THE HUDSON RIVER VALLEY REVIEW

A Journal of Regional Studies

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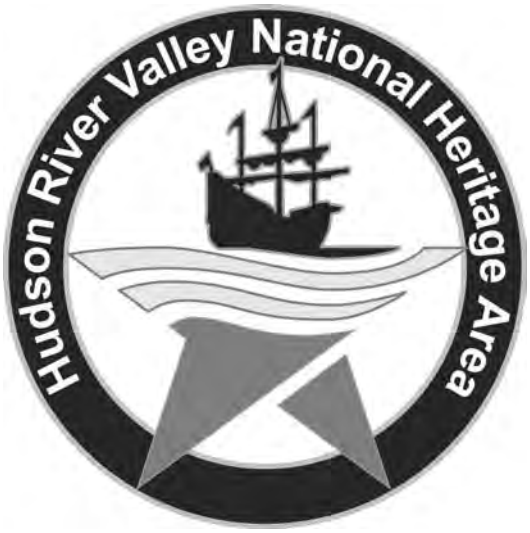

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Call for Essays

The Hudson River Valley Review is anxious to consider essays on all aspects of the Hudson Valley—its intellectual, political, economic, social, and cultural history, its prehistory, architecture, literature, art, and music—as well as essays on the ideas and ideologies of regionalism itself. All articles in *The Hudson River Valley Review* undergo peer analysis.

Submission of Essays and Other Materials

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Contributors

Stephen M. Mercier was the editor of a double special issue on John Burroughs for *ATQ: 19th C. American Literature and Culture* (September and December 2007) and contributed a chapter to *Writing the Land: John Burroughs and His Legacy* (Cambridge Scholars Press, 2008). He is a full-time teaching associate at Marist College and recipient of the Hudson River Valley Institute's 2008 Thomas W. Casey Fellowship.

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This issue is dedicated to the memory of Thomas W. Casey.

Thomas W. Casey and Elizabeth Burroughs Kelly in the summerhouse at Riverby

From John Burroughs' "Waiting"

Serene, I fold my hands and wait
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
Rave no more 'gainst Time nor Fate,
For lo! My own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

THE HUDSON RIVER VALLEY REVIEW

Vol. 25, No. 1, Autumn 2008

Regional History Forum

Regional Writing

Book Reviews

***On the Cover*: Portrait of John Burroughs by Orlando Rouland, Courtesy of Craig Chesek © American Museum of Natural History (AMNH)**

COURTESY OF CRYSTAL BRIDGES MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

Asher B. Durand, *Kindred Spirits*. 1849 oil on canvas, showing nature poet William Cullen Bryant and Hudson River School artist Thomas Cole in a setting in the Catskill Mountains, commissioned by art patron Jonathan Sturges upon the death of Thomas Cole.

America's First Artists and Writers:

The Sacred River of Thomas Cole, the Mythic River of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper

Frances F. Dunwell

In the autumn of 1825, while Sylvanus Thayer was still in charge at West Point, a young man named Thomas Cole visited the military post. An English-born itinerant artist, he had scraped together a living painting portraits and designing wallpaper to support his real passion: landscape painting. He had recently moved to New York City, and the scenery of the Hudson Valley captured his imagination. As a friend later wrote, "from the moment when his eye first caught the rural beauties clustering around the cliff s of Weehawken, and glanced up the distance of the Palisades, Cole's heart had been wandering in the Highlands, and nestling in the bosom of the Catskills."[1] At the first opportunity, twenty-four-year-old Cole embarked on a sketching trip up the Hudson Valley.

On reaching the Highlands, Cole rambled through the ravines and forested hills above West Point. In all likelihood, he carried with him his writing and sketching pads and his flute, pausing here and there to play a few notes as he sought to capture the mood of the place he intended to paint. Climbing to the highest vantage point, he probably pulled out pen and paper, as was his habit, to record his observations.

"Mists were resting on the vale of the Hudson like drifted snow," he once wrote of a river scene. "The sun rose from bars of pearly hue.... The mist below the mountain began first to be lighted up, and the trees on the tops of the lower hill cast their shadows over the misty surface—innumerable streaks." He would refer to such notes later, when he returned to his studio to paint.

Cole found the ruins of Fort Putnam particularly interesting. Crumbling and overgrown with vines after forty years of neglect, the fort brooded over a panorama

of spectacular beauty—bold and rugged mountains, the dark river far below, and to the north, in the distance, a broad bay and prosperous farm country. From this granite promontory, rich with history, Cole, like many other early nineteenth century West Point visitors, must have felt close to God and country.

From West Point, Cole continued his journey upriver to the Catskills, where he traveled to Kaaterskill Falls and other nearby wilderness spots. Later, when he returned to his cramped apartment on Greenwich Street, he painted the scenes that had impressed him on his trip—dramatic portraits of wild scenery. The river focused the sense of divine presence Cole felt in nature. It awoke in him a deeper feeling, a sense of the harmony of creation. In the rural beauty of the Hudson Valley he found a fountain "where all may drink," and he was able to convey this in his art.[2]

A New York City frame maker put three of the canvases on display in his shop window. One of New York's leading artists, John Trumbull, was passing by, spied Cole's work, and admired it. Trumbull bought one of the paintings, *The Falls of the Caterskill*, which he hung in his own studio. The same day, he invited his friends, fellow artists William Dunlap and Asher Durand, to come see Cole's paintings and make the acquaintance of the artist, whom Trumbull had invited as well.

The encounter was embarrassing for Cole, "a slight young man whose eyes shone with a combination of eloquent brightness and feminine mildness." He was tongue tied and nervous. He didn't know what to say when Trumbull exclaimed, "You surprise one, at your age, to paint like this. You have done what I, with all my years and experience, am yet unable to do."

Despite his reticence, Cole was pleased with the results of the encounter. Durand immediately purchased a painting of Fort Putnam, and Dunlap purchased the third canvas, titled *Lake with Dead Trees*. They paid $25 each. Dunlap soon sold his to Mayor Philip Hone, one of the city's most important collectors and a patron of the arts, who offered him $50 for it. Dunlap later wrote: "My necessities prevented me from giving the profit, as I ought to have done, to the painter. One thing I did, which was my duty. I published in the journals of the day an account of the young artist and his pictures; it was no puff but an honest declaration of my opinion, and I believe it served merit by attracting attention to it."

With such important backing, Cole's life and fortunes were transformed almost overnight. "His fame spread like fire," said Durand. Cole's solitary venture into the Hudson Valley wilderness and the discovery of his work launched a celebration of nature in art that became known as the Hudson River School of painting. Following Cole's lead, scores of artists would make pilgrimages in search of spectacular scenery to paint. Like him, they found inspiration in the varied aspects

Thomas Cole, *View of the Round-top in the Catskill Mountains*. Circa 1827. In this painting of the Hudson from the Catskills, the river is shown as a distant gleam of silver. Depicting such a big river dwarfed in the landscape added to the sense of awe that romantics called "sublime."

of the Hudson: the sheer cliff s of the Palisades; the Highlands' crumbling ruins, rugged mountains, and dark river; the combination of distant vistas and intimate woodland scenes in the Catskills; the pastoral views of Albany; and the rushing waterfalls of the upper Hudson.

Thomas Cole presented nature in its raw beauty, full of the unexpected, the dramatic, and the intimate. He captured its mood and a sense of its mystery. On his canvases, streaks of ethereal light broke through luminous clouds, signifying divine creation, while twisted trees with gnarled roots seemed to hold the ancient secrets of the primeval forest in their grasp.

