

Books on the New England Scene by

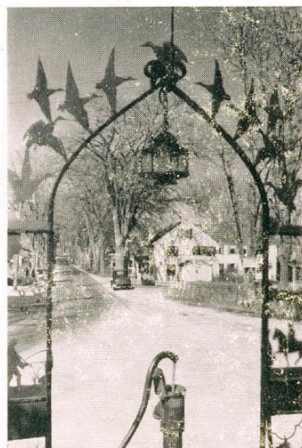
SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN



A Small House in the Sun

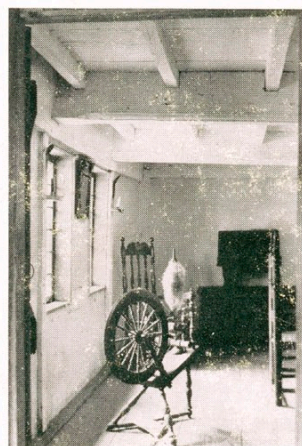
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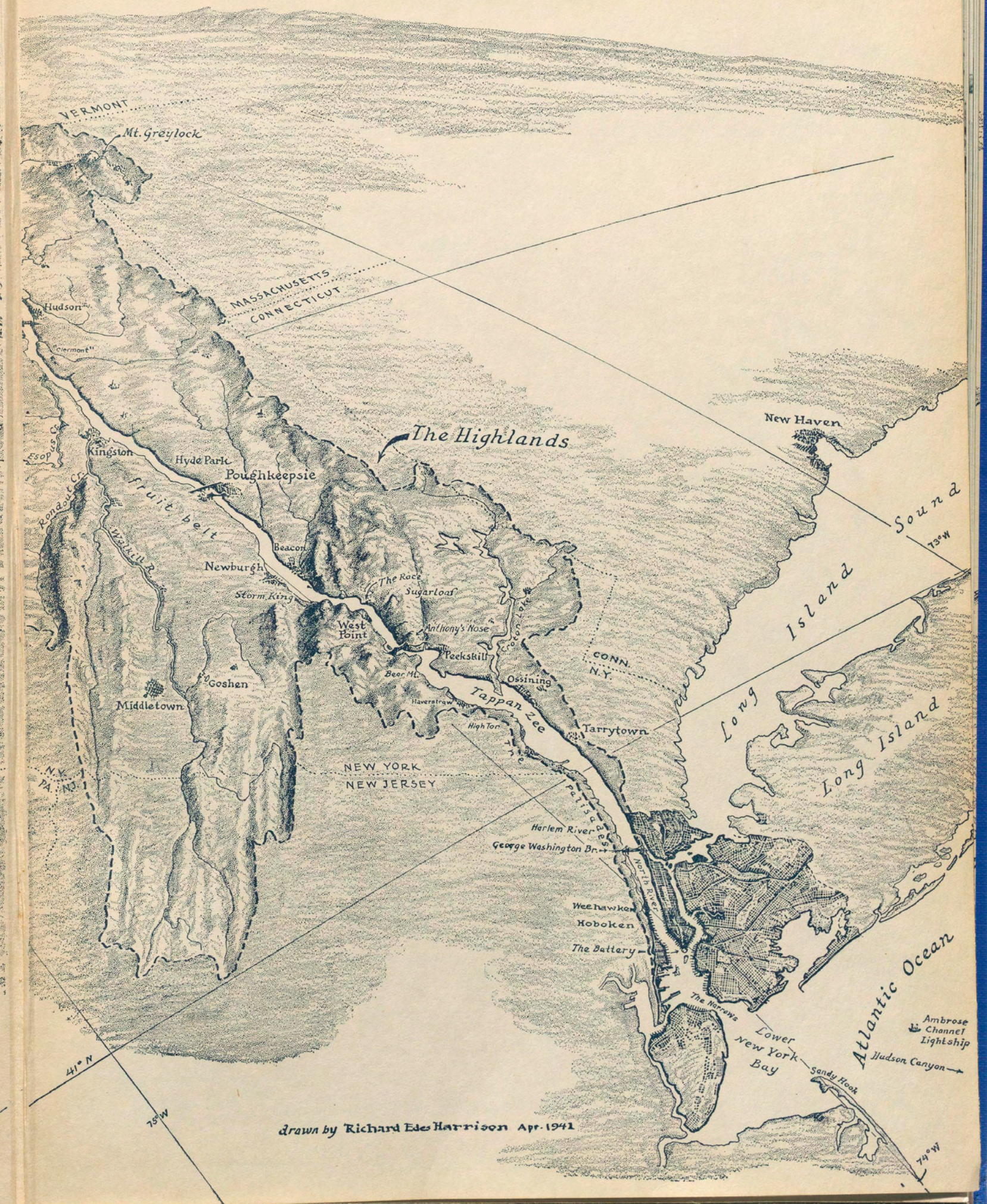
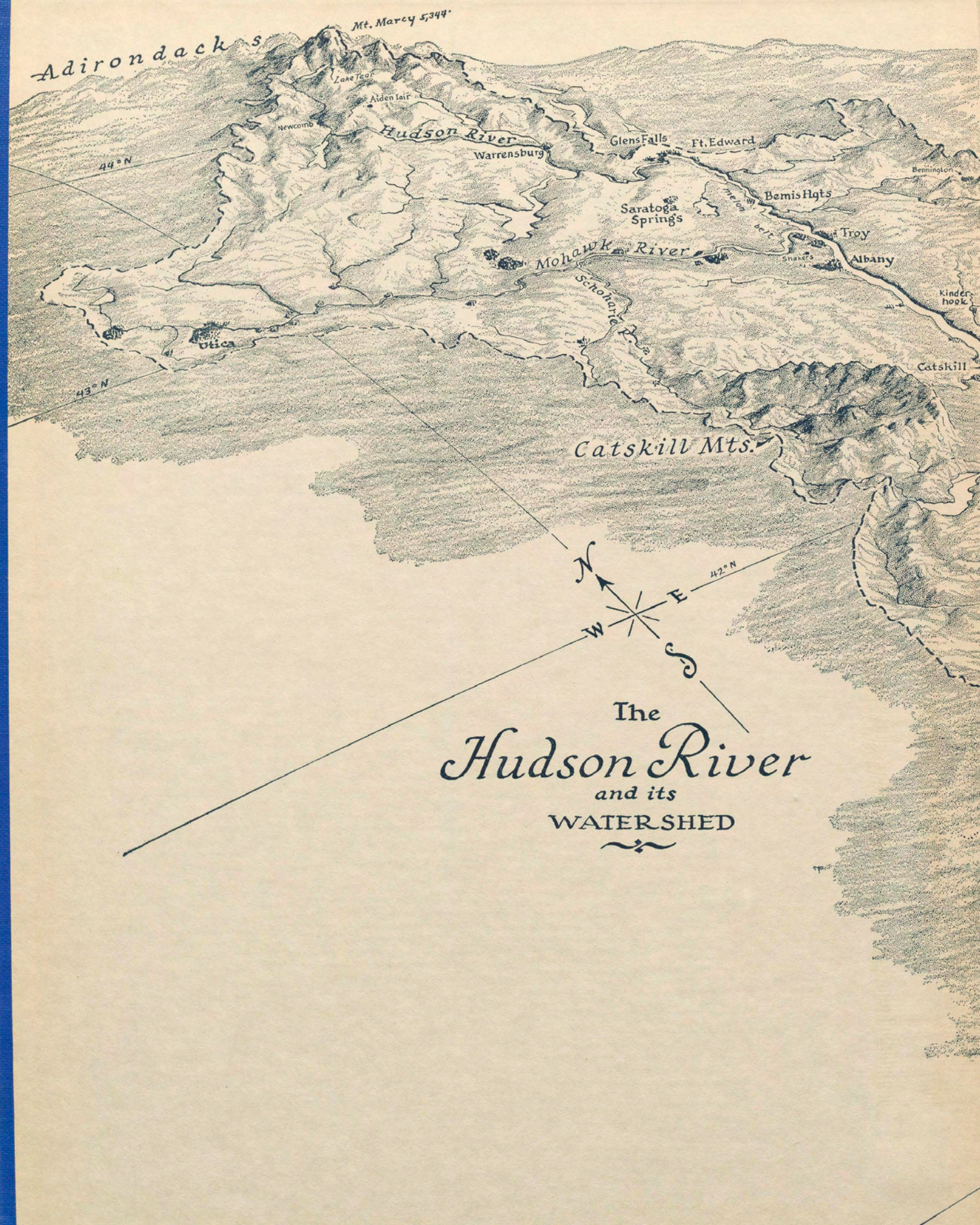
NEW YORK

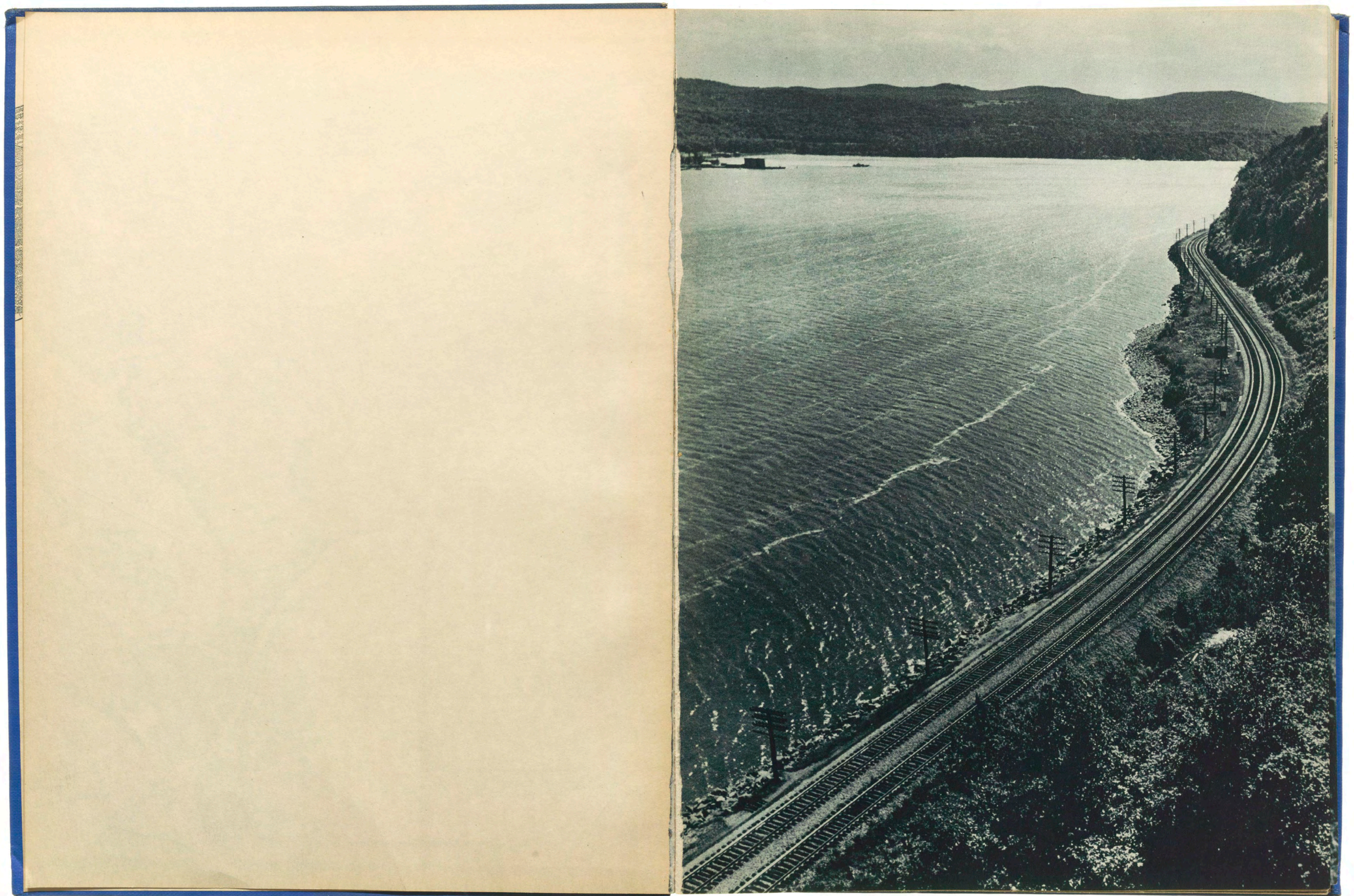
GREAT RIVER OF THE MOUNTAINS: THE HUDSON
BOWEN
HASTINGS HOUSE

Great River of the Mountains:
THE HUDSON



Introduction by **CARL CARMER**
Photographs and Prose by **CROSWELL BOWEN**





Great River of the Mountains

Photographs and Prose by CROSWELL BOWEN

Introduction by CARL CARMER

: THE HUDSON

"Of the nature of the land and manners of the folk on the great River of Mountains. . . . In coming out of the bay that lies at the mouth of the great River of the Mountains we have a tolerably deep channell . . ."

—from an account of HENDRICK HUDSON'S JOURNALS
published in 1625 by Johan de Laet
in Amsterdam, Holland

HASTINGS HOUSE • *Publishers* • NEW YORK

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
LOUISE CONNOR BOWEN

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the many kind people who helped make this book possible, I am deeply grateful. Although lack of space prevents naming all of them, I want to thank in a very personal way Polly and Walter Frese, Marjorie and Peter Piening, Betty and Carl, and Helen. For technical assistance in photography I am indebted to Margaret Bourke-White, Bernice Abbott, and Herbert Giles; Oscar Graubner of Life; Chim and Leo of Leco Photo Service; Medo; and Saul Bower of Burleigh Brooks. For certain photographs thanks are due to Rutherford Platt (p. 12 bot., 41, and 86 top), Canadian Colonial Airways (87 top), and R. M. Reinhardt (interiors on p. 80). For information regarding the architecture in the valley I am indebted to Mr. Archibald Manning Brown of New York City. For aid in my researches along the river, I want to thank Mr. and Mrs. Michael Breen of the Tahawus Club, Miss Eloise Cronin of Aden Lair Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbits of Big Shanty, "Yankee John" Galusha and Jack Loveland of Minerva, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Richards of Glens Falls, Mr. Silas Hinckley and family of Poughkeepsie, Dr. Nikander Strelsky, Miss Cornelia Raymond, and Miss Helen E. Davis of Vassar College; Mr. Aldo Bolognesi and family of Highland; Mrs. Seward Green of Pawling; Mrs.

Paul Lund of Sherman, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Chanler Chapman of Barrytown; Mrs. Johnson Redmond, Mrs. John Henry Livingston, Miss Jeanette Livingston and Mr. Robert R. Livingston of Tivoli; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Akin of Quaker Hill, The Oblong, Pawling; Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Verplanck of Beacon; Miss Ann Poor of New City; Miss Mayne Thompson of Ancram; and Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt of Hyde Park.

* * *

The emblem stamped on the cover is designed from the insignia of the 156th Field Artillery of Kingston, New York. This illustrious Hudson Valley regiment which distinguished itself as early as the Revolution, is on active service today under the command of Colonel Lansing McVicker.

* * *

Most of the photographs were taken with an Automatic Rolleiflex, although a Contax with a 1.5 lens was used where speed was required. A Zeiss Juwel with a 4.5 lens was used for architectural work. The negatives were Eastman Super XX and Agfa Superpan Supreme developed in M.P.G.

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INTRODUCTION

For the past few years Croswell Bowen has been wandering the banks of the Hudson, letting the river tell its own story to his camera. With the knowledge of a historian and the sensitivity of an artist he has now selected, from the great number of impressions which the stream has yielded, the most beautiful and significant. The result is, I believe, as comprehensive and revealing a pictorial study of an American region and its life as has yet been achieved.

Scenes provided by the "Great River of the Mountains" have ever stirred the fancies of the dwellers on its banks. In the valley the Algonkin Indians once fashioned their poetic legends of the laughing water spirits splashing in the shallow river bays, of the friendly fire-flies revealing with their quick lanterns the dangerous supernatural beings that lurk in the water-grasses, of Minewawa, goddess of the valley, sitting in her "land of the sky" above the blue mountains and cutting up the old moons to make new little stars.

"We found a pleasant place below steep little hills," wrote Verrazano, first white man known to have seen the Hudson, "and from among those hills a mighty deep-mouthed river ran into the sea." Henry Hudson and his men found the banks of the river "as pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees as ever they had seen." To New Amsterdam's Dutch poet, Jacob Steendam, the valley was a garden of paradise.

"This is the land with milk and honey flowing
With healing herbs like thistles freely growing
The place where buds of Aaron's rod are blowing
O, this is Eden."

Even during the humiliating experience of negotiating for the surrender of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga the British emissary, Major Kingston, "expatiated with taste and eloquence on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson's River."

One of the earliest efforts to give the beauties of the Hudson graphic representation left a record of completeness of scenic detail yet to be equaled. In the early nineteenth century the celebrated American artist, William Dunlap, excited over the first manifestations of the Hudson River School of painters, invented and exploited his "Eidophusicon, or Moving Diorama." This ingenious contrivance, first of American motion picture machines, seated the spectator between synchronized upright cylinders and then set them whirling to unwind before him two hundred and fifty thousand square feet of painted canvas. On each side of him the patron could see from his immobile chair colorful repre-

sentations of the Hudson's banks unfolding in steady progression until the whole valley had passed before his eyes as if he had been a passenger on a river steamboat.

Better known to later generations were the mid-nineteenth century efforts to inform the world of the grandeur of the river scenery—the minutely detailed paintings of Thomas Cole, Ashur B. Durant and their colleagues of the Hudson River School, the Hudson River Series of Currier and Ives prints, and the very popular sets of dishes on which English potteries stamped in blues or reds favorite scenes along the banks of the great stream.

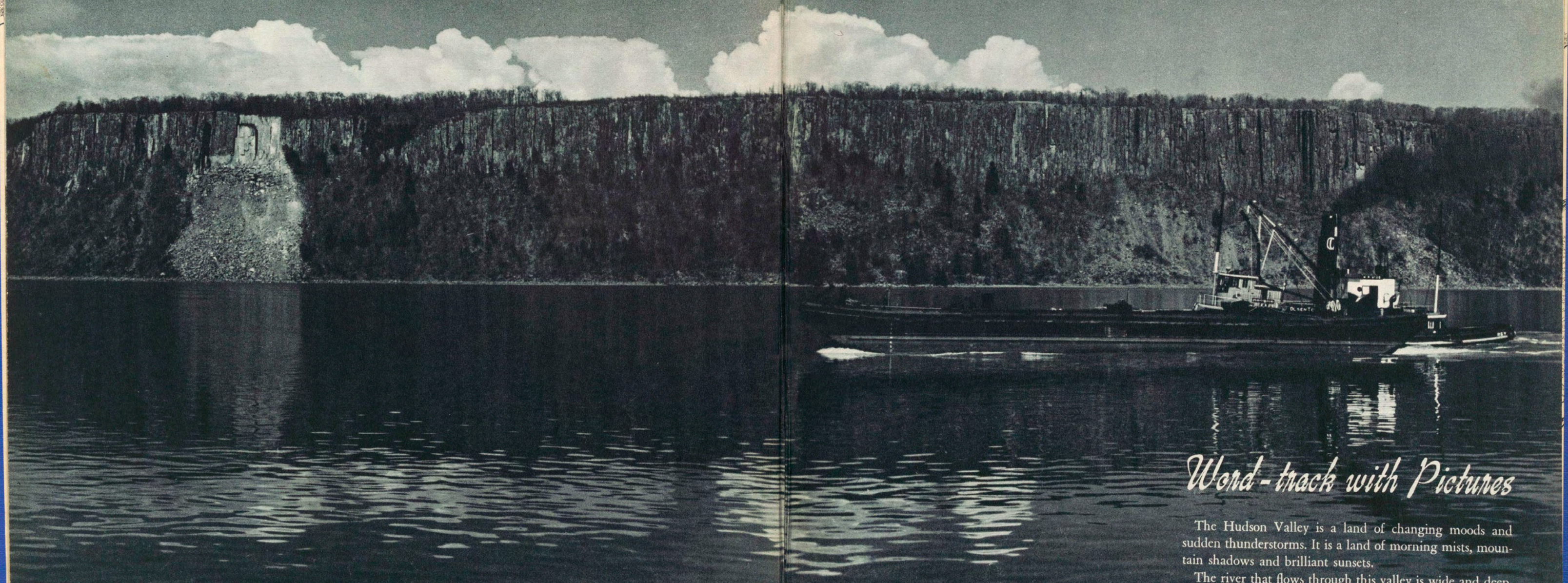
Of recent years, however, aside from studies in special fields such as Helen Wilkinson Reynold's distinguished architectural volume, *Dutch Houses in the Hudson Valley Before 1776*, there have been few attempts to call the attention of Americans to representations of the Hudson and its shores.

With Mr. Bowen's book, however, we are now once more made aware of the beauties of a valley which was once ranked by foreign visitors with Niagara Falls and the Great Plains as one of the three great natural wonders which gave recompense for the discomforts of a trip to America.

But Mr. Bowen has not been satisfied merely to record the beauty of the landscape. His interest has been in people—as they were and as they are. By making use of the varied new techniques of the contemporary photographer he has been able to impart through visual images an extraordinary knowledge both of the life that was in the great valley and the life that today courses through it. In the following pages his pictures tell us stories of heroes and villains long dead, of sail and steam, of railroads and airways, of industries defunct and industries springing to new life, of the under-privileged and over-privileged, of presidents and fishermen, of palaces and homes and hovels, of dramas once played and dramas now playing against the magnificent backdrop of shining stream and misty mountain.

I envy the Hudson Valley resident when he first opens this volume, for here before his eyes a river, his river, tells its own story. This is history made visual and magically come alive. It is the legendry "of far off things and battles long ago." It is the romance of the trades of yesterday and of today. It is the adventure of geography. It is the balladry of the moon-tide's struggle against the down-rush of waters born in thunder. It is the triumphant epic of a people who have found the great Hudson a sturdy ally in their progress toward a peaceful, free, democratic life.

Carl Carmer



Word-track with Pictures

The Hudson Valley is a land of changing moods and sudden thunderstorms. It is a land of morning mists, mountain shadows and brilliant sunsets.

The river that flows through this valley is wide and deep. Its lower waters ebb and flow with the salty tides of the Atlantic. Its upper waters drain bubbling springs and lakes of the Adirondacks, Catskills, Shawangunks, Taconics, Manitous, Spitzenbergs.



Dark mountain peaks lift themselves on either side of the Hudson River: High Tor, Dunderberg, Sugar Loaf, Bear, Anthony's Nose, Crow's Nest, Storm King, Taurus, Breakneck, Beacon, Overlook, Merino, Marcy.

A traveler moving along the east bank in late afternoon sees the sun set many times because the mountain tops are irregular in height. From the west bank he can see great mountain shadows that stretch not only across the river but on up the sides of the mountains on the east bank.

Strange people live high among these mountains that line the river . . . people with mixed strains of blood in their veins, and in their minds beliefs in supernatural things. Civilization seems to have passed them by. Some folks hold that these mountains have had curious effects on the people of the Hudson Valley. The Dutch, a most realistic people in their native land, acquired a folklore after they had lived in the valley. They began to tell weird stories about mountain dwarfs making the sound of thunder at bowling games and about the ghosts of Indians and soldiers prowling in the darkness.

One moonlit night a Hudson Valley landholder, looking across the river at the Catskills bathed in white moonlight, said: "Once you've lived in the shadow of the mountain

you're mad for life." People laughed and told each other what he'd said, but soon they were using his remark to explain things about their neighbors they had never really understood.

Dark shadows do not always fall across the valley. It can reflect a gay, happy mood as easily as it can reflect a brooding melancholy. When the sun is shining, and the river flows peacefully, the valley is a promised land overflowing with good things, warmth and sunlight and growing crops. It is the land of which the Algonquin wise men told their children, admonishing them: "Look for the river that flows two ways and you'll find peace and contentment and happiness!"

Sometimes, even on the calmest days, gusts of wind spring up. The intensity of the light changes. Far up the river to the north, mist sweeps downward. Sharp claps of thunder hurtle from mountainwall to mountainwall. Then rain cuts the mist and darkness closes in.

Sudden storms are part of the valley. They seem to come from the mountains and depart as quickly as they arrive. A poet who loved the river gave the name Storm King to one of the high peaks at the water's edge.

Storms over the Hudson are older than man's memory.



As he gradually settled the valley they have echoed the change and struggle he encountered in turning a wilderness into a civilization. They have served as alarms and excursions for the tempestuous and stormy events in American history that have taken place within the cradle of the river valley.

Even the white man's first entrance into the valley was accompanied by violence. Henry Hudson sailed up the river in 1608 in "faire weather" and his men found the land "as pleasant with Grasse and Flowers and goodly trees, as ever they had scene, and very sweet smells come from them." But later, as he sailed down river knowing he had failed to find a route to the Pacific, an Indian canoe followed the *Half Moon* and one of the Indians jumped aboard and stole a pillow and two shirts. In the words of logkeeper Robert Jouet: "Our masters mate shot at him and strooke him on the breast and killed him. . . . We manned our boat. Then one of them swimming got hold our boat thinking to overthrow it. But our cooke took a sword and cut off one of his hands and he was drowned."

As the parade of history has paced with the flowing waters for more than 300 years, the valley has known few interludes of peace. It has resounded to the booming of Revolu-

tionary cannon and the shrill yells of New England farmers fighting for their country's freedom. And when that struggle was ended, the valley saw men again take up arms, a half century later, that they might own their land instead of renting it under the old feudal patroon system.

During the middle eighteen hundreds, peaceful times held along the river. Men built expansive gingerbread houses and duplicated castles they had seen in Europe on the Rhine and the Danube. There was time for painting pictures of river scenery and writing verse and singing to mandolins.

But even during these times there were muffled storms of change and struggle. Men fought for commercial supremacy. Canals: the Erie, Delaware & Hudson, Champlain, were opened, making the river a great artery for traffic. Brick and blue stone, sand and gravel, and the once famous Rosendale cement, cooked from Hudson Valley rock, moved down the river on canal barges. These materials, the very substance of the banks of the river, were used to build the great cities of the east, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore.

Early in the century, Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston launched the *Clermont*, the first successful commercial steamboat. Robert Livingston kept a firm grip on

Hudson River shipping for years. Then Cornelius Vanderbilt established a string of ferry boats and with the help of a lawyer named Daniel Webster broke the Livingston monopoly. The profane boatman helped bring the New York Central tracks up the valley. He was amassing a fortune that was to maintain a family dynasty in years to come.

All this, too, was to change. As the nineteenth century advanced, the whaling industry, once important in the valley, ended. White sails no longer fluttered in the river's winds. Vassar Ale which had come to be known the world over and which made the college possible, was no more. Railroads took most of the shipping away from the canals. Portland cement replaced Rosendale.

The old American adage of "shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations" held true in the valley. Many of the pre-Revolutionary families died out. The homes of the Manor Lords—the Philipsses and van Rensselaers and van Cortlandts—became historical museums.

Today the twilight of the old order has descended on the valley. The great estates of the powerful and rich of the past century are disappearing. Some are closed or boarded up. Many are tax-ridden. Some are for sale. Many others have been turned into charitable institutions, schools, sanatoriums, convents.

The "Hudson River aristocrats" continue to grow fewer and fewer. There are either no children to carry on the generations, or holdings have dwindled and the families have returned to the oblivion of marginal incomes.

The farmers of the valley are more content now. They can look at the crops and fruit trees and the vines growing in the fertile soil and know it is their land to keep and to care for so long as the taxes are paid.

Cutting of ice on the river, once a great industry, has ended. The big sprawling ice houses are empty or turned into mushroom factories. Man has learned to make ice with electricity. Traffic on the river is less, but the channel has been dredged to such a depth that Albany and Poughkeepsie today receive ocean-going steamers. Pleasure boats sail the river in summer. Some cut the waters silently under canvas. Others almost fly across the water's surface pushed by engine-driven propellers. In June, college boys take their girls to Poughkeepsie to cheer a crew to victory in the Intercollegiate Rowing Regatta.

The Twentieth Century Limited still shoots down the east bank at dawn, but now it is sleekly streamlined. Airplanes bound for Montreal fly the valley every day and farmers check their watches by the sound of the droning motors.

Everything that man does or has done in the valley seems time-marked and impermanent. Only the river remains. It flows on, ever the same, without beginning and without end.

In sharp contrast to the flowing of the river and of time are the rhythmic changes of seasons in the valley. They arrive and depart with suddenness, spurring life along the river to their unrelenting pace.



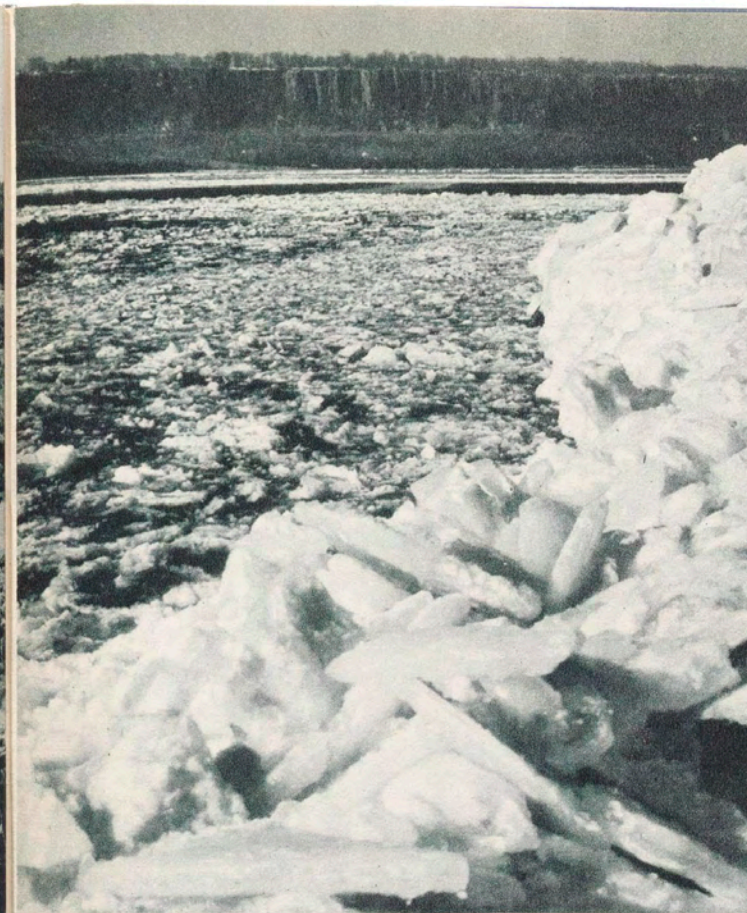
When spring comes, it moves slowly up the river against the flow of the current. While the harried city people at the river's mouth are marveling at the warm sunlight that has suddenly begun to flood their streets, the vigorous farmers of the Adirondacks, who live high up at the source, sigh because the frost seems never to leave the ground.

When the ice breaks it grumbles as it flows to the sea. When the big cakes batter against the steel and concrete supports of the upriver bridges there is a crunching and grinding. The rocks along the banks clash with the flowing ice but the rocks stay as they are, for they are part of the river and no part of the ever changing seasons.

Shad begin to run the river in April. The fishermen of Newburgh and Beacon and Tarrytown and Rhinecliff take their slender-spun nets out of storage and prepare for the few short weeks of fishing that may provide them with a year's livelihood.

Boatyards show stirrings of activity. Tarpaulins are pulled from boats in dry dock and there is the sound of scraping and sandpapering. At Hudson the river's cold blasts gentle and children again play in the plaza. The pretty girls at Vassar put away their winter coats and tie colored ribbons in their hair.

Then, in a week or so, the people of Kingston and Rondout and Coxsackie and Kinderhook and Newton Hook and Hudson Falls and Glens Falls begin to feel that spring is really coming. Finally, at Minerva and Newcomb and Tahawus, near the river's source, the warm days come and plowing begins.



Spring rains come to the valley as they do elsewhere. The freshets and creeks and brooks and smaller rivers empty melted snow into the Hudson. The last of the great ice cakes disappear. The rising of the river is gentle and well-behaved. Few times in man's recorded history has it made trouble for the people who line its banks.

As the cold leaves the ground and the farmers turn up the damp soil with their plows the smell of the earth spreads through the valley. Wild lilies sprout and the marsh lands turn green. Then, all at once, the fruit trees burst into bloom.

The ferry boats, newly painted, speed up their schedules and the captains shout to their one- or two-man crews. Then the piers creak and whine as the prows strike the ferry landings. Chains clank and there is the whirl of wheels that pull the ropes taut and make them fast. Whistles shriek. From around the bends of the river little tug boats appear, pulling loaded barges of sand and brick and oil and cement.

Summer comes. The great estates are opened and the wealthy sons of the valley who have gone "down-river" to Manhattan to increase their fortunes, return to their homes beside the glistening stream they knew as children.

There is bathing in the river, and fishing for trout, bass, pike, sunfish, catfish, bullheads. Lovely flower gardens spring up along the banks and the fruit trees sprout tiny green things that will one day be tempting apples and pears and peaches. Shaded places are fewer and the land is hot and lazy. At dusk, which comes late in the evening, the rich marshy smell of the river rises. Crickets and katydids sing and the whippoorwills call. The trains that travel both banks

rush through the night and their whistles and roaring engines echo along the valley.

On summer Sundays big white excursion boats take the heat-stricken city people up the river to Bear Mountain and Indian Point. Their passengers spend the day wandering the banks of the river, lying on soft grass or sitting on the smooth stones eating their lunch or making love.

In the fall, the MacIntosh apples turn red and drop to the ground. The cornstalks turn yellow as they dry in neatly piled rows pointing to the heavens. The cider mills press the juice from the apples that folks may have vinegar and perhaps some hard cider at Christmastime. At Highland across the river from Poughkeepsie the vineyards are filled with dark-skinned Italian girls in gay frocks, pulling the grapes from the vines. The great wine press squeezes out red liquid and the dark cellars again receive sunlight as their giant casks are replenished.

As the fall grows old, the chill nights remind the farmers that the wood-piles are low. The cross cut saws run by old Model T Ford engines go to work. The shadows cast by the mountains lengthen. The days are shorter and the sun goes down a resplendent red. Winter comes again and another cycle of the wheeling seasons has gone by in the Hudson Valley.

But the river flows on from the Adirondacks for three hundred miles to the Atlantic. In mid-winter the surface of the upper river is frozen and farmers drive their teams and automobiles across it. On the lower river the ice breaks up into millions of big and little crystals until it looks like a gigantic scrambled jig-saw puzzle. As it flows it forms new and strange patterns on the surface of the deep purple waters. On the banks the broken pieces pile high, cast up like driftwood.

When snow falls heavily in the valley it so covers the river that you might not know it was there. It might be a smooth, flat, snow-covered pastureland. But the water flows silently and secretly in darkness to the sea.

And so with the seasons as with time, change constantly takes place in the valley. Sometimes it is stormy and sudden, sometimes quiet and gradual; but the change is as sure as the eternal flowing of the waters.

This book tries to arrest the passage of time for an instant; to document with many photographs and few words the Hudson River as it is today, with its people and their houses and their ways of life, with its landmarks of past days and with views of the river as it has always flowed through the land.

