

est features relax under the caresses of youth and beauty. On this warm still day of early summer, when over the city of Boston the wildest storm of war was breaking, the spirit of peace seemed supreme even in that rugged gorge into which the Hudson passes from Newburgh Bay, and a luminous haze softened every sharp outline. The eastern shore was aglow with the afternoon sun, like a glad face radiant with smiles. The western bank with its deepening shadows was like a happy face passing from thought into revery, which, if not sad, is at least tinged with melancholy.

From most points of observation there were no evidences of other life than that distinctively belonging to the wilderness. If the pressure of population has brought so few inhabitants in our time, there was still less inducement then to settle where scarcely a foot-hold could be obtained among the crags. Therefore the region that is now filling up with those who prefer beautiful scenery to the richest lowlands, was one of the wildest solitudes on the continent, though amidst rapidly advancing civilization, north as well as south of the mountains.

While at that time the river was one of the chief highways of the people, the means of communication between the seaboard and a vast interior, so that the batteaux of voyagers and passing sails were common enough, still the precipitous shores offered slight inducement to land, and the skippers of the little craft were glad to pass hastily through this forbidding region of sudden flaws and violent tides, to the broad expanse of Tappan Zee, where the twinkle of