

The Land of



Sleepy Hollow

The
Land
of
Sleepy
Hollow



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James Yardley Riffin

James Mc Cormick

Christmas - 1889

from his brother

Will McCormick.

James Mc Cormick

Christmas - 1889 -

Mc McCormick

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THE LAND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

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September, 1887



"Through solemn wood-lands and fresh green meadows"

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THE LAND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

AND

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAVURE REPRESENTATIONS,
WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTER-PRESS
BY J. L. WILLIAMS

TOGETHER WITH IRVING'S "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. O. C. DARLEY

AND SELECTIONS FROM

"THE CHRONICLE OF WOLFERT'S ROOST"

LIMITED LETTER-PRESS EDITION

NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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1887

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THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

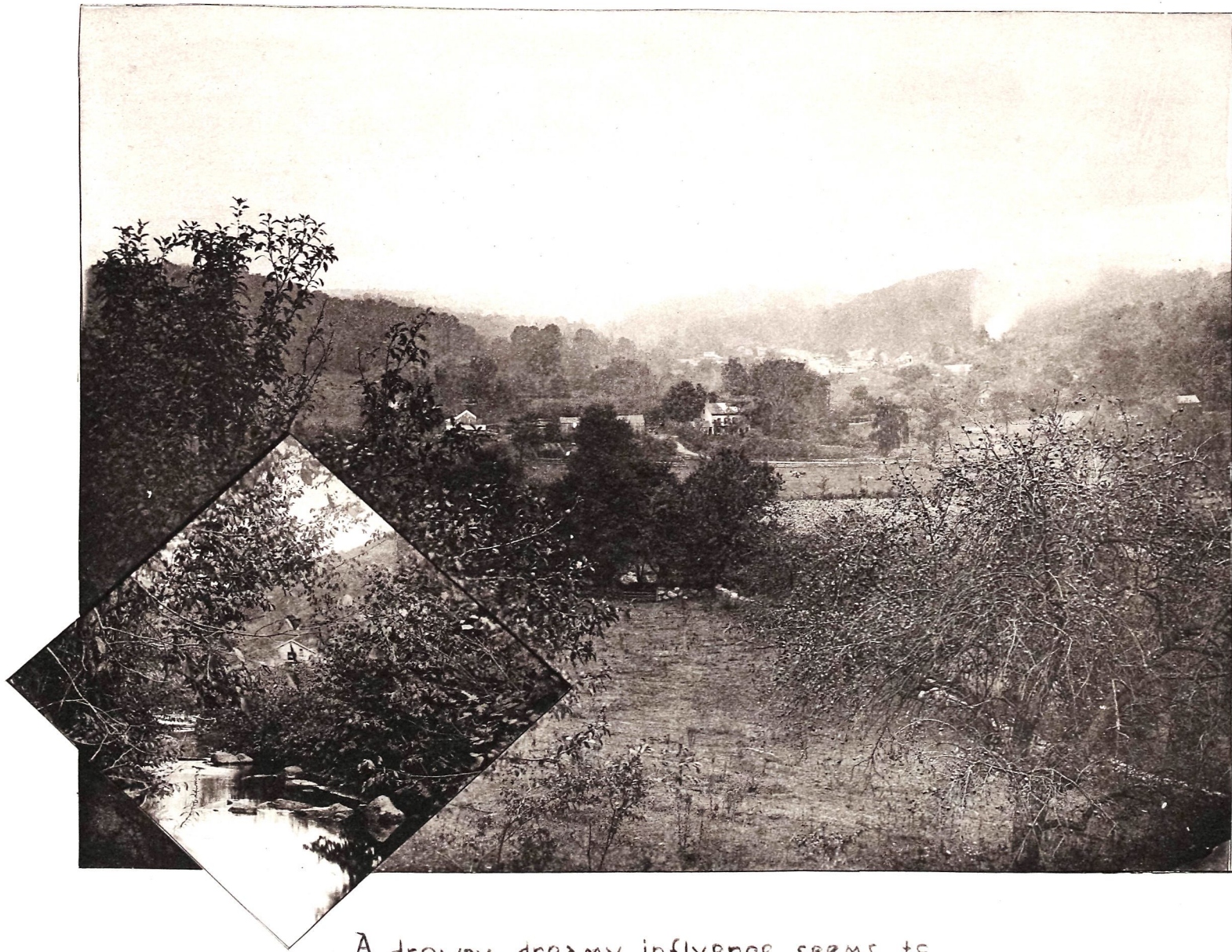
IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with

just murmur enough to lull one to repose ; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement ; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous 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, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region,



A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to
hang over the land and to pervade the
very atmosphere."

and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide-awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those

little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream ; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane ; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs ; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters ; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out ; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a



“ Or peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the path of learning.”

brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive ; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command ; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects ; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence ; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted, Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents ; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys ; and on holiday afternoons would convey some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda ; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses

of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time ; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms : helped to make hay ; mended the fences ; took the horses to water ; drove the cows from pasture ; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest ; and, like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers ; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation ; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the

female circle of a rural neighborhood ; being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays ! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees ; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones ; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond ; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house ; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

