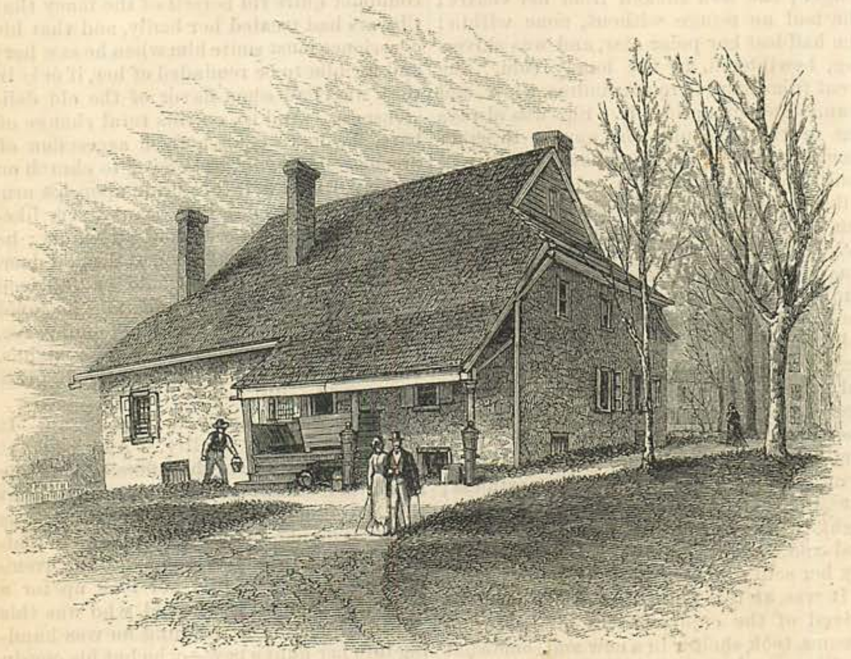
As she sat, in her eventless middle life, she had its great thrilling secret to live over, and it never became threadbare. She felt again the rapture of her hidden passion; she was once more in the sea, in the sand, in the boat cloak; she was once more all but engaged, all but receiving the great sacrament of marriage; once more neglected, once more forsaken, once more confronting the deserting lover, once more making the great renunciation of love to friendship, once more borne from the church in those strong arms. It was always as true and as ecstatic as it had seemed to her then in her seventeenth year. And reveling in its memories and in its conscious importance, she could not help impressing you as a person with a history; and she could afford to sit and smile with that quaint air of superior experience, as the girls jested each other about their lovers, aware that she had loved a greater and brighter than any of theirs, that her romance was something sweeter than any they could ever know, and that, as I said, if she had now no love affairs to enjoy, she certainly had them to remember.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HUDSON.

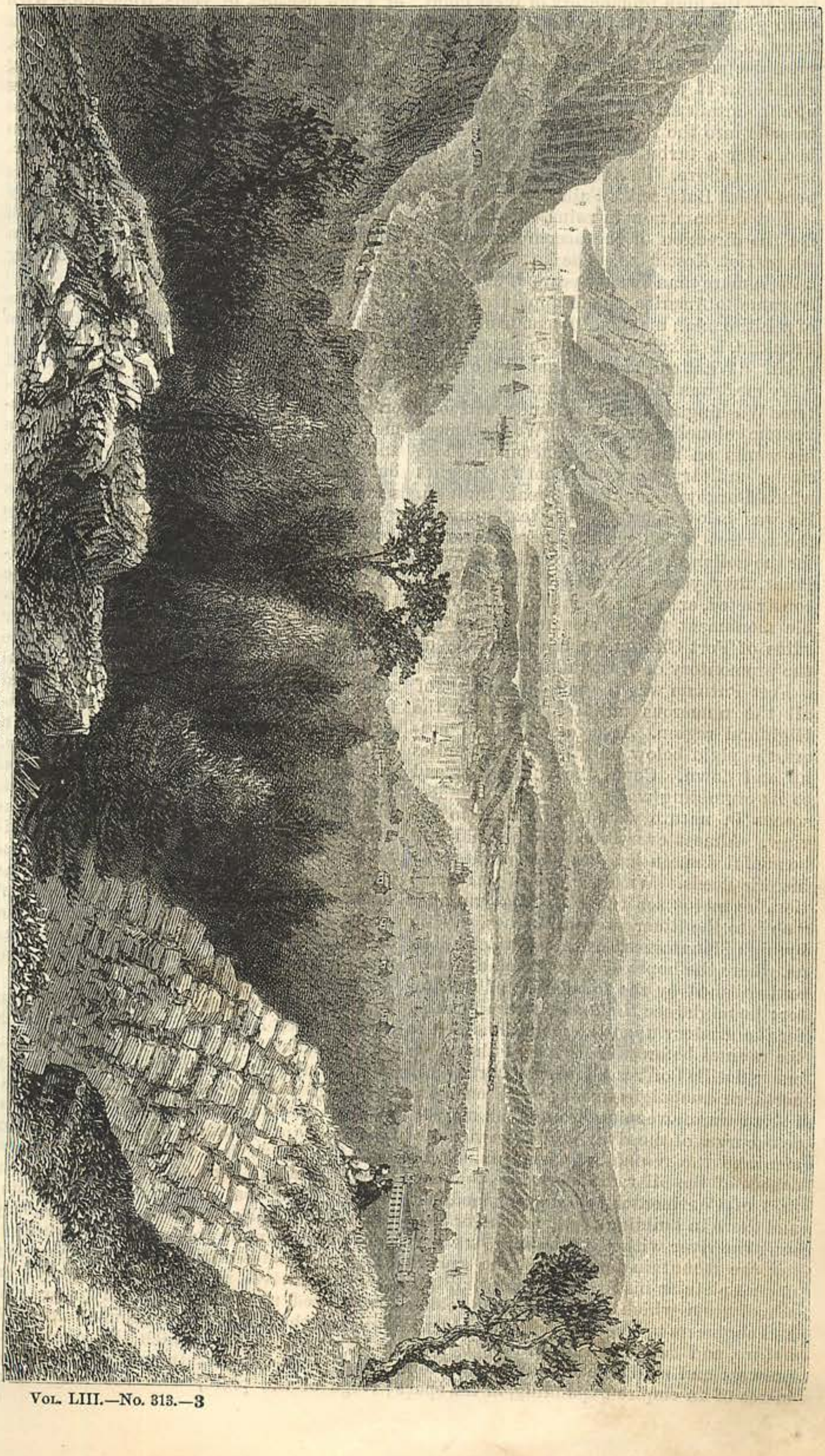
[Third Paper.]