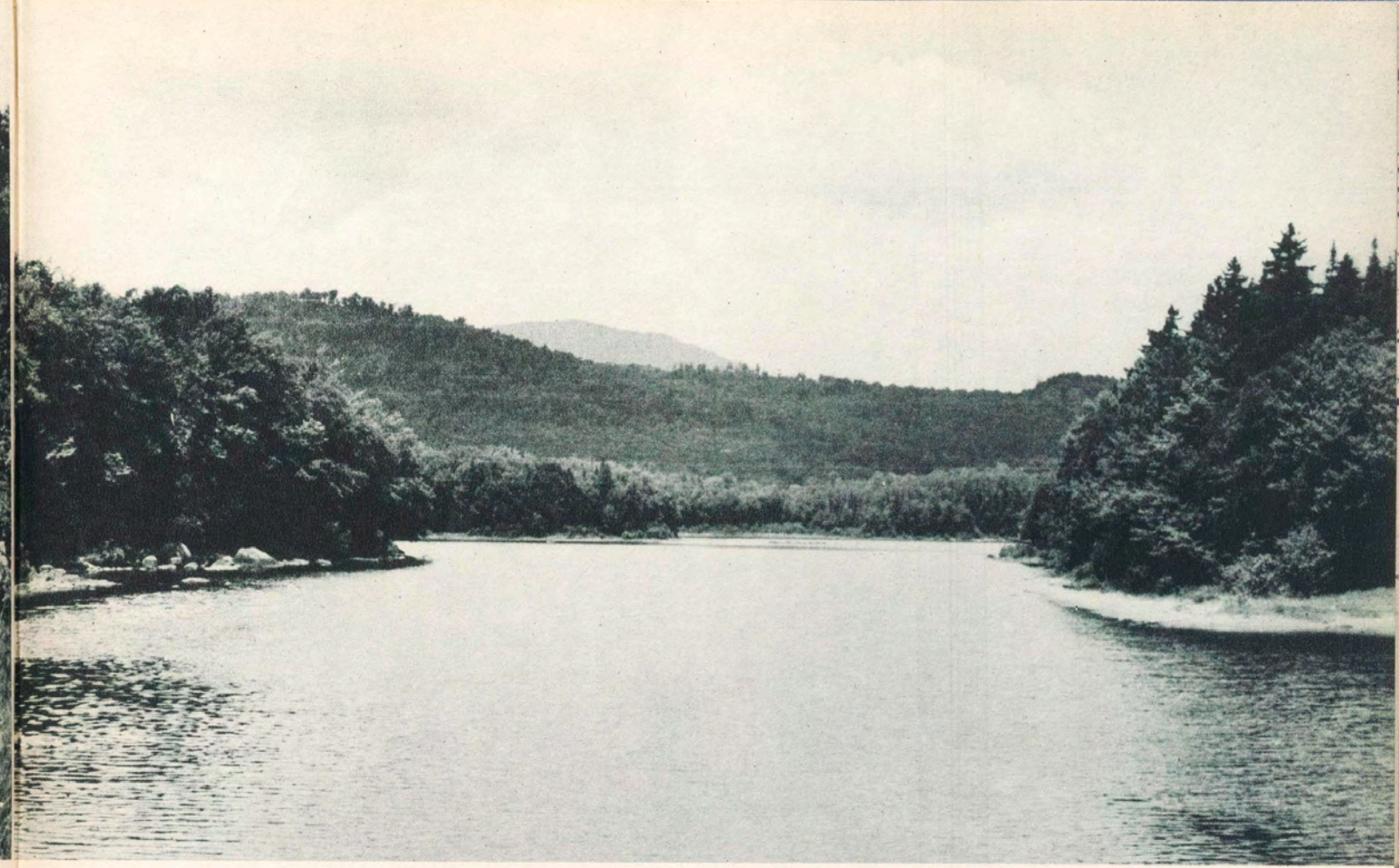
The pictures begin the story of the river 150 miles north of Albany, 300 miles north of Manhattan Island and the sea. The course is southward.

The river rises in northern New York State, where the gently sloping Adirondacks have remained virtually a wilderness to this day. At the top of the river is the little logging town of Newcomb, New York. South of the town . . .



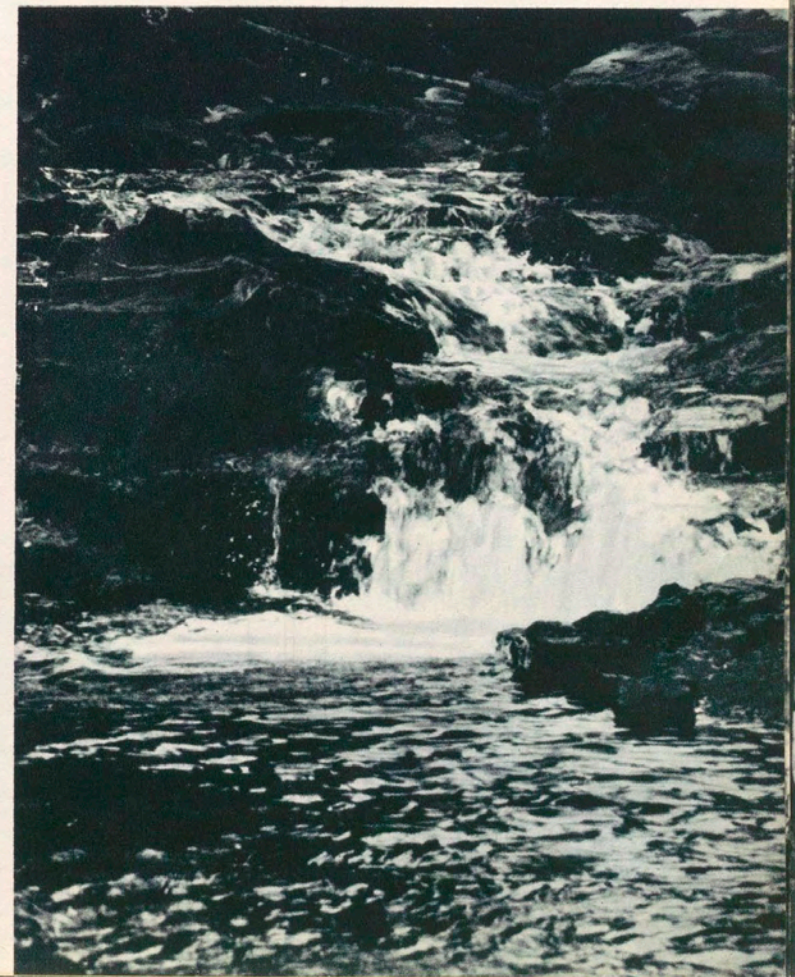
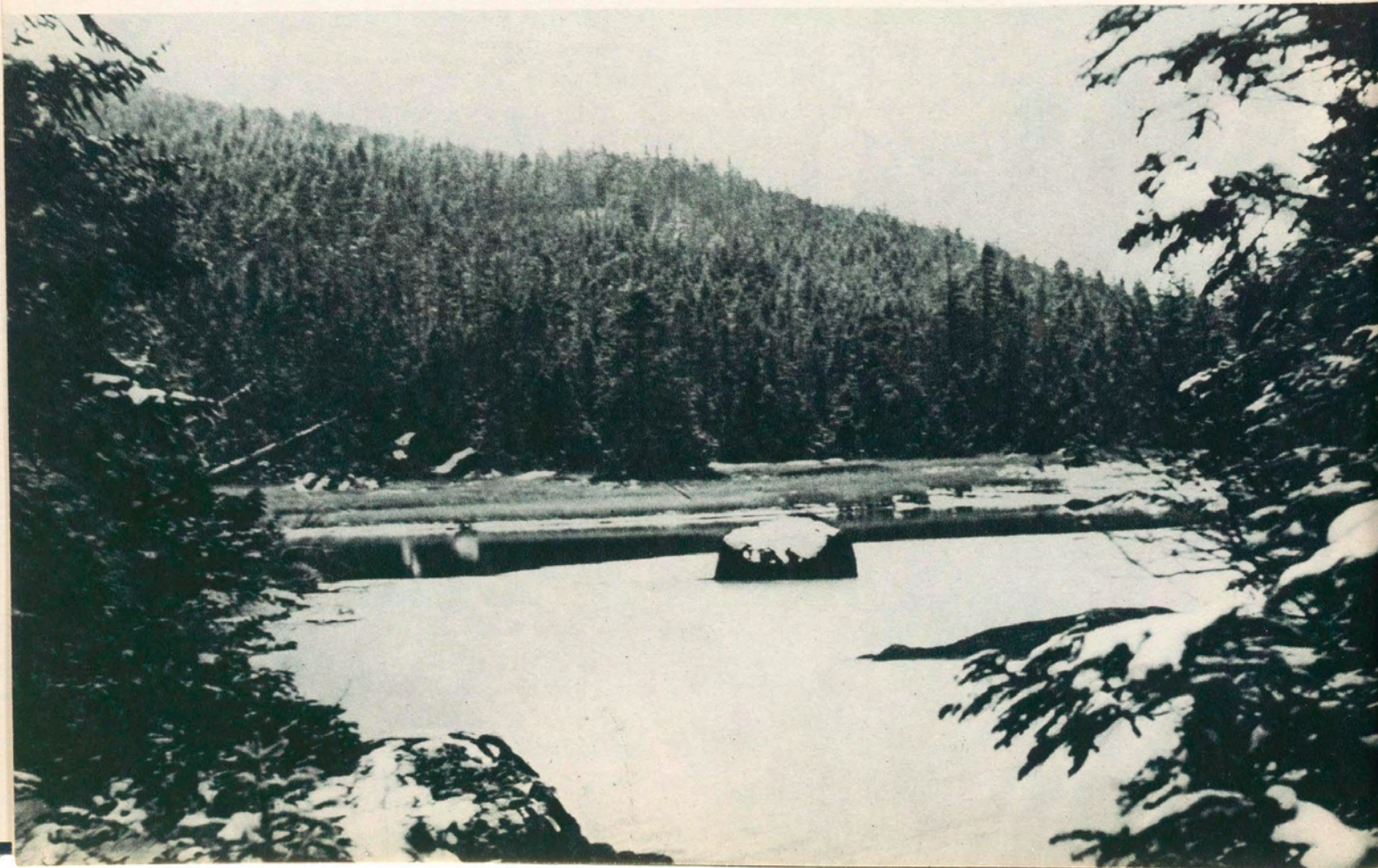
... a sign beside well-paved Route 28N designates this ▲ small stream as the source of the Hudson. Actually the river rises twenty miles north in a tiny spring-fed pond on the side of Mt. Marcy. Once known as Summit Water, this

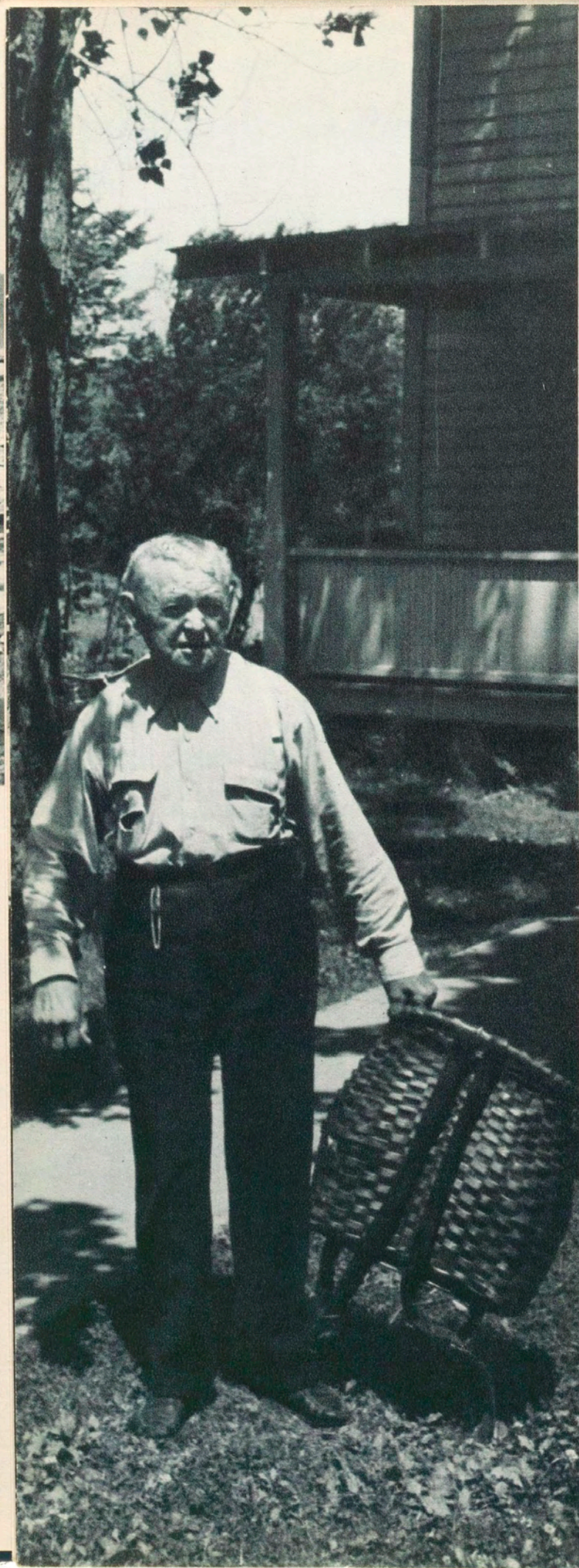
pond is now called Lake Tear Of the Clouds. Both the lake and Mt. Marcy (known to the Indians as Tahawus, or Cloud-Splitter) were given their names by acts of the State Legislature. ▼ This snow scene shows the lake on an early fall day.



At the foot of Mt. Marcy the river widens, flowing through Lake Sanford ▲ and Flowed Lands. It plunges over Hanging Falls and is joined by Feldspar Brook and Opalescent River. Dense woods ▼ line the banks: white birch, pine, spruce.

Here the river is a silvery trout stream ▼ tumbling noisily over jagged rocks and under fallen trees. Through the stillness of the uninhabited wood the river plunges southward. Deer, fox, and bear leave their footprints along its banks.





On a rainy fall morning in 1901, Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt was camping with guide Noah Le Casse ◀ beside Lake Tear Of The Clouds. A breathless messenger brought the telegram stating that President William McKinley was near death in Buffalo. The Vice-President hurried down the mountain on foot to his lodging at the Tahawus Club. A buckboard carried him to Aden Lair Lodge ▲ where



Mike Cronin, its robust proprietor, waited with fresh horses. There began the famous "breakneck ride" to North Creek ▲ where the Washington train waited. The perilous ride to the station was completed, however, without Roosevelt's learning that the assassin's bullet had made him President. Mike reasoned that the bumpy ride over corduroy roads in mountain darkness was "tough enough for any man."





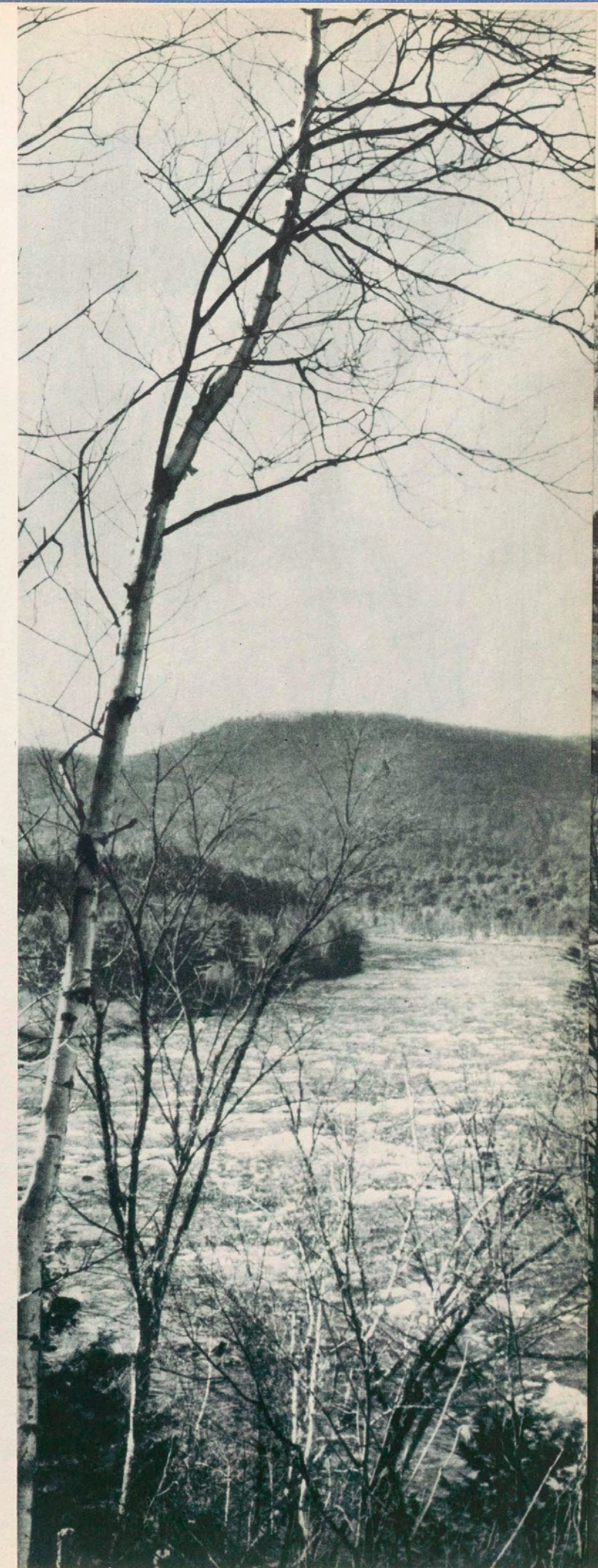
As the river winds through the mountains it hurries into foam-crested rapids that glisten in the sunlight. It flows by Warrensburg, sixty miles downriver, a dignified old town made lovely by white-pillared houses. ▲



Along its banks are occasional reminders that man's days always end. ▲ Life for the children at the northern end of the river is full of health and joy. During the crisp summers they play along the banks. They know the best



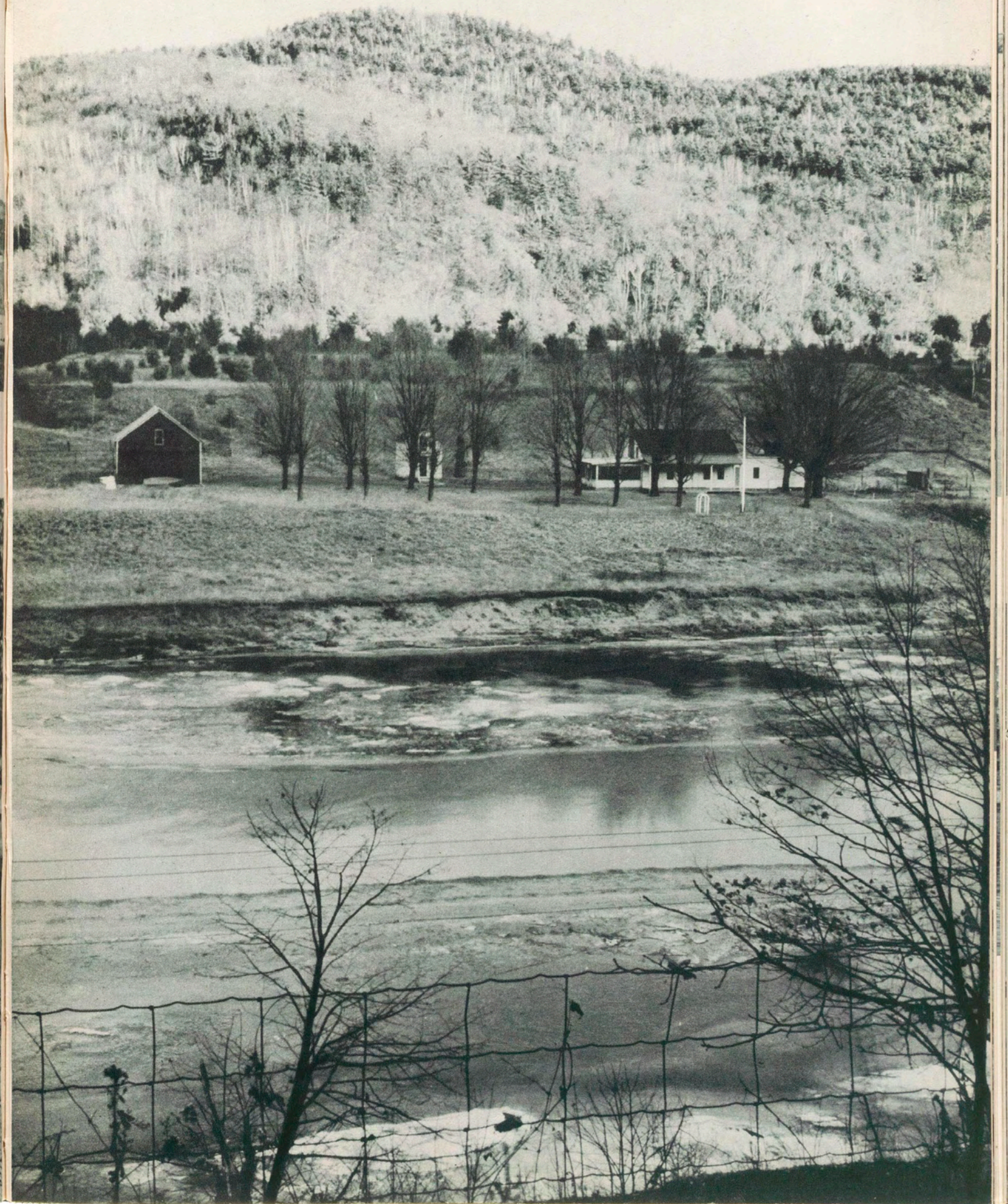
swimming spots and the places where flies tempt the longest silvery trout. During the long winters they beg Jack Loveland to tell them tales of the hunt or coax "Yankee John" Galusha ▲ to sing them old folk songs.





The Hudson here is a peaceful river, flowing by simple things and simple people—by a team of horses ▲ weary of plowing the hard rocky soil—by a homeward-bound yoke of oxen ▼ by a farm. ► Farming in this country barely

provides a living. Planting time is delayed until late in the spring. Frost comes early, killing late crops overnight. Fall finds the river edged with ice. ► In winter the temperature drops below zero and the whole surface is frozen solid.



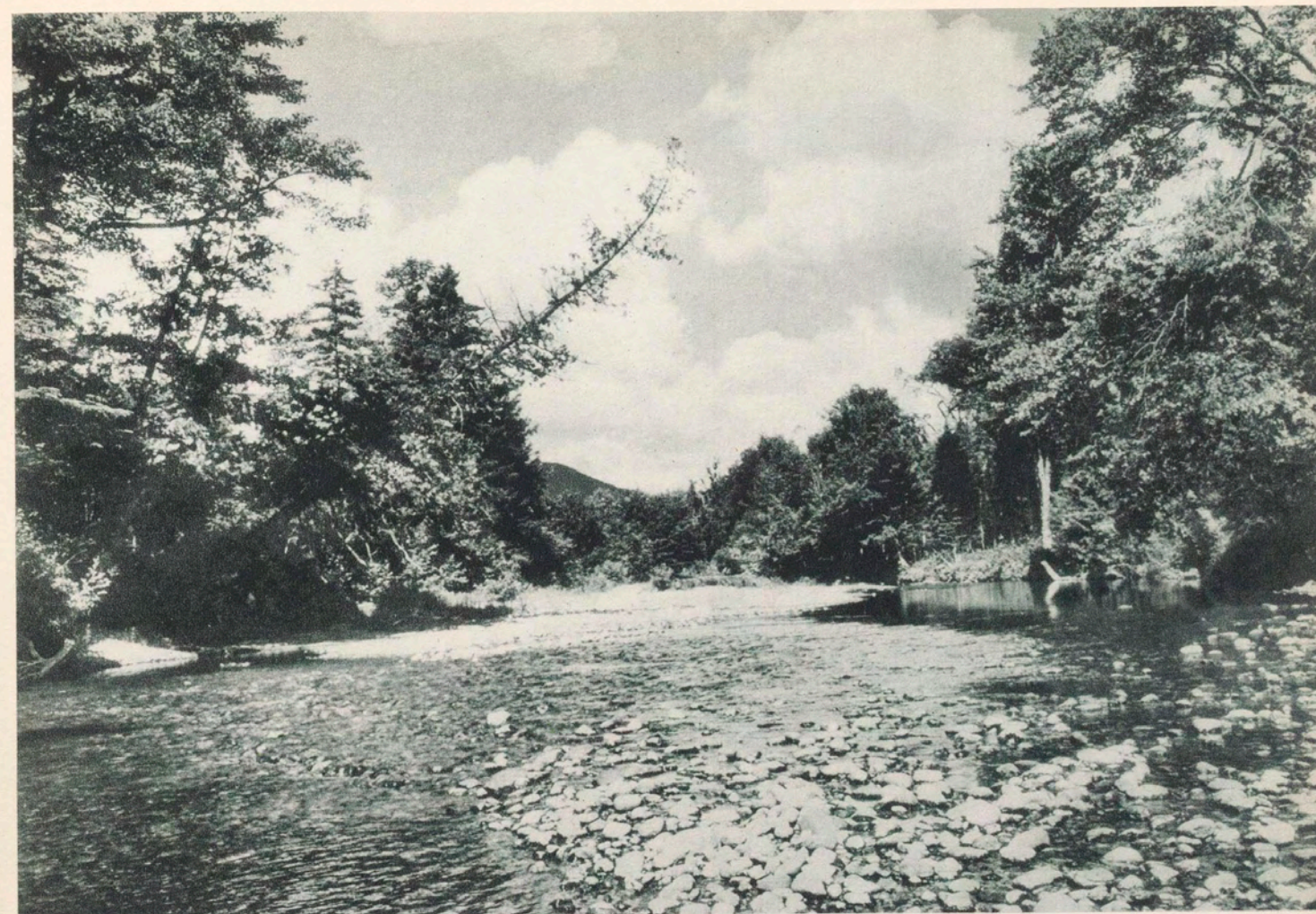


Upper-Hudson forests offer some of the finest deer hunting in America. Every fall thousands of businessmen head north into the Adirondacks, each bent on shooting the one deer the law allows. Part of the fun is getting acquainted with the local guides. Although their primary qualification is to know where to stalk deer, most Adirondack guides are also good story tellers. At night around a crackling wood fire, after the day's hunt, they tell tall tales of snow-white deer sometimes seen running through the forest on moonlit nights, of ferocious bears and wolves which have attacked men. Sometimes

they sing work songs like this one of local logging:

"Now it's farewell to our foreman, farewell for a time,
Farewell for the tall spruce all along that long line
Farewell to the hemlock, farewell to the pine,
But we did not fare well on the Cold River Line.

Now to finish my story, to finish my song
I'm going out to Newcomb, I won't stay there long
I'm going to Glens Falls and have a good time
And spend all my money from the Cold River Line."



^ This view is typical of the upper Hudson in midsummer. Fed in part by mountain springs, here the gentle stream is icy cold. During thaws the flow of the water is violent and swells the banks, tearing at trees and rocks.

▼ The Glen is a typical Adirondack town where the Post Office is the meeting place for the townsfolk. Biggest event in this town's history was a gun battle between State Police and a desperado ambushed in his mountain cabin.





The river winds out of the foothills of the Adirondacks and makes a wide sweep called the Big Bend. Then it enters the virile logging town of Glens Falls, the first big upriver town. The sixty-foot fall of the waters is here

utilized to generate electric power. Every spring during "river driving time" Adirondack forest logs, cut into four-foot lengths, are sent tumbling down the swift current. With their spiked shoes and cant hooks, loggers skillfully

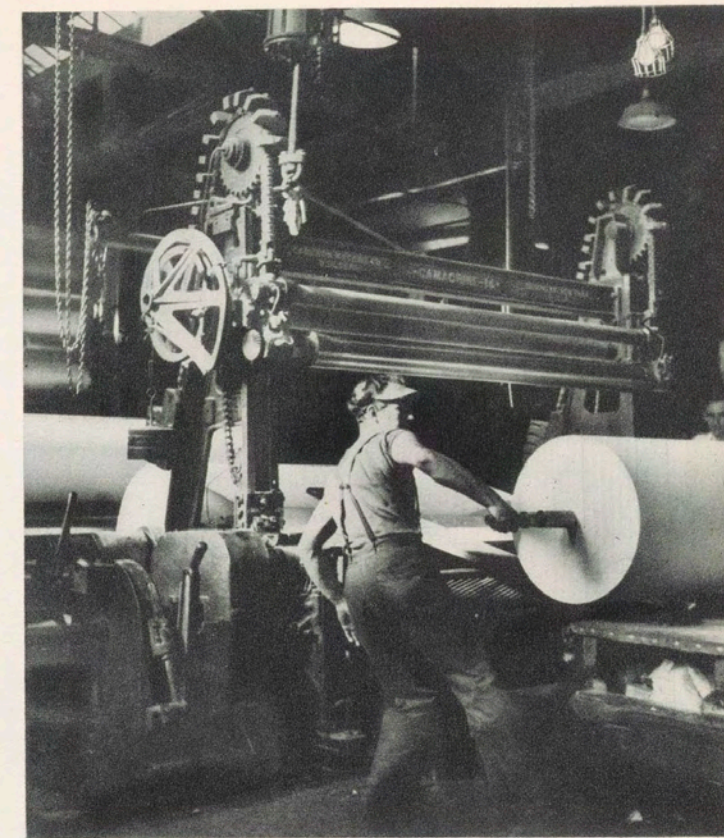


keep the logs moving downstream, prevent their jamming or piling up on the banks. The logs are branded with an insignia or painted at one end with a color to mark ownership. Glens Falls, originally called Chepontuo (a

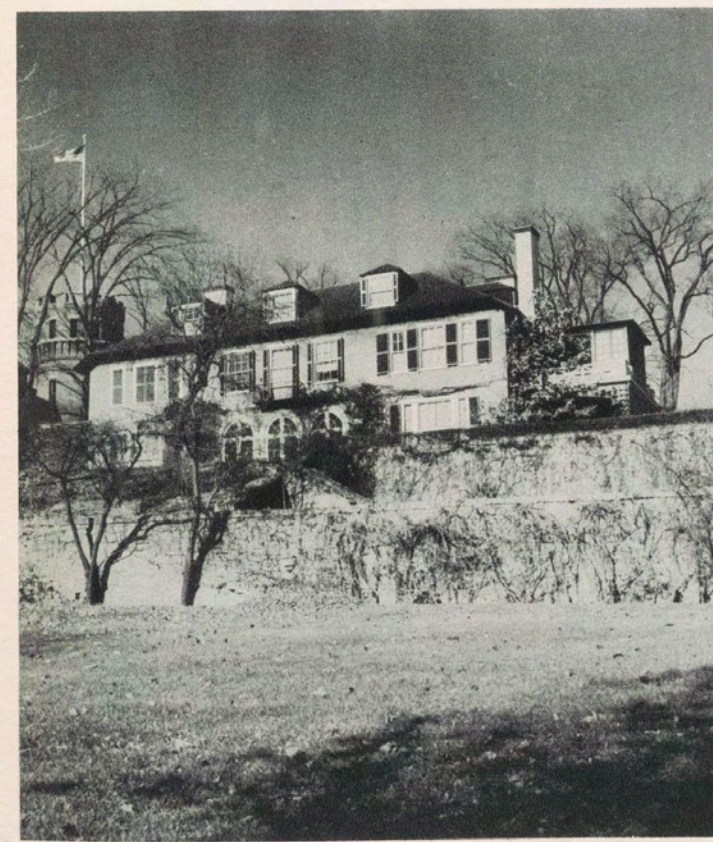
difficult place to get around) by the Indians, was first settled as Wings Falls in 1759. In 1788 Colonel John Glen got the town's name changed to Glens Falls by tendering an elaborate champagne dinner to the town fathers.



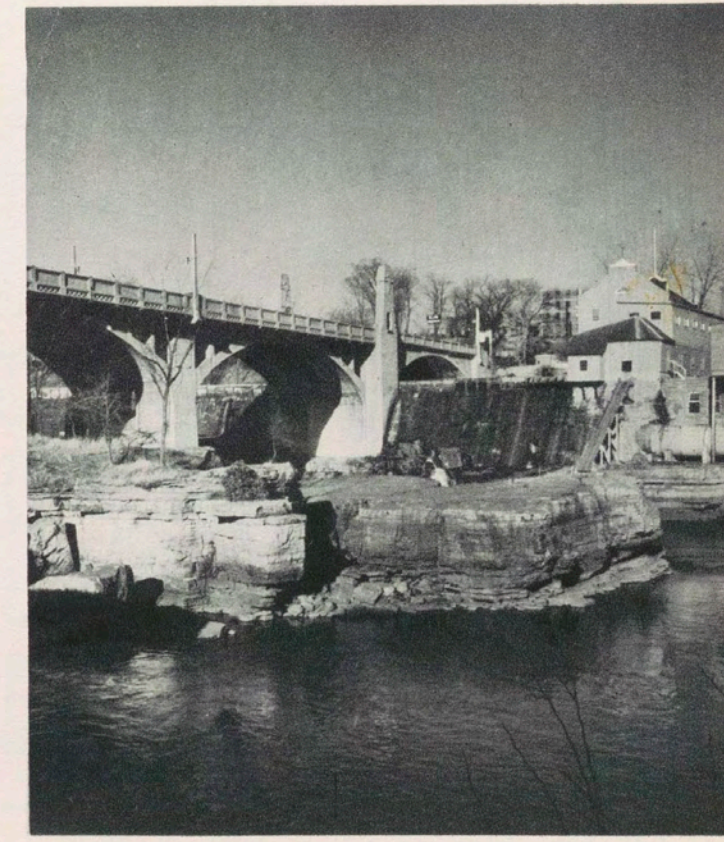
At the mill of the great Finch Pruyn Lumber Company the logs are piled up to await being fed into huge grinding



machines that turn them into pulp. Chemicals are stirred into the pulp and the mixture is then pressed into paper.



Fortunes have been made from lumber and paper; and the rich lumber kings have built mansions for their families.



A cave under the bridge at Glens Falls is said to be that of Natty Bumppo in Cooper's *Last Of The Mohicans*.



The river flows east from Glens Falls to Hudson Falls. At Fort Edward it again flows south. This house, oldest in Columbia County, was made from timbers of the old pre-Revolutionary fort from which the town got its name.



In Bradley's Opera House in the Nineties, Frank Kissell thrilled townsfolk with a vaudeville act involving the juggling of six muskets, release of an American flag and the flight of a live eagle screaming across the stage.



South of Fort Edward on the west bank is one of the loveliest of Hudson Valley drives. Furrowed fields slope to the river's edge. The fertile land has made the farmers prosperous. Many are descendants of the original settlers.



The road is built so close to the edge of the river that you can race the reflection of your image on the surface of the water. Little river islands like this one make ideal locations for the summer places of people seeking to escape the city.



Folks at Fort Edward still repeat the sad tale of Jane McCrae whose bridal veil was stained by her own blood as she traveled to her wedding. They say that Indians, entrusted with her safe conduct, quarreled and tomahawked her.



Since "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne had just posted a proclamation warning the farmers that the Indians had agreed to fight on the British side, the incident gave to American soldiers a new rallying cry, "Remember Jane McCrae!"



Farther downriver, at Northumberland, on the west bank, is this quaint old building. Here, folks say, Jessie Billings, a wicked "upriver capitalist," murdered his hired girl "while lightning flashed on a dark and stormy night."

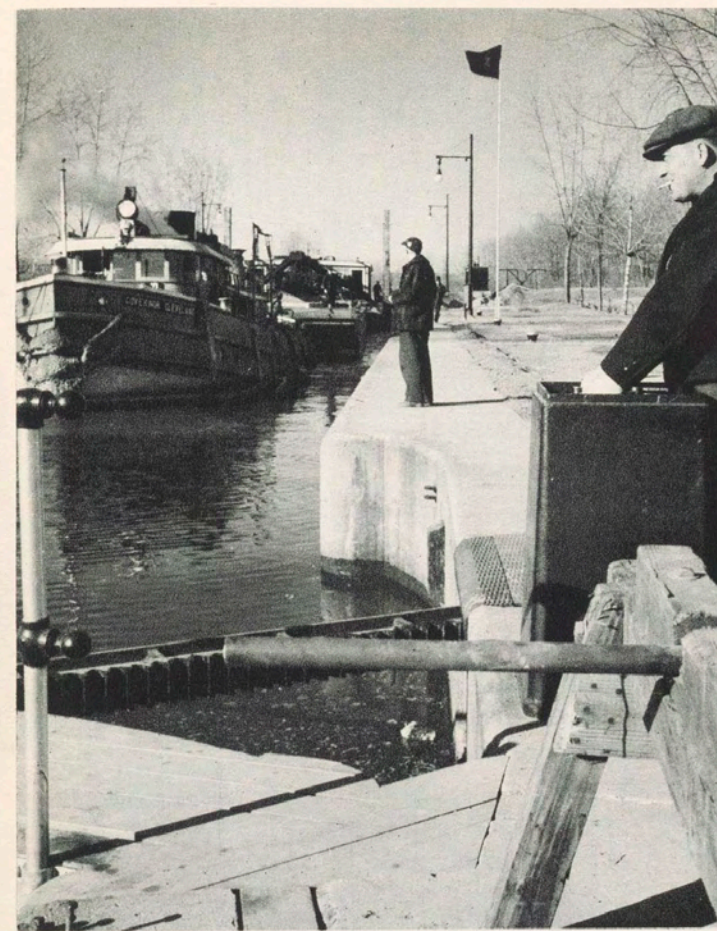


This is Stillwater, a few miles south, and it is appropriately named. It might be any of the little towns carelessly spread out along the river's banks. Farther down the waters spill noisily over dams, turning the river white and misty.



The Erie Canal, nicknamed Clinton's Ditch, was opened in 1825 and brought the waters of the Great Lakes into the Hudson. Waterford, above where the Mohawk enters the Hudson, is the junction of the Erie and Champlain Canals.

But most of the canals of yesterday are abandoned or filled in. Sometimes they make picturesque ruins, or playgrounds for children. Below is all that's left of a lock and toll house on the old Delaware & Hudson Canal, abandoned in 1899.



The pictures above are of Lock 5 of the Champlain Canal at Schuylerville. This canal makes it possible for boats to avoid the river's waterfalls north of Albany. It parallels the Hudson until it reaches Fort Edward where it branches off and extends almost due north into the lower end of Lake Champlain. Above, the tug *Governor Cleveland* pulls an oil barge into the lock. The lock is then drained and the tug with its tow settles slowly down to a lower level ready to proceed down the river.

