

Our area's natural beauty has always
been an *inspiration*,

from the *Native Americans*
expressing their appreciation and respect
in their spiritual life, to the many skilled
artists of our community today.

Here are a few who have passed before us,
and left their words and works for us to
pause and reflect on.

Head of "bird stone" artifact found near Warwick
Private collection



Henry William Herbert (1807-1858) "Frank Forester"

Was an English aristocrat who came here and pursued a writing career. He was an avid sportsman, and his many hunting stories made him famous in his time. He visited Warwick frequently, authoring "The Warwick Woodlands."

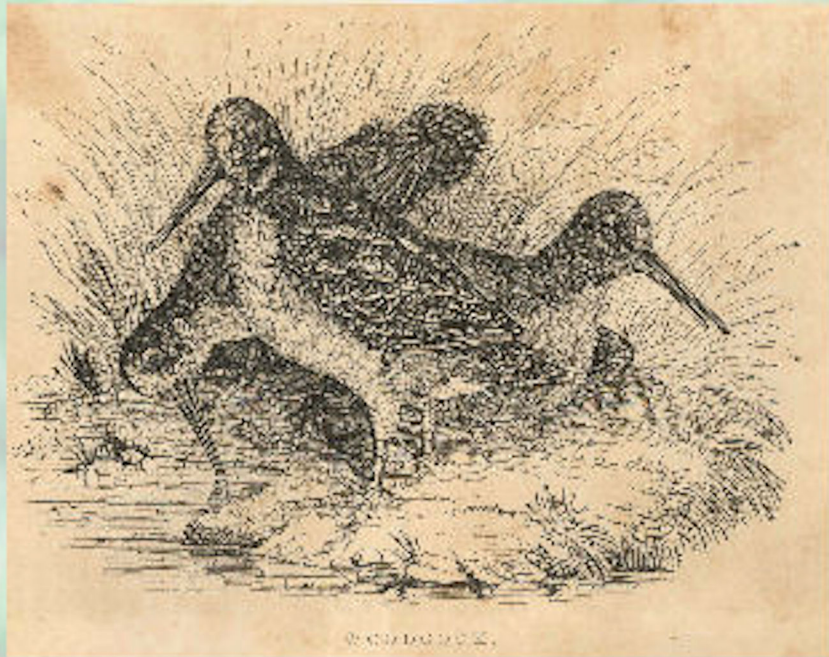
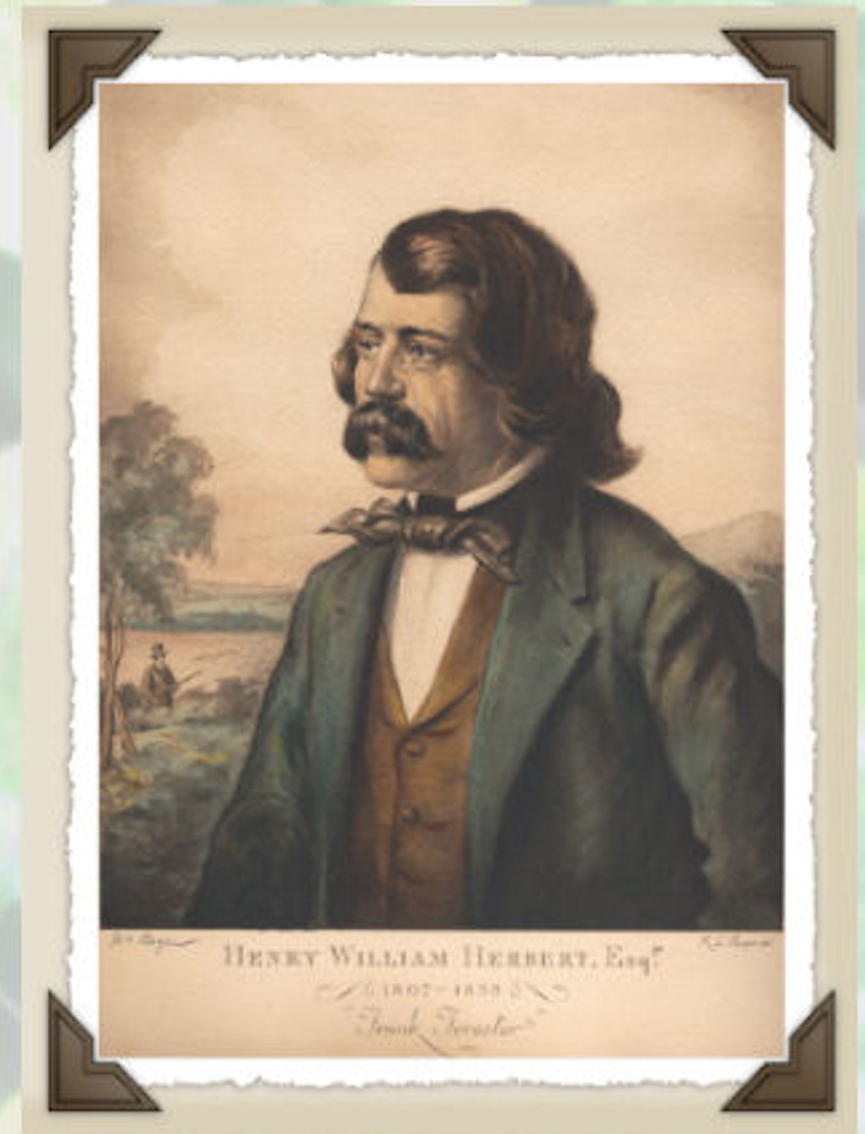