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS BELOW NEWBURGH.

WHAT a magnificent theatre of romantic events bursts suddenly upon the vision as the steamboat sweeps around the lofty promontory of Anthony's Nose on a fine summer afternoon! The aerial perspective is charming, and a picture of marvelous beauty and grandeur is presented to the eye of the voyager. We are in the heart of the Highlands, and seem to be traveling upon a narrow lake with rugged shores, broken by islands and pierced by promontories. Through a narrow vista in the great hills, where the head of the Storm King is more than a thousand feet above the tide, may be seen in the far distance, sixty miles away, the pale blue line of the Katsbergs. In the immediate foreground is Anthony's Nose, rising full 1300 feet, its base pierced for the passage of the Hudson River Railway only a few feet above the water. From its northern verge stretches a wet meadow toward the foot of the Sugar Loaf, whose purple cone shoots up sharply in the northern sky. It is the first conspicuous object that attracts the eye when the enchanting scene opens. It is the highest part of a range of lofty hills on the eastern side of the Hudson, upon which the Americans planted batteries and lighted beacon fires in the time of the old war for independence.

On the western shore, opposite the Sugar Loaf, rises Mount Independence, crowned with dark evergreens, that cluster around the gray ruins of Fort Putnam. Below it you



WEST POINT.

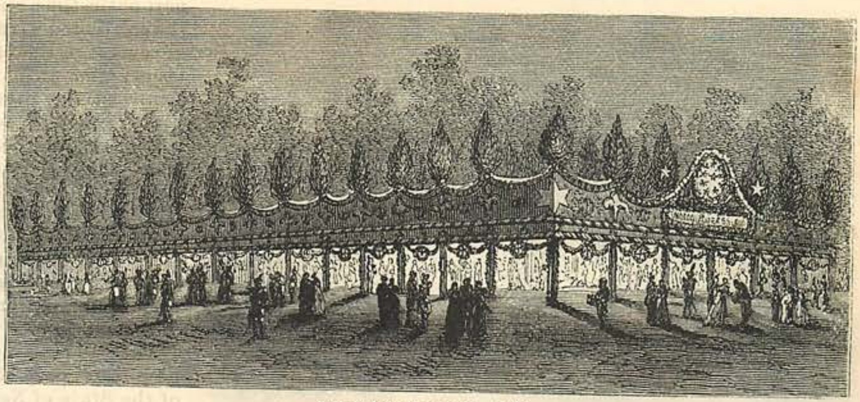
may see the high promontory of West Point, with glimpses of the buildings of the Military Academy. On the brow of a rocky precipice nearer is Cozzens's summer hotel, and below it you may see the white foam of a mountain stream, as it falls in a gentle cascade into the river over a smooth rocky bed, after a turbulent passage among the bowlders above. This the prosy Dutch skippers called Buttermilk Falls.

Fort Putnam, now in ruins, was built under the direction of the accomplished Polish patriot, Kosciusko. The latter was only a little more than twenty years of age when he came to America, the disappointed lover of a Lithuanian maiden. Recommended by Franklin, he asked Washington for employment. "What can you do?" asked the chief. "Try me," was the laconic answer. He entered Washington's military family, and soon became colonel of engineers. We shall meet his works on the Upper Hudson in those strong military lines on Bemis's Heights which Burgoyne could not break through. He was beloved by all. In testimony of the respect which their fathers cherished for the gallant Polander, the cadets at West Point, fifty years after Fort Putnam was constructed, erected a beautiful white marble monument to his memory within the ruins of Fort Clinton, on the extremity of the promontory of West Point.

Fort Putnam was the most important of all the numerous military works in the Highland region. It commanded all others, the plain below, and the river for miles up and down. Could the voyager ascend to its crumbling walls, one of the grandest scenes in nature would be opened to his view. Almost every rood of the wild and beautiful domain has been consecrated by historic deeds. With the eye of retrospection, he might see the *Half-Moon* running "up into the Riuer twentie leagues, passing by high Mountaines," as the chronicler tells us, where the hopes of her commander were extinguished by the freshening of the water; he might see the dusky tribes fighting for the mastery upon the mountains and in the ravines before the advent of the white man; flotillas of vessels bearing armies for northern campaigns during the French and Indian wars, sweeping around the magnificent curves of the river, while the voices of men and the resounding drum awoke the echoes of the hills; he might see the camp fires of Continental soldiers engaged here and there in building fortifications, or spanning the river with a great chain, or watching the mountain passes, and the growth, upon a plain at his feet, of a grand military school from which have gone out soldiers and engineers to conquer armies and rugged nature, and astonish the nations by their prowess and skill; he might see the commerce of an empire expanding, in the space of a few decades of years, from trade with a few Indian trappers, to the mighty bulk which now floats hourly upon the waters, or is hurried with the speed of a gale along the railway from field to mart. Glancing his eye, as he awakes from his reverie, to the mouth of a broad hollow, scooped from the hills, he would see the smoke of furnaces and forges at Cold Spring, where the great Parrott guns of our army and navy have been wrought for many years. Such are the heads of some of the chapters in the romance of the Hudson unfolded among these everlasting hills.