Life on the canal has changed little since the early days. The locktender cares for his little garden and hut between arrivals of boats and is the purveyor of canal mail, news, and gossip. Canal men were not always substantial citizens and often engaged in drinking and gambling. Children used to yell at them: "Canaler, Canaler, you'll never get rich, you'll die in the Delaware Ditch!" These two modern "canawlers" at the right carefully explain that the more colorful and romantic days of the old towpath, of which Walter Edmonds writes, are ended. But the songs of the hoggies' "mule drivers" are still sung throughout America.

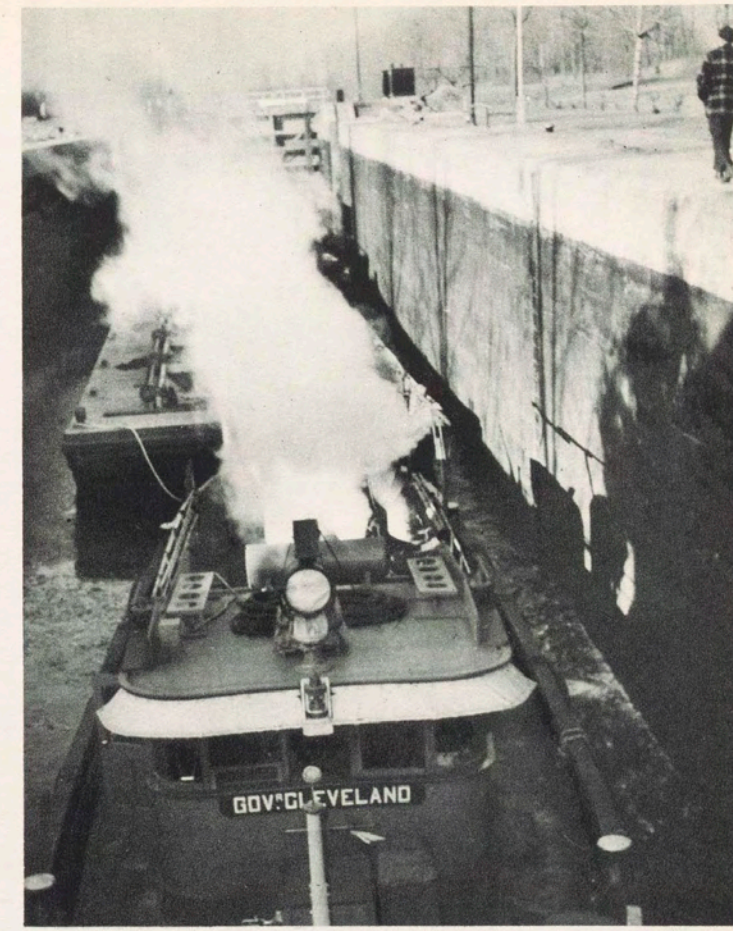
We were forty miles from
Albany

Forget it I never shall
What a terrible time
We had one night
On the E-ri-e Canal.

Oh, the E-ri-e was a-rising
The gin was getting low
And I scarcely think
We'll get a drink
'Til we get to Buffalo.

I've got a mule
Her name is Sal
Fifteen miles
On the E-ri-e Canal
She's a good old worker
And a good old pal
Fifteen miles
On the Erie Canal

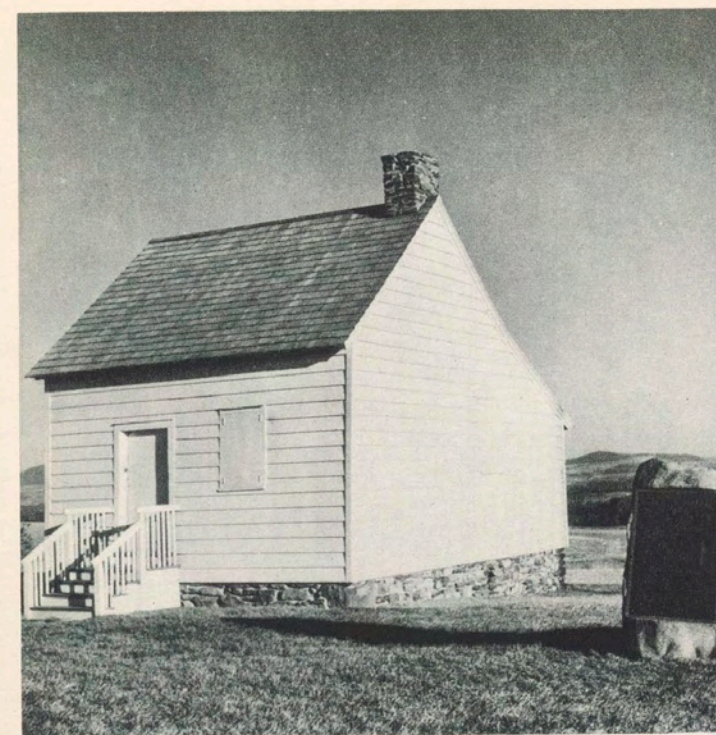
Low bridge,
Everybody down
Low bridge, for we're
Going through a town.





South of Schuylerville the river flows beside the slopes of Bemis Heights where a decisive battle of the Revolution was fought. Battle landmarks, shown on these pages, help tell the thrilling story of the great Battle of Saratoga.

In the fall of 1777 "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne marched down from Montreal with his British and Hessian troops. He planned to join Sir Henry Clinton, who was to march up the river from New York City, and cut American forces in two.



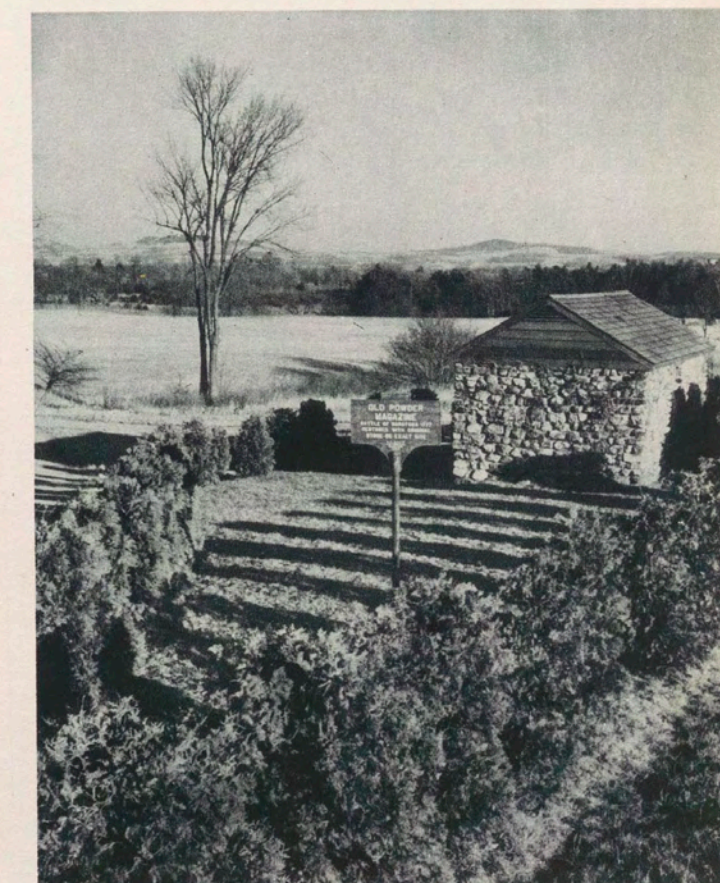
The "rabble in arms" commanded by General Horatio Gates fought with fury in the cause of liberty and swept the British before them. General Morgan, whose headquarters are shown above, reinforced Gates with his famous crack Rifle Corps.



General Benedict Arnold refused to remain at headquarters to fight the battle on paper and personally led his men into the conflict. He fought valiantly until a bullet ripped his knee. His bravery under fire and later betrayal puzzles many.



The headquarters of General Burgoyne, who much preferred the art of flirtation to the art of war, were but a few feet from the river. Feeling none too well from alcoholic excesses of the night before, he conferred here with his staff. Later, General Frazer was carried here and laid on the table where he died. At the request of the dying officer, his body was borne to a nearby hill for burial. Meanwhile,



American soldiers advanced upon the procession. Learning that a funeral was in progress, they ceased firing and played a funeral march in honor of the fallen enemy. At the battle's end, General Burgoyne, richly dressed, surrendered his sword in "honorable defeat" with these words: "The fortunes of war, General Gates, have made me your prisoner." The victory brought new courage to the struggling Colonists.



The revolutionary battle fields of yesterday are the peaceful farm lands of today. The "melon belt" begins here ▲ and stretches south. Melons grown in this area are large and juicy. Epicures maintain they have a unique flavor.



From Stark's Knob ▲ one sees the view of the river shown on the opposite page. At the base of the knob is an extinct volcano. The promontory received its name from an engagement fought there by General John Stark during the Revolution.



She once invited Lafayette for dinner and chided him for fighting on the wrong side for the "wrong people." Her memoirs, written when she had returned in triumph to Hesse, is one of the delightful human documents of the Revolution.

In the countryside along the upper Hudson a horse auction like that shown above is an event. Men pride themselves on being able to pick out the good and bad points of a horse. The auctioneer, to be successful, must be a real wit.



General Philip Schuyler's summer home at Schuylerville was burned by British soldiers during the Saratoga campaign, but was rebuilt soon after. Major Lovelace, a British spy, is believed to be buried nearby, in an unknown grave.



Also in Schuylerville is this house where the little Baroness Fredericke Reidesel and her four daughters stayed during the Battle of Saratoga. Wife of a Hessian General, she accompanied her husband throughout his campaigns. 30





The first Shaker settlement in America was established on the west bank of the Hudson in 1775. At Niskayuna, now Watervliet, a part of the original settlement still stands. Uninhabited since 1938, the quiet little "ghost village"

still retains an air of gentleness, tidy thriftiness and asceticism, qualities that dominated the lives of the "Shaking Quakers." Above is a view of the deserted farm buildings from the ground floor of one of the huge empty barns.



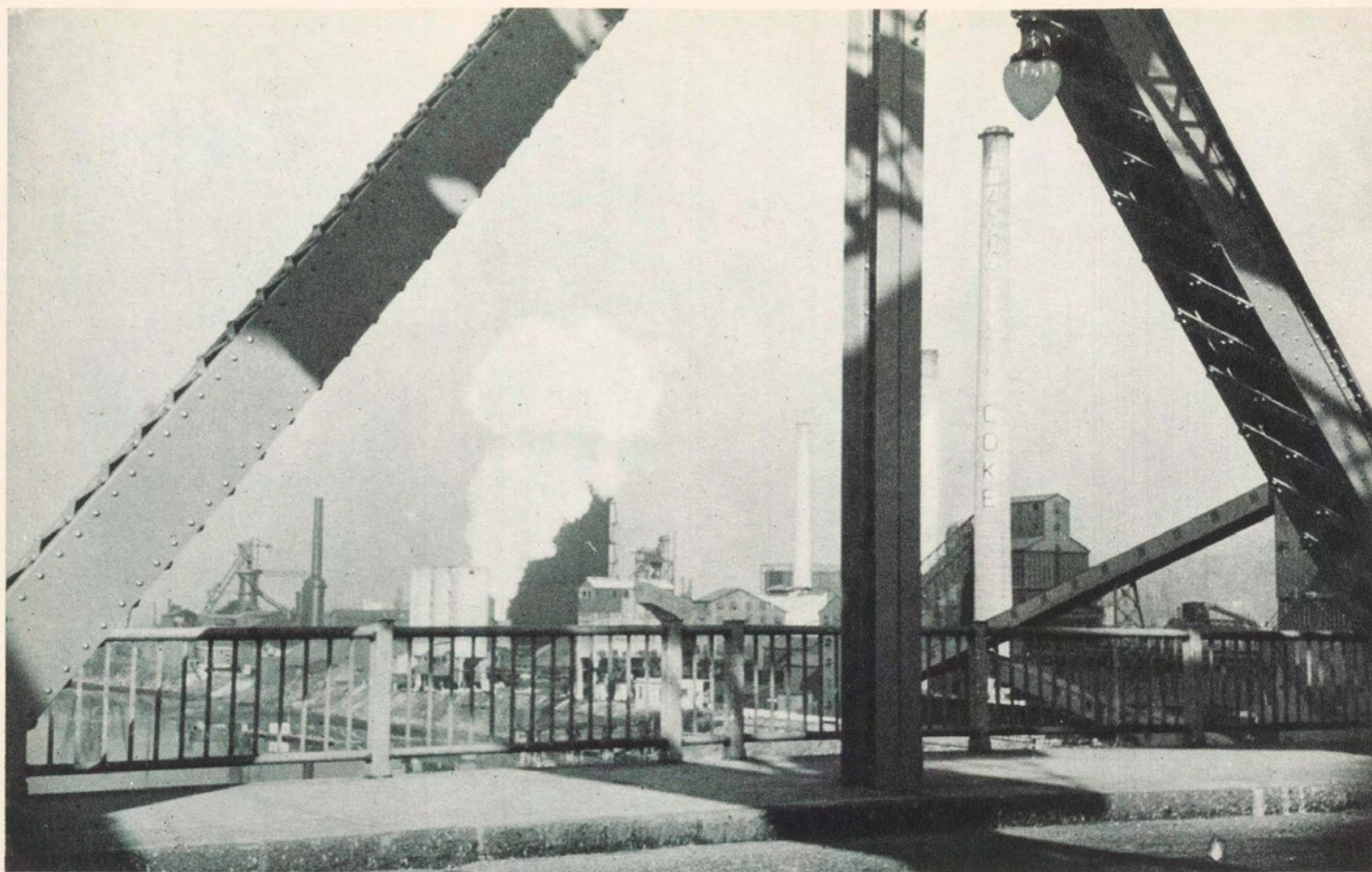
Farm implements, now idle, are silhouetted in the foreground. At the lower left is a Shaker dormitory with separate entrances for men and women. Shakers lived together as brothers and sisters. They believed that the relationships of marriage were sinful. New members were obtainable, therefore, only through conversions. The picture above, taken on a late mid-summer afternoon, shows the group of buildings called the North Family farm. It comprises about four hundred and fifty acres of tilled land. Other groups at Niskayuna, now vanished, were called the South Family, the East Family, and the West Family.

The Shaker religion, begun in England in 1747, was a strongly proselyting Christian group. Part of their religious ritual consisted of speaking in an unknown tongue.

Leader of the sect was Ann Lee, a colorful figure who, with her followers, came to America to escape religious persecution. The group landed in New York City in August, 1774, where Ann remained while some of her companions set out in search of a permanent haven. On Christmas Day,

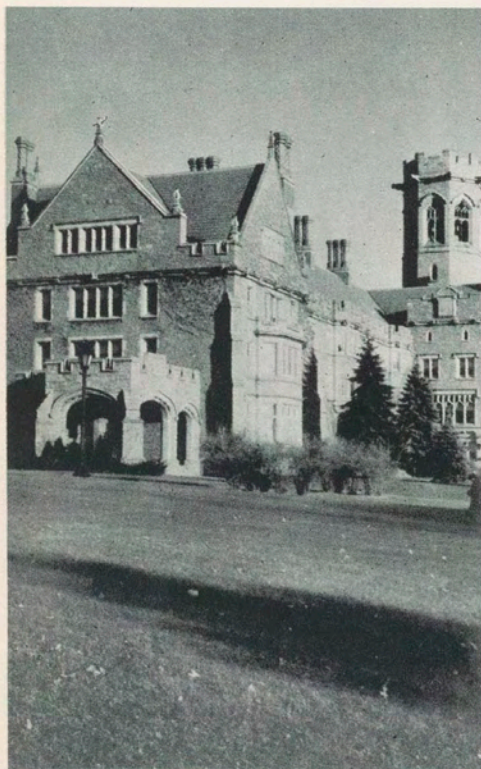
1775, they took "Mother Lee", 150 miles north through the Hudson Valley to the gently sloping lands northwest of Albany. Here they set her up in the wilderness as the Mother Divine. The settlement prospered because the "believers" were skilled and thrifty farmers. Gradually, the United Society of Believers grew in size and new settlements were formed in New Lebanon, New York; Harvard, Massachusetts; East Canterbury, New Hampshire; New Gloucester, Maine; and in towns in Ohio and Kentucky.

The products of Shaker industry and ingenuity were sold throughout America . . . at a profit. Early trading centers were Albany, Troy, Hudson and Poughkeepsie. Among other things, Shakers produced farm products, herbs, furniture, brooms, brushes, buckles, coopers' ware, spinning wheels, and various household labor-saving devices, baskets, clothes, hats, shoes, pipes, lumber and bricks. The twentieth century, with its mass production line, saw the passing of these capable people with their gentle way of life. They left, however, an interesting case history of an experiment in communal living by a large number of men and women.

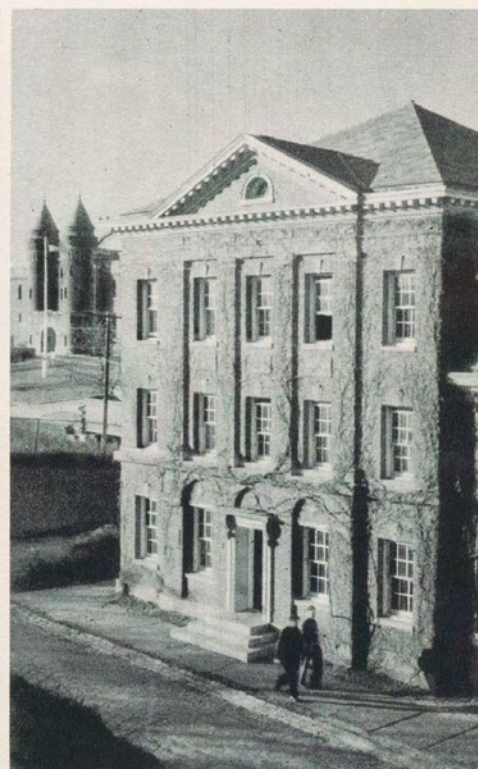


Troy was the northernmost point reached by Hudson's men in 1509. At the head of river navigation, Troy today stretches for seven miles along the east bank of the Hudson. Abundant evidence of the town's industrial life lies

along the bank near Menand's Bridge. In 1825 a Trojan housewife invented men's detachable collars so that she wouldn't have to wash her husband's shirts so often. Stiff collars, which are Troy's main industry, thus came into being.



Above are the Collegiate Gothic dormitory and chapel tower of fashionable Emma Willard School For Girls. Founded by the distinguished York State educator, it is one of many upstate schools which pioneered in women's education.



In America's pioneer days many of the hardy engineers who surveyed the great tracts of land were graduates of Troy's Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Above is one of the students' dormitories built in English Georgian style.



A few miles south of Troy and on the opposite side of the river is the capital city of Albany. The tall office buildings in the distance were probably inspired by London's Parliament Houses on the Thames. The architect may have

been impressed by the beauties of England's historic river, but not so the Hudson Valley farmer who, on being shown the Thames, observed: "The ditches that flow through our farms are bigger than this." Albany combines a nostalgic



love of the past with a virile approach to the future. Its 5,000 State employees give the people of the city a prosperous appearance and maintain an economic stability. Founded by Dutch fur traders in 1614, it is the oldest chartered city (1686) in the United States. In its rich and varied history Albany has been called Rensselaerwyck, Beverwyck, Fort Orange and Willemstadt. From this town of only 135,000, situated 150 miles downriver from the source and 137 miles upriver from the mouth of the Hudson, the political destinies of the Empire State are determined. The

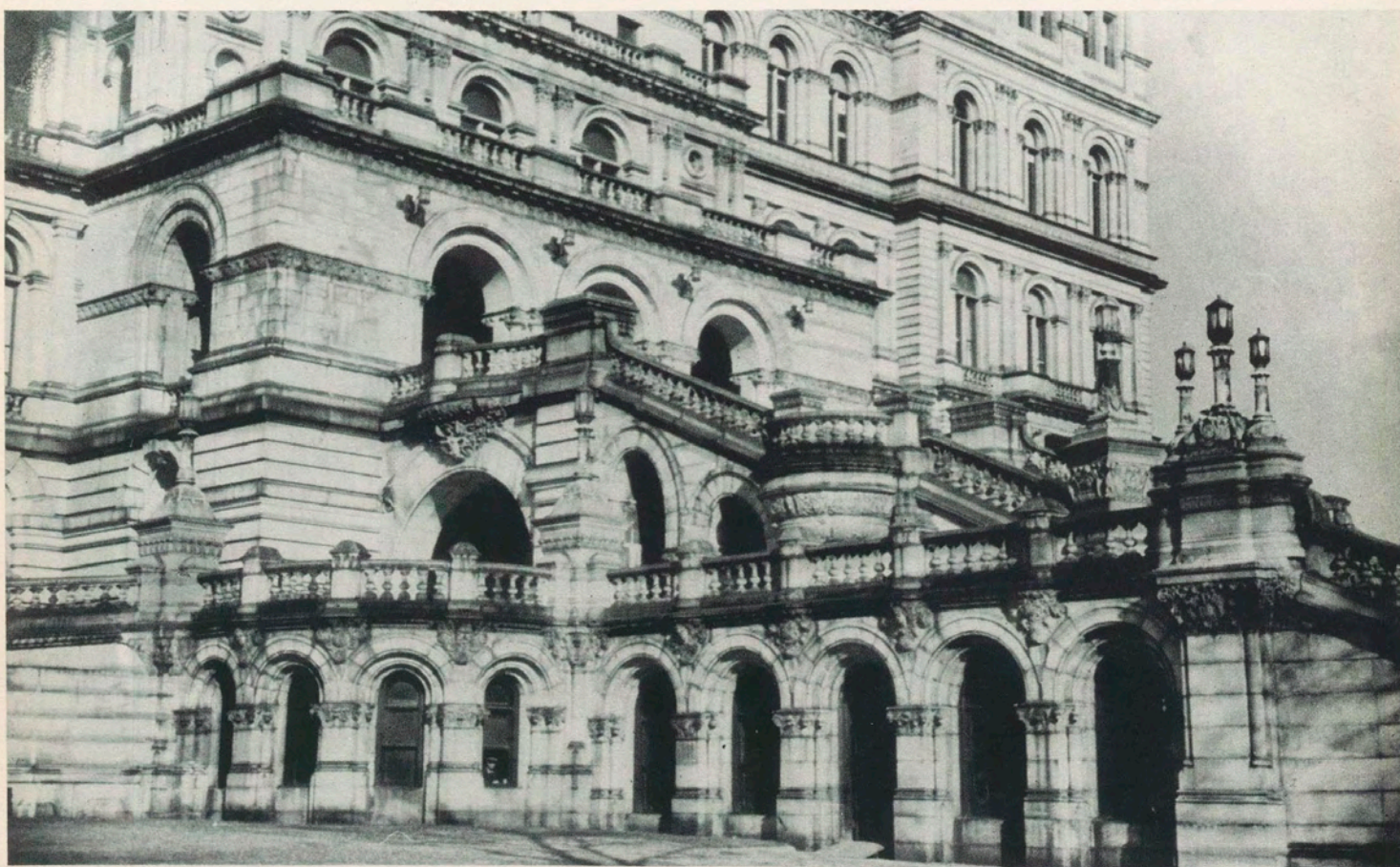
eastern gateway to inland America, Albany receives the traffic of railway, river and canal. Shallow water prevented Henry Hudson from sailing the *Half Moon* farther than a few miles below Albany. Today, dredging permits large ocean-going vessels to come up the river to Albany without difficulty. In one year the Port of Albany has handled more than 250 ocean-going vessels, carrying cargoes of petroleum, grain and lumber. The Boston & Albany and Delaware & Hudson railroads meet the New York Central here and each day sees 148 passenger trains and 88 freight trains cleared.



General Philip Schuyler's Albany mansion was once attacked by Indians and Tories. Trying to rescue her baby sister, Margaret Schuyler saw an Indian hurl a tomahawk at her head. She ducked, seized the baby, ran upstairs



to safety. Also in the historic Schuyler house, Elizabeth Schuyler was married to Alexander Hamilton. The Georgian simplicity of the Schuyler mansion is in striking contrast with the "General Grant" architecture of the State Capitol. ▲



Above is the eastern staircase which extends 166 feet from the entrance. Many styles of architecture are represented in the building. This is partly because the construction continued over thirty-one years (1867-1898). Architectural fashions of the day, political personalities and at least four architects left their influence on this incredible monument to a rococo era. Today its very uniqueness attracts visitors.

An interior view of the Governor's Chambers in the State Capitol is shown in the picture at the right. Used by the Governor only on formal occasions, it is a continual delight to school children. The thickly paneled walls are hung with portraits of the state's illustrious governmental figures. The heavy crimson carpet, the massive furniture, the chandeliers, the gilt-framed portraits all create a regal elegance

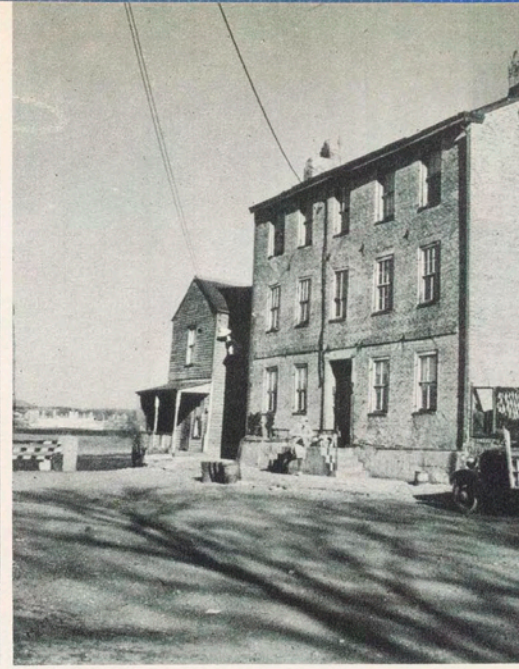
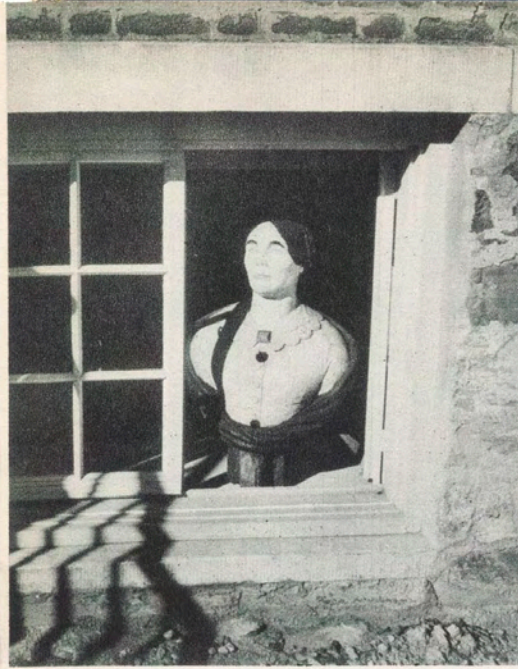
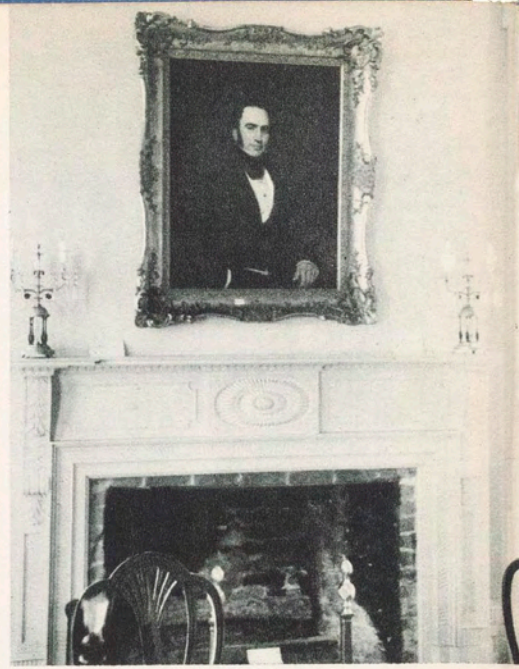
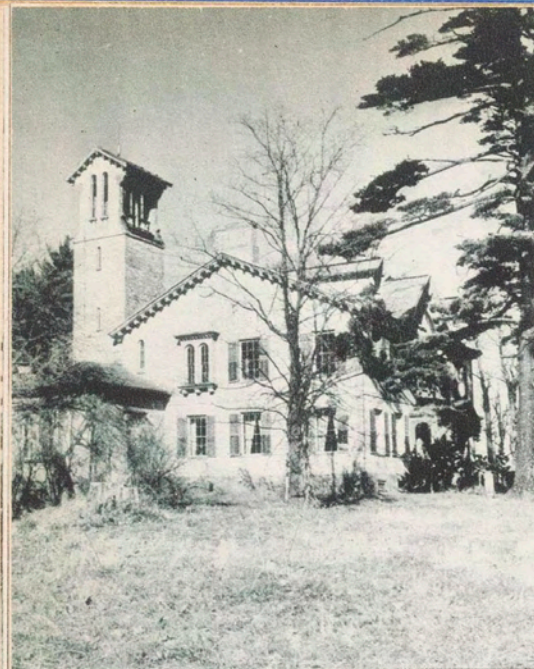


The quaint Dutch town ruled by Kiliaen van Rensselaer in the early 1600's lives on in folklore and song. Hudson Valley housewives still repeat the story of the witch who appeared at Baas Jan's on New Year's Eve and asked for a dozen New Year's cookies. On receiving twelve she fussed and fumed, claiming she was entitled to thirteen, or a "baker's dozen." On being refused, she put a curse on Baas and his wife, Maritje. The chimney fell in, the neighbors fell out, the trade fell off. So next New Year's Eve, when

she reappeared Baas gave her a baker's dozen and all lived happily ever after.

This Dutch lullaby still brings the sandman to the beds of Hudson Valley tots:

Trip a trop a troontjes,	De eenjes in de waterplas
De varkens in de boontjes,	De kalf in de lang gras
De koetjes in de klaver,	So groot mijn kleine poppetje
De paarden in de haver,	was.

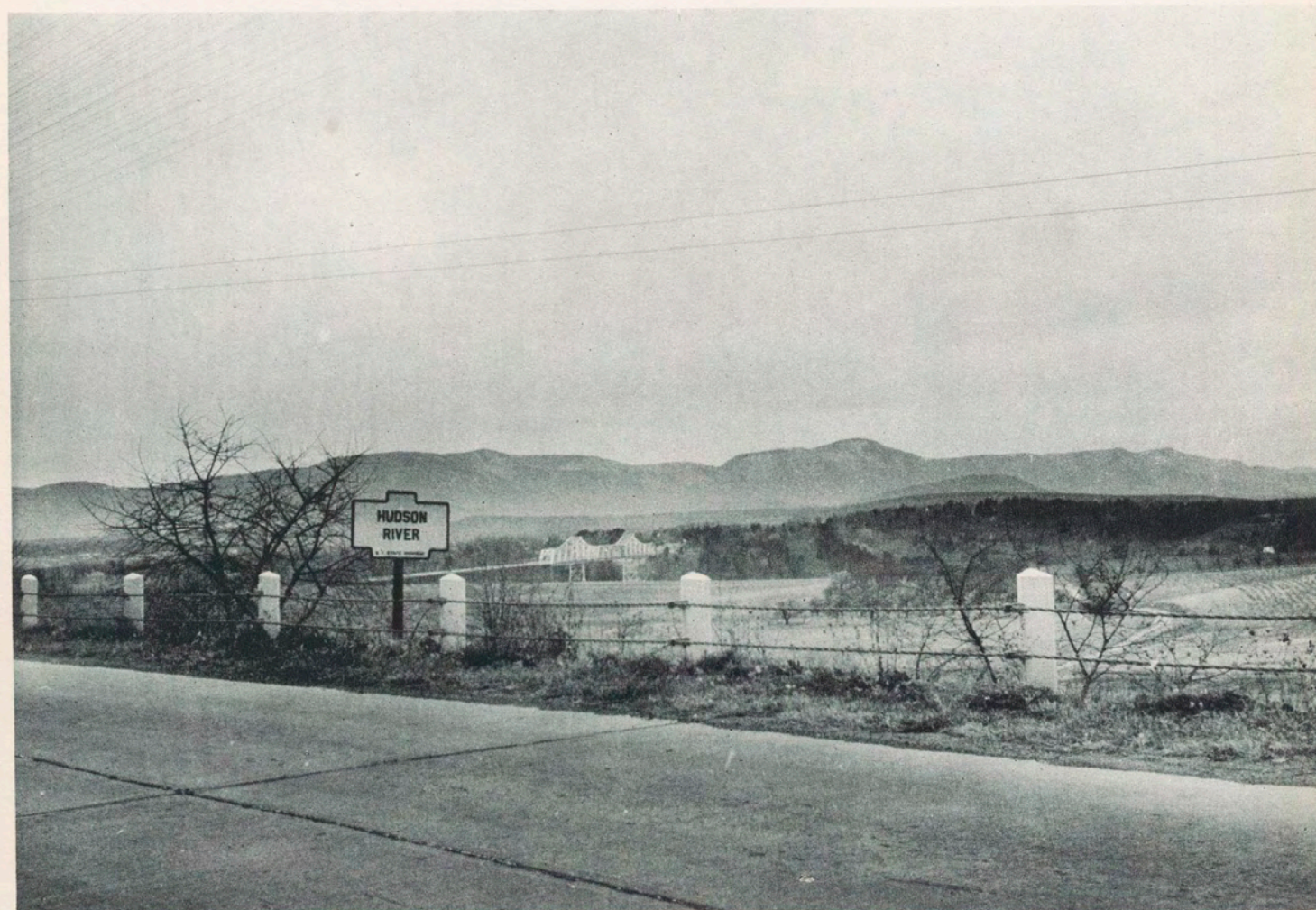


The river broadens as it sweeps on down from Albany and flows in the shadow of the long rolling Catskills. It flows by the towns of Rensselaer, Selkirk, New Baltimore, Stuyvesant, Newton Hook, Coxsackie and Hudson, a town built on a high promontory. East of Newton Hook is

Kinderhook (Dutch for children's corner) which takes its name from a nearby stretch of the river described by Henry Hudson. Martin Van Buren lived here in his sumptuous home, Lindenwald (left). Inside is a gaming table over which, it is said, John Van Buren, "Prince John," profligate

The town of Hudson was an important whaling center in the early nineteenth century. One of its promoters was Major General William J. Worth, who served as superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. His portrait (opposite) hangs over a mantelpiece in the House Of History.

Also in this house is the wooden figurehead of a hardy lady who sailed the seven seas on the prow of a whaling ship. Worth's home, above right, still stands on Union Street in Hudson. From this port and from Poughkeepsie and Newburgh farther down river, fleets of white-sailed



son of Martin, lost both government funds and his mistress, the exotic Ameriga Vespucci, to George Parish, rich upstate merchant. The House Of History (center) headquarters of the Columbia County Historical Society is in Kinderhook. Thomas Burt, a founder of the *Albany Argus* and publisher of a Van Buren campaign paper, lived here.

The Rip Van Winkle Bridge in the distance is the first of the four great bridges spanning the river. It leads into the town of Palenville, traditionally the village from which Rip Van Winkle wandered. A trail leads from the village up the Catskill Mountain to the exact spot, natives affirm, where old Rip slept peacefully for twenty years. 38



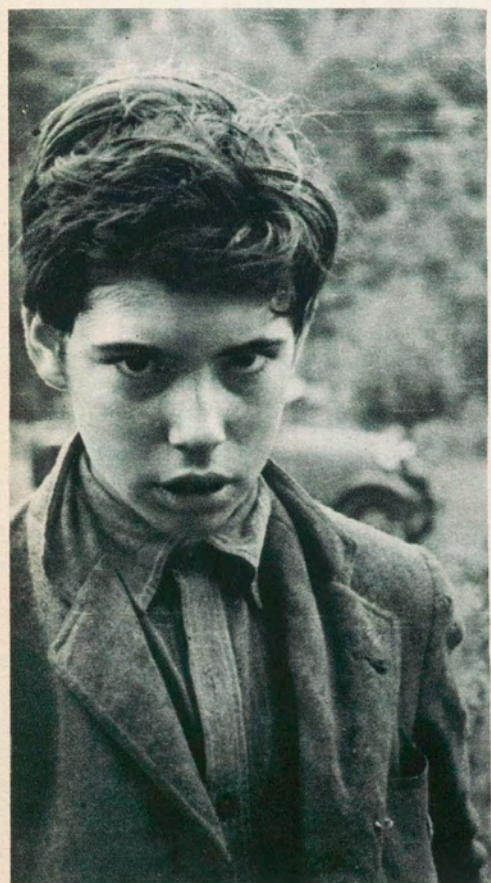
whalers put out to sea every year. They returned laden with precious sperm oil. Because Nantucket was vulnerable to British raids, whalers of that island came to the Hudson in the 1780's. Whaling flourished briefly because of the difficulty in getting skilled help. A Nantucket-style house at Hudson (center) still remains. Across the river

at Coxsackie is the roomy Early American house (above). It is all that remains of a social experiment tried out in the valley around 1826. Followers of the English socialist, Robert Owen, established a community here in which members pooled the results of their labors. It failed because there was too much talk about theory, too little work.