His work was new and fresh. Most painting at the time portrayed the families of wealthy patrons (who commissioned the portraits as proof of their status and distinction) or depicted historical events—such as the four famous Revolutionary War scenes Trumbull painted for the U.S. Capitol's rotunda. Landscapes appeared primarily as engraved illustrations in travel books or on military maps, or as the pleasant background of a portrait to convey a sense of property and wealth. They were functional works, not intended to stand alone as art.

Cole's painting struck a responsive chord in his viewers, and Durand soon

emulated it. Others who joined the roster of Hudson River School artists included John Frederick Kensett, Sanford Gifford, Thomas Doughty, George Inness, Jervis McEntee, David Johnson, John Casilear, Thomas Rossiter, Jasper Cropsey, Robert Havell Jr., Robert Weir (professor of drawing at West Point), and Frederic E. Church (a student of Cole's). There were dozens of other less-known painters. Among them were several women, now being rediscovered—such as Julie Beers, Eliza Greatorex, and Laura Woodward—who exhibited at the prestigious National Academy of Design and the Brooklyn Art Association.[3] The term "Hudson River School" was first coined in a contemptuous article in the *New York Herald* meant to ridicule these landscape paintings.[4] However, these works attracted international attention and acclaim for the next fifty years. The Hudson River School artists were united more by their reverence for nature and their desire to portray its spiritual and moral value than by a common style. A landscape painting "will be great in proportion as it declares the glory of God, by a representation of his works," declared Asher Durand.[5] Most, though not all, chose the Hudson River as a primary subject, and they portrayed it as a sacred landscape. Though they broke with artistic tradition, they were perfectly in tune with current notions of romanticism expressed in the writings of Rousseau in France and Sir Walter Scott in Britain. In their view, nature was God's finest work, and viewing scenery was a religious experience. By 1825, such ideas were beginning to take hold in America.

On the Hudson, nineteenth-century romantics found a landscape that moved them like a sermon. In 1832, Fanny Kemble, the British actress, expressed such feelings in her diary as she recounted her experience hiking up to the ruins at Fort Putnam above West Point—a place painted by Cole and many other Hudson River School artists—and looking down on the river below:

> Saturday, November 10, 1832. . . .
>
> Alone, alone, I was alone and happy, and went on my way rejoicing, climbing and climbing still, till the green mound of thick turf, and ruined rampart of the fort arrested my progress. I coasted the broken wall, and lighting down on a broad, smooth table of granite fringed with young cedar bushes, I looked down, and for a moment my breath seemed to stop, the pulsation of my heart to cease—I was filled with awe. The beauty and wild sublimity of what I beheld seemed almost to crush my faculties—I felt dizzy as though my senses were drowning—I felt as though I had been carried into the immediate presence of God. Though I were to live a thousand years, I never can forget it. The first thing that I distinctly saw was the shadow of a huge mountain, frowning over the height where I stood. The shadow moved down its steep sunny side, threw a deep blackness over the sparkling river,

> and then passed off and climbed the opposite mountain on the other shore, leaving the world in the full blaze of noon. I could have stretched out my arms and shouted aloud—I could have fallen on my knees and worshipped—I could have committed any extravagance that ecstasy could suggest. I stood filled with amazement and delight, till the footsteps and voices of my companions roused me. I darted away, unwilling to be interrupted.[6]

Two of the most important concepts of romanticism were the "sublime" and the "picturesque," words used frequently to describe and sanctify natural scenery. While people in the age of Enlightenment defined beauty as that which is logical and harmonious, the romantics valued the unpredictable. Wild aspects of nature that showed God's power—thunderstorms, rushing waterfalls, dense and tangled vegetation, plunging cliffs, and cosmic sky—caused them to take a deep breath and declare it "sublime." The tamer pastoral landscape, with scenes of cows and fields along a sail-dotted river, gave them sentimental pleasure. Noting the irregular forms, textures, or details of the scene, they would exclaim, "How picturesque!" Such scenes of human endeavor complemented God's handiwork.[7]

The qualities that the painters sought to capture on canvas could be readily found in the Hudson River Valley. Popular places to illustrate the "picturesque" included the harbor and surroundings of Brooklyn Heights, Staten Island, Hoboken, Weehawken, and, farther north, the view from river estate Hyde Park. These paintings often feature a broad expanse of water, with the setting sun casting shadows on a forest of masts or pastoral fields and distant mountains.

Paintings of sublime landscapes, in contrast, are more rugged and wild. The Highlands, particularly, conformed to the romantic ideal of the sublime landscape, with craggy precipices, wind-swept trees, and the river following a twisting, tortured course through the gorge below moldering Revolutionary War forts. Paintings of the Catskills tended to show a remote wilderness of rocky ledges, cascading waterfalls, and dark, forested mountains with no evidence of mankind. Paintings of the Adirondacks revealed a Hudson that most Americans had never seen: in place of a broad estuarial panorama was a rippling trout stream surrounded by forest, with wild animals inhabiting its shores.

In all of the Hudson River School paintings, both sublime and picturesque, nature's grandeur was suggested by the extension of mountains, clouds, and rivers beyond the observer's vision. In the foreground, the artist might place small figures—their backs turned, leading the viewer to face the scene with them and share their sensation of vastness. For those who liked to think of America as a budding empire—a common concept at the time—such a scene cemented the image of the Hudson as an imperial river, a setting that spoke of American

destiny.

Artists of the Hudson River School ventured deep into nature. They studied the play of light and shadow in the woods and over water and observed cloud formations. They carefully examined leaves, bark, and rocks in pencil sketches. Many adopted a rustic lifestyle, roughing it in the countryside and going to great lengths to find the right spot for their easels. They also searched for scenes that looked like paintings—that could portray the romantic ideals. If a scene in nature did not quite fit the formula, the artists sometimes interpreted. For example, the painter might add a northward-setting sun and celestial rays of light to illuminate the setting and imply a heavenly presence. The position of a mountain might be moved so the view of the river behind it could be seen.

Painters roamed far and wide in search of awesome wilderness, and the Hudson led them to other subject matter: the Catskills, Lake George, the Connecticut Valley, the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and Niagara Falls. One of Frederic Church's most famous paintings is of the Andes in Peru. Yet in the Hudson Valley, where the long ribbon of river links the harbor, the Palisades, the Highlands, the Catskills, and the Adirondack high peaks, artists found some of the most dramatic and varied scenery in eastern America. More than 500 oil paintings of the Hudson from this period have been preserved, including works by almost all major artists. Hundreds more are documented from nineteenth-century exhibitions, but have since been lost.[8] Thomas Cole always returned to the river, his friend Louis Noble said, "with the tenderness of a first-love."[9]