At the verge of the Buttermilk Falls is a modest house, with its back against the overhanging precipice. There, more than twenty years ago, the writer found an old waterman, who ferried him across the river. He was eighty years of age, and well remembered sitting upon Washington's knee and admiring his silver buckles and big gilt buttons. He remembered, too, a romantic scene on the plain above that dazzled his eyes and made a lasting impression upon his memory. It was at a *fête*, given by Washington, in obedience to the command of Congress, in honor of the birth of an heir to the throne of the French monarch, who had been the active ally of the Americans in their struggle for independence. It took place on the last day of May, 1782. A beautiful arbor was made, more than two hundred feet in length and eighty in width, constructed of evergreen trees, which formed a colonnade of more than a hundred pillars. It was roofed with boughs and tent cloths. Branches curiously woven formed a sort of pediment, on which were displayed emblematic devices, the *fleur-de-lis* being prominent. Every column was encircled by muskets with bayonets; and the interior was decorated with festoons and garlands of evergreens, with devices significant of the alliance. Prominent among these also was the *fleur-de-lis*. Appropriate mottoes were scattered about the edifice.

At five o'clock in the afternoon more than five hundred ladies and gentlemen partook of a grand banquet in the arbor. These represented the *élite* of civil and military society in America. Early in the afternoon General Washington and his wife and suit, Governor George Clinton and his wife, Generals Knox and Hand with their wives, Egbert Benson, the Attorney-General of New York, Mrs. Margaret Livingston, of the Lower Manor, and Janet, the widow of General Montgomery, and a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the States of New York and New Jersey, had arrived in their barges. They were conducted through the grand arbor, situated on the gently rising ground in the rear of Fort Clinton, on which the West Point Hotel now stands. It was on the upper verge of the plain, with the magnificent



THE FÊTE OF MAY 31, 1782.

river and mountain scenery at the north in full view.

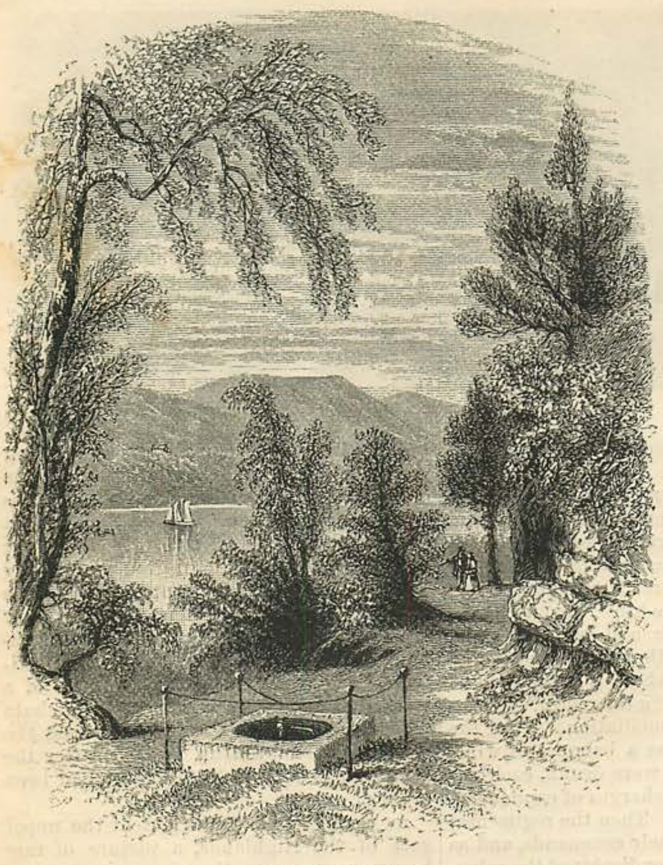
The Continental army was paraded on each side of the river. At the signal of three cannon discharges the regimental officers left their commands and repaired to the quarters of General M'Dougal. When the banquet was on the table, General Washington, with his wife and suit, left those quarters, followed by the invited guests, and went to the arbor, where a martial band played sweet airs during the repast, suggestive of peace and reconciliation. After the banquet of meat came a banquet of wine, when thirteen toasts were drunk, each followed by thirteen discharges of cannon, accompanied by music. Then the regimental officers returned to their commands, and as night came on the arbor displayed the splendors of a grand illumination by scores of candle-lights. At that moment cannon and musketry throughout the whole army gave a *feu de joie* which, like peals of thunder, awoke a thousand echoes among the grand old hills. This was followed by a consentaneous shout of the whole army—a wild huzza, with the benediction, "Long live the Dauphin!"

A ball in the arbor followed these noisy demonstrations without, in which the commander-in-chief heartily joined. "He attended the ball in the evening," wrote an eye-witness, "and with dignified and graceful air, having Mrs. Knox for his partner, carried down a dance of twenty couples in the arbor on the green grass." That partner was the wife of General Knox, the Boston bookseller—the "beautiful Lucy," as she was familiarly spoken of, the belle of the camp, and then about thirty years of age. The festivities ended toward midnight with a brilliant display of fire-works.

As the steamboat sweeps around the short curve in the river here, after leaving the government landing, you behold a white marble monument erected to the memory of more than a hundred United States soldiers who were massacred by the Indians in Florida many years ago. Near it may be seen a sheltered nook in the rocks at the brow of the cliff, which is known as "Kosciusko's Garden." There the eminent Polander constructed a pretty fountain; and there, it is said, he retired for reading and repose. His monument may be seen a little further on; and across the river at the turn, on Constitution Island, the crumbling walls of a part of old Fort Constitution may be seen. It is the relic of a work that guarded the immense iron chain which the Americans stretched across the river there, buoyed up by logs, after the obstructions at Fort Montgomery had been broken.