The people of the Hudson Valley are normal, hard-working Americans, some rich, some poor. They are farmers and businessmen, laborers and idlers. But scattered among the mountains which fringe the river are a number of isolated,

unique groups of people. On this page members of one such group, the Van Guilders, are shown. Above in the background is one of their paintless, weather-worn houses. They live east of Hudson Falls on a forlorn stretch of



land called Guilder Hollow. Cut off from the flow of life in the valley by their poverty and clannishness, they are nervously suspicious of strangers. Their eyes, hair, and features resemble those of their Dutch forebears. Sociologists

who have studied them believe they are descendants of early Dutch settlers who fled to the back country to escape the hardships and servitude of the Dutch patroon system. Most of them bear the names Van Guilder and Winchell.



These two young men are fishing in the Ramapo River, which empties into the Hudson. In the nearby Ramapo hills on the west bank of the river live the Jackson Whites. Members of an underprivileged, multi-blooded people, their nearest neighbors live in the fashionable Tuxedo Park colony. The story of the Jackson Whites is traced back to a trader named Jackson who agreed to supply 3500 British women as entertainers for His Majesty's troops. Three boatloads sailed from England but only two arrived. In the emergency Jackson sent a boat down to the West Indies and filled his quota with Negro women. They were segregated in Lispennards Meadows until the British evacuation, when they were released. Terrified, they fled to the Ramapos where they shared hideaways with Claudius Smith's "Cowboys," runaway slaves, Hessian deserters and a few Tuscarora Indians. For a time these people were referred to as Jackson's Blacks and Jackson's Whites.

In Eagle's Nest, high on a mountain west of Kingston, where hawks wheel against the sky, lives another group of isolated people. Their time-battered houses are scattered among pine trees so tall they seem to pierce the clouds. Leader of the people of Eagle's Nest is Cornelius Haasbrouck — part Indian, part Dutch, part Negro. He boasts that he accepts the dictates of no man and "figgers things out for m'self." His people are a high-strung and proud race with vivid imaginations. Some tell strange tales of chairs rocked mysteriously by unseen creatures and voices that call out into black windy nights. Some years ago an Eagle's Nester dreamed he discovered gold by digging near his house. During the ensuing months he dug a deep hole in the ground to no avail.

The forebears of these people are said to have been slaves and workers imported from the South to dig the Delaware & Hudson Canal. They bear names identical with those of distinguished families in Ulster County; Haasbrouck, Coykendall, Clearwater, Cantine.





Clermont, above, the family mansion of the once-powerful Livingstons whose lands stretched "as far east as Connecticut," overlooks the Hudson from a high bluff. Robert Fulton named his famous steamboat after this chateau.

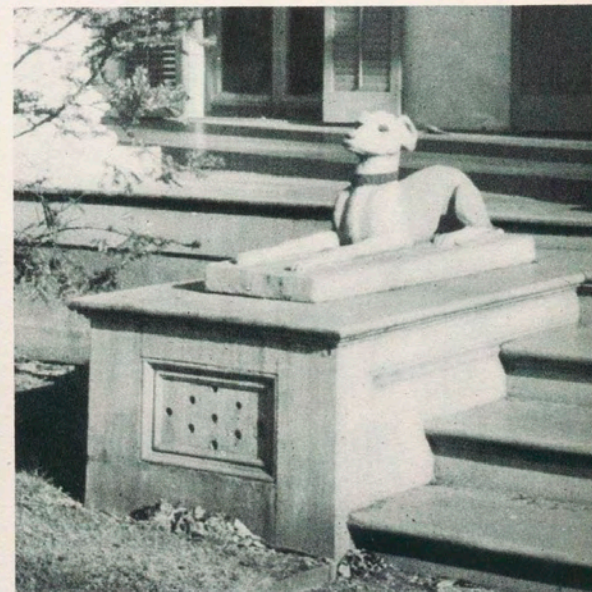
The wedding of Livingston's niece, Harriet, to "Toot" Fulton took place at Clermont. Today the Livingston family still occupies the house. It is filled with beautiful furniture, family portraits and heirlooms, and valuable Americana.



Here Fulton stayed overnight in 1807 on his historic boat trip up the Hudson. Robert Livingston, having financed Fulton's steamboat experiments, was able to lay the basis for the Livingston monopoly of shipping on the Hudson.



The sleeping lion guards its doors. Fancy garden statuary is a trademark of valley gentry. The modest lady about to bathe is in the garden of the Chanler estate. The dog [▲] adorns Callander House [➤], home of a Livingston relative.



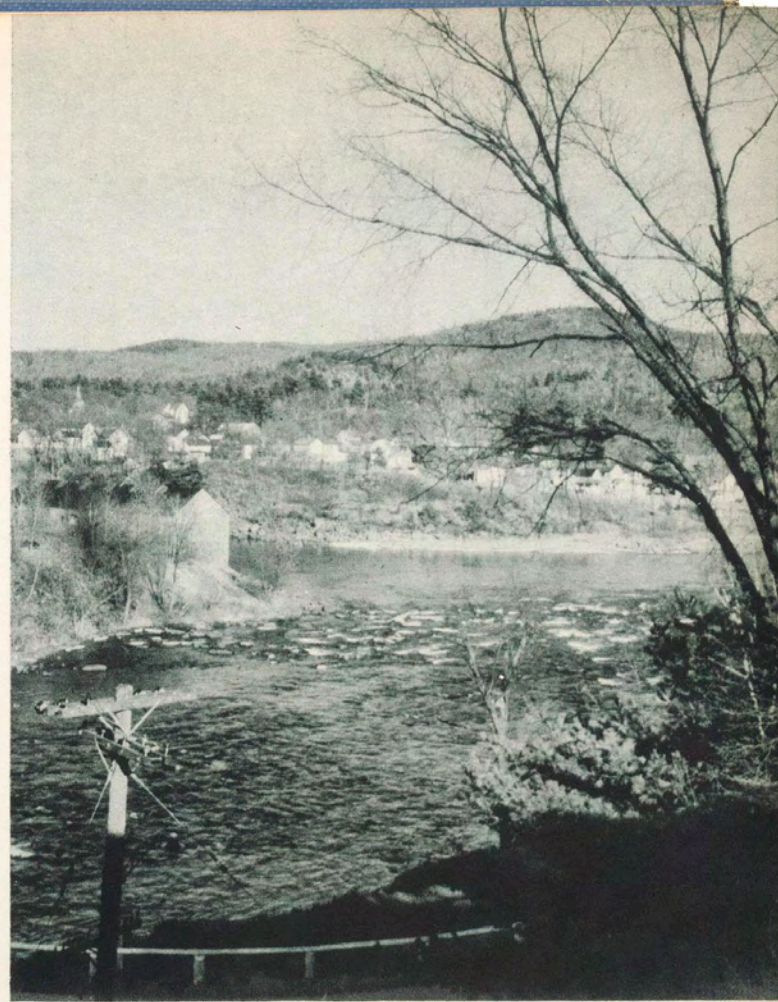
Few of the great estates are maintained today. A few of the old Hudson Valley aristocrats carry on: the Verplancks, the Clarksons, the Delafields, the Whittemores, the Hinckleys, the Redmonds, the Irvings, the Van Rensselaers.

The era of the proud Hudson River packets has passed, too. No longer does the *Mary Powell*, loveliest and fastest of them all, cut the river's waters. Hudson River Day Line boats like the *Alexander Hamilton* ply the river today.





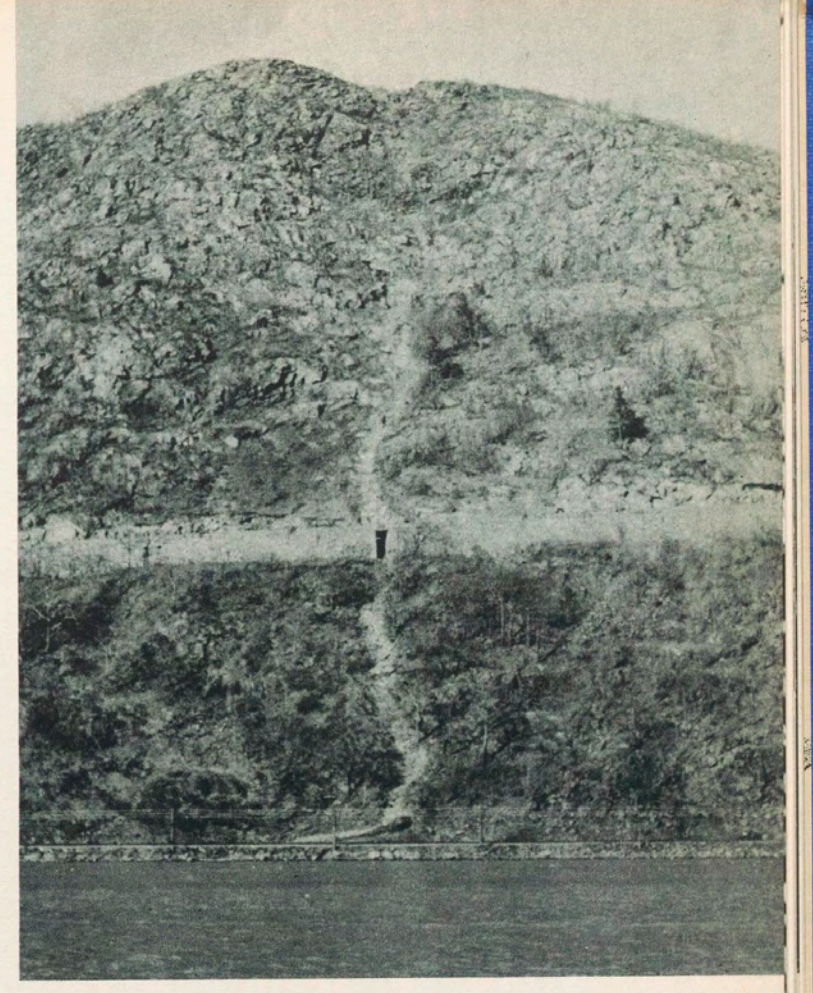
Like a giant throat, the Hudson drinks the waters of eastern New York State and carries them down to the sea. Lakes and rivers and creeks and brooks and springs empty into the main stream. Some of the tributaries are so small ▲ a



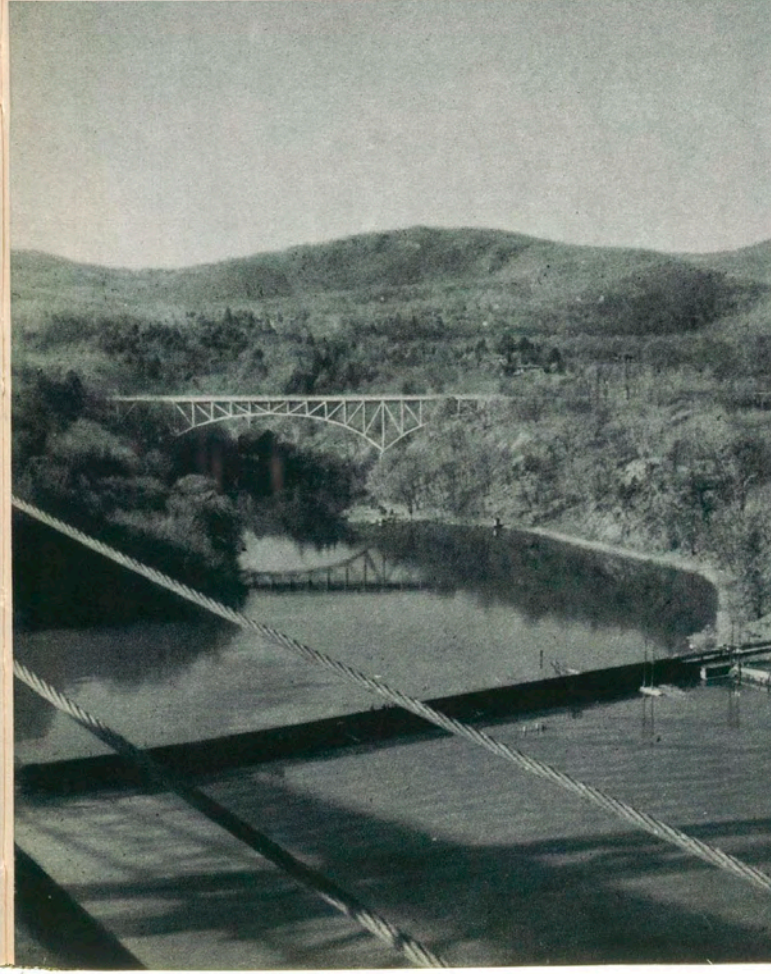
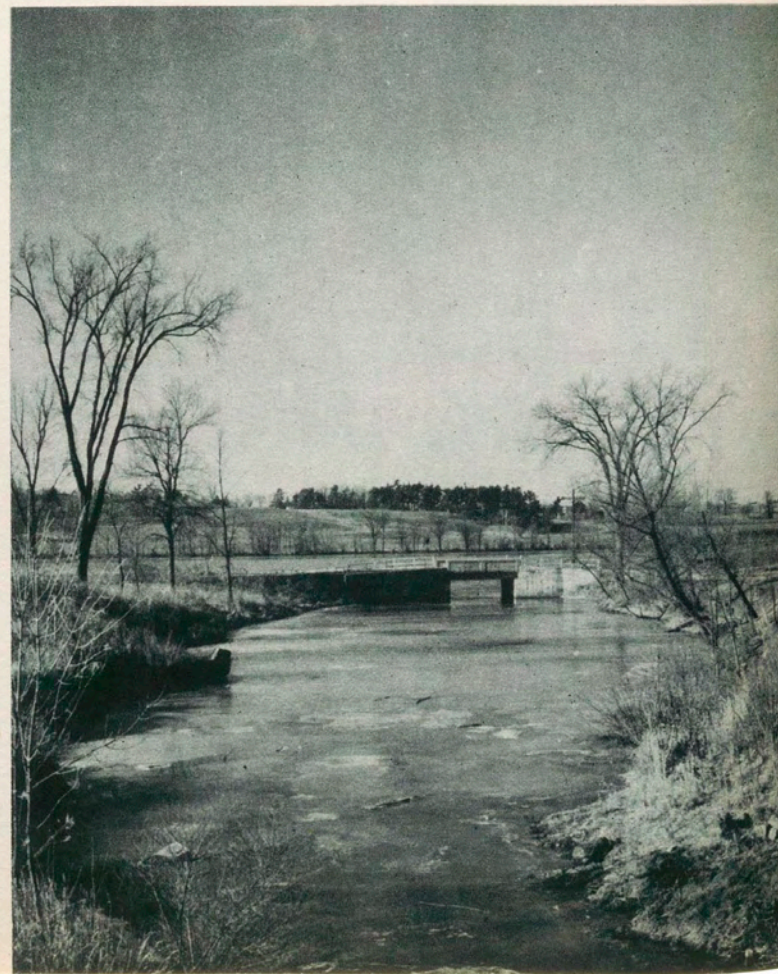
child can step over them like this snow-crested one. Farther south at Luzerne the Sacandaga River ▲ tumbles into the Hudson, while at the mouth waters spill over the Palisades. ► Many of the little feeders are called kill



from the Dutch meaning creek. Some of the kills are: Mu- itzes Kill, Vlaumans Kill, Vierda Kill, Quackendary Kill, Mudder Kill ► or Murderer's Creek, Landsman Kill, Saw Kill. In wintertime water seeps into the Palisades, freezes



and causes rock slides. ► In spring a little stream winds down the rocky side of a mountain. ▲ At Bear Mountain the Popolopen Creek ► strolls into the Hudson. Wap- pinger's Creek ▼ rushes frantically in the springtime.





The river flows beneath Kaaterskill High Peak, highest point of the Catskills, widens at North Bay and washes the rock chip shore of Cruger's Island. ▲ Picturesque ruins ► standing on the island are a 75-year-old mystery.

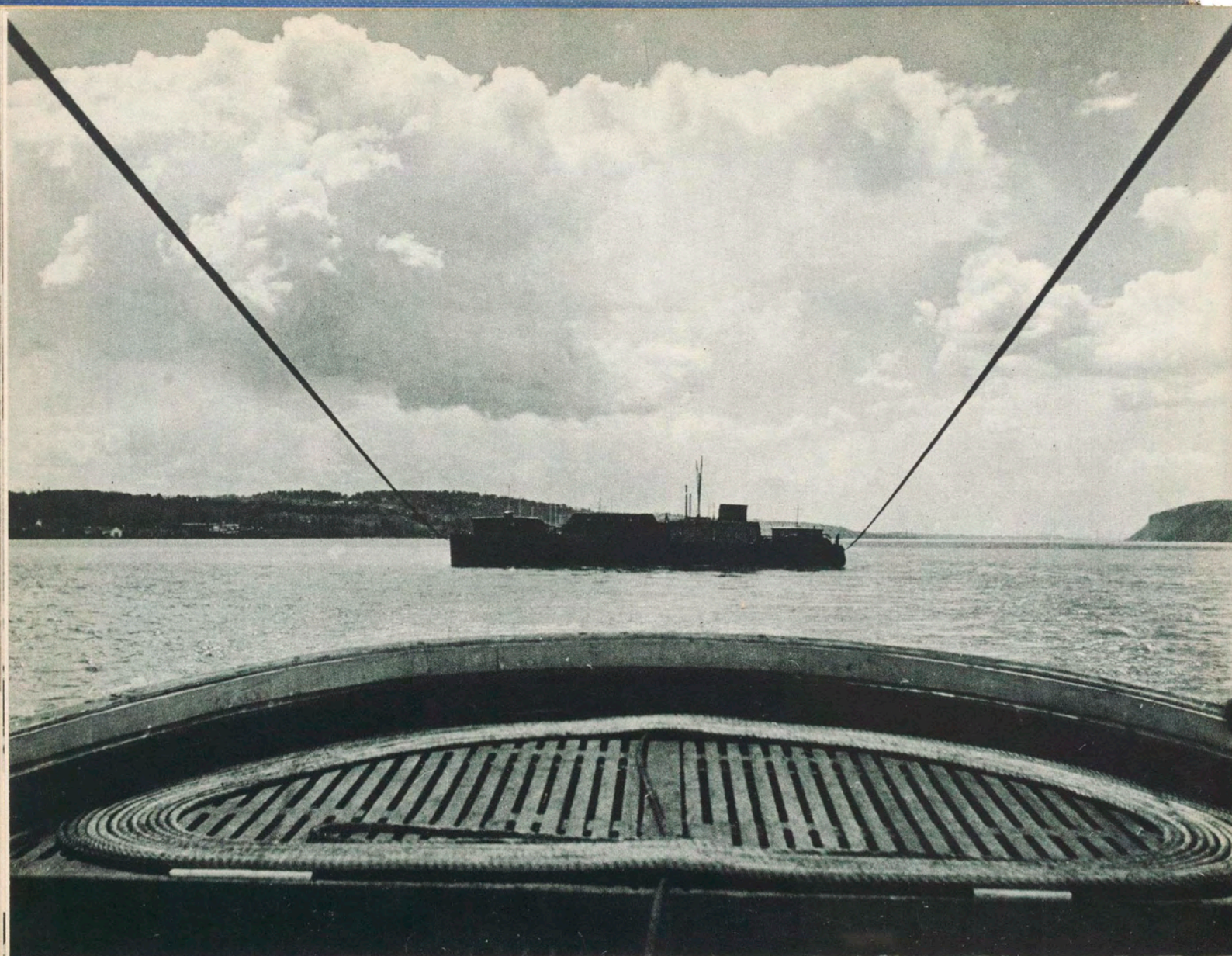


About 1840 John Church Cruger hired the explorer John Lloyd Stevens to ship an ancient Mayan village from Yucatan to Cruger's Island. Thus, the Hudson Valley acquired ruins older than those on the Thames or Rhine. At nearby Blithewood, ▲ then the Donaldson estate, the Hudson River aesthetes used to meet for poetry readings

Romanticists who loved the river in the early 1800's felt it had beauty, majesty, dignity but, they sighed, no ruins. The Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe, the Nile, the Thames, all had picturesque ruins. Why not the Hudson?

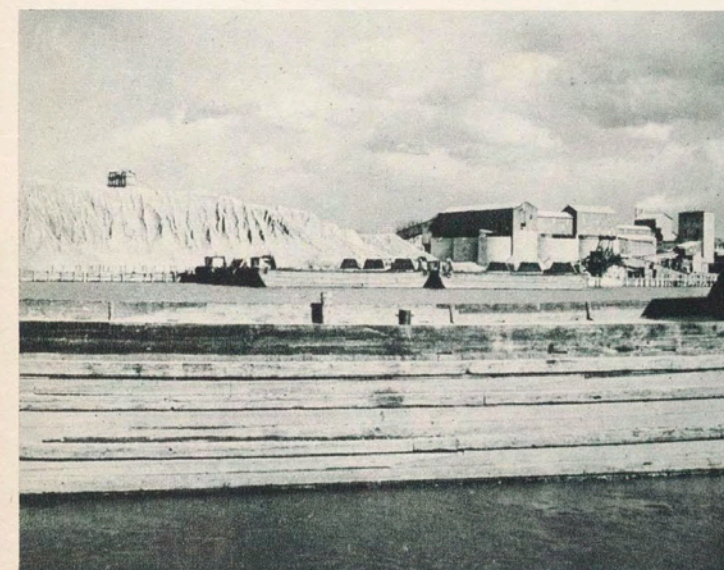
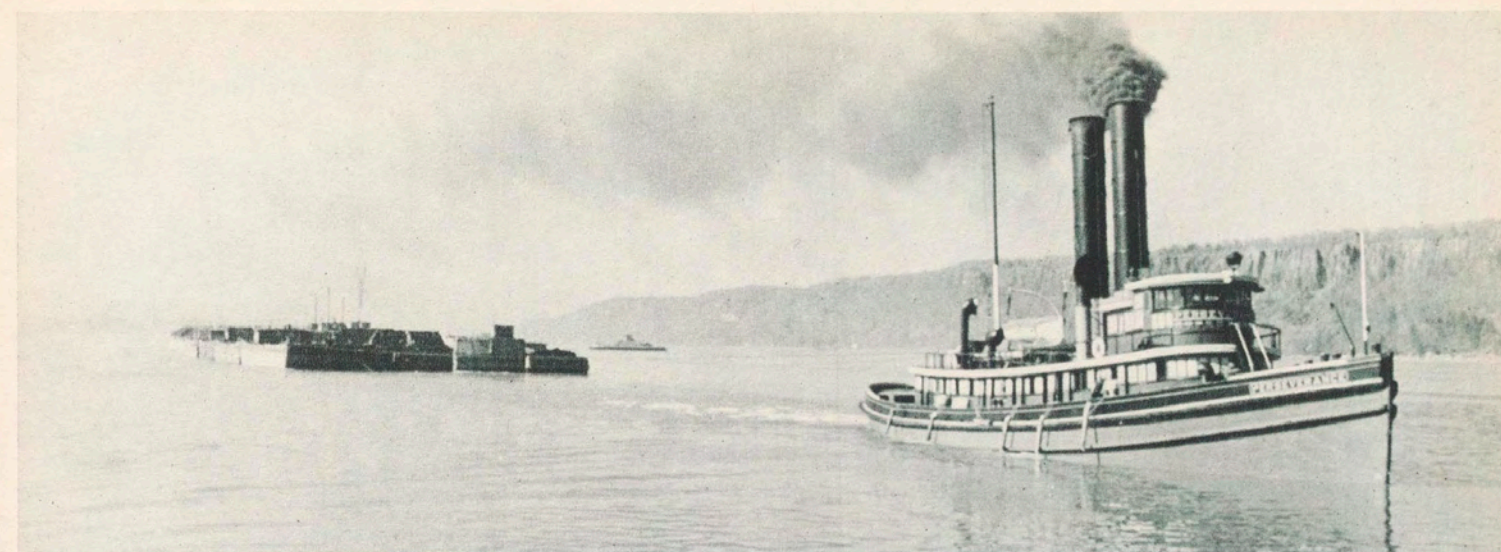
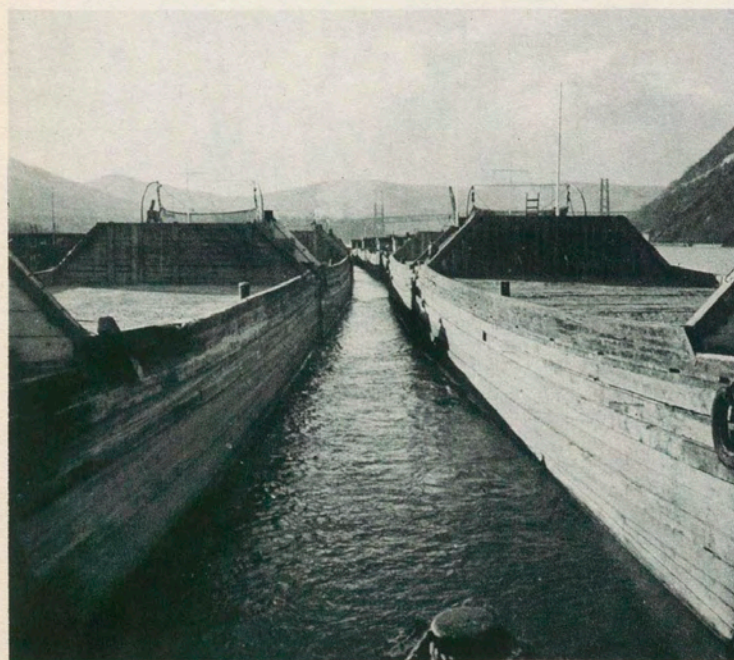
and to sing to the gentle strumming of the mandolin. Then, in aesthetic exultation, they would take to canoes or boats and row around Cruger's Island by moonlight. Their number included Washington Irving; Andrew J. Downing, horticulturist; Catherine Sedgwick, writer; Nathaniel P. Willis, poet; and Thomas Cole, "Hudson River School" painter.





Powerful tugs tow strings of cargo-laden barges up and down the Hudson. The tow lines are usually about 200 yards long. This prevents churning water from wearing out wooden barge hulls. Tows move about three

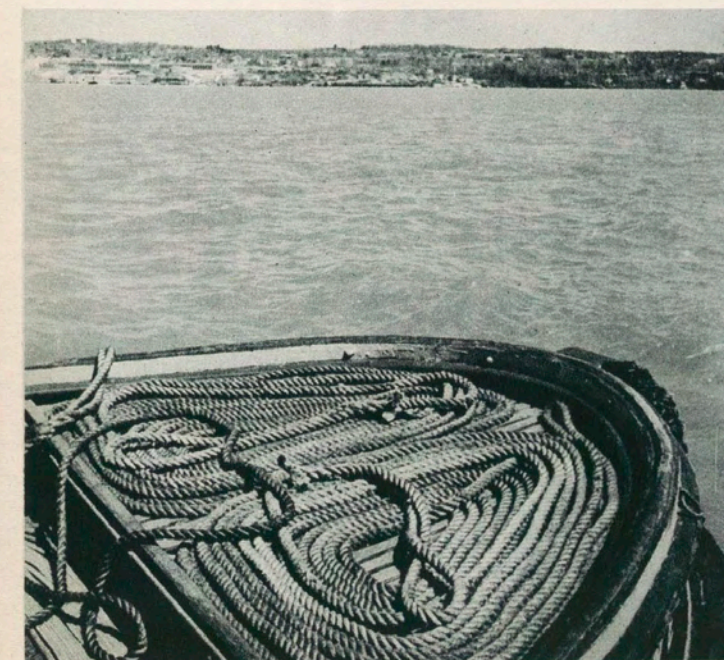
miles per hour, depending on the flow of the tide. This tug towed fifty barges from New York to Albany. Each barge has its own captain and hut. ▼ Some contain trap rock quarried from river mountains and crushed at



factories like this one at Verplanck's Landing. ▲ Hudson River pilots are romantic characters who love the river. Here the tow is passing Sugar Loaf Mountain. ↗ Tug captains maintain sea discipline and keep their vessels shipshape. ▼



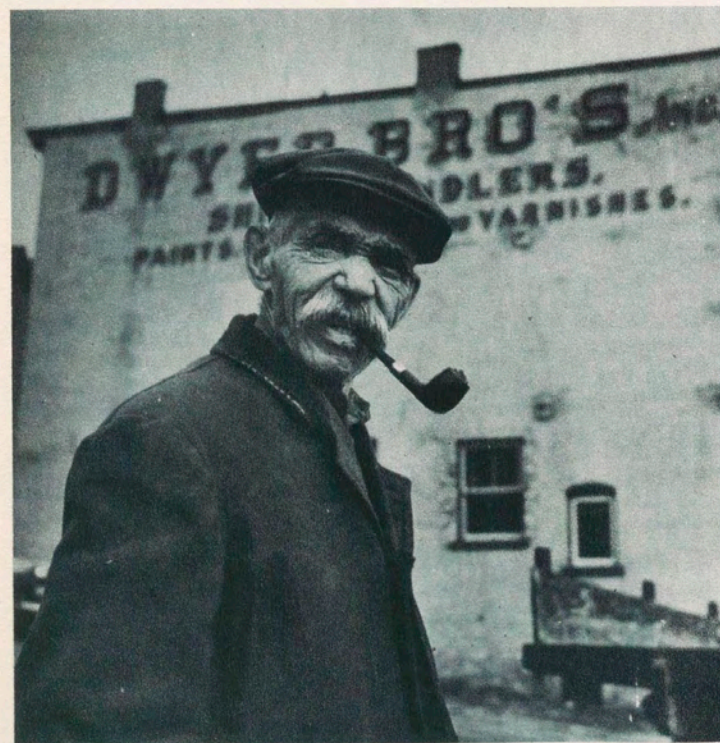
This pilot was caught waving ▼ to his family, who live on the banks of the river. Old-time pilots keep alive weird tales of ghost ships on the Hudson, floating rocks that bump the hulls, jackmasts that light up after a rain.





Below Glasco and Turkey Point, the Rondout Creek flows into the Hudson from the west bank. At the mouth is the waterfront section of Kingston called Rondout. Although it looks like a toy port, it is the most important Hudson

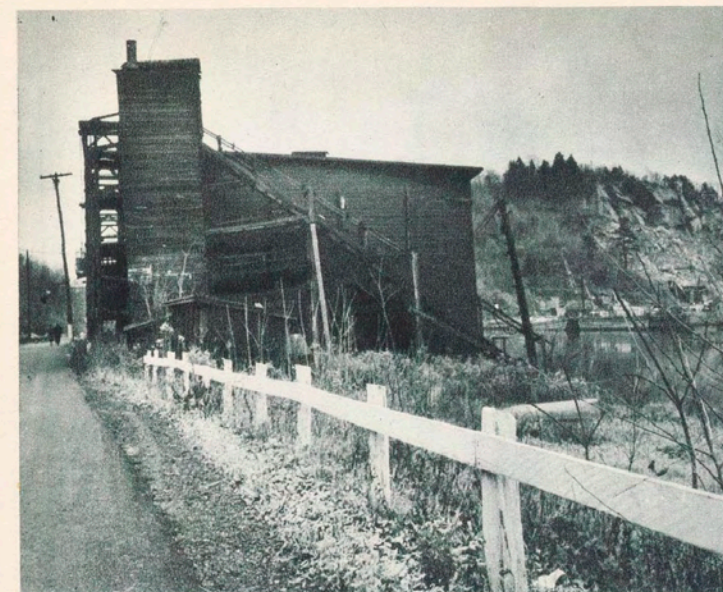
River shipping center above New York. From this abandoned office building, ^ in the days of heavy river traffic, thousands of loaded scows and barges were directed up and down the river and through the Delaware & Hudson Canal.



Old timers still recall the days when spans of oxen dragged slabs of blue stone to the wharves to be shipped downriver. Today part of the creek is a ship's graveyard. One rotting scow is haunted by the ghost of a murdered



river girl. Retired dean of Hudson River steamboating, Captain Moses Collyer maintains a fleet of pleasure boats off his riverbank home, Driftwood, at Chelsea. The Collyers "followed the river" for four generations. 50



Abandoned Ice House



Looking Toward The Hudson



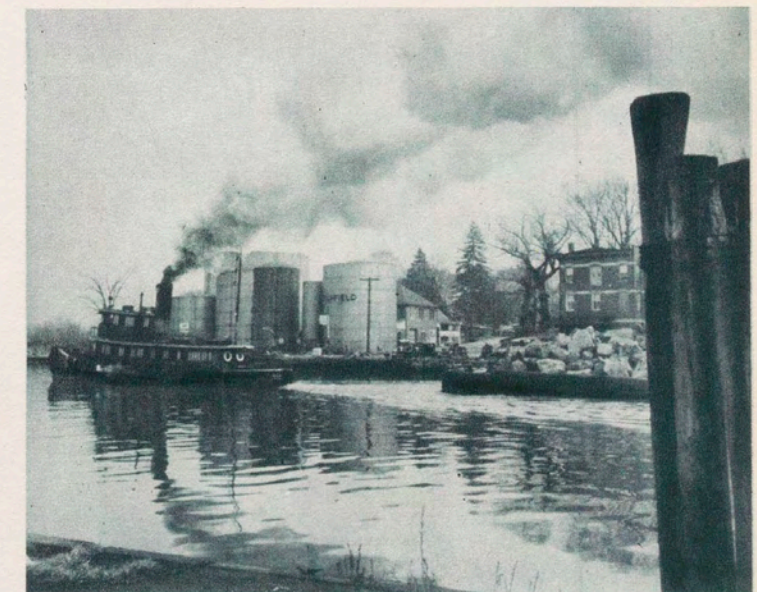
Cement Kiln



Dry Dock



Coal and Sand Barge



Tug Towing Trap Rock Barges

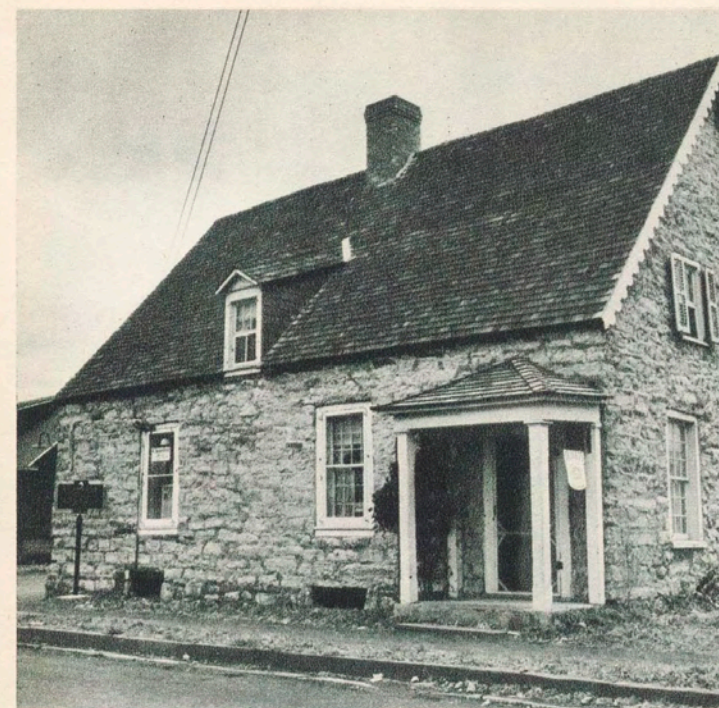
These six pictures, taken at the mouth of the Rondout Creek, tell in part the story of commerce and industry on

the Hudson River. In recent years, painters from the art colony at nearby Woodstock have discovered Rondout's beauty.



Kingston, for which Rondout is the river landing, rises high on the west bank. When the British burned the town on October 16, 1777 the house below was the only one which suffered no damage. The beautiful daughter of Tobias van Steenberg, Jr., who kept a tavern there, dissuaded the

incendiary soldiers, some say, from firing the house. In the Senate House ▲ the first State Legislature drew up the first State Constitution, in February 1777. Here the first Governor was inaugurated, and on September 9, John Jay convened the first State court before the first jury.