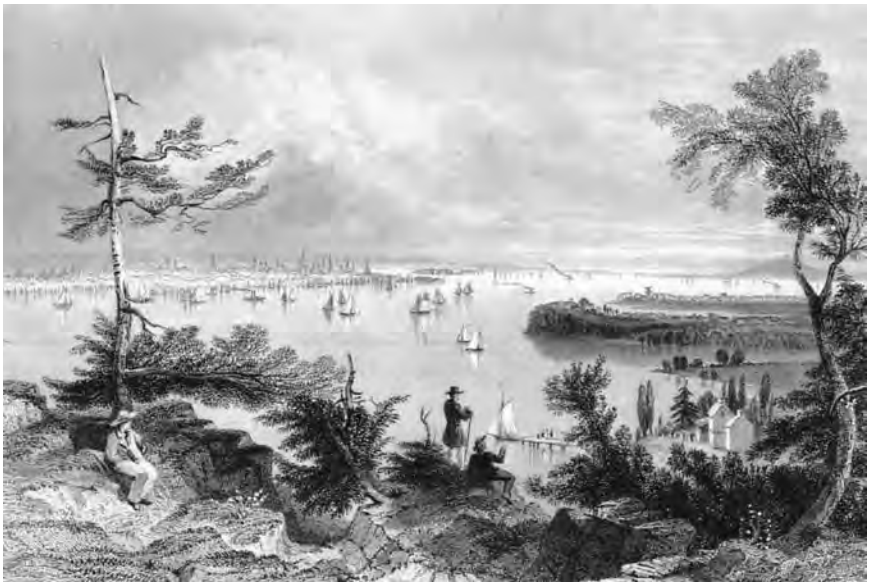
In the mid-nineteenth century, residing and painting in the Hudson Valley was considered essential to art education in much the same way as living and working in Paris was the ideal for the next generation of artists. Many of the Hudson River School painters established themselves in estates and studios on the shores of the river they loved, making a statement of affinity in their choice of location. Thomas Rossiter built a palatial mansion in Cold Spring, and Thomas Cole set up a modest studio in Catskill. Asher Durand painted from New Windsor, overlooking the Highlands, and Albert Bierstadt had a great mansion on the river near Tarrytown. Robert Weir painted from the military academy at West Point. Jasper Cropsey fell on hard times and had to sell his country estate, but still managed to have a modest studio, Ever Rest, in Hastings-on-Hudson, which looked out over a highly industrial waterfront, the river, and the Palisades. By far the most elaborate studio was Frederic Church's Moorish castle Olana—itself a work of art, located high on a hill above the river near the city of Hudson, with a sweeping view of the Catskills. Several of these studios remain, and Cole's and Church's are now preserved as historic sites.

The painters' work struck a chord with hundreds of thousands of Americans, whose enthusiasm helped the artists pay their way. Exhibits at the New York Art Union between 1839 and 1851 drew as many as 250,000 people per year at a time when the population of New York was not even double that number. The visitors included "noisy boys and girls" and "working Men by the hundreds," according to *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1848.[10]

The achievements and world acclaim of the Hudson River School would not have been possible without the support of a growing merchant class. The opening of the Erie Canal, in 1825, brought great prosperity to New York City, and it became fashionable for businessmen to display their wealth through patronage of American artists. They not only maintained impressive art collections but also commissioned major works of Hudson River scenes and sent artists abroad to study. Jonathan Sturges, a New York merchant, financed Durand's 1840 trip to Europe, where he joined Kensett, Casilear, and Rossiter in copying old masters and painting Swiss and Italian landscapes. Cole had several important backers, among them Mayor Philip Hone and Luman Reed, a wholesale grocer and business partner of Sturges. Thomas Gilmor of Baltimore loaned Cole $300 in 1829 so he could travel abroad. James Pinchot, the owner of a wallpaper firm, befriended and patronized Sanford Gifford, Jervis McEntee, and Eastman Johnson.

The Hudson River painters were also aided by the "Knickerbocker" writers, so-called after Washington Irving's fictional *Knickerbocker's New York: A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty by Diedrich Knickerbocker* (1809).[11] Almost two decades before Cole's historic sketching trip, Irving had made the American landscape a fashionable topic in literature, and other authors soon followed his lead, becoming the first Americans to make their living solely by writing. By 1825, when Cole took his historic sketching trip up the Hudson, the Knickerbockers had already published major works that popularized nature in America. Influenced by the same romantic concepts, they prepared the way for the painters' break with artistic tradition.

The Knickerbockers began to be published in the same year that Fulton and Livingston's steamboat *Clermont* was launched, 1807. Steamboat travel stimulated great national and international interest in the region, and the river appeared frequently as a subject and setting in the Knickerbockers' work. These writers created a body of legend, poetry, caricature, and supernatural lore about American scenery and landscape that helped to enhance the Hudson Valley's romantic image. Works such as the poem "The Culprit Fay"—a fairy spirit of the Highlands— soon appeared in steamboat guidebooks, helping to give the region definition and character.

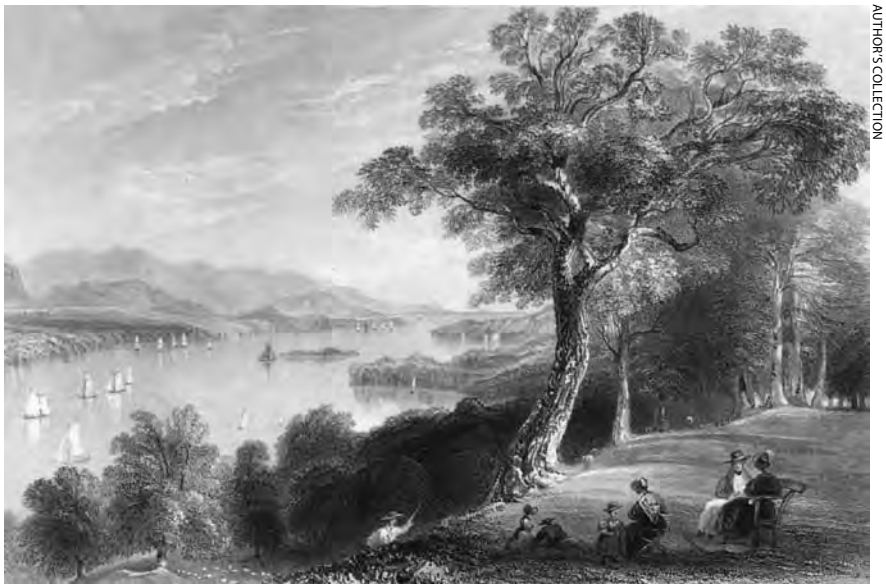


AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

William Bartlett, *View of New York from Weehawken.* In N. P. Willis, *American Scenery,* 1840.

Technically, the term "Knickerbocker" could apply to any author working out of New York City in the early nineteenth century. Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant were the brightest lights. However, the "Knickerbocracy" included some twenty lesser luminaries, such as Nathaniel Parker Willis, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake, James Kirke Paulding, and Washington Irving's brother William—writers who were popular in their day but whose reputations have faded with time. The reputation of America's literary romanticists only began to wane in the 1850s, as writers like Ralph Waldo Emerson, Herman Melville, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Walt Whitman, and Nathaniel Hawthorne emerged with new and different styles.

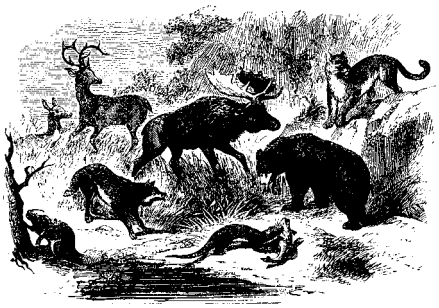
During these forty years, however, the Knickerbockers became as famous in the world of letters as the Hudson River School painters were in the world of art. Their numbers and prestige, the literary magazines they produced—such as the *New York Mirror* and the *Knickerbocker*—and the publishing businesses they fostered wrested cultural preeminence from Boston and Philadelphia, establishing New York as the literary capital of America. Between 1820 and 1852, 345 publishers operated out of New York City, more than twice as many as in Philadelphia. Influential people like DeWitt Clinton fostered the cultural life of the city as well, creating institutions such as the American Academy of Fine Arts and the Literary and Philosophical Society.



AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

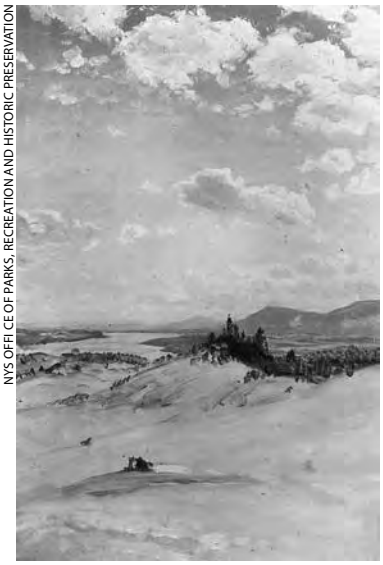
View from Hyde Park, the country estate of Dr. David Hosack, **some 80 miles north of Manhattan. With its extensive lawn sloping down to the river and the profile of the Catskills rising in the distance, the estate embodies the picturesque. In N. P. Willis, *American Scenery,* 1840.**

The works of individual Knickerbockers used literary forms as diverse as epic poetry, satires, and historical novels. Some were serious, some sentimental, and others downright funny. In addition to their romantic vision, these writings shared a nationalistic temperament—giving shape to the American character and helping to define an American identity. Born in the infancy of the nation's independence, these authors were stirred by tales of the Dutch explorers and Revolutionary War generals. Many used the history, landscape, and folklore of the Hudson River as their subject matter, making the rugged primitiveness of American life interesting and acceptable, even a selling point. The people and the landscape became as one, and the Hudson River became symbolic of American life.



Lossing, *The Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea,* 1866

Washington Irving was one of the acknowledged leaders in the movement, and he was the first to give river scenes a new kind of meaning. He wrote in the introduction to *Knickerbocker's New York* that he sought to "clothe home scenes



COURTESY OF OLANA STATE HISTORIC SITE, NYS OFFICE OF PARKS, RECREATION AND HISTORIC PRESERVATION

Frederic Edwin Church, *The Hudson Valley in Winter from Olana*. 1871, oil on canvas, the view from his studio in Greenport, New York.

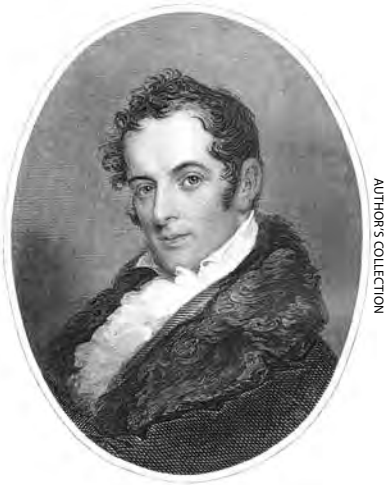
and places… with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the old world, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home."[12] He left few spots untouched in this and future books. Irving reinvented practical Dutch place names with humorous retellings of local tales and populated places like the Highlands, the Catskills, the farm country, and the Tappan Zee with goblins and ghosts. He attributes the naming of the Hell Gate, a narrow strait between the East River and Long Island Sound known for its rocks and whirlpools, to Oloffe Van Kortlandt, who sailed up the East River, convinced that a pod of jolly porpoises was towing him to a fair haven, only to be brought to near disaster on the roaring waters. Later, Van Kortlandt was delighted to see the porpoises broiling on the Gridiron and the Frying Pan, other nearby landmarks.

Irving's writings often drew upon his youthful experiences. As a child, in 1793, he had been sent to Tarrytown for the summer to avoid the yellow fever epidemic in New York City. Westchester County was then farm country and still very Dutch (the name Tarrytown is based on the Dutch word *tarwe*, meaning wheat), and Irving spent the summer roaming the neighborhood and soaking up everything around him. Later, these scenes would burn bright in his memory. In 1819, while living in Europe, he published *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, containing "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which featured the people he had met, such as the Van Tassels, and places he had visited, such as the Dutch church on Pocantico Brook. It begins with the following scene:

> In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee… there lies a small market-town or rural port,… which is… known by the name Tarry Town. This name was given we are told, in former days, by the good house-wives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Not far from this village… there is a little valley… known

by the name of Sleepy Hollow.… Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country.… .

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region,… is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head…known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.[13]

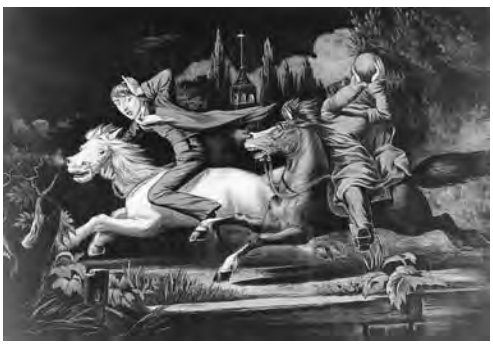


AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

Washington Irving at the age of twenty-seven. Frontispiece to *Knickerbocker's New York: A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty by Diedrich Knickerbocker,* 1861 edition.

Irving personally witnessed the Yankee invasion of New Englanders moving to New York. He played up the resulting culture clash in stories like this, where the ambitious Yankee, Ichabod Crane, comes to the Dutch village to teach—but is driven out by the locals and his fear of their superstitions.

The Hudson Valley of Irving's childhood was gradually changing from Dutch to English culture. Though the British took control of the Hudson in 1664, Irving grew up hearing Dutch spoken in many places. He studied Dutch heritage eagerly and became quite an expert on it. *Knickerbocker's History* is a fictional retelling of historic events, and authentic early histories of New Netherlands are cited in the footnotes. His stories include details gleaned from these accounts, such as the fireflies that lighted on the mast of Peter Kalm's ship in 1749 and the dolphins that sported about the ships of Dutch sailors, seeming to guide them through the harbor. Irving's books also contain faithful portrayals of Dutch customs in architecture, dress, food preparation, courting, smoking,



William J. Wilgus, *Ichabod Crane, Respectfully Dedicated to Washington Irving.* The Headless Horseman from Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* Circa 1856.

and drinking—touching on topics such as demonism, witchcraft, songs, ghost lore, and tall tales with great accuracy.[14]

Unfortunately, his caricatures of pipe-smoking, round-bottomed Dutchmen, which were written to be funny, were so widely read and accepted that they came to be perceived as accurate. *Knickerbocker' s Histor*y obscured the other, industrious side of the Dutch personality, focused on commerce, trade, and reward for hard work. For generations to come, the book distracted the public from the great contribution of the Dutch to the history of America and New York and of leading Dutch citizens, Peter Stuyvesant, Adriaen Van der Donck, and others.[15]

Knickerbocker's History and *The Sketch Book* were popular and lasting favorites overseas, further cementing Irving's reputation as an American writer of note. Curious European readers enjoyed the novelty of the American scene and Irving's wit and satire. Lord Byron claimed to have memorized every word of *The Sketch Book*, Sir Walter Scott laughed uproariously on reading it the first time, and when Charles Dickens arrived in New York aboard a packet steamer in 1842, he reported happily: "I awoke from my nap in time to hurry up, and see Hell Gate, the Hog's Back, the Frying Pan, and other notorious localities, attractive to all readers of famous Diedrich Knickerbocker's History."[16]

Irving credited his love affair with the Hudson River to early boyhood, when he first traveled upriver by sloop. On this journey, black deck hands regaled him with frightening stories about the passing scenes, an oral tradition that he later wove into his books.[17] It was a time, he wrote, "before the steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space," when a voyage to Albany "was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and took almost as much time."[18] The passage through the Highlands delighted him, and he later recalled the heavy splash of the leaping sturgeon and the song of the whippoorwill echoing in the night as the sloop lay at anchor below those dark and mysterious mountains. As he continued his voyage, another river vista impressed him even more:

> Of all the scenery of the Hudson, the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged, part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly tided along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day; undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere sometimes seeming to approach; at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance.[19]

From this mystical scene, he later wove the story of Rip Van Winkle, a reworking of a German lost-time folktale, in which Rip discovers the ghosts of Henry Hudson's crew playing ninepins in the Catskills, their bowling balls making sounds like "long, rolling peals, like distant thunder." Rip sneaks a drink of their beer, when no one is looking, and promptly falls asleep—for twenty years. Waking as if he has slept but a single night, he stumbles home to find his village completely changed. A painting of King George on the sign at the inn has been touched up and is now labeled George Washington. Indeed, "the very character of the people seemed changed. There was a hustling, bustling disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility."[20] Rip spends the rest of his days at the inn, telling his story to any who will listen until every man, woman, and child knows it by heart.

> Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head.... The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskills, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.[21]

This story helped imprint a new image of the valley as a place haunted by the spirits of the past, but also alive with the promise of a new country/ Not until 1832 —two decades after it appeared in print—did Irving first set foot in the mountains that had bewitched him from the sloop's deck. Even so, the legendary sound of rolling thunder in the Catskills was well known to him.

In 1835, Irving returned to the pleasant summer home of his childhood and bought ten acres of land in Tarrytown. He remodeled a Dutch cottage along the Hudson River into the fanciful country house he called Sunnyside, where he kept the public's interest in Sleepy Hollow alive. He is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery near the Old Dutch Church made famous by the Headless Horseman.

While Irving created a body of humorous folklore around the well-known features of the Hudson River landscape, the historical novels of James Fenimore Cooper were far more serious. For Cooper, love of country was strongly linked to appreciation of wild nature. His first best-seller, *The Spy: A Tale of the Neutral Ground*, set along the Hudson, contains moving descriptions of river scenes. Published in 1821, soon after Irving's *Sketch Book*, it tells the story of a double agent—an unsung hero of the American Revolution. The story inspires patriotic

memories and reminds the reader that the Hudson Valley is historic ground where freedom was won at great cost. Soon thereafter, Cooper's Leatherstocking series explored the changing relationship of Americans to the land, chronicling the French and Indian War, the settlement of the frontier of central New York, and the westward migration to the prairie states.

In Cooper's books, the characters move from one scenic spot to another. The river, the woods, the hidden mineral springs are not just a backdrop—they become characters in the story, willful or secretive personalities, sometimes friend and sometimes foe. In *The Last of the Mohicans*, Hawk-eye, the scout, and his Mohican companions, Uncas and Chingachgook, have rescued Major Duncan Heyward, a British officer, and the two lovely daughters of Major Munro from an attacking band of Hurons (who were allied with the French). Hawk-eye guides his fleeing charges to the shelter of a hidden cavern on an island in the upper Hudson at Glens Falls, where they try to elude the pursuing Hurons. Night has fallen, and the scout describes the hiding place to Alice and Cora Munro, noting its personality:

> Ay! There are falls on two sides of us, and the river above and below. If you had but daylight, it would be worth the trouble to step up on the height of this rock, and look at the perversity of the Water! It falls by no rule at all; sometimes it leaps, sometimes it tumbles; there, it skips; here, it shoots; in one place 'tis white as snow, and in another 'tis green as grass; hereabouts it pitches into deep hollows, that rumble and quake the 'arth; and thereaway, it ripples and sings like a brook, fashioning whirlpools and gullies in the old stone. . . . After the water has suffered to have its will for a time, like a head-strong man, it is gathered together by the hand that made it, and a few rods below you may see it all, fl owing steadily towards the sea.[22]

Cooper's books also explore nature's spiritual value. *The Pioneers* (1823), set in rapidly growing central New York a decade after the revolution, mentions the Hudson only briefly, as an example of the divine in nature. Written in 1823, just as the Catskill Mountain House was being built, the story takes place in 1793, when the spot is still an undiscovered wilderness. The scout, Hawk-eye—called Natty Bumppo in this story—describes a "paradise" to his friend Edwards:

> "The place I mean is next to the river, where one of the ridges juts out a little from the rest, and where the rocks fall, for the best part of a thousand feet, so much up and down, that a man standing on their edges is fool enough to think he can jump from top to bottom."
>
> "What see you when you get there?" asked Edwards.
>
> "Creation," said Natty, … sweeping one hand around him in a circle: "all

> creation, lad.… The river is in sight for seventy miles, looking like a curled shaving under my feet, though it was eight long miles to its banks.… How should a man who has lived in towns and schools know anything about the wonders of the woods?.… None know how often the hand of God is seen in the wilderness, but them that rove it for a man's life."[23]

Like the Hudson River School artists, the Knickerbockers were nature worshipers, and their high priest was William Cullen Bryant. "The groves were God's first temples," he wrote in "A Forest Hymn."[24] His first poem of importance, "Thanatopsis," written at the age of seventeen, ushered in a new approach to the contemplation of nature in American poetry, with a sincere style that contrasted sharply with the platitudes of the day. Published in 1817, the poem describes the mental and spiritual solace to be found in nature and urges the reader to "Go forth, under the open sky, and list / To Nature's teachings":

> To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And healing sympathy that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware.[25]

Bryant, who grew up in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, moved to New York City and eventually owned and edited the *New York Evening Post*. He loved exploring the Hudson Valley and wrote many poems about the Palisades, the Highlands, and the Catskills, as well as other spots such as the Delaware Water Gap—places where nature spoke to him in its clearest voice.

Bryant's poems, and the work of other Knickerbockers, began to be published at a time when a great intercontinental debate raged in the popular press, questioning the ability of America to produce any art of merit. In 1817, when Bryant submitted "Thanatopsis" to the *North American Review,* the editor, Richard Dana, is said to have remarked, "No one on this side of the ocean is capable of writing such verse."[26] Curiously, the growing American and European acclaim enjoyed by this group of writers did nothing to stem the controversy. In 1832, when Fanny Kemble looked out over the Hudson from Fort Putnam, she lamented, "Where are the poets of this land!" Critics like Sydney Smith focused on America's cultural and intellectual deficiencies. Writing in 1820 for the *Edinburgh Review,* he said bluntly: "In the four corners of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes

to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?" This comment produced "paroxysms of wrath" in the American press, but to some extent, this feeling of cultural inadequacy was shared by Americans and persisted for decades, long after the Knickerbockers and the Hudson River School painters had won wide acceptance in the United States and abroad.[27]

Comparisons between Europe and America extended beyond art and literature to the merits and defects of the American landscape, and the river became part of the debate. To Europeans—who were accustomed to traveling in Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Germany's Rhineland—landscape was far more beautiful if cloaked in legend or improved by picturesque ruins or other signs of human endeavor. In this, America was considered seriously deficient; however, the Knickerbockers had began to change that perception with volumes of legends, history, ghost stories, and poetry about every battlefield, mountain, stream, and rock of the Hudson Valley, works that both Europeans and Americans enjoyed. Rip Van Winkle, the Headless Horseman, Natty Bumppo, and the Culprit Fay established the history that Europeans had found wanting. On the river at Fort Putnam and in the forest along the shores could be found a replacement for Old World ruins. "Those vast aboriginal trees," Sir Walter Scott commented to Washington Irving, "are the monuments and antiquities of your country."[28]

The Knickerbockers also played up the moral power of sublime scenery, as found on the shores of the Hudson. If wild country was the medium through which God spoke most clearly, America was obviously blessed. "We claim for America the freshness of a most promising youth," wrote Cooper, "and a species of natural radiance that carries the mind with reverence to the source of all that is glorious around us."[29] Wild nature, which had been scary to earlier generations, was becoming America's big selling point.