As the steamboat goes out at the upper gate of the Highlands, a picture of rare beauty opens upon the vision of the voyager. The great hills disappear on the right and left. The broad expanse of Newburgh Bay is before him, harmonizing in its aspect of repose with the rolling, cultivated country of Dutchess and Orange counties on each side of the river. Looking eastward, the eye wanders to the theatre of many of the exploits in the life of "Harvey Birch" (Enoch Crosby), the hero of Cooper's *Spy*. You may almost see the spire of the old Dutch church at Fishkill, wherein he was a manacled and willing prisoner, after a mock trial before the Committee of Safety. Around that old church cluster many historical romances of the valley of the Middle Hudson, of deepest interest. Near its ancient walls the fugitive Legislature of the State of New York met, after flying before British bayonets from the neutral ground in Westchester. There was the place of deposit for a large amount of stores for the northern army; there the New York Committee of Safety held their meetings; and by that old church passed the captive army of Burgoyne, British and Hessians, on their way to Virginia.

Nestled in a quiet spot on the western shore, a little below the city of Newburgh,



KOSCIUSKO'S FOUNTAIN.

is New Windsor, famous as the head-quarters of Washington for many months during the Revolution, and as the residence of a charming little maiden named Anna Brewster, a lineal descendant of Elder Brewster, of the *Mayflower*. Her height in womanhood was three feet, her form was perfect, her face beamed with intelligence and sweetness, and her mind was pure and active. She was loved and admired by every one; and she lived a charming maiden until she was seventy-five years of age. She possessed such dignity and self-respect that she declined an invitation from Mrs. Washington to visit her at head-quarters, because she improperly thought it was curiosity rather than respect that prompted the kind act.

As the steamboat approaches the wharf at Newburgh, the voyager beholds on the southern verge of the city a low broad-roofed house, built of stone, with a flag-staff near, and the grounds around garnished with cannon. That is the famous "Head-quarters of Washington" during one of the most interesting periods of the war and at its close. Then the camp was graced by the presence of Mrs. Washington a greater part of the time, and the cultivated wives of several of the officers; and until a comparatively few years ago the remains of the borders around the beds of a little garden which Mrs. Washington cultivated for amusement might have been seen in front of the mansion.

That building, now the property of the State of New York, is preserved in the form it bore when Washington left it. There is the famous room, with seven doors and one window, which the owner used for a parlor, and the commander-in-chief for a dining hall. In that apartment, at different times, a large portion of the chief officers of the Continental army, American and foreign, and many distinguished civilians, were entertained at Washington's table.

More than fifty years after the war a counterfeit of that room was produced in the French capital. A short time before Lafayette's death he was invited, with the American minister and several of his countrymen, to a banquet given by the old Count de Marbois, who was the secretary to the first French legation in this country during the Revolution. At the hour for the repast, the company were shown into a room which strangely contrasted in appearance with the splendors of the mansion they were in. It was a low boarded room, with large projecting beams overhead; a huge fire-place, with a broad-throated chimney; a single small uncurtained window, and numerous small doors, the whole having the appearance of a Dutch or Belgian kitchen. Upon a long rough table was spread a frugal repast, with wine in decanters and bottles and glasses and silver goblets, such as indicated the habits of other times. "Do you know where we now are?" Marbois asked the marquis and the American guests. They paused for a moment, when Lafayette exclaimed: "Ah! the seven doors and one window, and the silver camp goblets, such as the marshals of France used in my youth. We are at Washington's head-quarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!" So the story was told by Colonel Fish, father of our Secretary of State, who was one of the company. Close by the "Head-quarters" is a modest monument of brown freestone, beneath which rest the remains of Uzal Knapp, the last survivor of Washington's Life-Guard.

On the eastern side of the river, about two miles above Fishkill Landing, stands a mansion of similar form, a mile back from the shore, which has been for more than a century the country-seat of the Verplanck family. It was the head-quarters of the Baron de Steuben while the army lay back of Newburgh. There, a little while before that army was disbanded, the officers formed the notable association known as the *Society of the Cincinnati*, which still exists. It was suggested by General Knox, and approved by Washington. Its object was to perpetuate and cherish the mutual friendship of the officers of the Continental army, and to provide a fund for the aid of the indigent among them. Membership was made hereditary in the masculine line; that failing, it might be perpetuated in worthy collateral branches. State societies were formed for convenience, which were subordinate in a degree to the general society. Washington was the first president of that general society—an office now filled by Secretary Fish. This is the only institution in this country which bears the primogeniture feature of English society.

Not far above Newburgh is a low rocky peninsula known as the Dans-Kamer—Dance Chamber. On that spot, for a century after the discovery of the Hudson, the Indians held their *kinte-kayes*—fearful orgies, in which they danced and yelled around great fires on the eve of an expedition for war or the chase. They appeared more like fiends than human creatures, and the Dutch skippers called the place the Devil's Dance Chamber. There it was, according to the veracious Knickerbocker, that Peter Stuyvesant's crew were "most horribly frightened by roystering devils."