When the British burned Kingston many townsfolk fled to nearby Hurley. This tiny Dutch town was once famed for its tasty pot cheese: "Some come from Hurley, Some from the Rhine, Some pop fresh from a pot cheese mine." In the house above, Lieutenant David Taylor, captured as a British



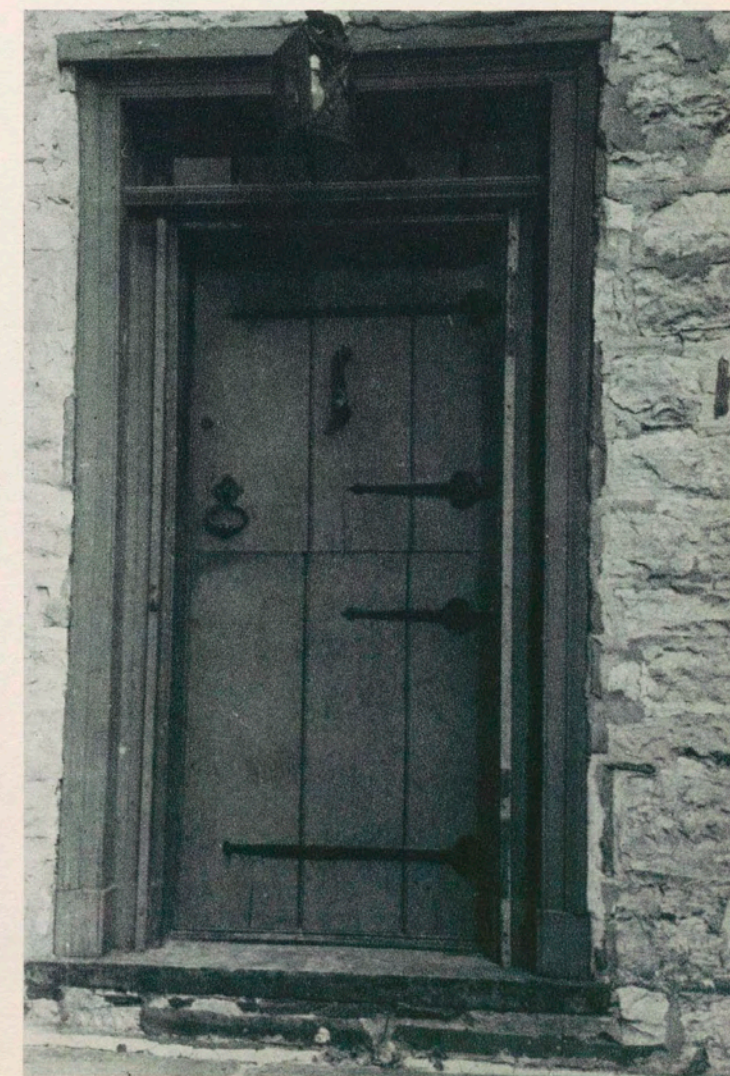
spy, was confined before his hanging. The State Legislature met for a month, after Kingston burned, in the Van Deusen house (above). Named for Baron Hurley of Ireland, the houses of Hurley remain exactly as they were 250 years ago. Even the original hand-forged hardware remains.

The Senate House in Kingston (top of left-hand page) was once the residence of another member of the Van Deusen family, John Peter Van Deusen. Folks around the countryside love to tell this romantic tale connected with the house:

One fine spring afternoon after the Revolution, Aaron Burr rode through the cobblestone streets of Kingston in a carriage drawn by six fast-stepping horses. He stopped in at the home of his old friend, Van Deusen, a politician, to talk the local situation over. A shy Dutch girl met him at the door. Although she spoke only Dutch, she conveyed to him the knowledge that her father was not at home and invited him in.

They sat in silence in the drawing room. Finally Burr noticed a violin lying on the piano and admired it. The girl smiled, took the violin in her hands and played with great emotion. Aaron Burr, the gay, sophisticated statesman, and Sarah, the simple Dutch girl, met often thereafter and the language of their love for one another was expressed entirely by the music she played. One evening her father caught the couple in an embrace, ordered Sarah to her room and Burr from the house forever. Broken-hearted, the girl fell ill and sent a dying request to her father: that her violin be bricked up in the chimney of the great fireplace in the living room. Her heartsick father consented. When the last brick sealing the violin in the chimney was put back in place, she died.

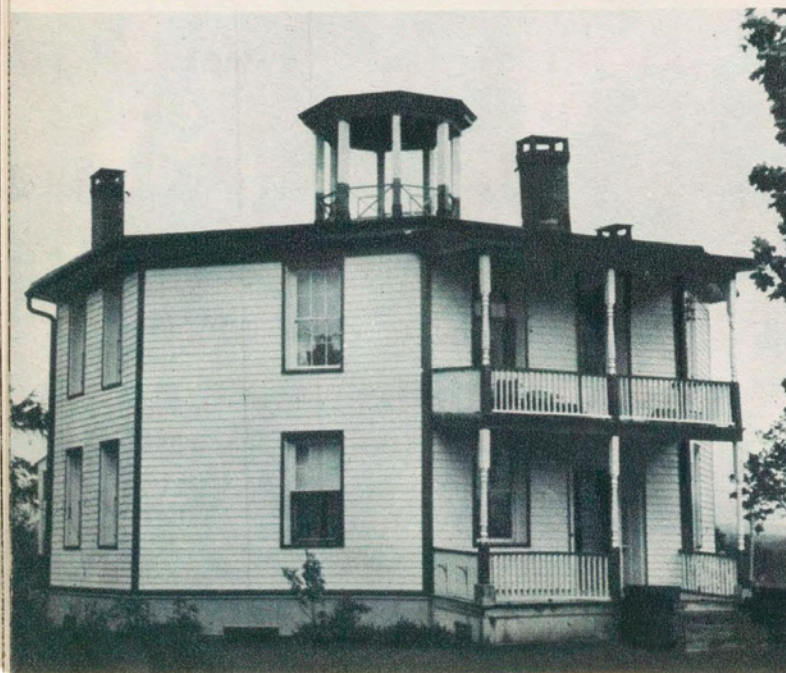
Today, folks in Kingston say, the soft love music Sarah played to Aaron Burr can still be heard . . . that is . . . if you stand at a certain place before the old Dutch fireplace in the living room of the Old Senate House.





Natives of Fishkill on the Hudson saw, in the year 1850, a gigantic structure with eight sides rising above the simple clapboard houses of their town. Town wits were soon referring to it as Fowler's Folly. Orson Squire Fowler, builder of this strange octagonal house, was known the length and breadth of America as the man who could reveal the characteristics and abilities of people by reading the contours of their heads. First American promoter of phrenology, he had published books on the subjects that sold in the hundreds of thousands.

Finding himself an authority on one field, he presumed to hold forth on diverse subjects. Consequently, in 1849, he published a book called, *A Home For All, Or The Gravel And Octagonal Mode Of Building*. It sold widely. The Fishkill octagon illustrated most of the ideas in his book. In 1890 the house was condemned and torn down. Many of Fowler's architectural ideas anticipated those of modern times. An octagonal house, he maintained, has more usable space than a square one, offers more surfaces to sunlight, and eliminates square corners inside the house. Many natives of the valley today state with sure conviction that the houses were so constructed to eliminate dark corners in which the devil might lurk.



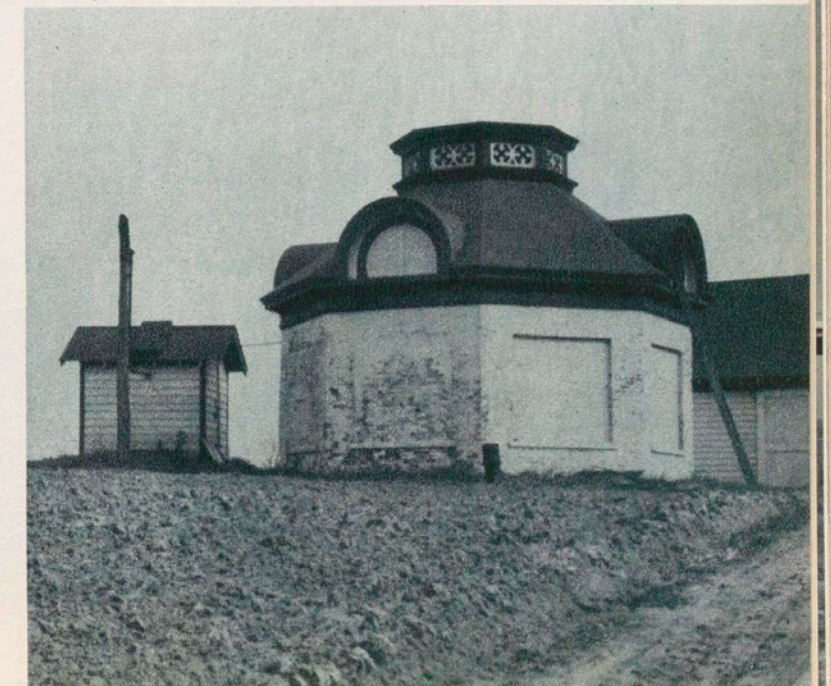
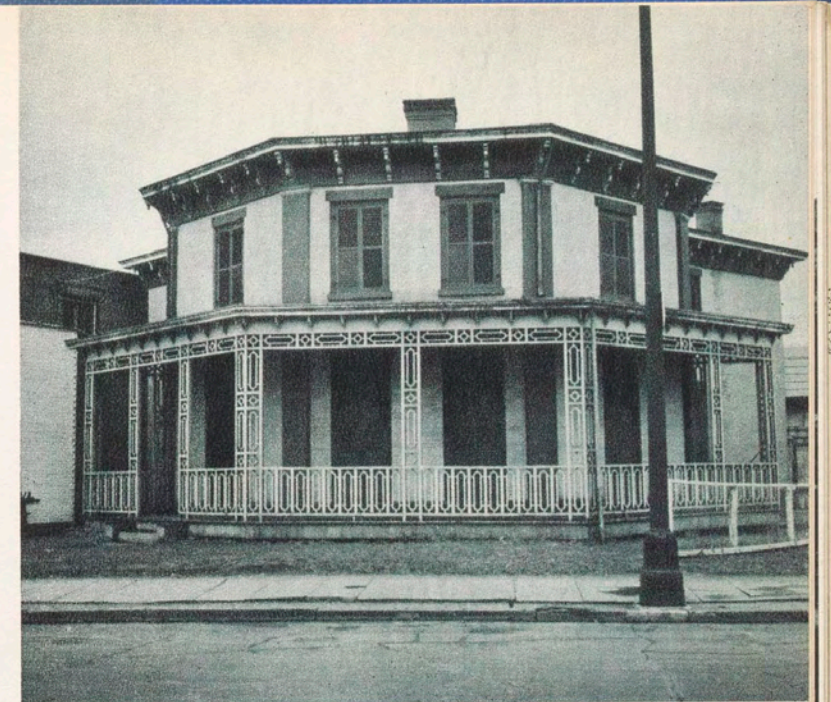
▲ The Library at Red Hook
 ◀ (top) East of Hudson Falls
 ◀ (center) At Mechanicville
 ◀ (bottom) Near Kinderhook

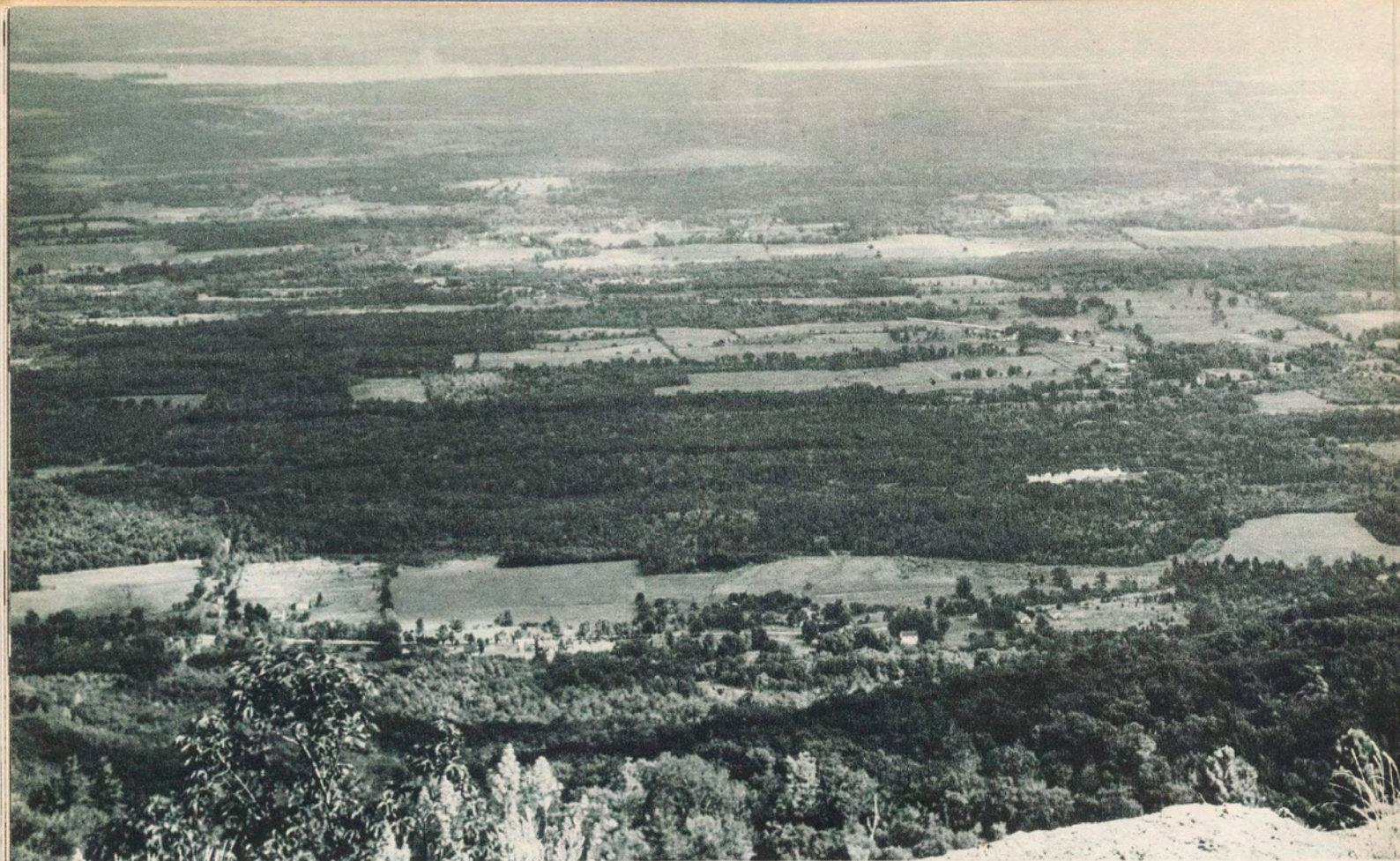
Up and down the river, home builders followed Fowler's advice and soon nearly every town of any size boasted of its eight-sided house. Many are still standing. On these two pages are pictures of octagonal houses on or near the Hudson. Into other parts of America, too, the idea spread. There is a gigantic octagonal house at Natchez, Mississippi, which was never completed. A very fine one at Danbury, Connecticut, is still inhabited. There are a number of octagons at Amherst, Massachusetts, and in Wisconsin a large octagonal house has recently been turned into an historical museum.

At Coxsackie is a 13-sided barn ▲ which follows the architectural motif of the octagon house. Its beam structure ▼ never ceases to amaze architects. A strange story is told about the reason for its existence. In 1663, Judge Pieter Bronck (for whom the borough of the Bronx in New York City was named) was particularly annoyed at the superstitions of his slaves. In order to prove to them one could successfully fly in the face of a superstition, he built a 13-sided barn. Today it is still in use and folks around the countryside like to point out that no bad luck seemed ever to follow those who worked in or near the barn.



Interior, Coxsackie Barn ▲
 At Kingston (top) ▶
 Coxsackie Barn (center) ▶
 Brick Silo, Near Glens Falls (bottom) ▶





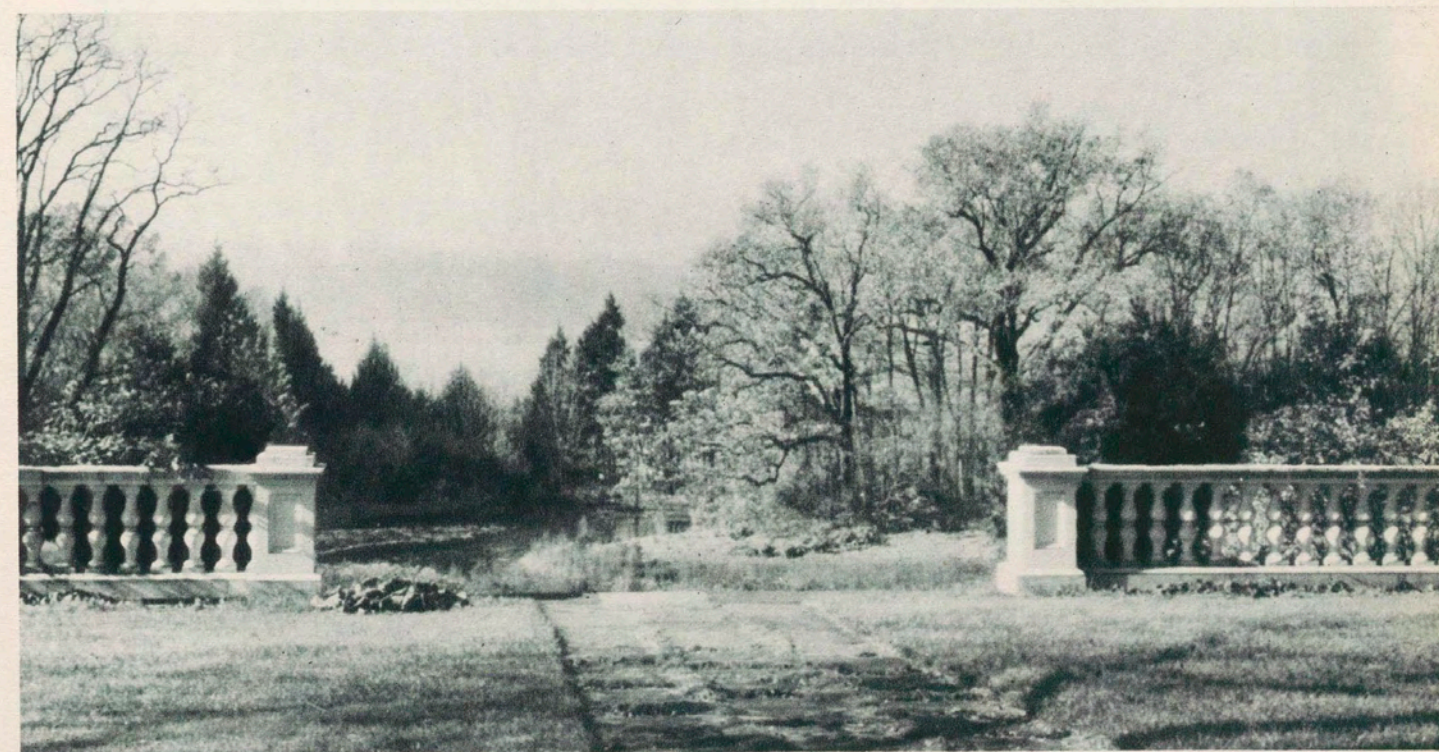
From 1825 until the century turned, a "must" on every European visitor's American itinerary was the Catskill Mountain House. The view ▲ of the Hudson River and its valley from this Greek revival palace ▼ was so vast that

the painters of the Hudson River School admitted that it defied recording. Cooper's Natty Bumppo described the view as: "... all creation ... The river was in sight for seventy miles under my feet, looking like a curled shaving."



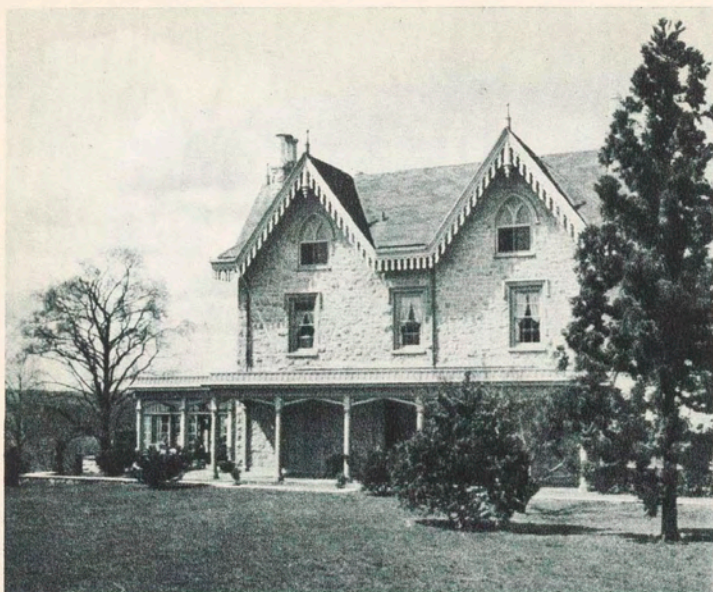
At Annandale, just below Blithewood, is stately Montgomery Place where Richard Montgomery and his lovely bride, Janet Livingston, lived for two years before he went north to Canada during the Revolution to fight the British.

Their life together in the white-pillared mansion on the Hudson had been carefree and idyllic. But the rumble of the distant guns called and the young general perished in the attack on Quebec on December 31, 1775.



July 6, 1818, the steamboat packet *Richmond* rode down the Hudson carrying his remains. His body came from a temporary grave in Quebec to St. Paul's Church in New York City. The greying Mrs. Montgomery sat alone on her porch.

Through the garden vista ▲ she could see the river. Mid funeral music and booming cannon, the packet paused at Montgomery Place as a tribute to the hero's widow. The melancholy drama was too much; at its end she swooned.



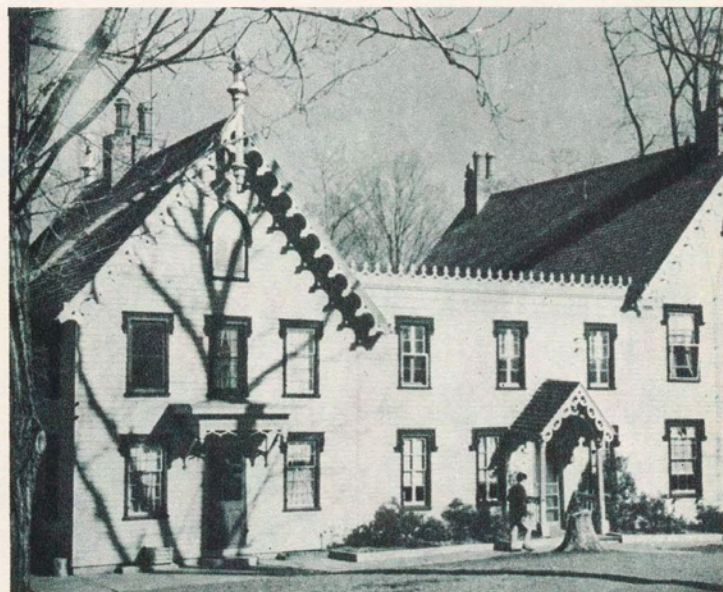
Fraser house at Hastings



Gate house at Rhinebeck



House at Tarrytown



Farm house near Hudson



Mansard house at Mechanicville



Detail of Roosevelt house at Hyde Park

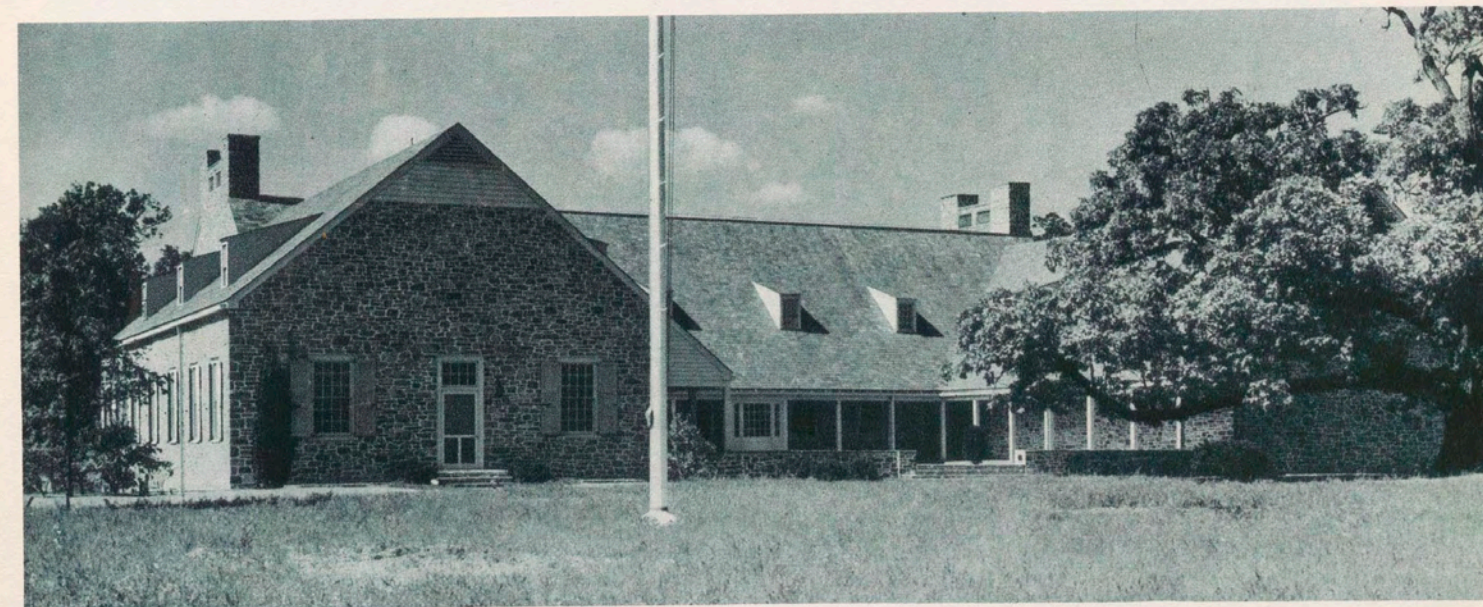
The houses on this page are examples of Hudson River Bracketed, an architectural fashion also known as Hudson River Gothic. From the Hudson Valley it penetrated deep

into America during the ornate era in the middle 1800's. Americans' love of gingerbread decoration was probably a reaction from the rude simplicity of pioneer life.



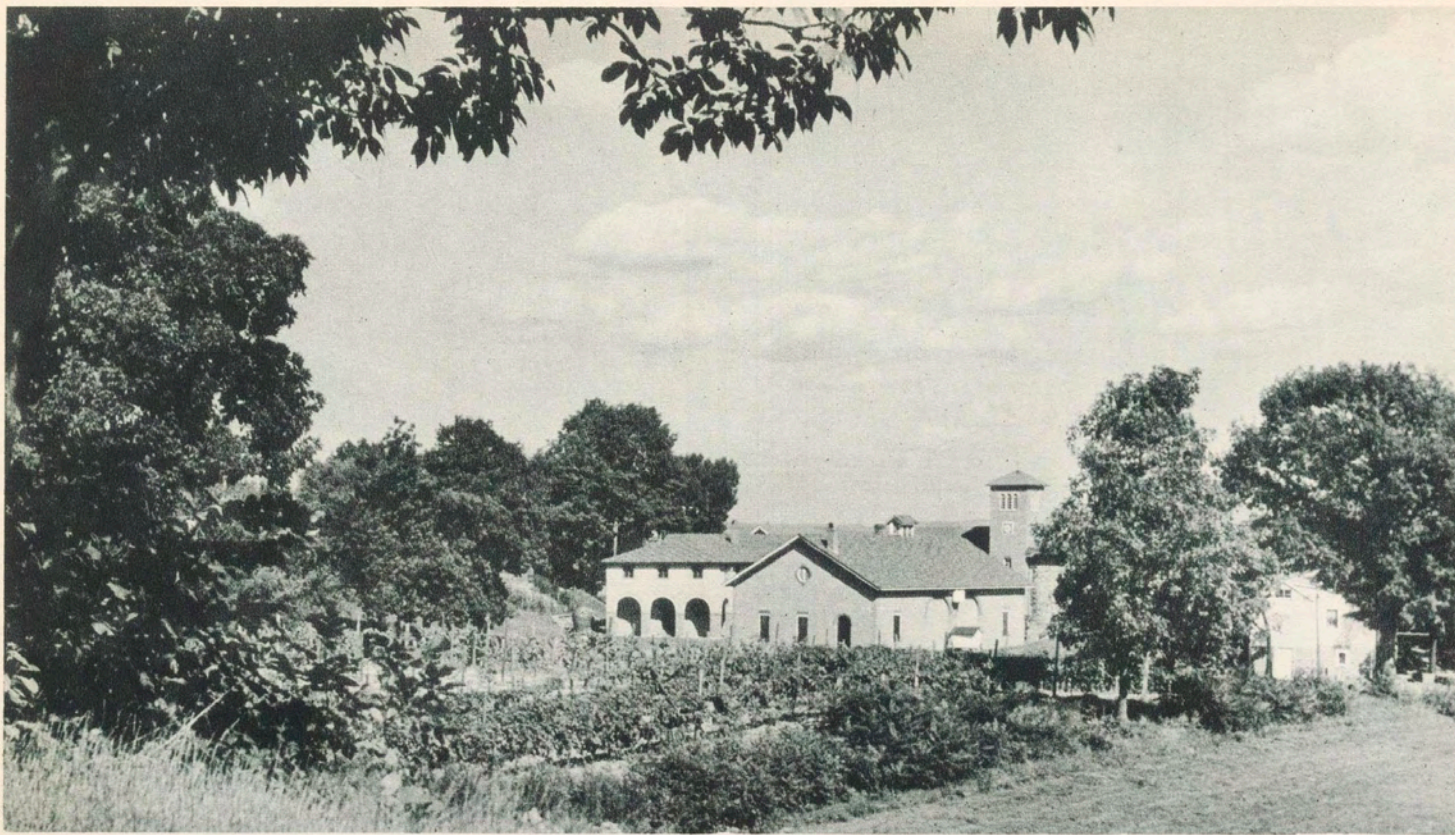
Two U. S. Presidents came from the mid-Hudson Valley: Martin Van Buren and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Above is Spring Wood, the Roosevelt family mansion at Hyde Park, where the thirty-second President was born and raised. A

typical Hudson River Bracketed dwelling for thirty-six years, it was altered in 1900 to its present Georgian appearance. In 1939 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, week-end guests, sat on this front porch and visited with the Roosevelt family.



Next door to the house where President Roosevelt began his days, he has built a library where he hopes to spend his last days. In this grey fieldstone house, which he has deeded to the nation, the President has begun to store more

than six million documents. They will cover his political career from his election as State Senator in 1910 to its conclusion. Some of the rooms are set aside for the pursuit of his hobbies: the collection of naval prints, ship models, stamps.



The Mid-Hudson fruit belt stretches along the west bank of the Hudson from Marlboro to Catskill. Apples, pears, peaches, berries and cherries grow in profusion. High on the banks of the river at Highland opposite Poughkeepsie

live members of the Bolognesi family, makers of Hudson Valley wines. Grapes native to the valley give the wines a distinctive flavor. Connoisseurs esteem them highly, deploring the fact that Americans seem unaware that wines



produced along the Hudson are as distinctive and as excellent as any produced along the Moselle or Rhine. The olive-skinned girls, peering from a window of the tremendous Bolognesi barn, work in the vineyards at harvest time.



Underneath the rambling arched buildings of the winery are cool cellars where the wine ages in giant casks. One of the best wines is pressed from Iona grapes, named for the Hudson River island where it was discovered and developed.



When shad ascend the Hudson in spring to spawn, river fishermen cast their nets into the waters and pray for a good return. More than a million buck and roe (male and female shad) are caught every year in 3,000 nets.

Shad swim into the fragile nets, and there get hopelessly tangled. Sometimes a sturgeon tears the net. Carl Carmer, author of *The Hudson*, watches the assembling of a shad net (top) and prepares to take off for a "drift" (below).

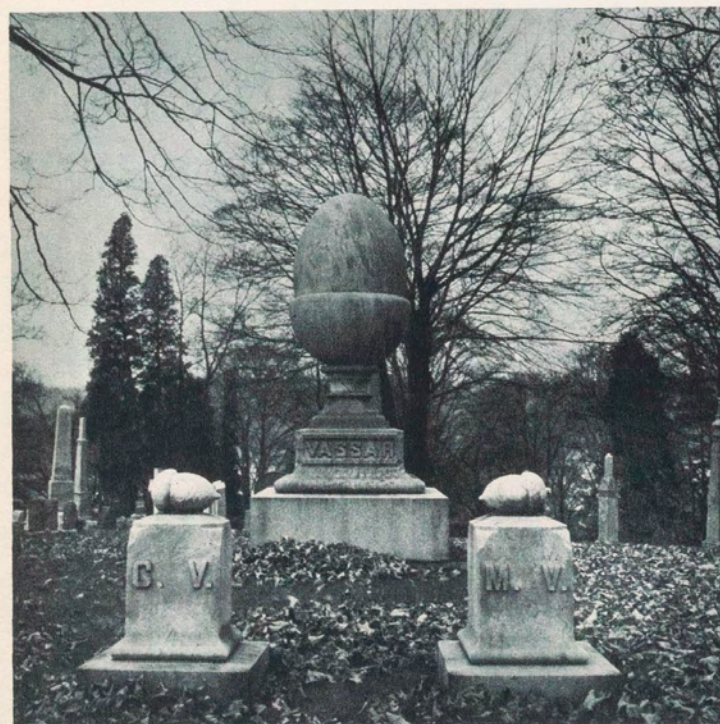


Shad nets are held perpendicular to the surface of the water by colored wooden buoys at the top and five-ounce metal rings at the bottom. Buoys, about twenty feet apart, are tied to the top cord. Only 2,000 feet of net may be set.

Hudson River shad has a flavor of its own and gourmets wait for the season of grilled shad-roes and bacon, shad baked and filled with vinegar to melt the bones or shad dipped in bread crumbs and fried to a golden brown in olive oil.



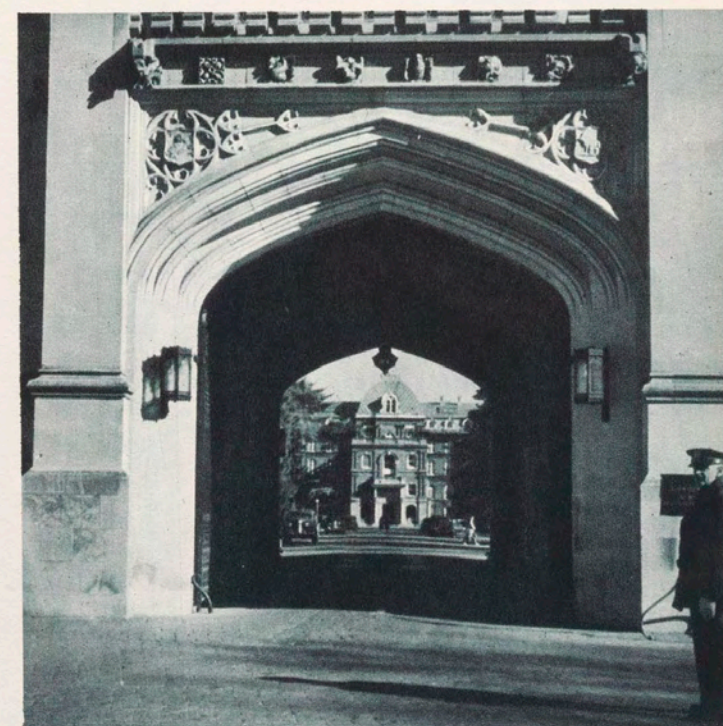
At Poughkeepsie, where the Mid-Hudson Bridge crosses the river to Highland, is the family estate of Matthew Vassar. Known as Springside, it typifies one of America's wholly original contributions to architecture: Hudson River Bracketed. Brackets were used mostly under the eaves and over doorways. Designer of Springside's buildings and grounds and leading exponent of the style was Andrew Jackson



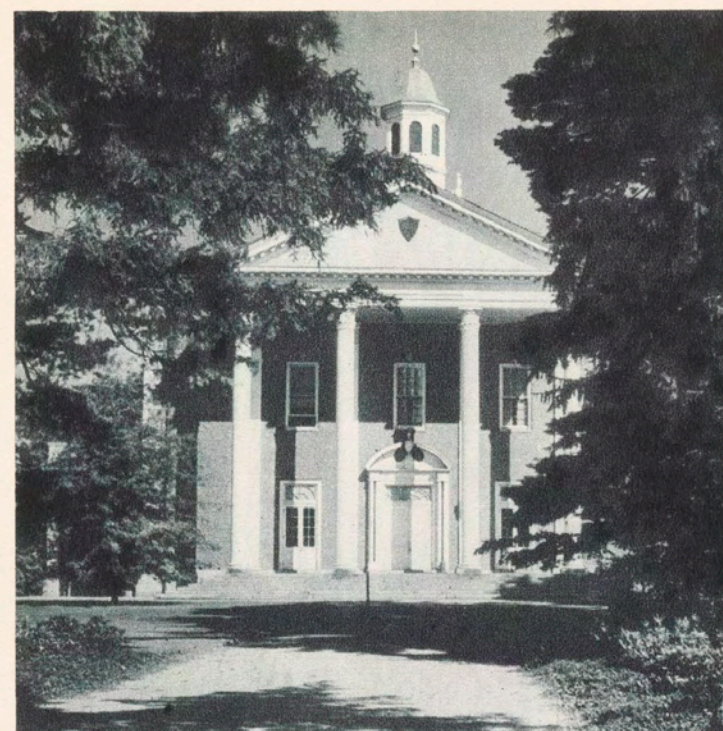
Matthew Vassar, whose grave is marked by that ancient symbol of fertility and strength—the acorn—had an earnest desire to leave something permanent behind him. In 1861 he decided that "woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual attainments as man, has the same right as man to intellectual development." Vassar, who had amassed his fortune brewing ale and beer, was himself without formal education. Though education for women was



Downing, who lived downriver at Newburgh. It was the fashion in the early 1800's for young couples to have charming, aesthetic Mr. Downing plan their houses and gardens. An engraving of the dwelling (above left) was used, in one of Downing's many books, as an illustration of *A Cottage In The Rustic Pointed Style*. Springside's gingerbread gatehouse (above) is at the entrance of a winding drive.