The Hudson River School painters joined the Knickerbocker writers in this debate. For them, the Hudson Valley was not just equal to Europe—it was better, especially the sky. Many had traveled to Europe, painted the Alps, and admired the blue horizon of the Mediterranean. They felt qualified to compare the American landscape to the finest scenes of Europe. In 1835, Thomas Cole addressed this issue in his "Essay on American Scenery":

> And if he who has travelled and observed the skies of other climes will spend a few months on the banks of the Hudson, he must be constrained to acknowledge that for variety and magnificence American skies are unsurpassed. Italian skies have been lauded by every tongue, and sung by every poet, and who will deny their wonderful beauty? At sunset the serene arch is filled with alchemy that transmutes mountains, and streams, and temples,

> into living gold. But the American summer never passes without many sunsets that might vie with the Italian, and many still more gorgeous—that seem peculiar to this clime. Look at the heavens when the thunder shower has passed, and the sun stoops behind the western mountains—there the low purple clouds hang in festoons around the steeps—in the higher heaven are crimson bands interwoven with feathers of gold, fit for the wings of angels—and still above is spread that interminable field of ether, whose color is too beautiful to have a name. It is not in the summer only that American skies are beautiful; for the winter evening often comes robed in purple and gold, and in the westering sun the iced groves glitter as beneath a shower of diamonds—and through the twilight heaven innumerable stars shine with a purer light than summer ever knows.[30]

Nearly two centuries earlier, in 1656, Adriaen Van der Donck had sung the praises of New Netherlands, commenting on the useful abundance of healing herbs, nut trees, lime and clay deposits, boundless fish and wild game, as well as the winds—"swift and fostering messengers of commerce." Cole focused on entirely different features of the Hudson Valley, qualities that infused his art and that of his fellow painters—waterfalls, fall colors, clouds, and sky that created a special kind of light.

Nevertheless, the national inferiority complex lingered on, and both painters and writers continued to address it. Knickerbocker essayist Nathaniel Parker Willis sought to cast a different spell of romance over the landscape. In a piece published in the *Home Journal*, he advocated changing the name of Butter Hill to Storm King:

> The tallest mountain, with its feet in the Hudson at the Highland Gap, is officially the Storm King—being looked to, by the whole country around, as the most sure foreteller of a storm. When the white cloud-beard descends upon his breast in the morning (as if with a nod forward of his majestic head), there is sure to be a rain-storm before night. Standing aloft among the other mountains of the chain, this sign is peculiar to him. He seems the monarch, and this seems his stately ordering of a change in the weather. Should not STORM-KING, then, be his proper title?[31]

The notion appealed to Willis's readers, and public sentiment led to the rapid adoption of the new name.

The Knickerbockers formed a close-knit community of people who took delight in writing about the river. A fun-loving group, they met frequently, consuming great quantities of food and drink. One friend reported that after a festive evening

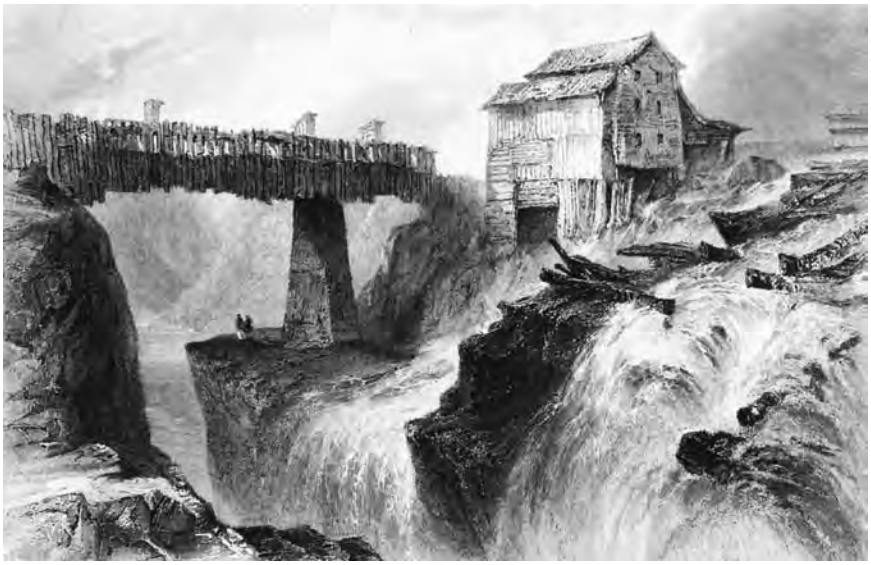
Irving fell through an open grate on the way home. His solitude and depression was relieved after several guests joined him there, where they sat and laughed until dawn. They also rambled together along the river and challenged one another to come up with new ways to fill the New World with old-time legends.[32] The poem "The Culprit Fay" resulted from such a conversation among Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Joseph Rodman Drake while hiking in the Highlands. According to the story, Drake called his friends together three days later and read them the poem, which begins with these lines:

> 'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night,—
> The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright…
> The moon looks down on old Cro'Nest,
> She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
> and seems his huge grey form to throw
> In a silver cone on the wave below.[33]

"The Culprit Fay" is a lengthy epic tale, the story of a fairy, or fay, who has broken his vows of chastity and fallen in love with an earthly maid. It takes place at midnight on the summit of Crow's Nest, to the south of Storm King. The assembled spirits of the forest impose a penance whereby the "culprit fay" braves the cold waters of the Hudson, captures a drop of spray from the leaping sturgeon, and eventually succeeds in returning to the mountaintop just as dawn is breaking, and so recovers his fairy powers.

The Knickerbocker writers also developed close friendships with Hudson River School painters, with whom they shared a romantic philosophy and a common interest in the river. When Thomas Cole died in 1848, William Cullen Bryant delivered the eulogy, recalling Cole's paintings "which carried the eye over scenes of wild grandeur peculiar to our country, over our aerial mountain tops with their mighty growth of forest never touched by the axe, along the banks of streams never deprived by culture and in the depth of skies bright with the hues of our own climate; skies such as few but Cole could ever paint, and through the transparent abysses of which it seemed that you might send an arrow out of sight."[34]

Deeply moved by Bryant's testimonial, art patron Jonathan Sturges commissioned a painting by Asher Durand. *Kindred Spirits* portrays poet Bryant and painter Cole on a rocky ledge in the Catskills wilderness. The painting is a lasting testament to the respect that these artists, writers, and patrons had for one another, and the bonds of friendship that grew from a shared love of the Hudson and its landscape.



AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

William Bartlett, *Bridge at Glen's-Falls, on the Hudson.* Engraving in N. P. Willis, *American Scenery,* 1840.