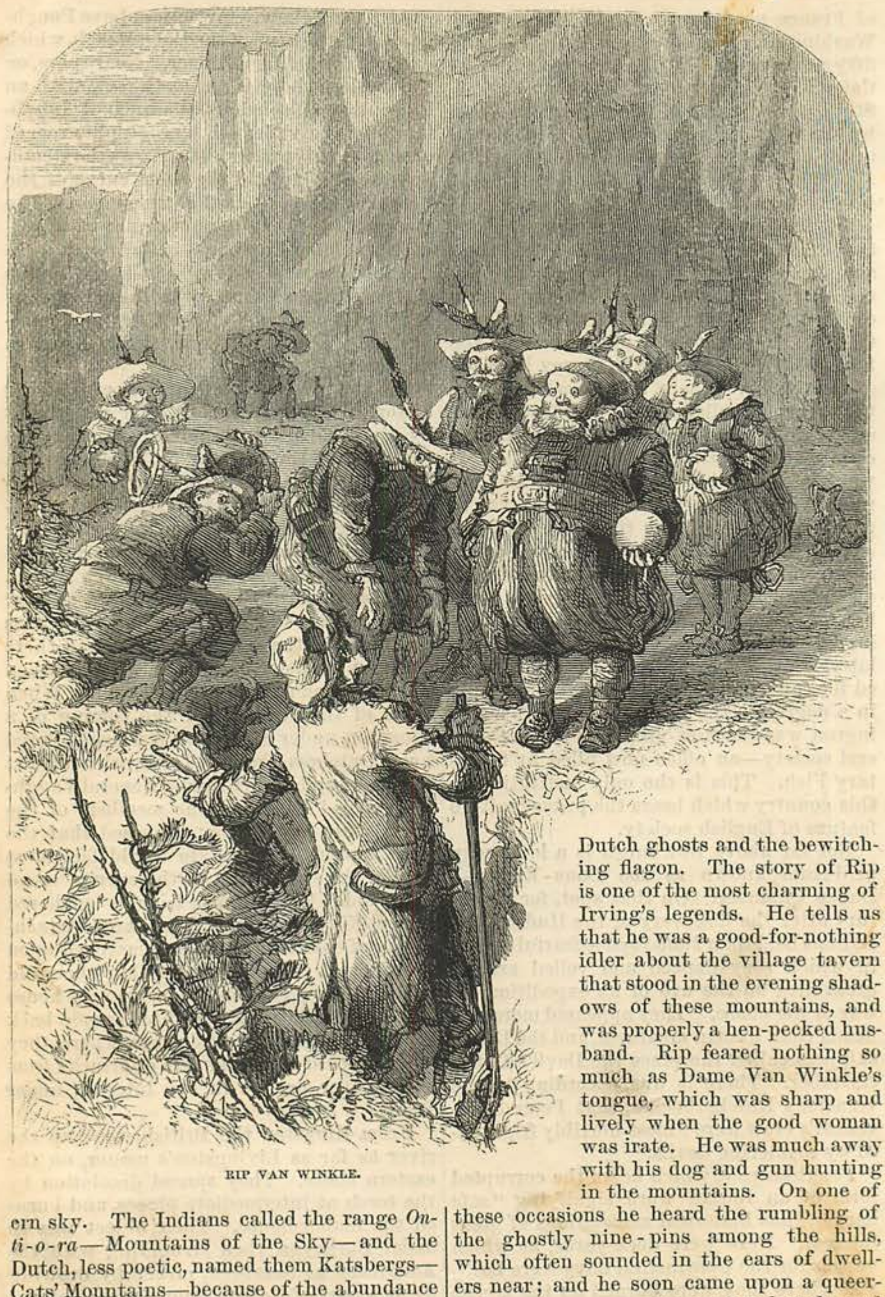
Poughkeepsie, which bears the corrupted form of an Indian word signifying "safe harbor," has historical associations of great interest. Here were dock-yards, at which vessels for the Continental navy were built, and where they were burned on the stocks to prevent their falling into the hands of the marauders. In the old court-house in that village the Legislature of the State of New York held its sessions after Kingston was burned in the autumn of 1777; and here was held the State Convention which ratified the national Constitution. The house in which Governor Clinton resided, and where several of Washington's letters were written, yet stands on Upper Main Street.

At Krom Elbow, a few miles above Poughkeepsie, is the head of the Long Reach, which extends to the Dans-Kamer. Near there, on the western shore, is a smooth rock, with an inscription chiseled by the ancient inhabitants of the valley—a hieroglyphic record of some event in their history. As the steamboat sweeps around the short curve of the "crooked elbow"—as the name means—the river widens into the appearance of a lake, with the lofty Katsbergs in full view. On the left there is a low light-house in the shallows, and beyond it is the village of Rondout, now a part of old Kingston or Esopus, on the Esopus Creek, two miles from the river.

That region was a theatre of stirring historical events from its first settlement by Europeans, two hundred years ago, to the close of the old war for independence. The Indians and the white intruders there contended for the mastery many years, until the pale-faces conquered, as usual, after seasons of bloodshed, terror, and distress. At Kingston the Convention sat which framed the first Constitution of the State of New York. There the new commonwealth was organized in the summer of 1777, and there the first Legislature was in session when Forts Clinton and Montgomery fell. When news of that event and the coming of a squadron under Sir James Wallace (piloted by a Dutchess County Tory), with almost four thousand soldiers under General Vaughan, reached Kingston, the members of the Legislature fled. They supposed that the then capital of the State would feel most cruelly the strong arm of the enemy. And so it did. The British frigates anchored above Kingston Point, and large detachments of soldiers landed and marched upon the doomed town of almost four thousand inhabitants. They laid nearly every house in ashes, driving the affrighted people back upon the Wallkill settlements, where they were exposed to the dangers of attacks from savage war parties in the interior, under Brant.

From Kingston the British went up the river as far as Livingston's manor, on the eastern shore. They spread desolation by the torch at intermediate places, and burned the manor-house. Their object was to assist Burgoyne, then struggling with the Americans at Saratoga, either by drawing away a part of Gates's army for the defense of the country below, or by actually joining the crippled British force above. The news of the surrender of Burgoyne, which reached them at the manor, quenched their hopes, and they fled to New York with all possible speed.

From a point a little north of Tivoli, on the river or on the land, may be obtained the most comprehensive views of the Katsbergs, lying bold and lofty against the west-



RIP VAN WINKLE.

ern sky. The Indians called the range *On-ti-o-ra*—Mountains of the Sky—and the Dutch, less poetic, named them Katsbergs—Cats' Mountains—because of the abundance of wild-cats found there. They are commonly called Catskill Mountains.

High up on the Katsbergs are the two famous summer resorts, the "Mountain House" and the "Overlook House," from both of which magnificent views of the country may be seen.