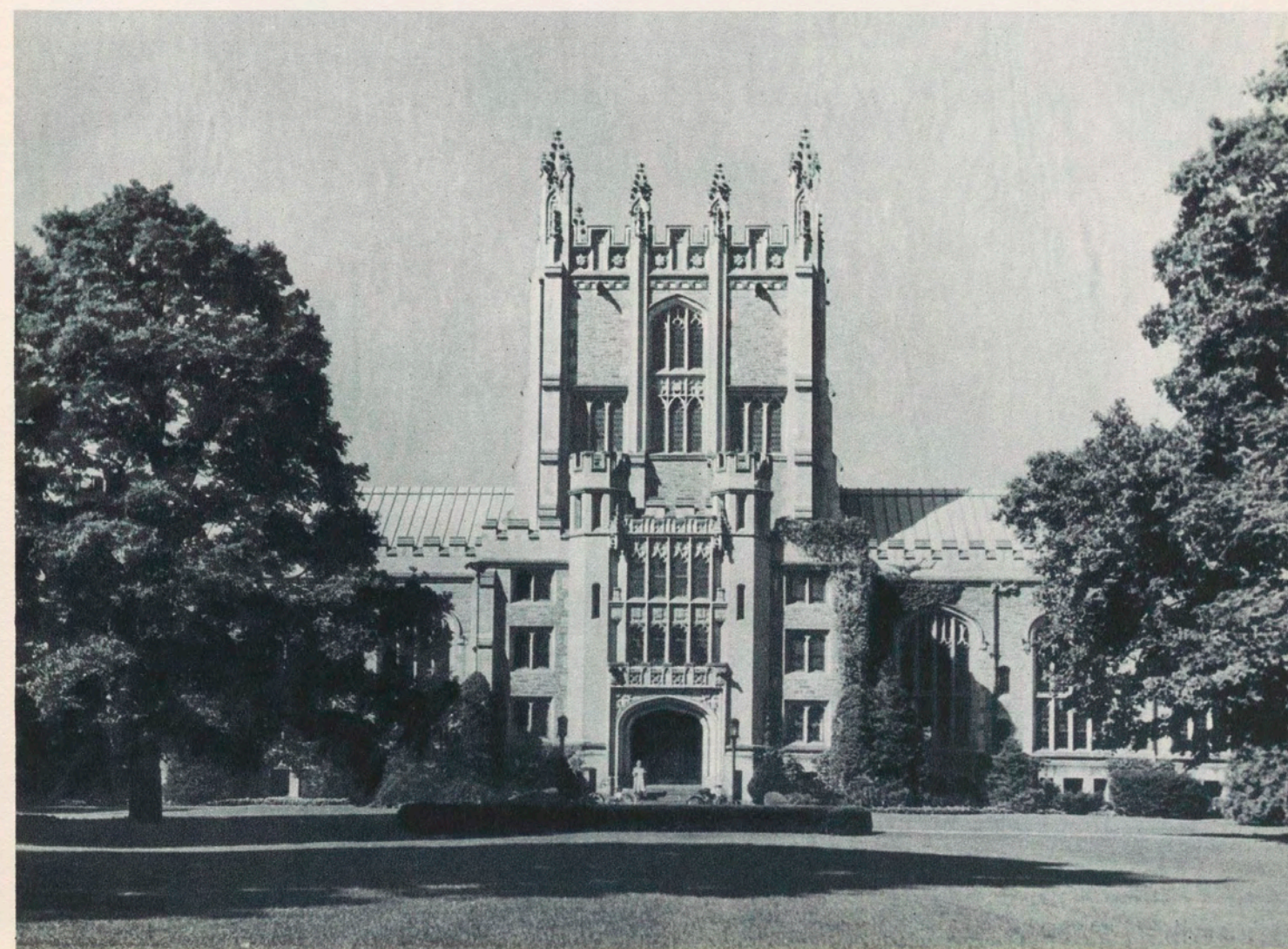
a new idea at the time, he provided land and funds for an institution to be called Vassar Female Seminary. At first it was the butt of many jokes and was referred to as Vassar's Folly. Today on the campus (entrance above) undergraduates sing: Matthew Vassar's generous heart
Found a brain in every lass.
So he made his beer and the college here
For the good of the Freshman class.

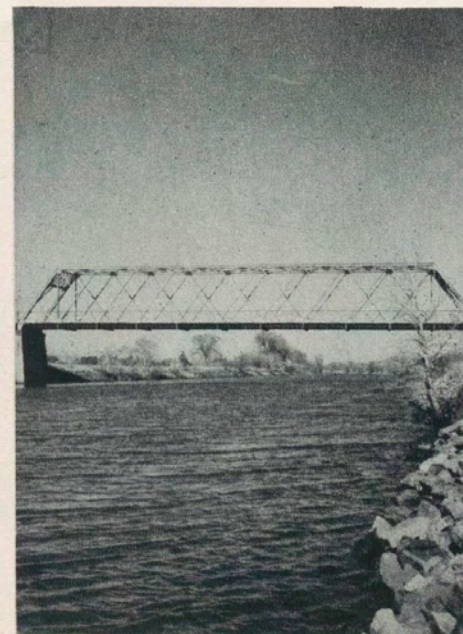


Changing American tastes in college architecture are reflected in the buildings of Vassar College. Many people prefer the Georgian grace of Students Hall ▲ where the girls hold their proms. Josselyn Hall ▼ and Thompson Library ▼ are in the more recent collegiate Gothic style. Traditions at Vassar include the use of bicycles, serenades at dusk and twenty-four sophomores carrying a daisy chain in June.



The curriculum of the college is designed to give a well-rounded liberal education. Under the able direction of President MacCracken, Vassar is today known as an important progressive institution of learning. Many Vassar students and alumnae took an active and leading part in the movement for the enfranchisement of women, including Harriet Stanton Blatch, '78, and Inez Millholland Boissevain, '09.





Mid-Hudson Bridge
Rondout Creek Bridge
Stillwater Bridge

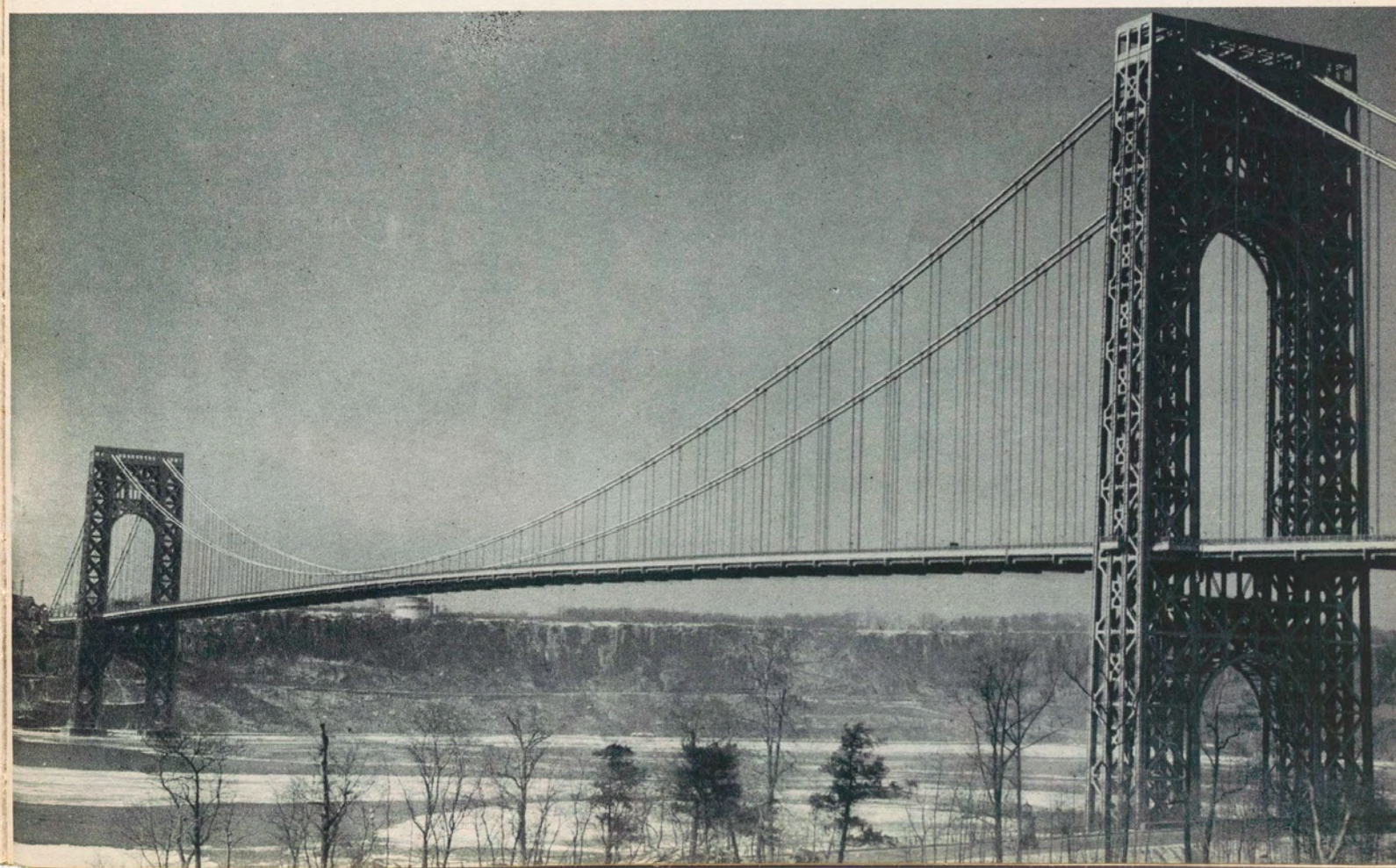
Albany Bridge
Upper Hudson Bridge
Single Lane Bridge

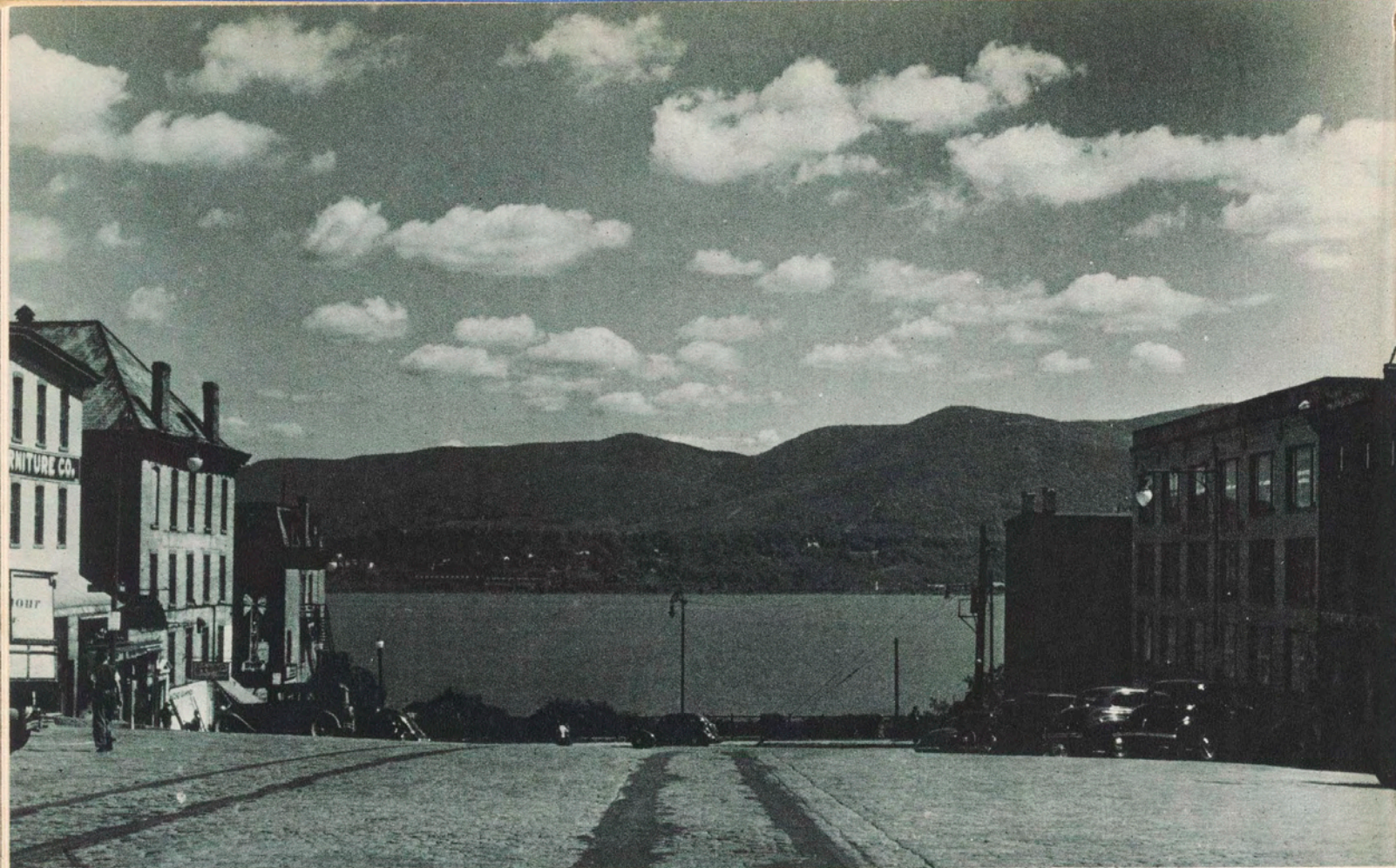
R.R. Bridge, Fort Edward
Bear Mountain Bridge
Repairs at Bear Mountain



A great river is at once an artery of transportation and a barrier between people who live on opposite banks. Man's attempts to overcome this natural barrier include a variety of ingenious devices. Hudson River bridges

range from a crude log bridge ▲ at the source to the magnificent George Washington Bridge ▼ just above the mouth. The second largest suspension bridge in the world, this graceful structure is 3500 feet long and cost \$60,000,000.



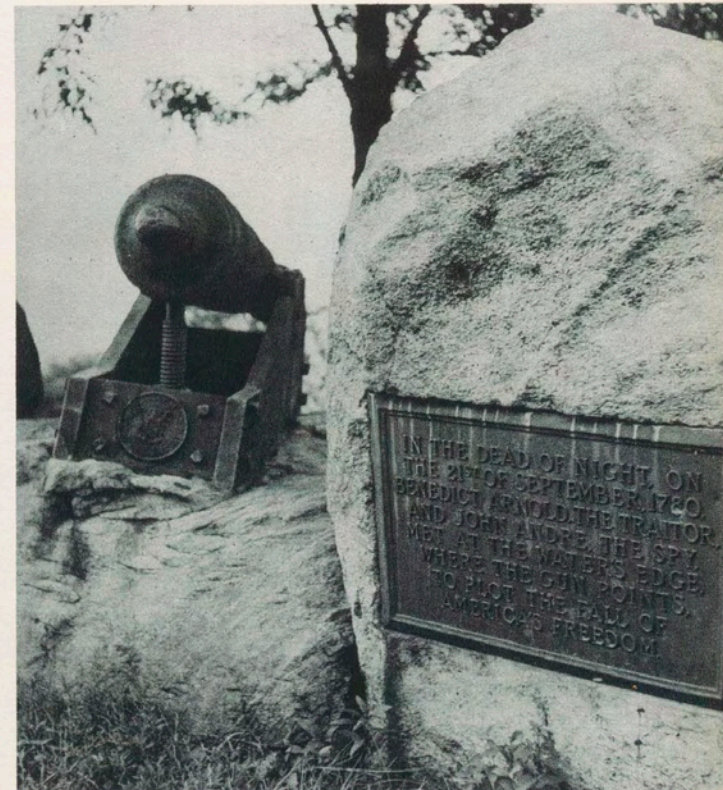


This street, ninety feet wide and leading directly into the Hudson, is Broadway, main street of Newburgh. The town is known for the manufacture of Hudson River brick. Andrew Jackson Downing, valley architect and horticulturist, lived

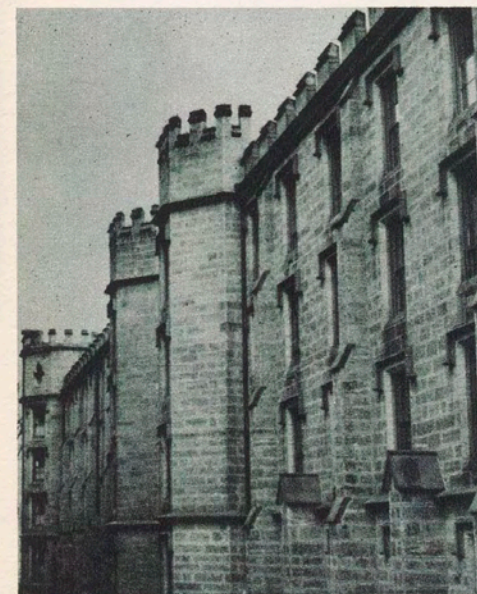
here until he was drowned in the great catastrophe of the burning of the steamboat *Henry Clay*. When Lafayette visited Newburgh he observed that it seemed to have more than its share of pretty girls. Some say it still has.



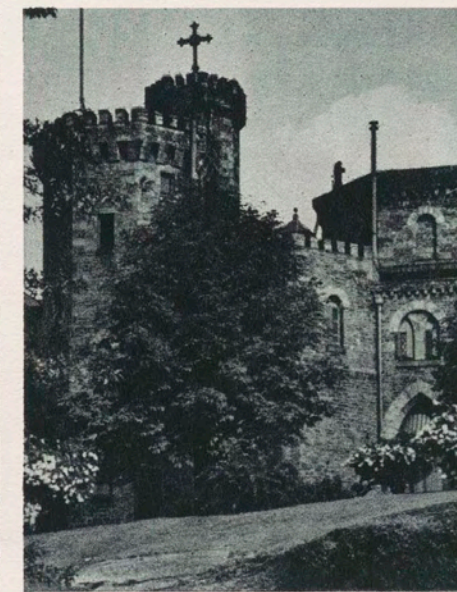
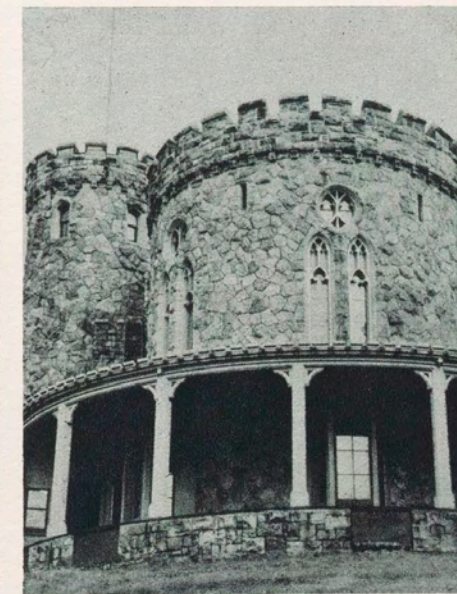
Washington's Headquarters were at the Hasbrouck House from March 1782 through April 1783. When it was suggested he be crowned, he viewed the idea with astonishment and abhorrence. Here he announced the end of the war in 1783.



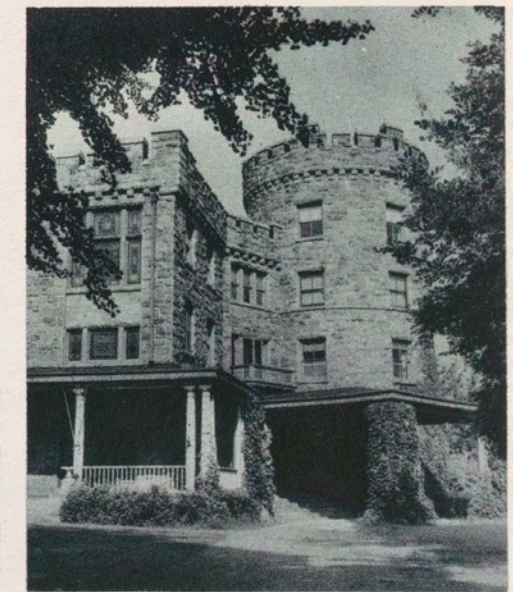
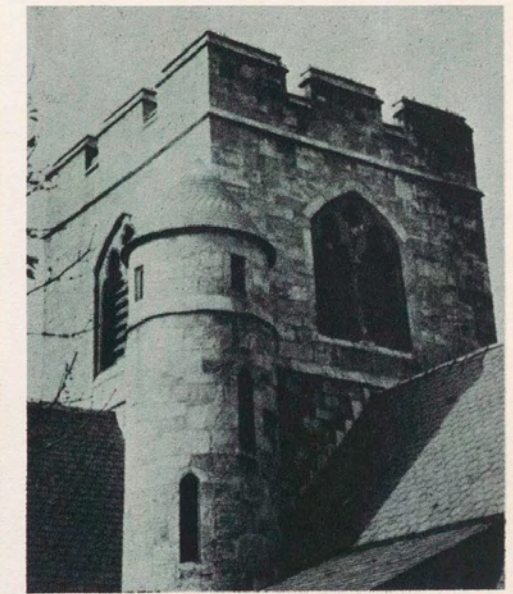
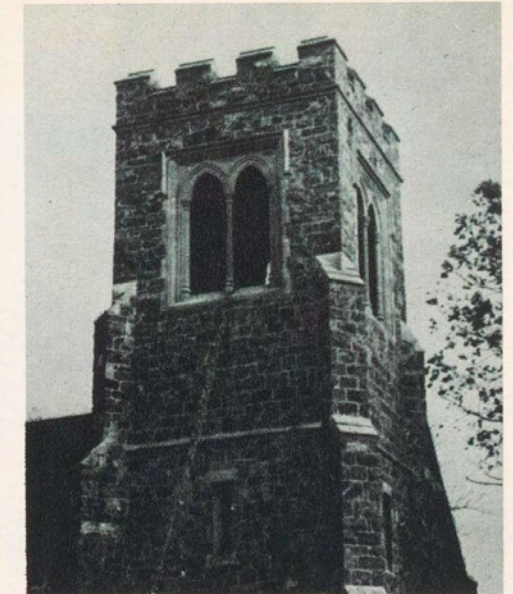
Arnold's unexpected betrayal hurt Washington deeply. This cannon, located on the side of Treason Hill farther downriver, points to the exact spot where Major Andre landed from the sloop *Vulture*. Negotiations were completed on the hill.



North Albany
West Point
Stevens Castle



Kingston
Tarrytown
Mt. St. Vincent



Piedmont
Nyack
Briarcliff

The dream of an American Rhine, with sentry towers, battlements and crenelated walls rising above the banks has, at

last, come true on the Hudson. The castles are new as these things go. But time is supplying the requisite patina.

MINUTEMAN
NEWBURGH, 1776



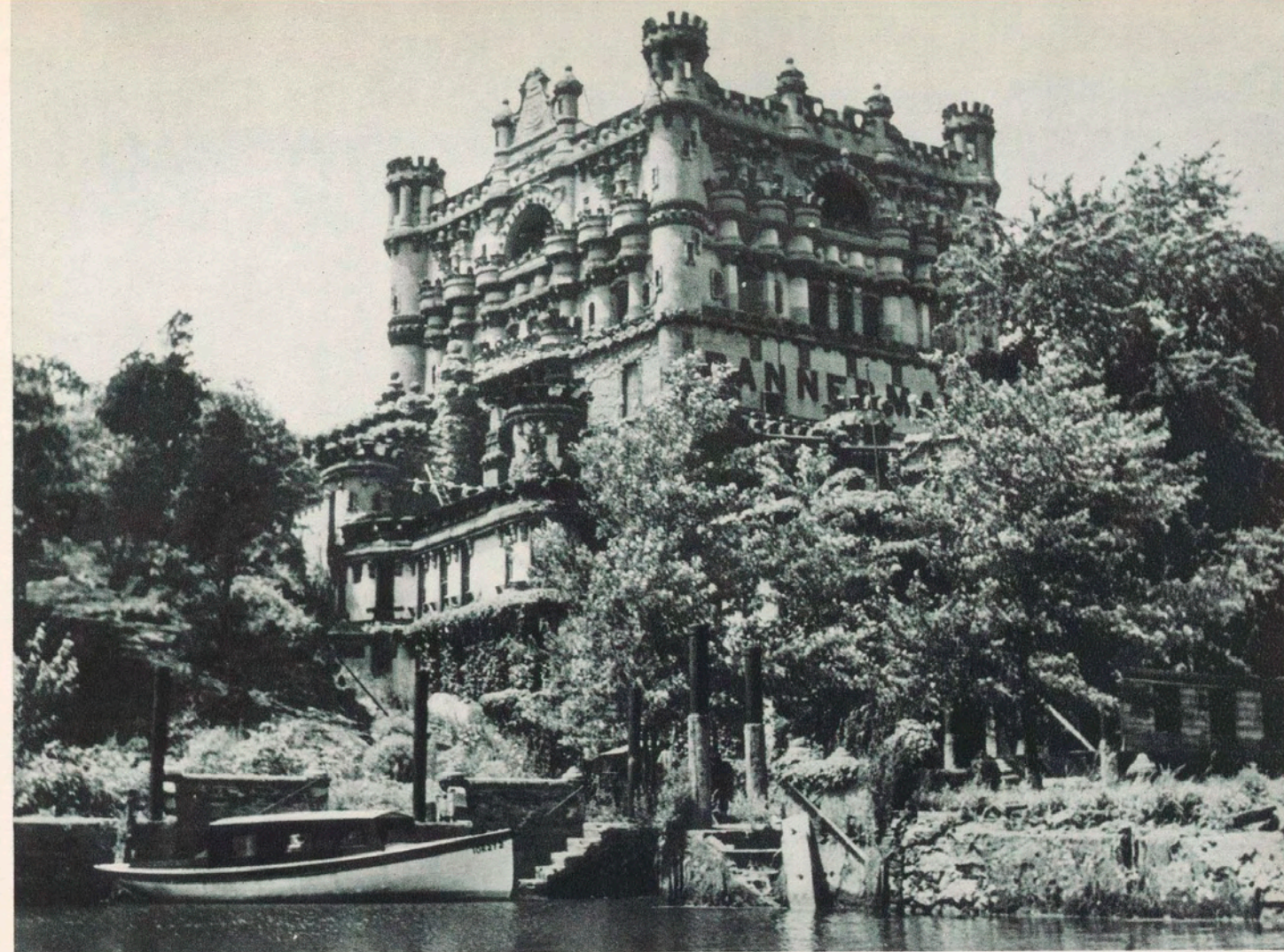
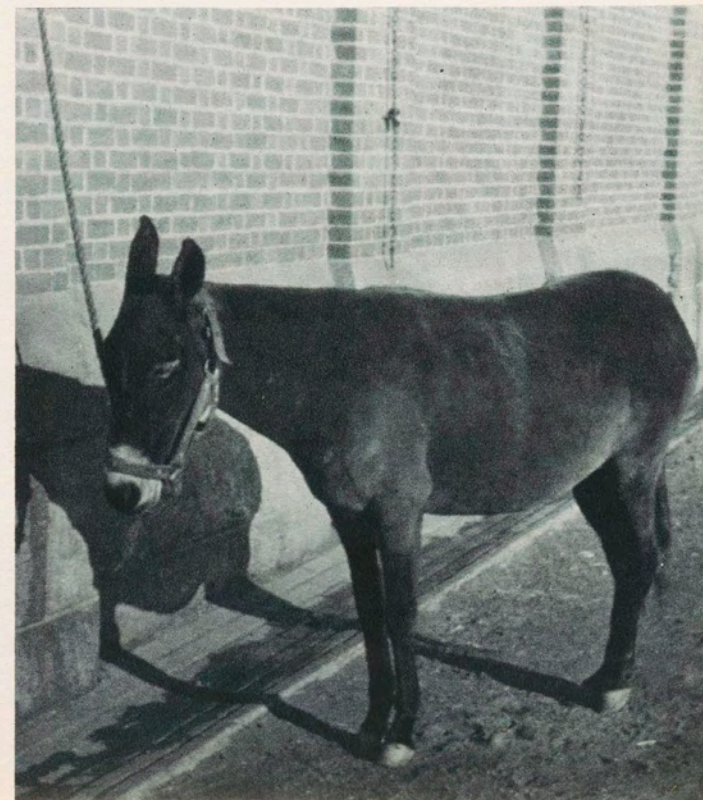
OFFICER OF THE DAY
WEST POINT, TODAY





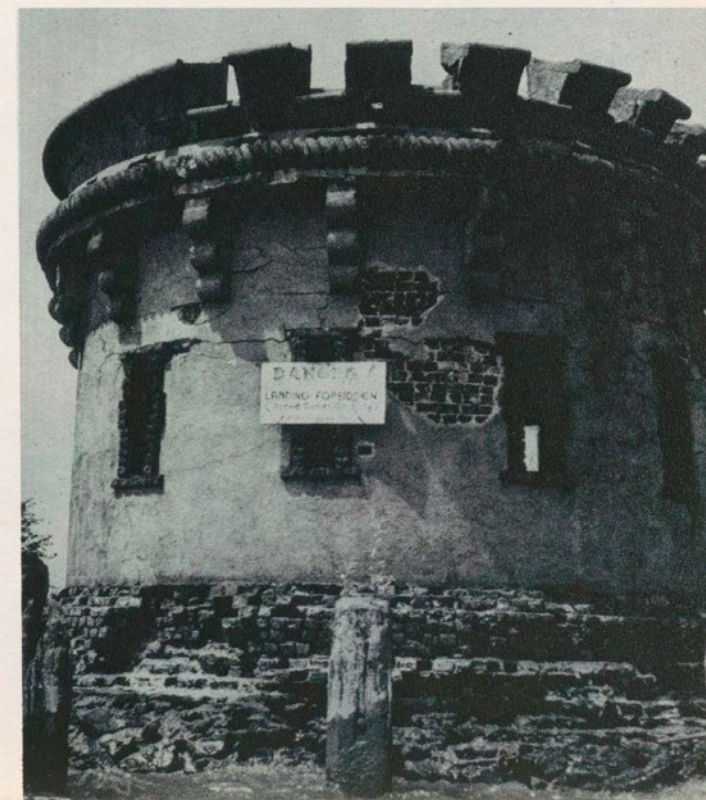
The river flows by mountains that rise straight from the water, makes a hairpin turn and passes the battlements of West Point. In 1778 a chain was stretched from bank to bank to prevent the British warships from sailing upriver, but it snapped at the first encounter. Some of the links are preserved on the parade grounds. ▼ Washington, Knox and

Hamilton made plans for a military school at West Point in 1776. In 1780 Benedict Arnold tried to sell the Post to the British for \$30,000. In 1802, with a roster of ten cadets and little equipment the U. S. Military Academy opened. Edgar Allan Poe and James McNeill Whistler attended the Academy but were expelled. Below is the army mascot.



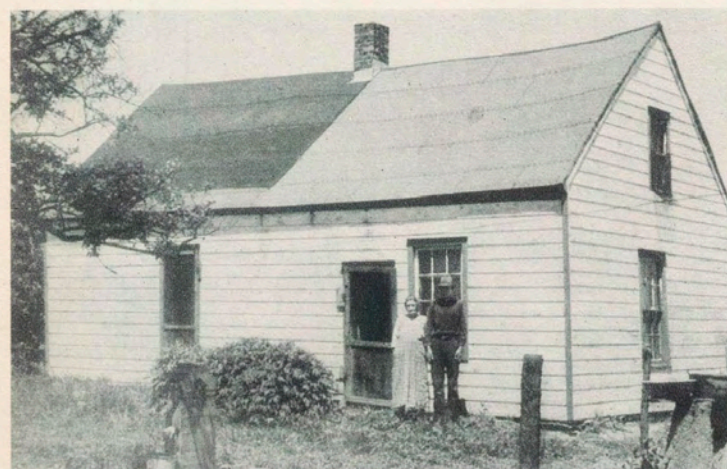
From a Hudson River island in the shadow of Breakneck Mountain, rises the gloomy castle of a child's fairy tale. Gun emplacements and battlements guard every landing place of this crumbling fortress. Fierce dogs bark when boats approach and signs warn that armed guards stand watch. Actually, it is the arsenal and storehouse of Francis Bannerman Sons, dealers in second-hand military materials.

Francis Bannerman, founder of the firm and former member of the Clan MacDonald in Scotland, built the moat-encircled castle in 1905 as both a summer home and warehouse. He attempted to reproduce, with faithful detail, a Scotch baronial castle. Local legend persists that many a past revolution in a foreign land was carried out with cannon, guns, and ammunition purchased from Bannerman's Island Arsenal.





Old Yet and Manny Hotailling, shown in the picture above, are members of a group of people known as Pondshiners or hill people. They live in the Taghkanic hills on the east side of the river near the town of Hudson. Because the



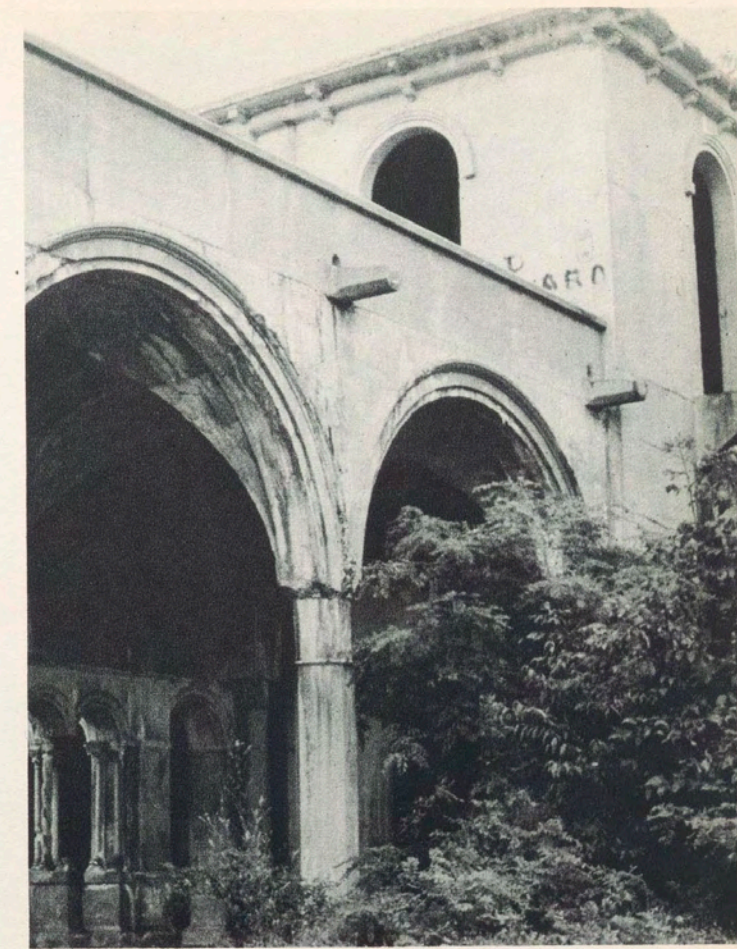
mores or customs of the people about them have little effect upon them, they constitute what scientists call a sociological island. Below are two examples of the houses in which these people live. Their world is peopled by goblins and

spooks and omens. Since 1935 they have done a great deal of complaining about the old lady shown at the bottom of the page. Her name is Fran Ingals and she lives deep in the Taghkanic forest. Many are the dire and awful things she is said to have done in the neighborhood. She has, they say, soured the milk, spread lice and disease, caused Manny to be hit by an automobile, sent pitchforks hurtling through the barn, rattled the stove at night, broken the dishes. On pitch-black nights, they say, she goes riding in the skies perched on a broomstick. "She's witched most of the folks around here," one Pondshiner moaned, "and the only way you can stop her is to draw a line in the dirt three times around your house or maybe kill her with a silver bullet . . . a lead bullet won't do no good. Sometimes you can spray a flit gun to drive them off." Resistance to civilization sometimes breaks into violence in this region. Once, when the school children didn't like their teacher, they burned down the school house. About the only means of livelihood of the Pondshiners is the weaving of baskets. Most of them cannot read but they tell strange stories which echo from the middle ages. A gray squirrel got into a Pondshiner's bed and "as I struck it done went and disappeared into thin air. I seen Charlie Norman next day awalkin' cross the field, his arm hung in a sling. When he climbed carefullike over the fence I knowed for sure it was him I'd hit the night before when he'd changed hisself into a gray squirrel."