Illustration from
Warwick Woodlands,
by the author.

"The loveliness of the whole scene before me--the broad rich sweep of meadowland lying, all bathed in dew, under the pale gray light of an autumnal morning...the distant hills, veiled partially in mist, partially rearing their round leafy heads toward the brightening sky... the various changes of the landscape, as slowly the day broke behind the eastern hill; and all the various sounds of bird, and beast, and insect, which each succeeding variation of the morning served to call into life as if by magic."



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Joel Henry Crissey (1841-1919)

Lived most of his life on the farm that had been his grandparents', on Belcher Rd. He loved literature and nature, and became friends with the great naturalist, John Burroughs. Many of his poems published in the local papers were signed simply, "X".



Excerpt from "Little Round Pond"

*Deep in the Warwick Mountains,
Far from track of wheel or sledge,
Lies a little lakelet shadowed
By the cliffs around its edge.
And no more are seen the traces
Of the presence here of man
Than when the wolf pack prowled the mountain
And the beaver built his dam...
Here the tramping angler
May drop his leaded lure
Ten fathoms deep from the narrow beach
Along its western shore.*

Crissey (left) with Burroughs overlooking Greenwood Lake

Sadie Farley (1878 - ?)

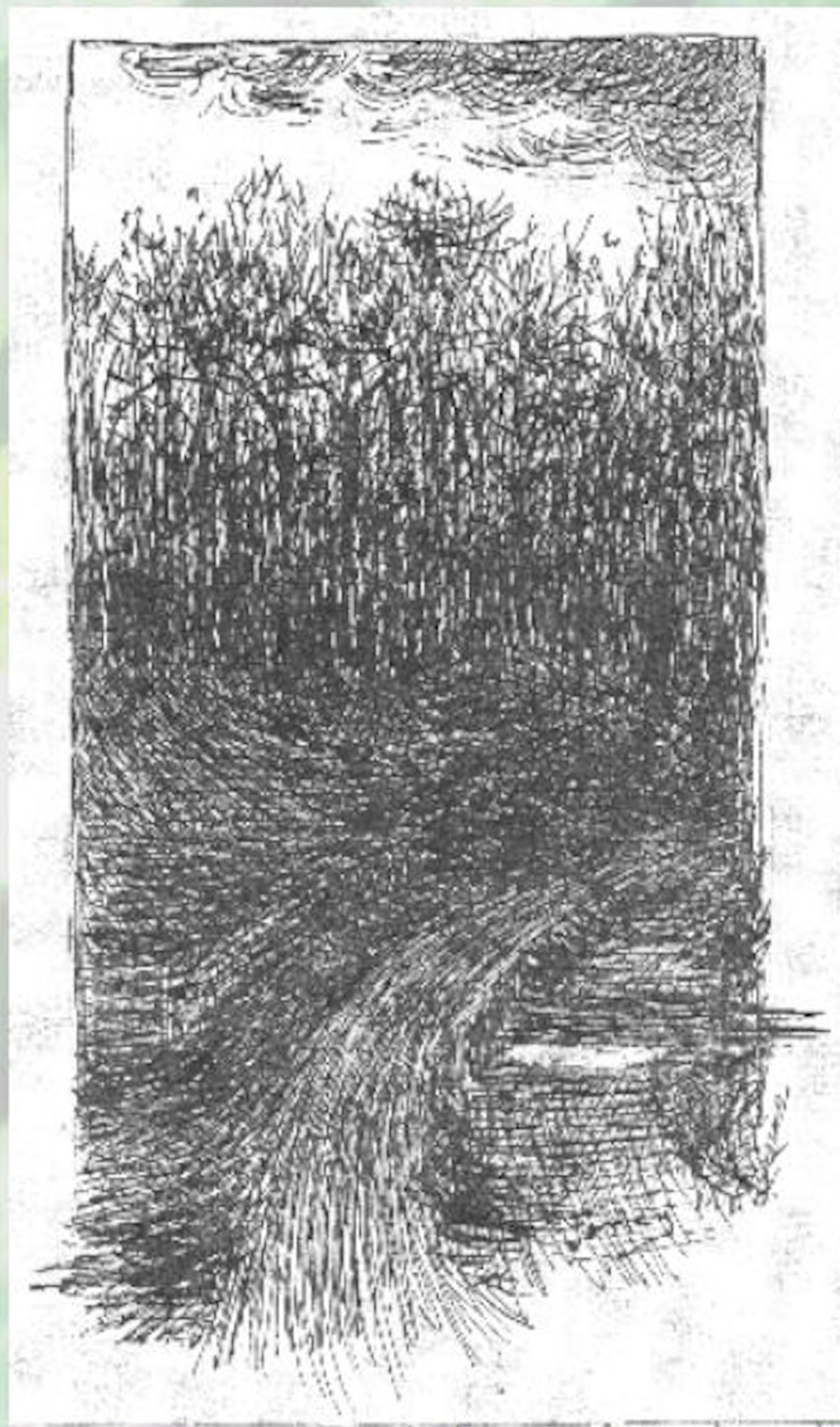
Kept a journal of her many hikes in the area with her family in the late 1890's. She was an artist as well, and included sketches.

*"I shut my eyes and see
Long woodland vistas- faint and tenderly
Lit with a cool, translucent green that shines*



Self portrait

*Down 'twixt the brawny oaks,
the twisted vines.
Amid the cathedral aisles
of silent pines
Perfumed by incense that
the sense divines
E'en as the solemn
whispering of the breeze
Seems something faint, intangible— the spirit of the trees."*



Martine's woods at the end of a stormy November day

Cecile Hulse Matschat (1895-1976)

Grew up in Bellvale, and was an avid wildflower illustrator and author. She wrote over a dozen books on plants and her travels, including *Suwannee River*, one of the prestigious "Rivers of America" series.

From the New York Times
02/28/1937



"...crawling through reeking, miasmic bogs... always hunting some rarer, more choice bloom..."