Both artists and writers felt anxious about changes they observed. America's ancient forest was rapidly disappearing—even as it was being celebrated in art and song—causing Knickerbocker George Pope Morris to write his famous poem "Woodman, Spare That Tree." When mills turned wild waterfalls into tame trickles and resorts sprung up around mineral springs that had once bubbled quietly in the forest, the artists and writers began to wrestle with conflicting feelings. In *The Last of the Mohicans*, after Hawk-eye has described the waterfall to Cora, Alice, and Heyward, Cooper provides a footnote:

> The description of this picturesque and remarkable little cataract as given by the scout [Hawk-eye], is sufficiently correct, though the application of the water to the uses of civilized life has materially injured its beauties. The rocky island and the two caverns are well known to every traveler, since the former sustains a pier of a bridge, which is now thrown across the river, immediately above the fall. In explanation of the taste of Hawk-eye, it should be remembered that men always prize that which is least enjoyed. Thus, in a new country, the woods and other objects, which in an old country would be maintained at great cost, are simply gotten rid of, simply with a view of "improving" as it is called.[35]

Some of the Hudson River School artists painted scenes where the forest had been logged. Sanford Gifford's *Twilight at Hunter Mountain* shows a clear-cut stand

of hemlocks in the Catskills. This painting is thought to have profoundly influenced Gifford's friend and patron James Pinchot, a New York merchant whose family had harvested wood on large tracts of forest in Milford, Pennsylvania. Pinchot later became an advocate for forest conservation and steered his son Gifford toward a famed career in forestry.[36]

For artists, writers, and patrons alike, it was hard to reconcile the abundance and richness of natural resources that God had so manifestly given America for its people to use with the destruction that accompanied that use. Most of the artists and writers saw progress as necessary and good. They did not oppose it; rather, they watched the wild forests fall, wistfully commenting that a truly civilized country should appreciate its waterfalls, woods, wildlife, and scenery, and undertake the kind of improvement that enhances beauty rather than destroying it. Cole expressed this concern in 1835, writing:

> Where the wolf roams, the plough shall glisten; on the gray crag shall rise temple and tower—mighty deeds shall be done in the now pathless wilderness.... Yet I cannot but express my sorrow that the beauty of such landscapes are quickly passing away—the ravages of the axe are daily increasing—the most noble scenes are made desolate, and oftentimes with a wantonness and barbarism scarcely credible in a civilized nation
>
> The wayside is becoming shadeless, and another generation will behold spots, now rife with beauty, desecrated by what is called improvement; which, as yet, generally destroys Nature's beauty without substituting that of Art. This is a regret rather than a complaint; such is the road society has to travel.[37]

The loss of wild nature in the countryside did not interfere with their enjoyment of life in the artistic, literary, and mercantile capital of the nation. New York City was their gathering place. At the time it was a relatively small city, noted for its congeniality. In 1827, a group of these "kindred spirits" founded the Sketch Club, which later became the Century Association.[38] Membership, by invitation only, included leading artists, writers, and their patrons. Originally, Sketch Club meetings were devoted to impromptu drawing and writing. The evening's host provided a subject, usually from literature, and the artists and writers then spent an hour on it. At the end of the evening, the host would collect the sketches and keep them. Occasionally communal authorship was tried, whereby three members would compose a single poem on a topic such as "The Sublime" or "Character."

Although the club members took themselves seriously, they used the gatherings for fun and entertainment as well. The group met on Friday evenings, in

an aura of secrecy. The club had no official address; it met in members' homes. Meetings were announced cryptically in newspapers under the initials of the host for the evening. The January 14, 1830 announcement in the *Evening Post* was typical: "S.C.; H.I. 49 Vesey St." To members it was clear that this meant that Henry Inman was entertaining; however, to the *Post* readership it was intriguingly provocative.

William Emerson, the club's secretary, described the atmosphere of the meetings as a "peaceful, social, laughing, chatting hubbub." Amid discussions of politics and the economy were interspersed speeches on such matters as the "domestic economy… of Bull-frogs," and the "combustion of pea nut shells," which was explained by Thomas Cole. The club also watched demonstrations of phrenology, performed magic tricks, and on one evening, at the home of Robert Weir, raised a ghost. Mock punishments were also meted out, as in the case of William Cullen Bryant, who was instructed to write and publish an account of an art exhibition he had not yet seen. The article appeared, unsigned, in the *Evening Post* the next day.[39]

Soon the Hudson began to be featured in new works, as the club members collaborated on a number of books about American scenery that they sold to an eager public. *The Homebook of the Picturesque* (1852), for example, contained engraved prints based on paintings by Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, Robert Weir, Jasper Cropsey, and Frederic Church. Vignettes written by Knickerbockers James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Nathaniel Parker Willis, and others accompanied the engravings. Selling at 7, clothbound, the book was a popular gift item. Another such publication, *Picturesque America* (1872), edited by William Cullen Bryant, contained hundreds of illustrations by Hudson River School painters. *American Scenery*, a two-volume set written by N. P. Willis in 1840, contains 119 illustrations of commonly painted scenes engraved by Englishman William Henry Bartlett. Each is accompanied by a legend, poem, anecdote, or essay. All three books featured the Hudson as the preeminent romantic landscape in America and further enhanced the region's reputation abroad.

These books were popular for decades, allowing even armchair travelers to become familiar with America's natural wonders along the Hudson and in other parts of the country. The images published in them found their way into American homes in other ways as well. They were used as patterns for Staffordshire pottery and in British blue ware and pink ware, produced in great quantities beginning in the 1820s. Jean Zuber printed a popular set of scenic wallpapers in 1834 and exported them to the United States from his headquarters in Alsace. The set, called "American Scenery," based on engravings of the 1820s, was printed from

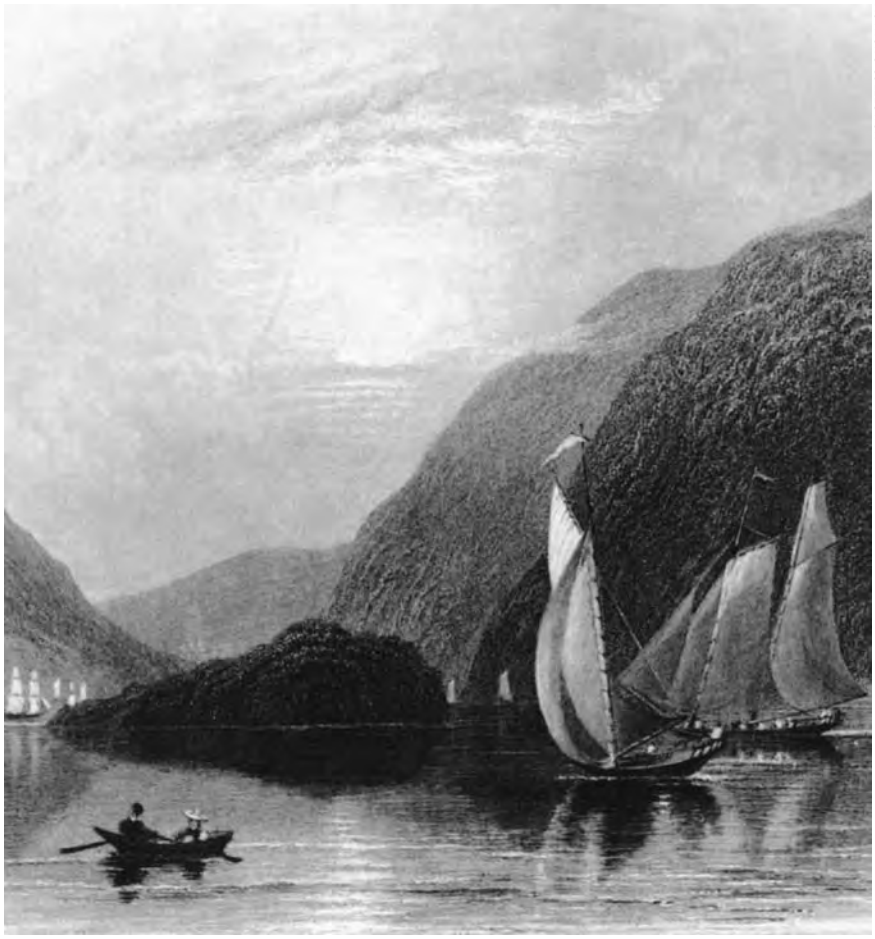
wooden blocks. It showed views of nineteenth-century America particularly admired by Europeans: Niagara Falls, Virginia's Natural Bridge, Boston harbor, New York Bay, and the Hudson River Highlands at West Point.