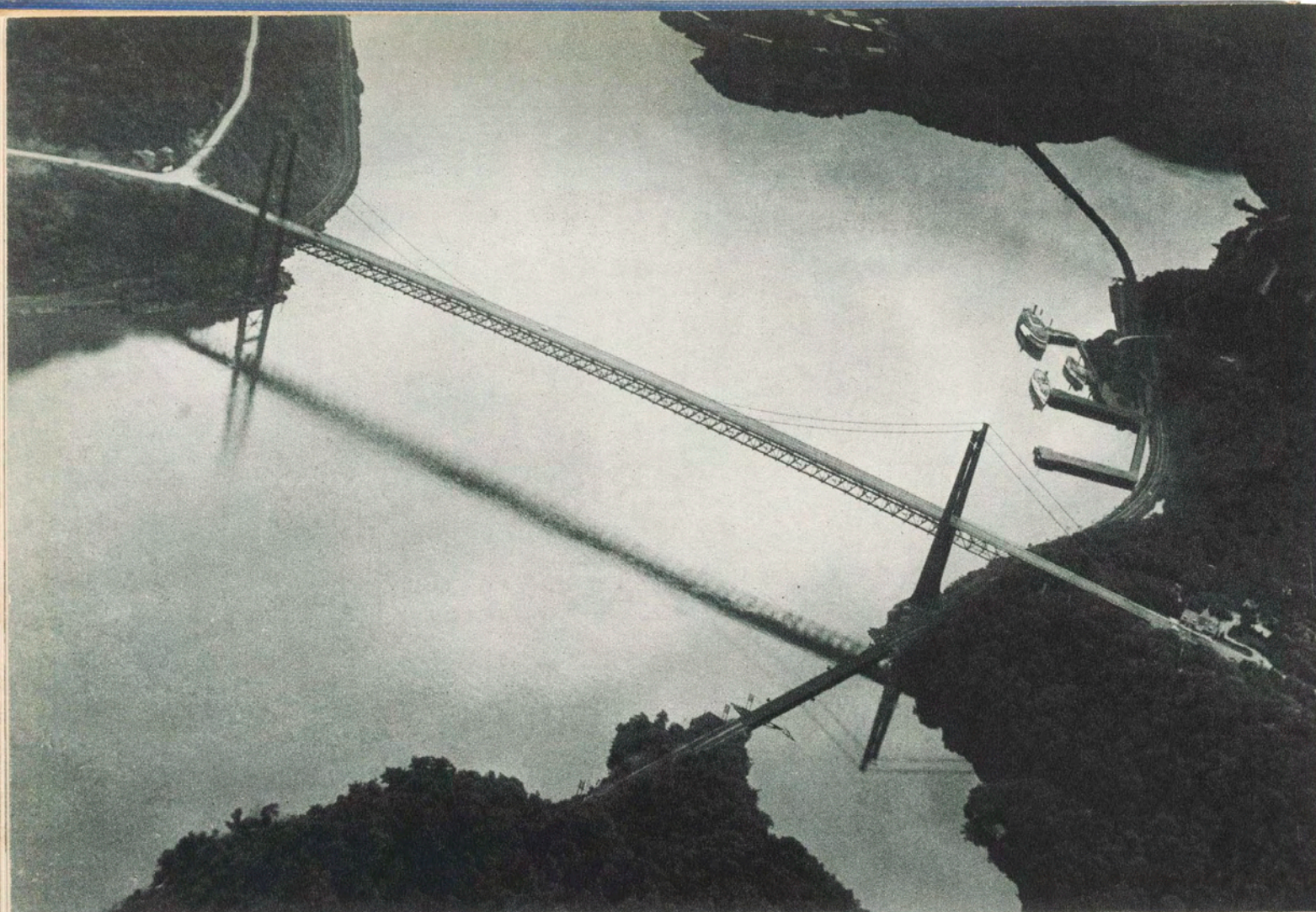
Above is the southern entrance of the Frederick William Vanderbilt mansion, one of the most magnificent homes ever built in America. It is next door to the Franklin Delano Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park and commands a broad

The pendulum of fortune makes a wide arc in the Hudson Valley. From the lowly hovels of those who believe in witches it swings to the lordly palaces of those who believed that "splendour falls on castle walls." Ruthless time changed all this. Government relief during the 1930's brought social workers to the homes of the most ignorant and underprivileged of the valley residents. Economic changes swept away many of the fortunes of the overprivileged. The Vanderbilt mansion, built at a cost of more than \$2,000,000 in 1898 and designed by Stanford White, was turned over to the Federal Government in 1940. It was described by the matter-of-fact National Park Service as "a magnificent example of the type of great estate built by captains of industry in the period of expansion that succeeded the War Between the States, representative of an important phase of the economic, sociological and cultural history of the United States." In the Hudson Valley there is many another tragic example of the attempt of the persons of wealth in the East to build palaces rivaling the finest in Europe. Wiltwyck, the luxurious estate of Colonel Oliver H. Payne, is today a charitable home for convalescents. The Howland Spencer estate at Crum Elbow has been taken over by followers of Father Devine. Wodenethe, home of the Verplancks, is used as a mental sanatorium. As these palaces and castles fall into disrepair and crumble, the dream of the aesthetes . . . of a river adorned with picturesque ruins like the Rhine and the Danube . . . may yet be realized.



view of the great river. At Garrison, farther downriver, a ruined Florentine castle \blacktriangle stands at the top of a hill. The sudden reversal of the fortunes of its owner, E. R. Dick, New York financier, abruptly ended construction in 1905.





Below West Point the river flows through the Race, narrowest section of the channel, and threads its way between gloomy mountains that rise steeply from the banks. At the base of 1314-foot Bear Mountain, it flows under the Bear

Mountain Bridge. ▲ A thousand acres in the vicinity of the mountain have been turned into a government park, a division of the Palisades Interstate Park operated jointly by the states of New York and New Jersey. The Trailside



Museum, at the park, exhibits live birds and animals of the region. There is an attractive inn, cabins, picnic grounds and facilities for summer and winter sports, and nature-study.



Across the river is the Peekskill Military Academy, founded in 1833. On the parade grounds, where its 400 cadets drill, is an oak on which Daniel Strange, British spy, was hanged.



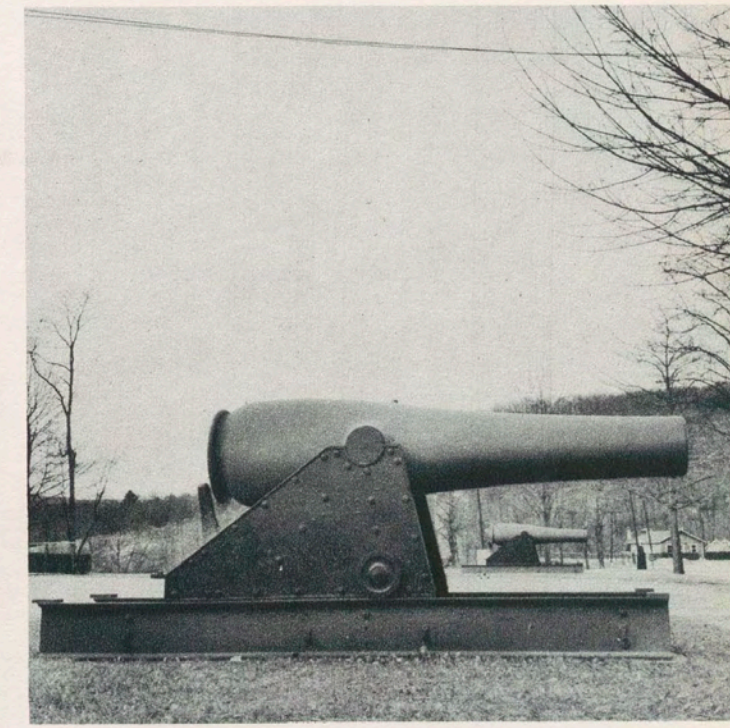
At Ossining farther downriver the grim walls of Sing Sing Prison rise from the banks. Here New York's criminals go when they are "sent up the river." Ossining is said to be an Indian word meaning "stone upon stone."



At the mouth of the Annsville Creek is Camp Smith ▲ named for New York's "Brown Derby" Governor, Alfred E. Smith. The State National Guard camps here in summer.



On the other side of the river below Bear Mountain is the Hook Mountain section of Palisades Interstate Park. At the southern end of the park is Indian Head Mountain ▲ whose rocky surface has taken the shape of a face.



Before the Spanish War, Teddy Roosevelt here commanded his Rough Riders—"the aristocracy of the wild men of the west and the wild men of the aristocracy of the east."

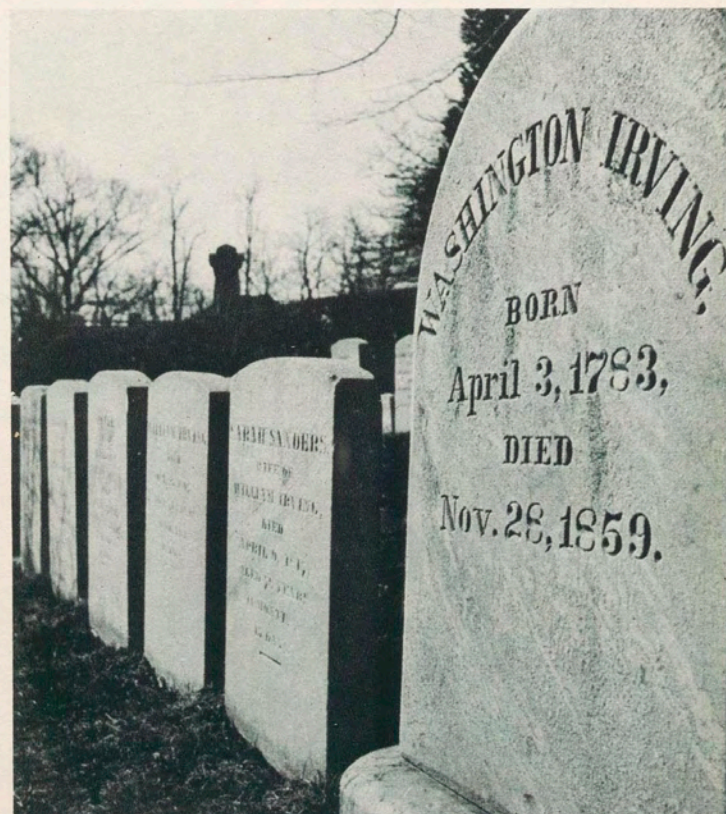


"The Hudson," wrote Washington Irving of Tarrytown in 1835, "is in a manner my first and last love, and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heartfelt preference over all the rivers of the world."

Sunnyside, his home, ▲ which stands but a few feet from the river, he described as "made up of gable ends and full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat." Irving made the Hudson Valley and its Dutch settlers familiar to all



American school children. Sleepy Hollow, ▲ locale of the famous legend, is where Brown Bones threw the pumpkin head at Ichabod Crane. South of Sleepy Hollow is the spot



where Major Andre, the British spy, was captured. Irving lies buried in the cemetery ▲ of the Sleepy Hollow Dutch Reformed Church built in 1699 by Frederick Philipse.

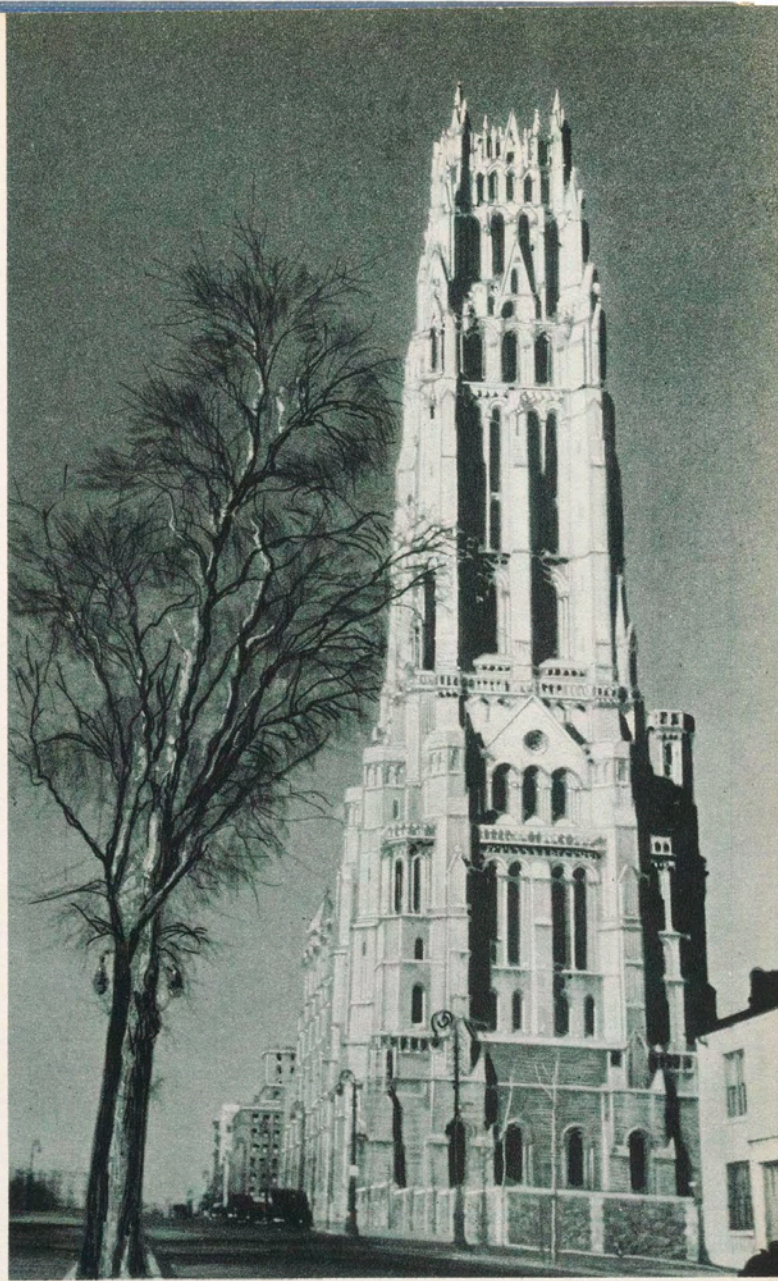


This view was photographed north of the broadest stretch of the Hudson, the Tappan Zee. Boatmen still sail this part of the river with some trepidation because they know the

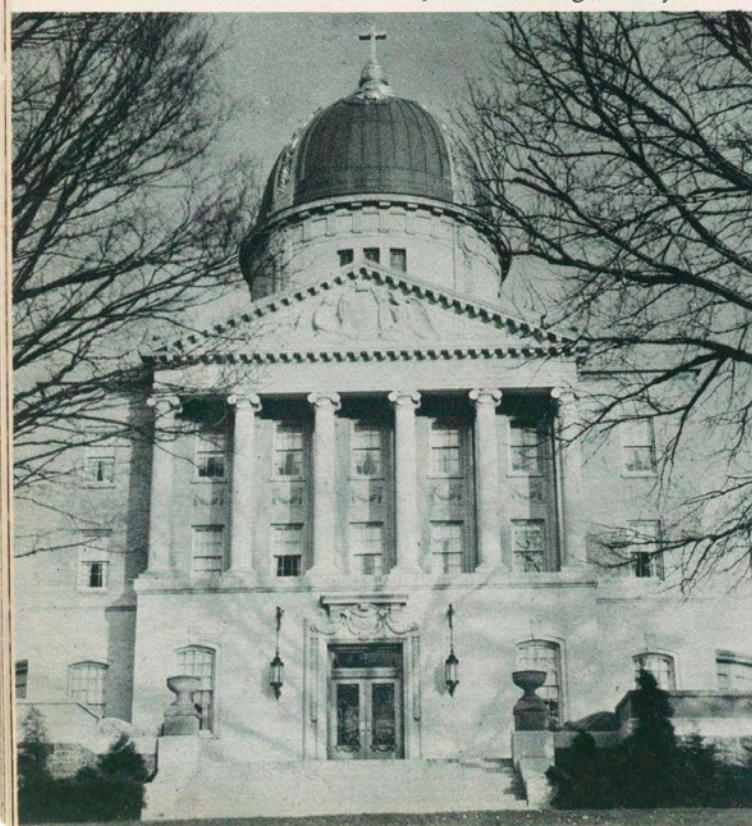
story of Rambout van Dam who rowed up from Spuyten Duyvil for a merry party and, because he rowed back on the Sabbath, was doomed to row the Tappan Zee for all eternity.



Catholic Church, Rhinecliff ▲ Marymount College, Tarrytown ▼



Riverside Church, Manhattan ▲ Convent, Kingston ▼



The Hudson has in the twentieth century become a river of churches. Up and down the stream the crucifixes of monasteries, schools and churches glisten in the sunlight. As dawn breaks over Dunderberg, where lurks Heer, the goblin of the river's thunder and lightning, the sacrifice of the Mass is being offered to the God of Love and Peace. In the seminaries, the novices complete the reading of their daily office. In the convents, the hooded nuns count their beads.

The jolly friar pictured above is a Brother in the monastery of Graymoor, high on the east bank of the river near Garrison. When this photograph was taken he had just returned from missionary work in Texas. The sandal-shod monks of Graymoor travel far and wide throughout the world in the service of God. But many of them will tell you they are happiest when they return to their simple cloistered walls on the banks of the Great River of the Mountains.



Interiors of Washington's Headquarters at Dobbs Ferry appear on this page. The murals in the Tavern Room, by Power O'Malley, create the illusion of an actual Colonial scene. In the bedroom is a carved tester bed, the work

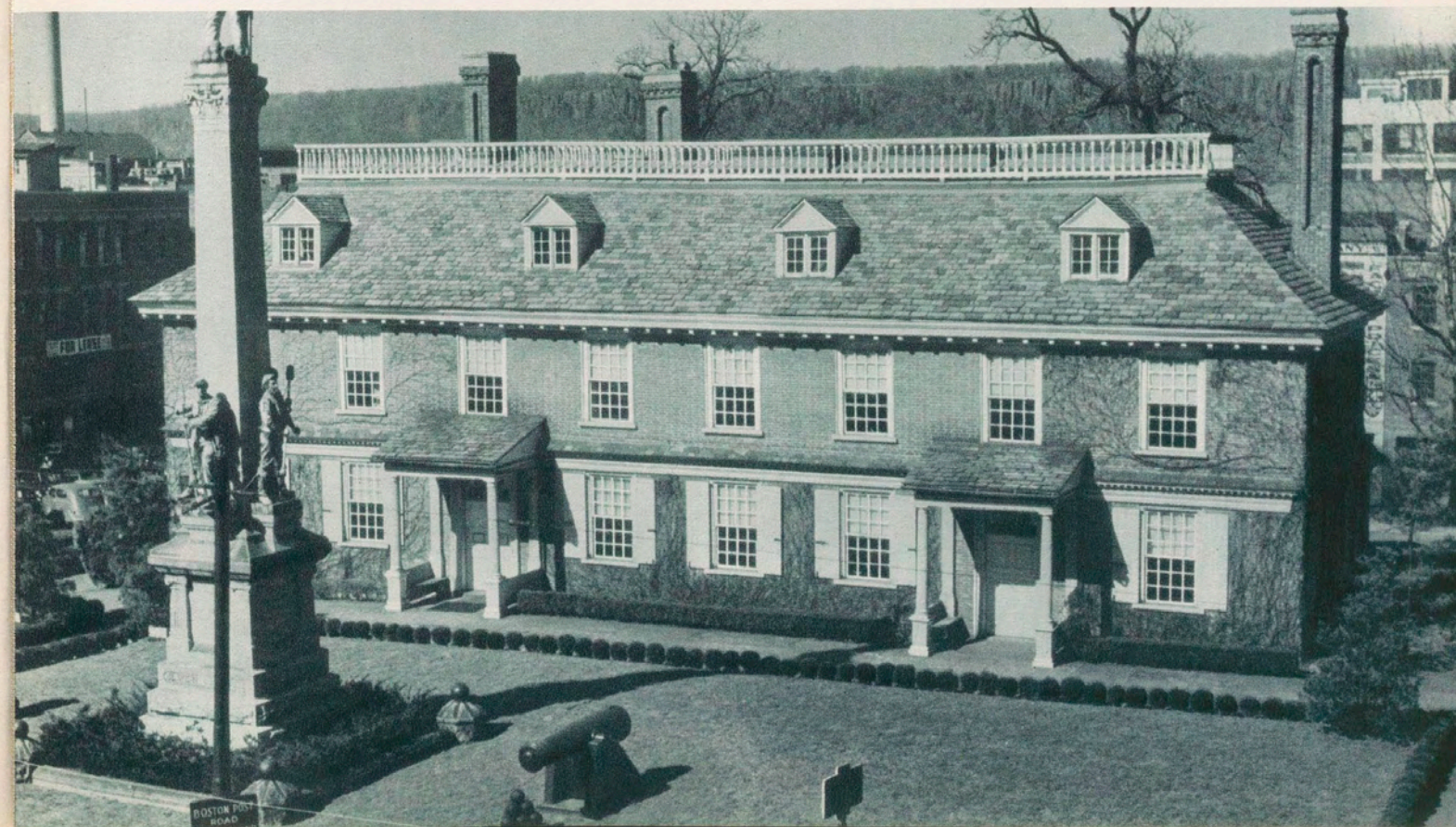
of Duncan Phyfe, whose workshop once stood on the banks of the Hudson at Manhattan. The exterior of the house, now the home of Messmore Kendall, is shown on the next page, upper left. Clock in the hall was made by Du Chesne.



Philipse Manor ♡ in Yonkers, one of the last of the huge valley manor houses, is a museum today. Beautiful Mary Philipse was married in this house to Roger Morris. George Washington is believed to have been one of her suitors.



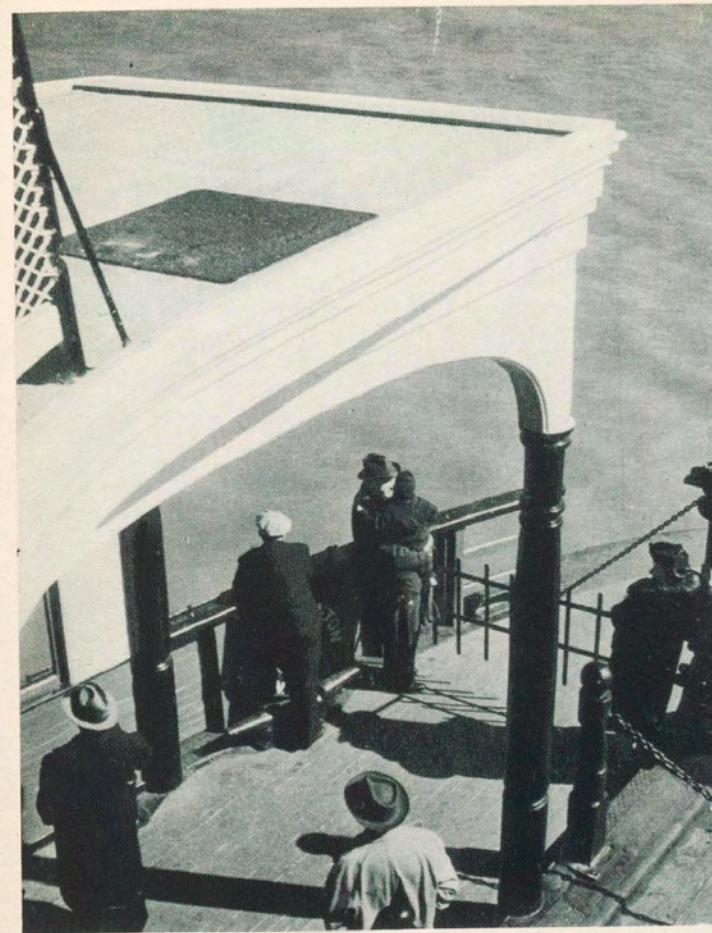
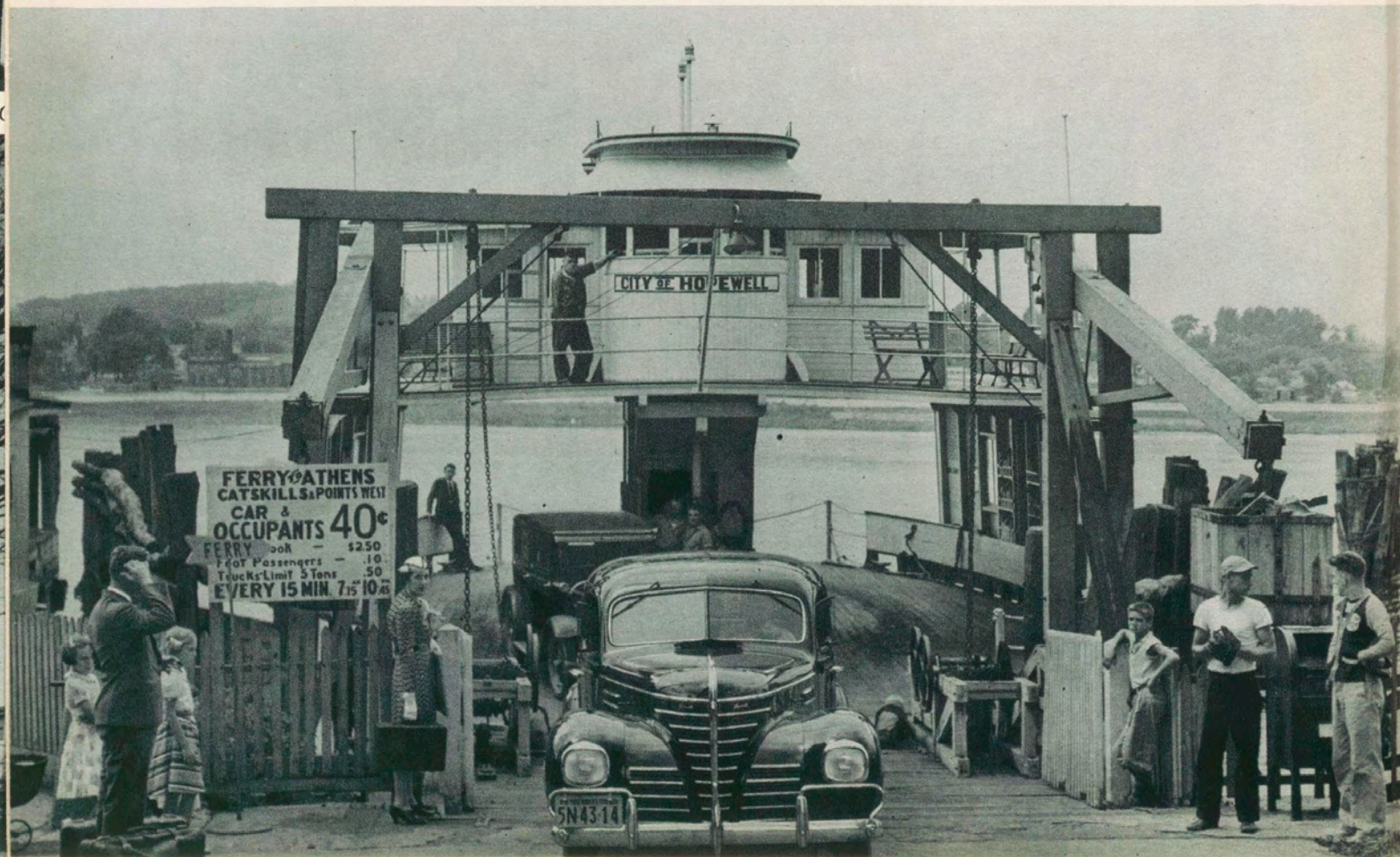
After his victory in the Battle of Mobile Bay, Admiral David Glasgow Farragut retired to his home ▲ in Hastings-on-Hudson. Folks say he regularly walked the front drive as if he were keeping watch on the quarterdeck of a ship.





Like all navigable rivers, the Hudson has its ferryboats and their captains. Ferryboat men are a jolly lot, as proud of their boats and their calling as any captain of a sea-going liner. When the tide is running hard these modern

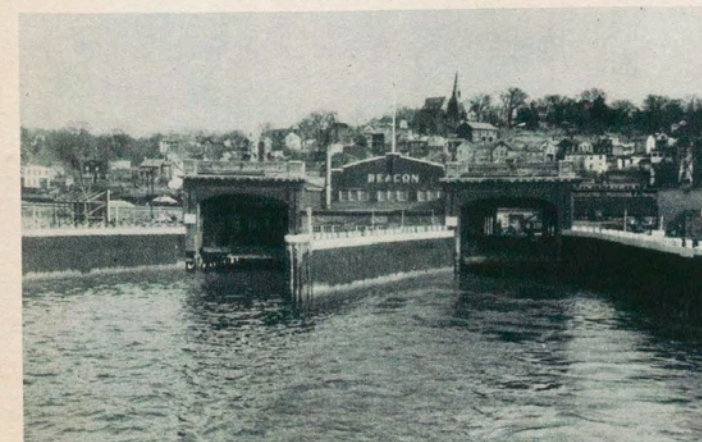
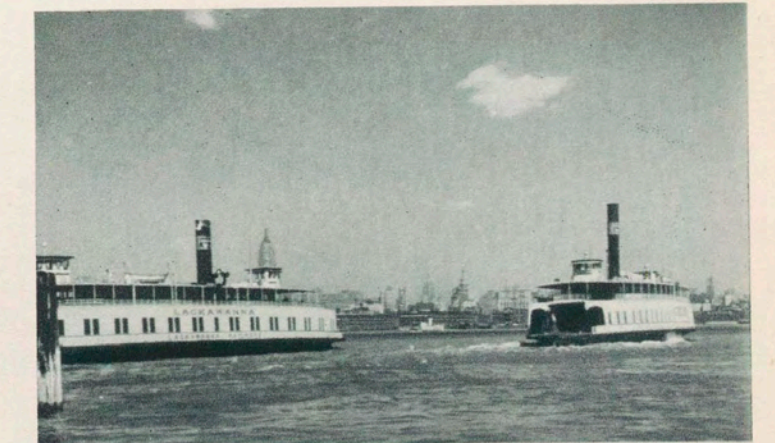
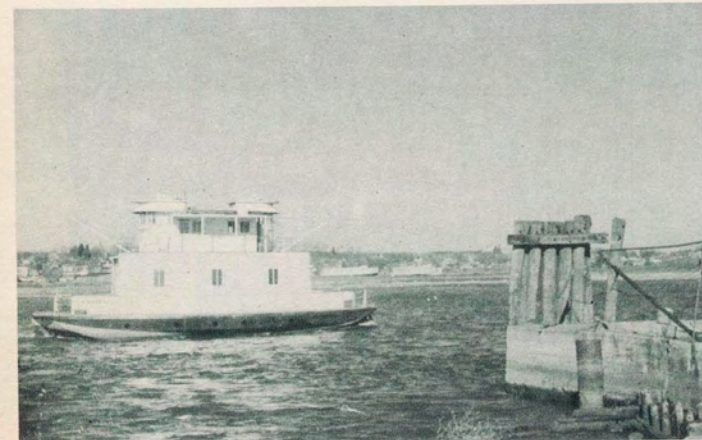
Saint Christophers must calculate speed and distances accurately as they point the prow of a boat into a narrow ferry slip. Above is a typical ferryboat captain. His boats ply back and forth between Beacon and Newburgh.



Tunnels under the river at Manhattan and the four big bridges have taken much motor traffic from the ferries, but many people still prefer the old-fashioned ferryboat ride with its smell of the river and its exciting river views.



Ferryboats range in size from the little *City of Hopewell* out of Hudson to the big Lackawanna ferries in New York. Ferry slips are similar whether on the banks of the river at Beacon or off Lower Manhattan, but their backdrops differ.