In a hollow near which the road passes up to the old Mountain House is the scene of Rip Van Winkle's encounter with the Dutch ghosts and the bewitching flagon. The story of Rip is one of the most charming of Irving's legends. He tells us that he was a good-for-nothing idler about the village tavern that stood in the evening shadows of these mountains, and was properly a hen-pecked husband. Rip feared nothing so much as Dame Van Winkle's tongue, which was sharp and lively when the good woman was irate. He was much away with his dog and gun hunting in the mountains. On one of these occasions he heard the rumbling of the ghostly nine-pins among the hills, which often sounded in the ears of dwellers near; and he soon came upon a queer-looking company, who were solemnly and silently engaged in that game. They were doubtless the ghosts of Hendrick Hudson and his crew in carnal form. He was introduced to them by a man who was bearing a keg of liquor on his shoulder. That liquor was poured into a flagon, out of which the ever-thirsty Rip drank freely, fell asleep, and did not awake until twenty years had passed away.

When Rip awoke, his first thought was of his wife's tongue. "Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!" he exclaimed. "What shall I say to Dame Van Winkle?" Alas! all had changed. His rusty gun-barrel, without a stock, lay by his side; his dog was gone; his beard was white and flowing, and his clothes were rags. What could it mean? As he wandered back to the village, he saw nothing that was familiar to him—men, politics, the tavern, all were changed. Every thing was a mystery to him, and he was a mystery to every body. At length some recognitions occurred, and the first real happiness that beamed in Rip's dim eyes was when he was assured that death had silenced Dame Van Winkle's tongue. His story of the mysterious nine-pin players was finally believed; and "even to this day," said the romancer, "the Dutch inhabitants never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Katskill but they say, Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins."

The story of the birth and growth of the city of Hudson is a notable romance. It was founded in 1780 by thirty families, chiefly Quakers from New England. At the end of three years from the time the farm on which the city stands was purchased, one hundred and fifty dwelling-houses, and wharves, storehouses, workshops, and out-buildings, were seen there, and a population of fifteen hundred souls, who possessed a city charter. The history of cities has no parallel to this.

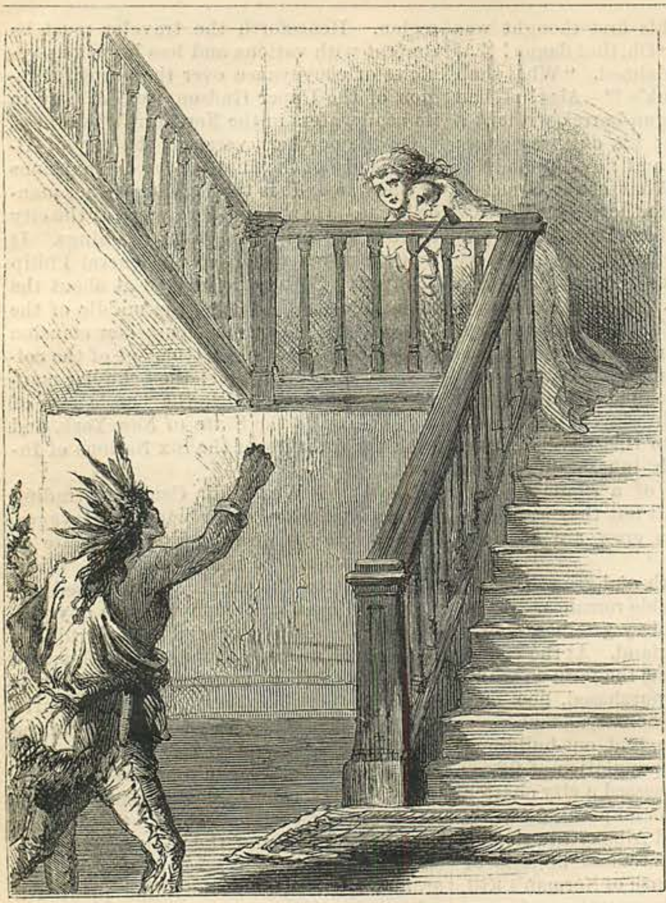
Between Hudson and Albany the river is dotted with islands, the most notable of which is one off the mouth of Norman's Kill, the Indian *Ta-wa-sen-tha*, or "place of many dead," that comes into the Hudson from the west a little below Albany. It was named by the Dutch Castle Island, from the circumstance that a stockade fort was built upon it as a protection to Dutch traders with the Indians. This was the first fort built by the Hollanders on the Hudson River, and there a large trade in furs and peltries was carried on with the Indians.

On the eastern shore, about four miles below Castle Island, is the village of Schodac, the name of which is derived from the Indian word *is-cho-da*, a "meadow," or "fire-plain." There in ancient times was the seat of the council fire of the Mohegans, and there, it is believed, Uncas, the eminent sachem and chief in Connecticut, sometimes presided over the great assembly. It is a beautiful region of country, and, like all the chosen seats of Indian society, attests their wisdom and taste in selection. From this point to Albany, where the ascending voyage of the *Half-Moon* was ended, the passage is soon made; and when the steamboat from New York reaches the wharf at the political capital of the State, it has traversed the length of the Lower and Middle Hudson region. Henceforth the traveler must be content with various and less luxurious vehicles of conveyance over the beautiful region of the Upper Hudson, from Albany to its head waters in the Northern Wilderness.

On the northern verge of the city of Albany is one of the finest of the old mansions of the State. It is the Van Rensselaer manor-house. On the southern verge of the city there is another of the finer dwellings. It was the town residence of General Philip Schuyler. Both were erected at about the same time—a little past the middle of the last century. The Van Rensselaer mansion is associated with the settlement of the colony of New Netherland; the Schuyler mansion is associated with the heroic age of that colony as the State of New York, and with the fortunes of the Six Nations of Indians.