The Love Life of an Orchid, from Seven Grass Huts

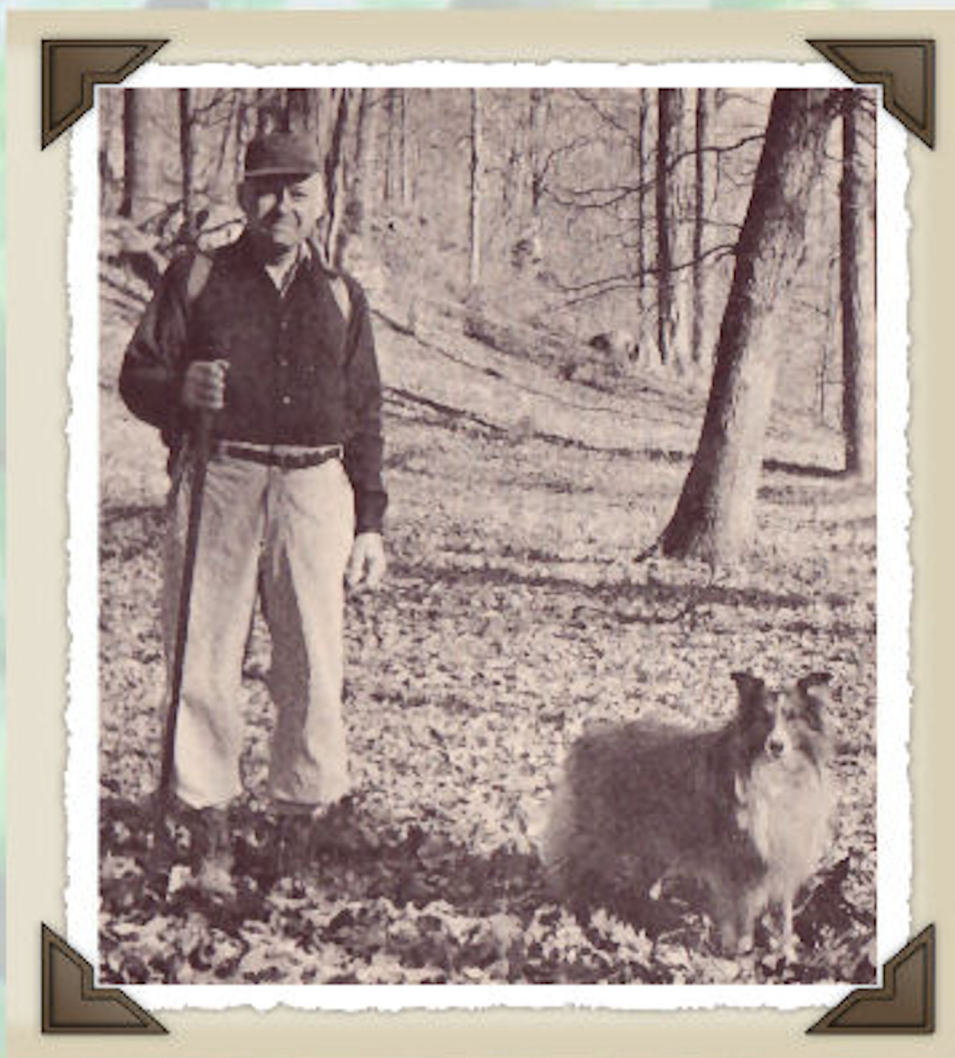
Cecile especially loved the wild orchids. She even invented wide flat 'bog shoes' so she could get closer to her subjects, as a child.



Pink Lady Slipper orchids can still be found here.

George Hansen (1900-1983)

Loved to hike and note the activities of his farming neighbors in his journals. Many of his observations were collected in *Trail Sketches from Honey Ranch*.



George with his dog Terry

Apple Blossom Time

"May time is always greeted with exuberant anticipation. The apple orchards turn white as if a magic snowstorm had passed over... We drove through the orchard to the highest scenic point... Orchards in the Valley were spotted by their whiteness: Winslow's, Parks', Vail's, Masker's, wide plantations slanting towards the mountain heights..."

Spring 1942

March faded into the dim past, ending as one might expect, with a riot of snow squalls and sharp wintry breezes. Now April is here..The grass is a delicate green and soon the flowers will be bursting forth in rapturous beauty. Oh, the joy of a tramp through the woods....