In 1961, when First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy remodeled the oval Diplomatic Reception Room of the White House, she chose a set of Zuber wallpaper that had recently been removed from a mansion about to be torn down. She noted that the oval shape of the reception room seemed particularly suited to the panoramic sweep of the scenic views, and it would be "the room people first see when they come to the White House." Though the White House paper was antique, the same wallpaper design was still being manufactured from the original wooden blocks.[40]

The international interest in American nature and scenery kept the best of the Knickerbocker writers and Hudson River school artists employed until after the Civil War. By 1850, however, new American authors who were preoccupied with entirely different issues began to publish books like *The Scarlet Letter* (Hawthorne), *Moby-Dick* (Melville), and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (Stowe). Meanwhile, ideas about nature also began to shift from romantic and emotional to a more studied approach. The arrival of Swiss scientist Louis Agassiz in America taught a generation of people to "read nature" through meticulous exploration and so learn to appreciate God's creation. A new transcendental view urged by Emerson and Henry David Thoreau suggested the contemplation of common things—berries, blue jays, flowers, and ponds—as a route to discovery of the miraculous and a path to spiritual growth. "Nature is the symbol of the spirit," wrote Emerson.[41] For these writers, it was not necessary to view sublime scenery to experience the divine, and the focus shifted away from the Hudson to less dramatic landscapes. Even so, it was on a visit to the Catskill escarpment that Thoreau first got his idea for living at Walden Pond.

The Hudson River School painters enjoyed fifty years of celebrity, roughly from 1825—the date of Cole's first sketch trip—to 1875. The eclipse of the Hudson River in painting began after 1860, when a second generation of artists discovered the monumental scenery of the West. Painters such as Thomas Moran and Albert Bierstadt painted large canvases of Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the Grand Tetons, and Yosemite. Their work is sometimes known as the Rocky Mountain School.

Attracted by the novelty of these images, American interest in oil paintings of the Hudson Valley waned. However, two new artists working in different media provided a fresh perspective on the Hudson after the Hudson River School had seen its last glory days. In 1873, engraver Winslow Homer began to paint watercolors with a free-spirited brilliance that shook the art world much as Thomas



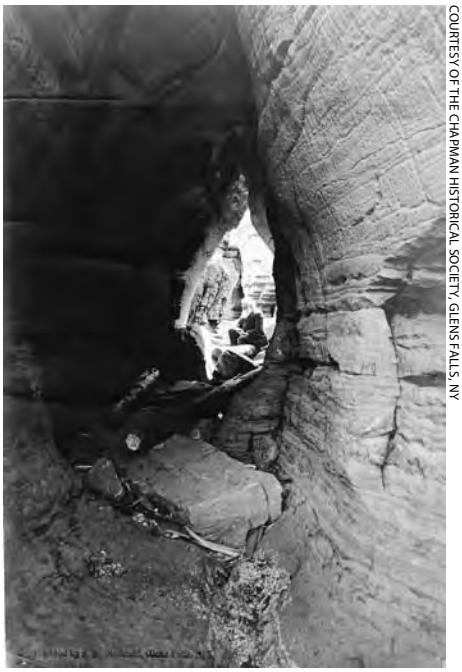
AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

William Bartlett, *Entrance to the Highlands, Near Newburgh.* Frontispiece of N. P. Willis, *American Scenery,* 1840.

Cole's work had done five decades earlier. Though he eventually concentrated on seascapes of the Maine coast, his works include glorious scenes of the upper Hudson in the Adirondacks, near Blue Ledge, places he visited in the 1860s and 1870s. About the same time, Seneca Ray Stoddard, of Glens Falls, experimented with the emerging art of photography. His artistic career had started when he painted murals on railroad cars for the Troy-based Gilbert Car Company in 1862, but by 1867 he had developed a portfolio of thousands of photographs. Many of them were sold to tourists as stereographs. He became nationally known when he exhibited his photographs at the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition.[42] Stoddard's images of nature were like the Luminism adopted by some of the Hudson River

School painters. His photographs of the Hudson are discussed in chapter 12.

From 1807 to 1875, when the Knickerbocker writers and Hudson River painters dominated the cultural scene, the Hudson emerged as a powerful image, an icon well known to the public. Melville used it confidently as a metaphor in *Moby-Dick*: "Human madness is oftentimes a cunning and most feline thing. When you think it fled, it may have but become transfigured into some still subtler form. Ahab's full lunacy subsided not, but contracted; like the unabated Hudson, when that noble Northman flows narrowly, but unfathomably through the Highlands gorge."[43]



COURTESY OF THE CHAPMAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, GLENS FALLS, NY

***Cooper's Cave*. Photograph by Seneca Ray Stoddard of the site at Glens Falls made famous in *Last of the Mohicans*.**

Located at the artistic and literary capital, New York, accessible by steamboat, and providing the backdrop for both Dutch folklore and Revolutionary War history, the Hudson served romantic artists and writers well as subject matter. Together they succeeded in establishing the river as sacred ground, a "vast cathedral," in the words of N. P. Willis: "The Hudson a broad aisle, the Highlands a thunder-choir and gallery."[44]

In stark contrast, while this romantic image was being popularized in New York and abroad, up and down the river a period of intense industrial growth had begun—capitalizing on the abundant iron, limestone, water power, and forest resources of the river and its shores, as well as the transportation advantages of the Erie Canal and the seaport to which it connected. Governor Kemble of Cockloft Hall, a friend and patron of the artists and writers, was one of the leaders of this business boom, a man who lived in both worlds. Kemble moved to the Highlands in 1817 or 1818 and, in the words of his friend Washington Irving, "turned Vulcan" and began "forging thunderbolts."[45] His new enterprise, a gun foundry, was just one of many factories that lined the Hudson in the age of iron. Like many business leaders of his day, he celebrated nature with artists and writers even as he was rapidly destroying it.

Notes

1. Louis L. Noble, *The Life and Works of Thomas Cole*, Elliot S. Vesell, ed. Cambridge: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1964, pp. xviii, 34-39.
2. Ibid.
3. All quotes and discussion of Cole that follow are from Noble, *Works of Thomas Cole*, pp. xviii, 34-39.
4. John Driscoll, *All that is Glorious Around Us: Paintings from the Hudson River School*, Ithaca,NY: Cornell University Press, 1997, p. 9.
5. Durand, quoted in Kynaston McShine, ed. *The Natural Paradise: Painting in America 1800-1950*, New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1976, p. 62.
6. Kemble, *Journal of A Residence in America (1835)* excerpted in Van Zandt, *Chronicles of the Hudson*, p. 199.
7. O'Brien, *American Sublime*, p. 124.
8. The Alice Curtis Desmond and Hamilton Fish Library in Garrison, New York has started a comprehensive reference collection of the work of the Hudson River School.
9. Noble, *Thomas Cole*, p. 35.
10. Statistics and quote from Jeanne Winston Adler, *Early Days in the Adirondacks: The Photographs of Seneca Ray Stoddard*. New York: Harry Abrams, 1997, p. 37.
11. See also chapter 1.
12. Washington Irving, *A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of theDutch Dynasty by Diedrich Knickerbocker, New York*: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888 (originally published 1809), p. 13.
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