The Dutch West India Company, trading along the Hudson River with the savages, built a small military work on the site of Albany, and named it Fort Orange. Wishing to colonize the country, they offered certain privileges and exemptions to any person who should lead or send a colony to New Netherland, and within four years afterward should have there at least fifty permanent residents over fifteen years of age, one-fourth of whom should be located there within the first year. Killian Van Rensselaer, a pearl merchant of Amsterdam and one of the directors of the company, undertook a settlement on these terms. With three other persons he bought of the Indians over seven hundred thousand acres of land on and around the site of Albany, and planted a colony near Fort Orange. He received the title of *patroon*, or patron, and was invested with its privileges. A reed-covered mansion was built near the site of the later manor-house, in which for more than a hundred years the patroons or their agents entertained the best society of the Province, and received delegations from the dusky monarchs of the forest. So great were the delegated powers and privileges of the patroon that he defied the local authorities, and there was a grand quarrel between his agent and Governor Stuyvesant. When the English took possession of the Province, these privileges ceased, but the patroon enjoyed his title and rights under the law of primogeniture until 1840. The last patroon was General Stephen Van Rensselaer, a son-in-law of General Schuyler.

The Schuyler family were conspicuous as friends of the Indians from the earliest period of their residence in this country, and through several generations they were popular with the red men. They held peculiar relations with the Iroquois confederacy under government appointment, controlling in a great degree the political action of the Six Nations until Sir William Johnson obtained



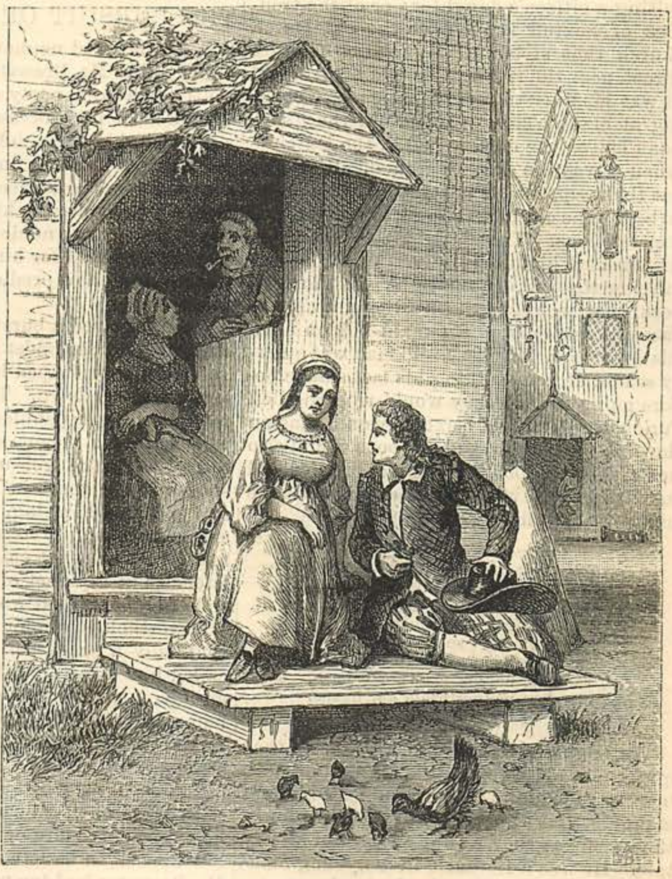
RESCUE OF SCHUYLER'S CHILD.

his ascendency over them. For many years General Schuyler was at the head of the Indian commissions for the transaction of government business with them, and his house was a place of frequent resort of the chiefs and sachems of the confederacy. During the Revolution his personal influence, wisdom, skill, and watchfulness enabled him to hold a large portion of these savages in a position of neutrality, and so secured the State from any disastrous invasions, and the cause from ruin.

The spacious Schuyler mansion is at the head of Schuyler Street. It was seldom without guests when the family were there. The most distinguished citizens of America and travelers from abroad found a generous welcome there during the forty years that Schuyler and his wife dispensed princely hospitality under its roof.

The Schuyler mansion was the theatre of a romance in the summer of 1781. General Schuyler was not then in active military service, but, at his house at Albany or at Saratoga, he was the vigilant eye of the Northern Department. His person as a prisoner was coveted as a capital prize by his Tory neighbors. Walter Meyer, a Tory colleague of the famous Joe Beltys, was employed to execute a scheme for the seizure and abduction of the general. With a party of his associates, Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods near Albany for many days, and ascertained the exact situation of affairs at Schuyler's house from a Dutchman whom he had seized at his work. He learned that a guard of six men were there for the protection of Schuyler's person, three of them alternately on duty continually. The Dutchman was compelled to take an oath of secrecy. He did so with a mental reservation, and as soon as he was released, he hastened to Schuyler and warned him of his peril.

As the twilight of a sultry day in August was yielding to the night, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the great hall of the mansion; the servants were about the premises; three of the guard were asleep in the basement, and the other three were lying on the grass in front of the mansion. A servant announced that a person at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was understood. The doors and windows of the mansion were immediately closed and barred, the family were gathered in an upper room, and the general ran to his bedroom for his arms. Looking out of a window, he saw the house surrounded by armed men. To alarm the town, half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from his window. At the same moment the intruders burst open the front-door. At that instant Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion she had left her infant in a cradle in the hall below. She was about to rush down the stairs after it, when the general interposed and prevented her. Her third daughter, Margaret (who was afterward the wife of the last patroon), instantly



ALBANY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

flew down the great stairway, snatched the sleeping babe from the cradle, and bore it up to its mother. One of the Indians hurled a sharp tomahawk at her. Its keen blade just grazed the infant's head, and was buried in the railing of the stair. Meyer, supposing her to be a servant, called to her, as she flew up the stairs, "Where's your master?" With quick thought she exclaimed, as she reached the verge of the upper hall, "Gone to alarm the town!" Her father heard her, and with as quick thought threw up a window and called out, as to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house, and secure the villains!" The alarmed marauders, who were plundering the general's dining-room of the plate, fled in haste, carrying away some of the booty. That infant was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran, General Schuyler's youngest child, who died at Oswego in the summer of 1857.

