river, they pass from the Cypress or Cone form to the apple tree form. From this "grand outlook" we get a good idea of the topography of the mountain region, and the valley of Cornwall, not only the Landing but also the Cornwall of the Interior, a running village of pleasant residences and villas, about two miles in length. As we pass on toward the grand plateau of Cro Nest we see the old Revolutionary Road, and near at hand the home of "Uncle Ben," (Benjamin Lancaster) the old guide of this mountain district.

CRO NEST PLATEAU is about one thousand feet above the Parade Ground of West Point, and overlooks it as a rocky balcony. These mountains with their wonderful lake system are in fact the "Central Park" of the Hudson. Within a radius of ten miles are clustered over forty lakes, and we very much doubt if one person in a thousand ever heard of them. It would pay the New York Herald to discover another Stanley and find a few "Nyanzas" nearer home. We understand there is no map giving the physical geography of this section to be found even in the West Point Library. We would suggest to the professors of West Point the words of Hamlet, "Reform it altogether."

For coaching, for horseback rides, for pedestrian and scientific tours, this section is unrivalled, and this road, seven miles in length, presents more interest and health than any at least within a radius of sixty miles from New York, and if we were asked how best to enjoy a day in the Highlands, our experience would dictate a sail on the river Day Boats

to West Point, or Cornwall, and then pass over this road from one side of Storm King to the other. Messrs. Denton, of West Point, will furnish carriage to the foot of the mountain and telegraph to Dr. Champlin, of Cornwall Mountain House, to meet the party with a carriage on Cro' Nest Plateau, or *vice versa*. This only leaves a walk of half a mile. When the road is completed there will be through conveyance, and Dr. Champlin expects to run the famous Coach once owned by Boss Tweed.

THE CORNWALL MOUNTAIN HOUSE lies in a Horse Shoe or crescent of hills, opening to the north west, some four or five hundred feet above the river, of which it commands a fine view. It is thoroughly protected against the marine atmosphere, and shielded from the south easterly winds by old Beacon Hill and the Fishkill Mountains. The entire slope is rich in balsamic growth; the very air seems laden with medical properties, and fruits of all kinds are said to excel any in the State.

IDLEWILD, where Willis spent the last years of his life, is only a short distance from the villiage; a drive from the main entrance, along the very edge of a beautiful ravine, leads to the dwelling, now owned by Mr. Courtenay.

THE GORILLA OF THE HIGHLANDS. It was our privilege to discover this Darwinian specimen, the *connecting link* between Cro' Nest and Storm King. To speak specifical y, the head is formed by the sloping outlines of the hills just south of Storm King. It looks best by moonlight, when the nose, forehead, and chin are very distinct. If you don't see it, perhaps it has gone to the "Exposition."

PROF. MORSE'S NOVEL (never written). While preparing "The Hudson Highlands," a gentleman of acknowledged veracity informed us that Prof. Morse once meditated a novel, the scene of which was to have been the plateau at the southern portal of the Highlands; here he was to locate a temple of Aztec civilization, "in his minds eye," and give a fanciful description of their mode of life, religious rites, etc., but a little incident in his life—the idea of a telegraph—turned his attention to something more practical. The world can get on without the novel, but it would be somewhat "mixed" to-day without the telegraph. We would modestly suggest a fitting monument to his memory on the spot where he intended to locate the "Temple."

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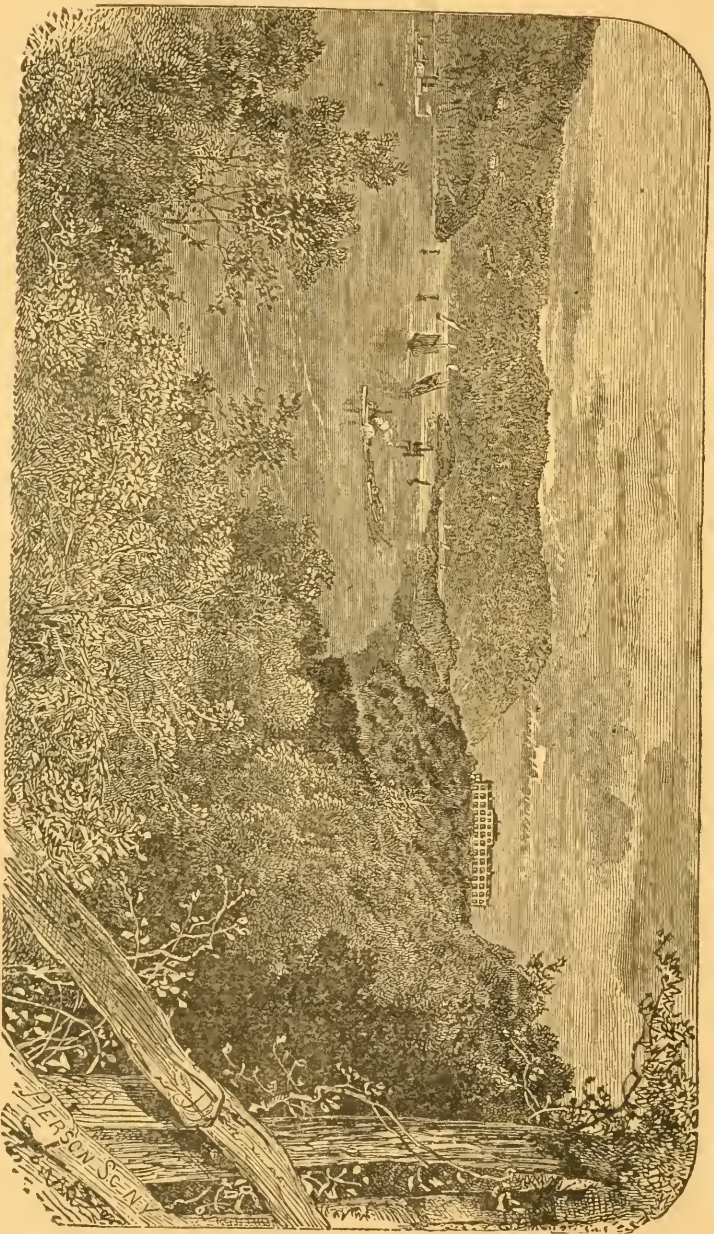
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