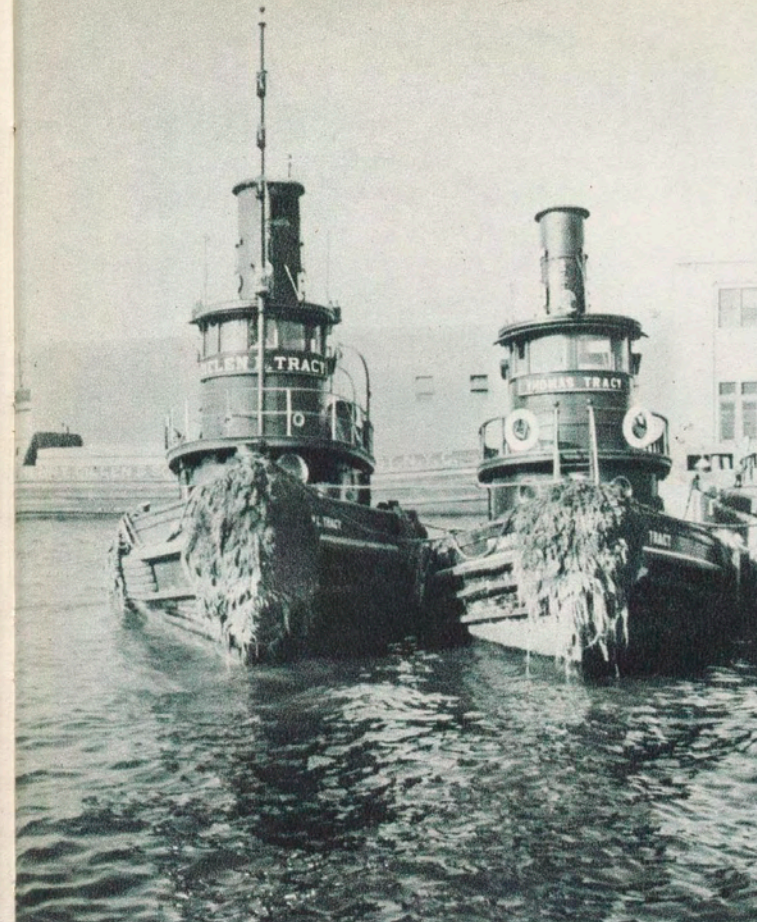




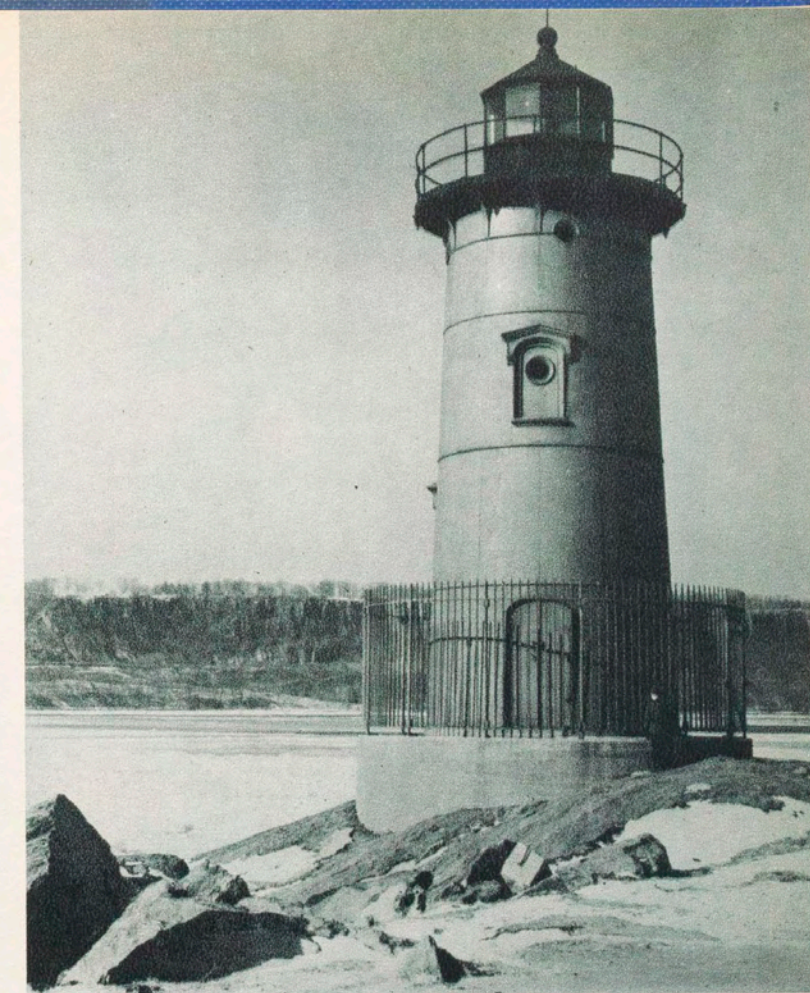
There was a day when one could look out over the Hudson anywhere south of Albany and see the shimmering waters of the river dotted with white sails billowing in the river winds. The proud Hudson River sloop, built by



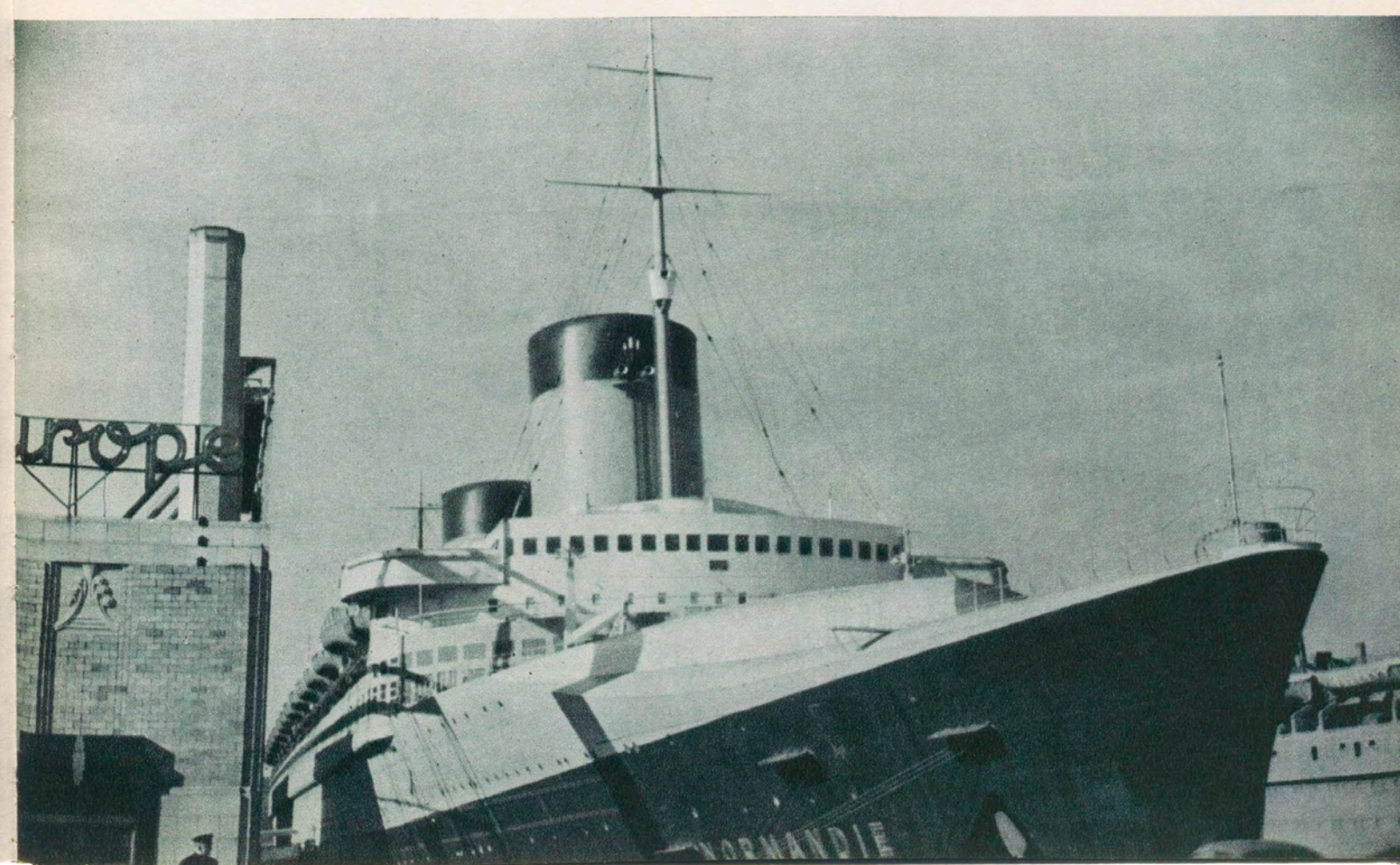
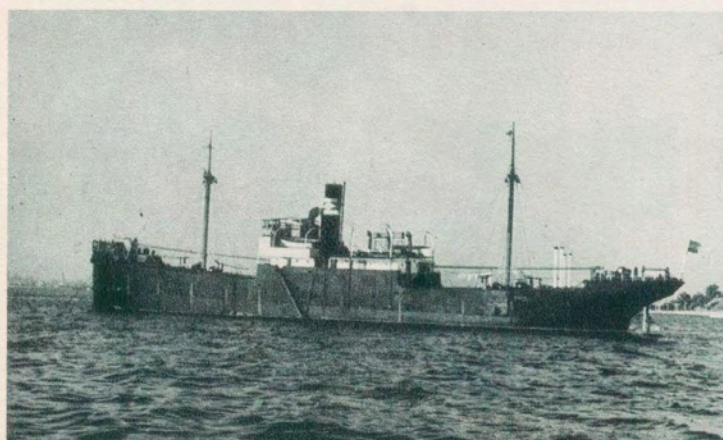
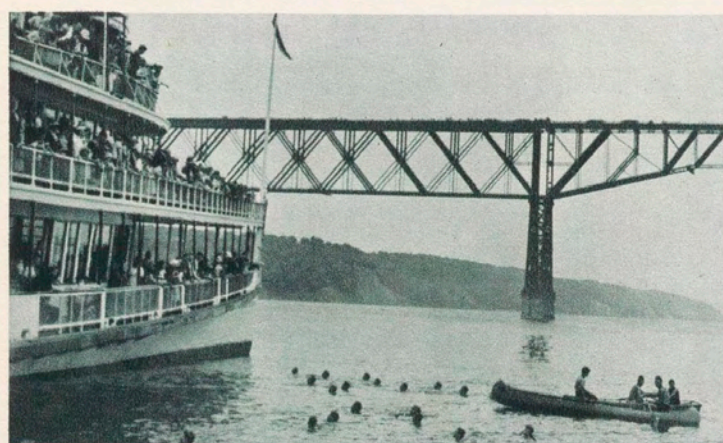
Hudson River boatmen for sailing on Hudson waters, dominated the river for almost two centuries. The sailing vessel ▲ was recently used as a showboat. Today only steam-propelled boats move up and down the river. In the old days



rivermen steered by the stars or landmarks, later depended on a few lighthouses like this one at Coxsackie (left) or this newer one (right) under George Washington Bridge. Lighted buoys mark much of the river channel today.



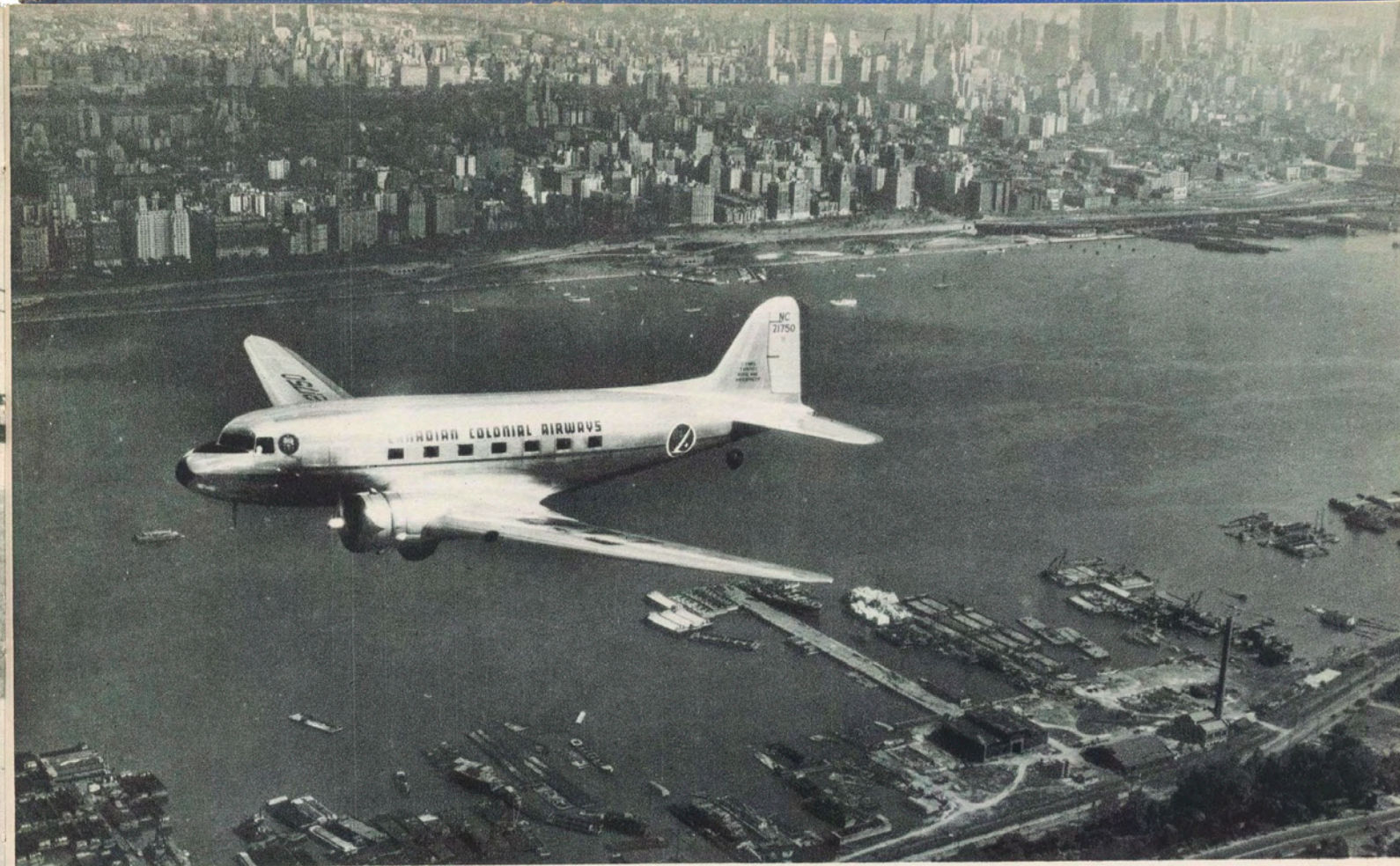
Pleasure craft, mostly speed boats, cut the river's waters in summer. When Day Line boats arrive at Poughkeepsie, town boys dive for pennies. Ocean liners from far away lands are shoved about by saucy tugs like those above.





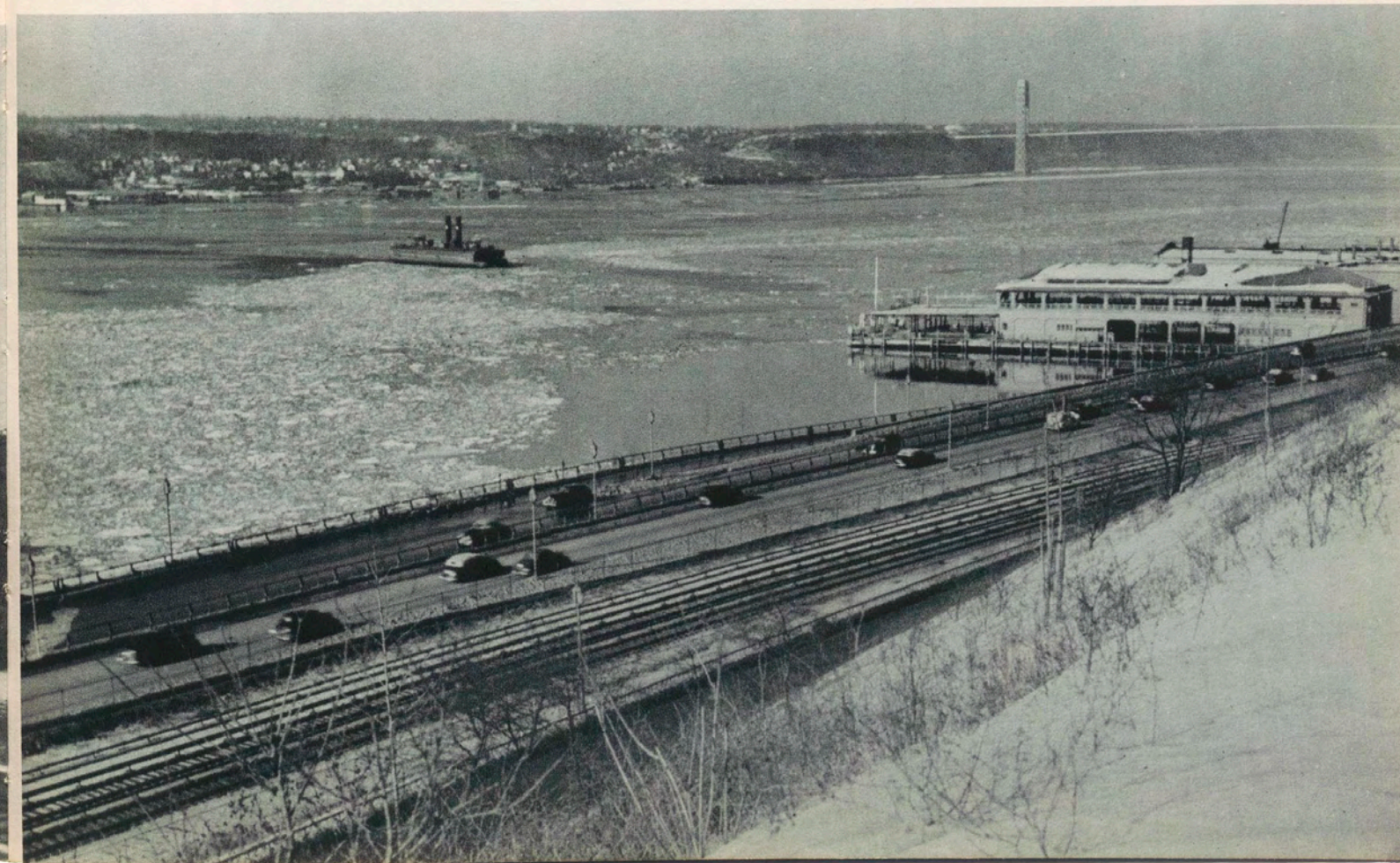
Since the beginning of man, rivers have been natural highways. The banks of the rivers of a new land are the first to be explored and the first to be settled. Giovanni da Verrazano, on April 21, 1525, entered the Hudson. "Below steep little hills," he wrote, "... a mighty deep-mouthed river ran

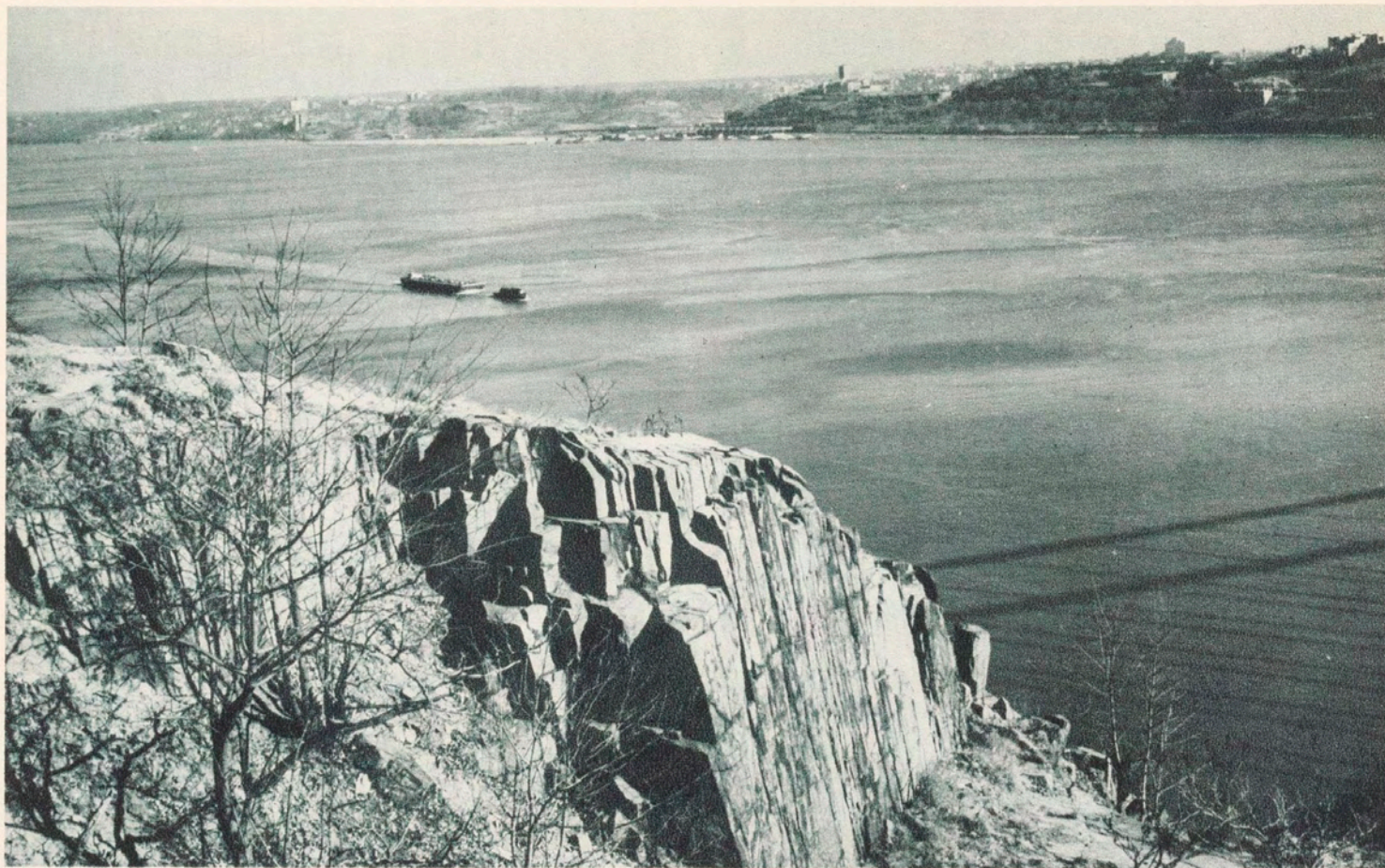
into the sea . . ." At sight of a band of Indians he turned back. Eighty-one years later an English sea captain, Henry Hudson, sailed near a land "all broken like Islands" and saw the great river that was one day to bear his name. He ventured upstream 150 miles. Failing to find a route to



the Pacific, he turned back in bitter disappointment. But he had discovered a river valley that was one day to be a pathway of empire. Today the Hudson River Day Line carries 5,700,000 passengers a year. Airplanes zoom overhead. Trains, trucks, buses, automobiles move beside it.

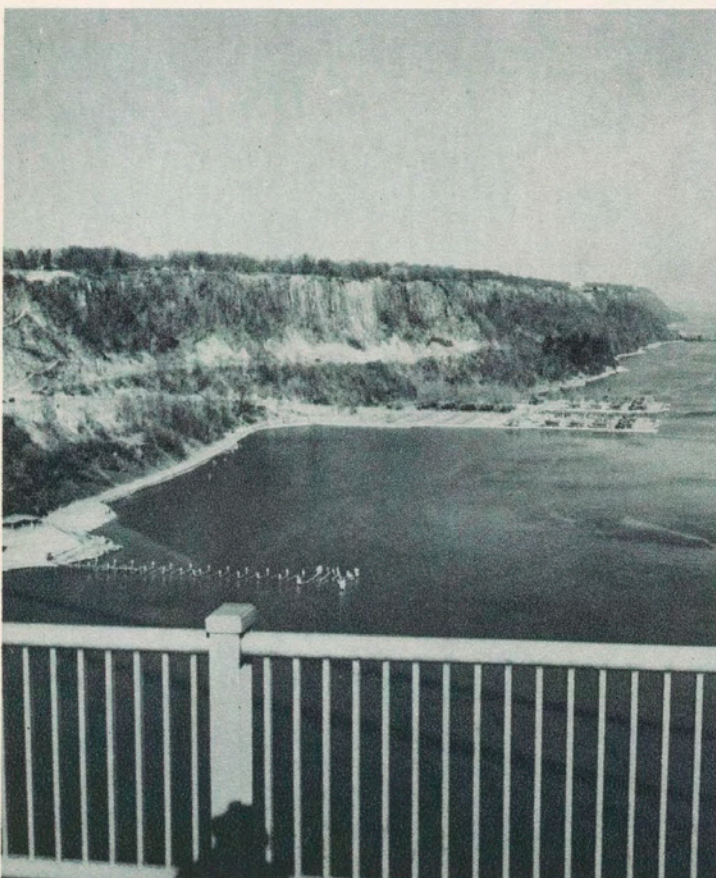
Material valued at more than \$300,000,000 is carried by boats and barges every year. Over New York Central's "water level route," more than four million people are carried. In all, the Hudson River Valley bears more traffic than any comparable stretch of water in all the world.





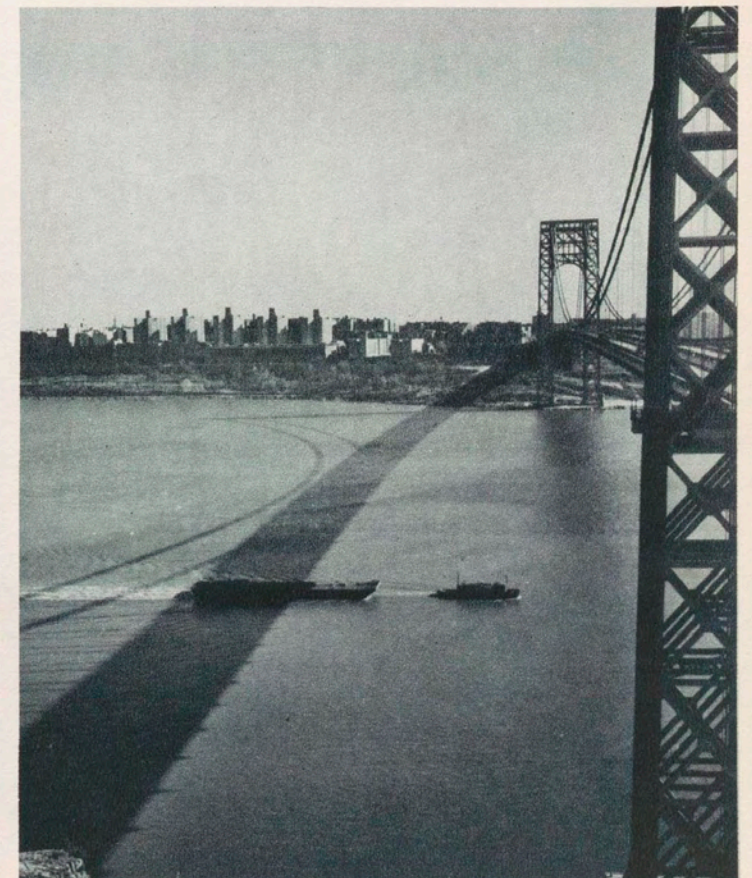
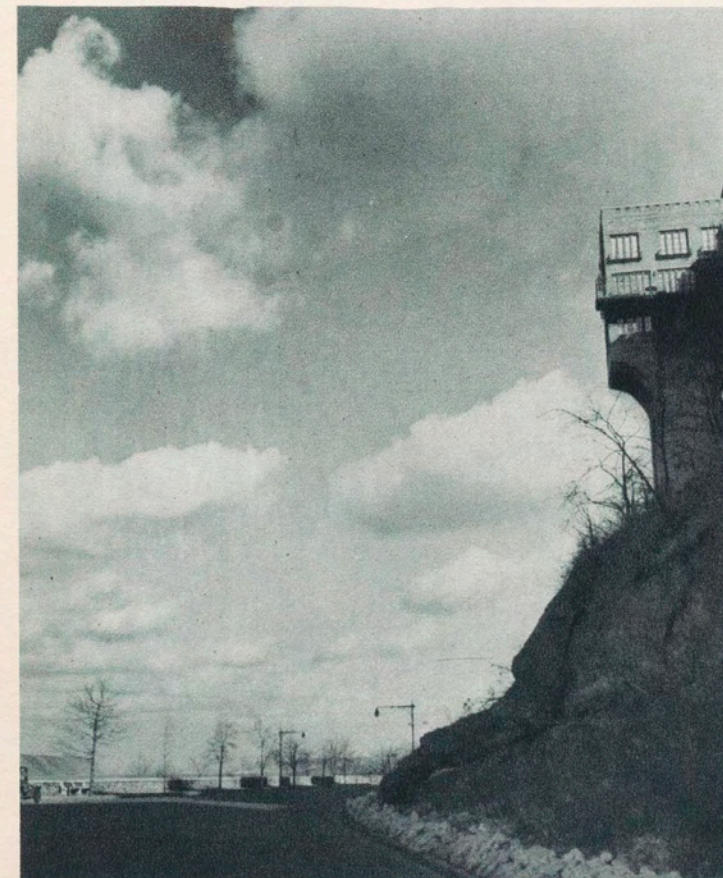
Long, long ago tons of molten rock oozed to the surface of the earth and cooled into the hexagonally jointed rocks shown in the foreground of this river view of the upper end of Manhattan Island. One gets a close-up of this

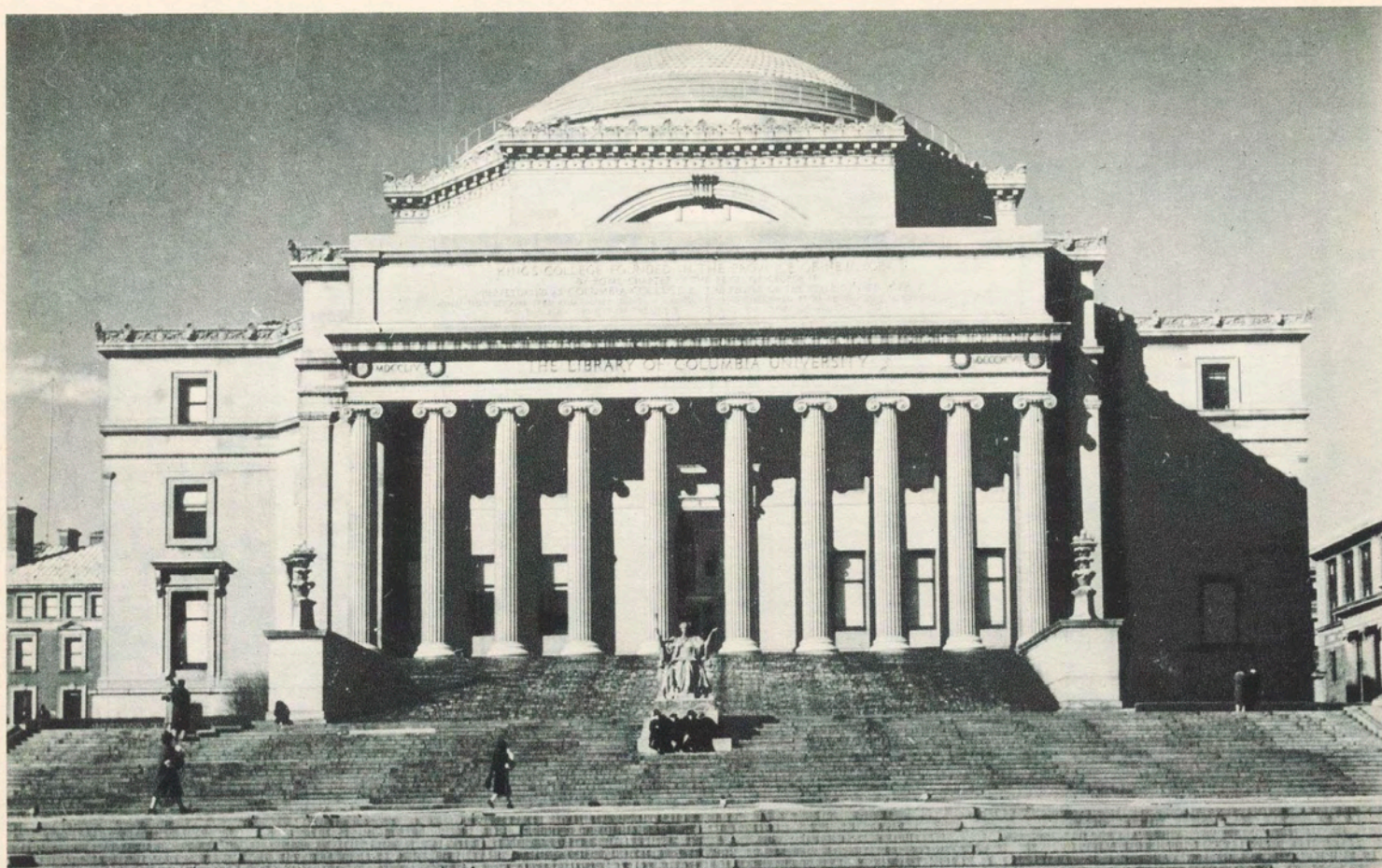
12-mile-long panorama of rock from the George Washington Bridge. Rocks often break loose from the tall Palisades and the roads and embankments beneath need constant attention. Their height varies from 250 to 500 feet.



Across the river the Henry Hudson Parkway stretches in a double ribbon below the Cloisters, a museum built as a replica of a medieval monastery, and on over the Harlem River Bridge to the mainland. The Dutch called the Palisades

Grievous Point because ships were often becalmed beneath them. Indians called them Weehawken, meaning "rocks that look like trees." The shadow of the George Washington Bridge often seems to serve as a mammoth sundial.





The Hudson flows by the mouth of the Harlem River ➤ and by a high plateau on the northern end of Manhattan Island where Washington won the Battle of Harlem Heights. Now known as Morningside Heights, it is the location of Columbia

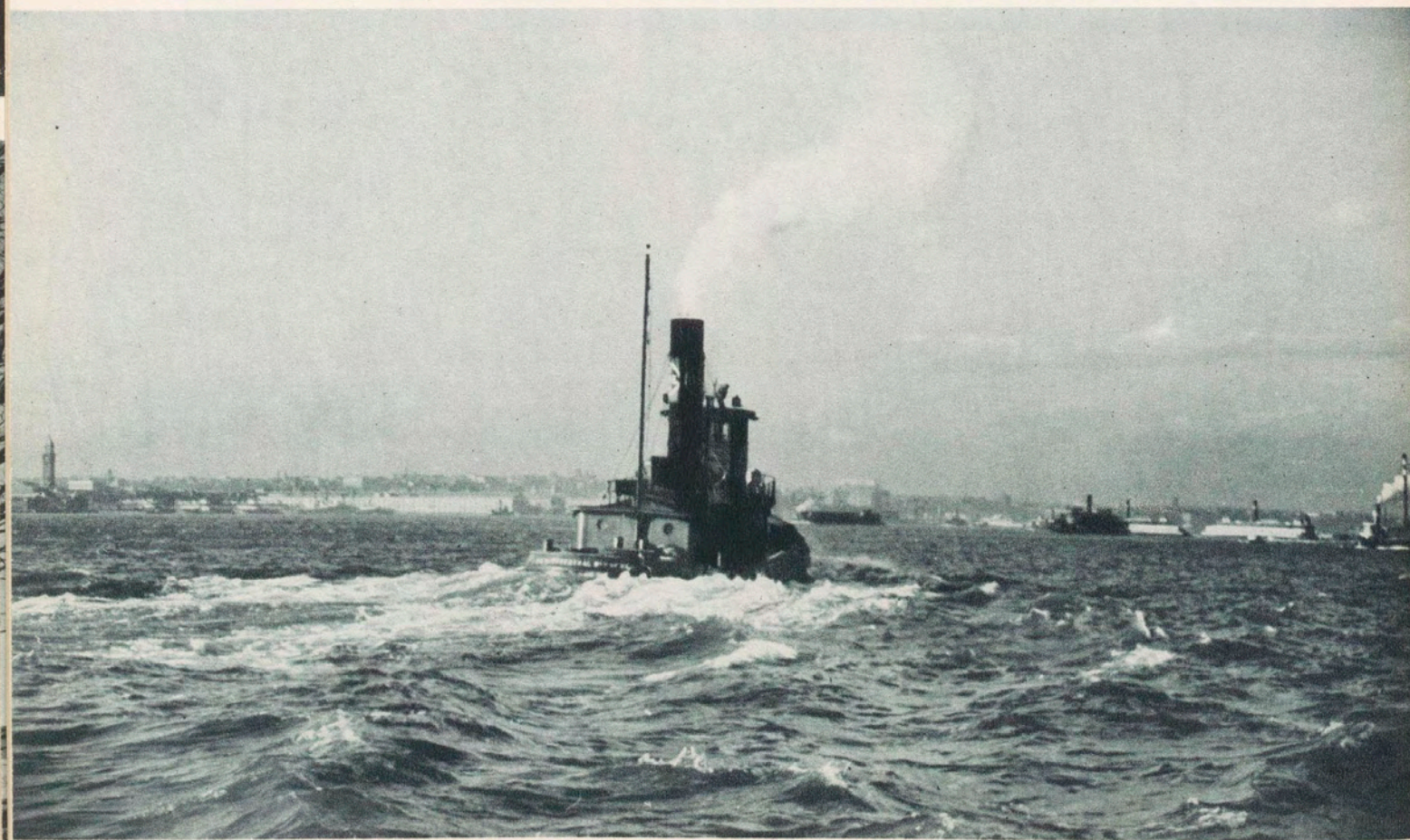
University. The Low Memorial Library, above, built in the form of a Maltese Cross, is one of the purest examples of Neo-Grec architecture in America. The statue is of Pallas Athena, but students affectionately call her Alma Mater.





This view ▲ of Manhattan from the New Jersey bank of the Hudson suggests O'Henry's conception of the city as "Baghdad on the Subway." To the left the beacon lights of George Washington Bridge serve as a guide to the pilots of the

Canadian Colonial Airways whose planes fly the valley. Just below the spot where the above photograph was taken, the 125th Street Ferry crosses. Many people prefer the old manner of crossing the river because of scenes like this. ▼



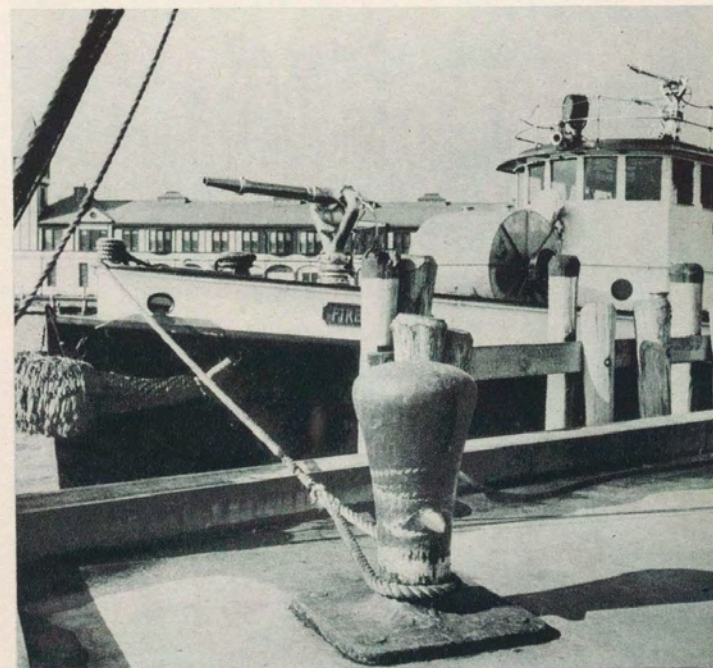
Almost in the shadow of the Empire State Building, an ocean-going liner moves downriver. This picture was taken from the lawn of Stevens Castle▼, now one of the buildings of Stevens Institute of Technology on the New Jersey

banks. Colonel John Stevens operated the first ferryboat to New York. He built up the riverfront city of Hoboken, today a great traffic center ▼ and invented the first screw propeller which he successfully tried out on the Hudson.





Maps show the Hudson as ending at the Battery, where New York City greets its distinguished visitors, and where the Aquarium stands. In this low circular structure Jenny Lind sang in 1850. From 1855 to 1890 streams of hopeful immigrants gained admission to the New World from this building. Beside the Aquarium are the Marine Firehouse and fireboat always trimmed and ready for action. Geologists recently discovered by soundings that the gorge of the



Hudson channel continues on the floor of the ocean through Upper New York Bay, past the Statue of Liberty and Staten Island and through the Narrows. The gorge, whose depth sometimes reaches more than a mile below the surface, drops rapidly, creating a kind of undersea falls. Then, out of sight of land, a hundred and thirty-five miles southeast of Ambrose Lightship, in the turbulent waves of the Atlantic Ocean the mighty Hudson ends its course.



Where The River Flows To The Sea The Shadow Of A Mighty Statue Falls Across The Waters



THE END