In that mansion General Schuyler, the father of the canal system of the State of New York, worked out his plans, and revealed to his guests his knowledge and his hopes concerning the feasibility of inland lock navigation. Joel Barlow, who visited him, prophesied as follows, in his "Vision of Columbus," published thirty years before the work on the great Erie Canal was begun:

"He saw as widely spreads th' unchannel'd plain,
Where inland realms for ages bloom'd in vain,
Canals, long winding, ope a wat'ry flight,
And distant streams and seas and lakes unite.

"From fair Albania toward the setting sun,
Back through the midland lengthening channels run;
Meet the fair lakes, their beauteous towns that lave,
And Hudson join'd to broad Ohio's wave."

That prophecy was fulfilled when canal-boats from Lake Erie came to Albany, and formed a part of the grand nuptial procession already mentioned in honor of the wedding of the lakes with the Hudson and the sea. That procession was ended at Sandy Hook, where Governor Clinton poured a keg of the water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic—a ceremony more significant of the true greatness of a state than that of the Doge of Venice who cast his ring into the waters, and so symbolically wedded the Adriatic. That canal, which enters the Hudson at Albany, may now bear to the bosom of the river 4,000,000 tons of the products of the West annually; when enlarged to the width of seventy feet, it may bear 24,000,000 tons.

We might linger long in recounting the romances of this old Dutch-founded city. We might tell strange stories of the primitive society, where, on the benches at the front-doors, were seen nearly the whole population in the evening, the old men smoking, the old women knitting, and the young people chatting loudly upon current topics or softly on love-making. We might tell of military events at Fort Frederick, that stood in the middle of State Street, on the hill, where General Charles Lee (then a captain) whipped one of Abercrombie's aids for insulting a citizen's daughter; or of the troubles of Sexton Brower, of the old Dutch church that stood in the middle of State Street, near the river. Poor old bell-ringer! It was his duty to pull its rope every evening at eight o'clock, to ring out the "suppaan bell"—the curfew bell of the Dutch—when it was the duty of all good citizens to eat their *suppaan*, or hasty-pudding, and go to bed. The old bell-ringer was faithful and superstitious. The "horrid boys" of those days teased him dreadfully. While he was ringing the bell, by the light of a dim lantern, they would steal into the church, unfasten a side door, and remain hidden until his departure. When the old man was quietly seated at home, taking his last smoke before going to bed, they would ring the bell furiously. The old sexton would hasten down to the church, and the boys would slip out of the side door, leaving him puzzled and half frightened with the idea that invisible hands were pulling at his rope—those

> "people—ah, the people—
> They that dwell up in the steeple,
> All alone;
> And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
> In that muffled monotone,
> Feel a glory in so rolling
> On the human heart a stone:
> They are neither man nor woman,
> They are neither brute nor human—
> They are ghouls."

We might tell of the adventures of that queer old bachelor, Balthazar Lydius, tall, bullet-headed, and so ugly in features and manners that the boys would shun him in the streets as they would an ogre of a fairy tale. He was a Lothario in his young manhood. Jilted at Greenbush, he became a misanthrope. He loved his pipe and apple-jack better than human kind. He lived in a fine house, with mahogany partitions, the beams carved into pictures of vines and fruit, and a dresser that glittered with pewter plates so long as his mother lived, whom he loved tenderly. When she died, his locks were thin and white. He had no one to sew on his buttons, and so, to show his contempt for womenkind, he bought a squaw for a pint of gin, and lived with her as his wife the remainder of his life.

Not far up the street from Balthazar's dwelling was the grand "Van der Heyden Palace," where sumptuous hospitality was dispensed. The owner figures in Irving's charming story of Dolph Heyliger in *Bracebridge Hall*, and the iron vane from his double-fronted mansion now swings over the pinnacle of the cottage at Sunnyside.

But we must here bring to a close our record of romance. The valley of the Hudson above Albany is associated with stirring events in our Revolutionary history. These, however, would not have full justice done them within the limit which we have assigned to ourselves in these pages.

THE PURSUIT OF A HERITAGE.

"MY beloved nephew," said the Honorable Mr. Brewster, one morning recently, to a large party of guests assembled upon a memorable occasion, "has developed a talent in his profession as rare as it is commendable, a patience and originality in research, an independence and reticence in action, which evince the highest capability for the pursuit of our noble calling. I have always entertained for him the warmest aspirations, and I now predict for him a brilliant future!"

Then followed a burst of applause and acclamation, in the midst of which the honorable gentleman wiped his gold-ribbed spectacles and sat down. There may have been tears upon those pebbles; probably the eminent barrister meant every word that he said. When he got upon his legs in response to the toast in his nephew's honor, and cast that beaming, refulgent look to his side of the table, he considered him probably at that moment not only the light of his existence, but a planet of no ordinary magnitude to a benighted world.

Nevertheless, candor compels me to state that only a short period previous he had called him a disreputable young scoundrel, an idle, unprincipled dog, a disgrace to his name, and a blight to his profession.

And he had not had recourse to these strong expressions to relieve a momentary outburst of wrath, but Tom was assailed with them upon all the occasions in which he was unfortunate or stupid enough to allow himself to be left alone with his uncle. Mr. Brewster had too much respect for himself and the tie between them to descend to this abuse in the presence of others; he then maintained a cold and severe silence, eying Tom with the malignity of a basilisk, and asking him if he'd have a bit of mutton in the same tone he desired of a hardened culprit the reason why he should not be hanged.

The fact was, the uncle and nephew didn't get on together. The qualities that had descended in a direct line from the remote branches of a respectable genealogical tree were altogether wanting in Tom's composition. The mantle of dignity, eloquence, research, etc., had not fallen gracefully upon his shoulders, but was rather given to lopping aside, and not long since had been nearly trampled under his feet.

It was not Tom's fault that the women-folks had been out late at a festivity the night before, had come down to the morning meal in a rather chaotic state, had sipped their chocolate, dallied with their steak, and gone back comfortably to bed. Mr. Brewster insisted that his household should arise at a certain hour, and assemble together at breakfast. His feminines, who had inherit-