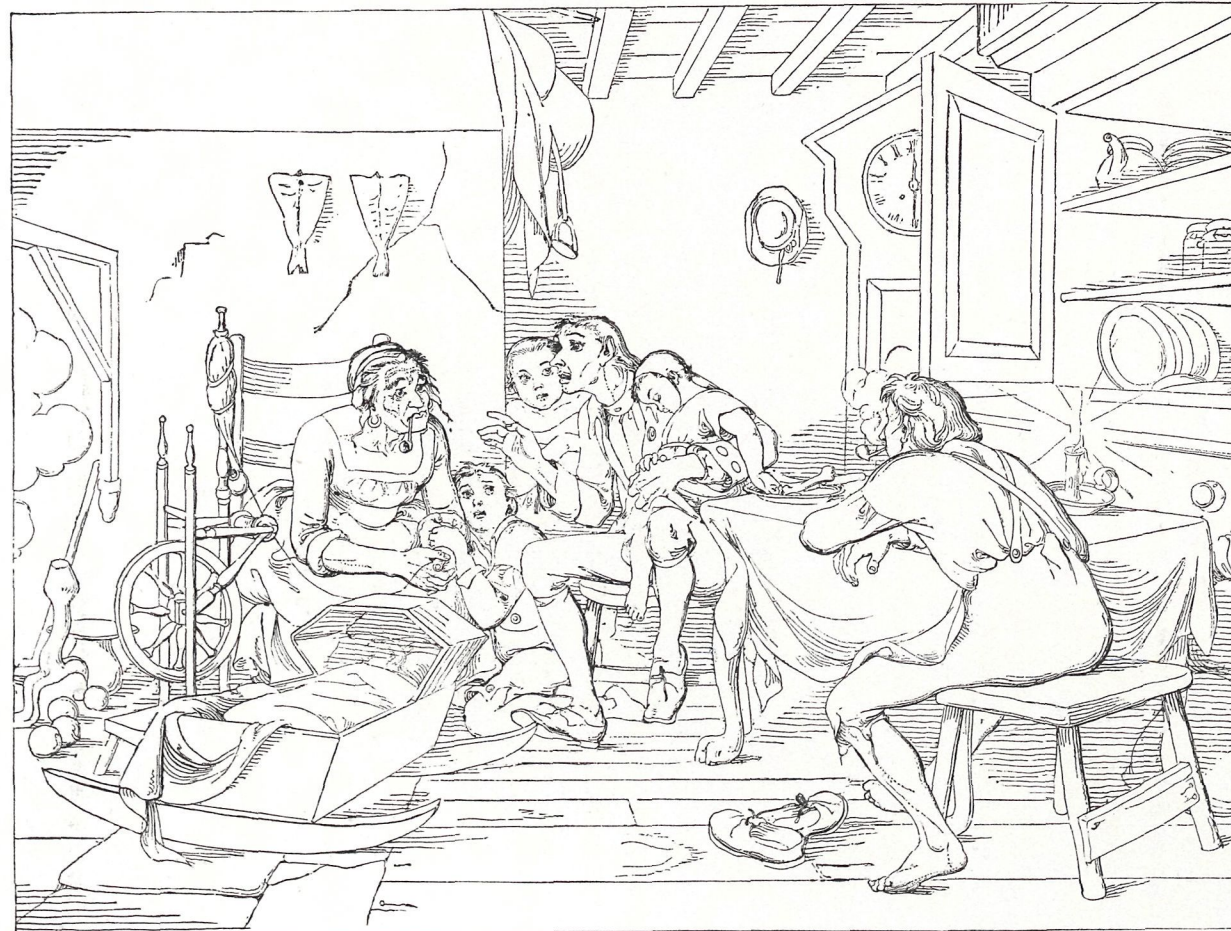
He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary ; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be

quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whippoorwill* from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from

* The whippoorwill is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.



“ He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds.”

the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had

brought over from Saardam ; the tempting stomacher of the olden time ; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex ; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes ; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm ; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it ; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it ; at the foot of which bubbled up a stream of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel ; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church ; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm ; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night ; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves ; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldly porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens ; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks ; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peev-



"In one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks
in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling."

ish, discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy, relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchard burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in the immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and the irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch-shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had any thing but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as

a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie ; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments ; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart ; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered, and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights ; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic ; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition ; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of wag-gish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail ; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-

houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks ; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim : “ Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang ! ” The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will ; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries ; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours ; insomuch that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel’s paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, “ sparking,” within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature ; he was in form and spirit like a supplejack—yielding, but tough ; though he bent, he never broke ; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk ! he was as erect, and carried his head as high, as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness, for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he had made frequent visits at the farm-house ; not that he had any thing to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-



“Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm.”

block in the paths of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul ; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in every thing. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry ; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight—that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown, but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones ; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former declined ; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and

simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat ; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him : he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own school-house” ; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system ; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains ; smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney ; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window-stakes, and turned every thing topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod’s to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power ; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers ; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master ; and a kind of buzzing stillness

reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best and indeed his only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived

almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of his saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and



"Bearing with honorable faith the bark that
trusted to its waves"

variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note ; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds ; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage ; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little montero cap of feathers ; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples ; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees ; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market ; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding ; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies ; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glossy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered

on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast ; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breaches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles ; their brisk withered little dames, in close-crimped caps, long-waisted shortgowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside ; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation ; the sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procur ean eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his famous steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bévy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white ; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives ! There was the

doughty dough-nut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling kruller; sweet-cakes and short-cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies and pumpkin-pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out-of-doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest-moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of

the head ; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle ; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes ; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous ? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings ; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war ; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle



“The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiled graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings.”



"The Glen at Raven Rock."

of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt ; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats ; but are trampled underfoot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood ; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region ; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of these stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been

heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over brush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church-bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.



"It stood on a green bank shaded by trees."

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the

lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered,—it was but a blast sweeping



“It was at this identical spot that the
unfortunate Andre was captured

sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree,—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety; but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the

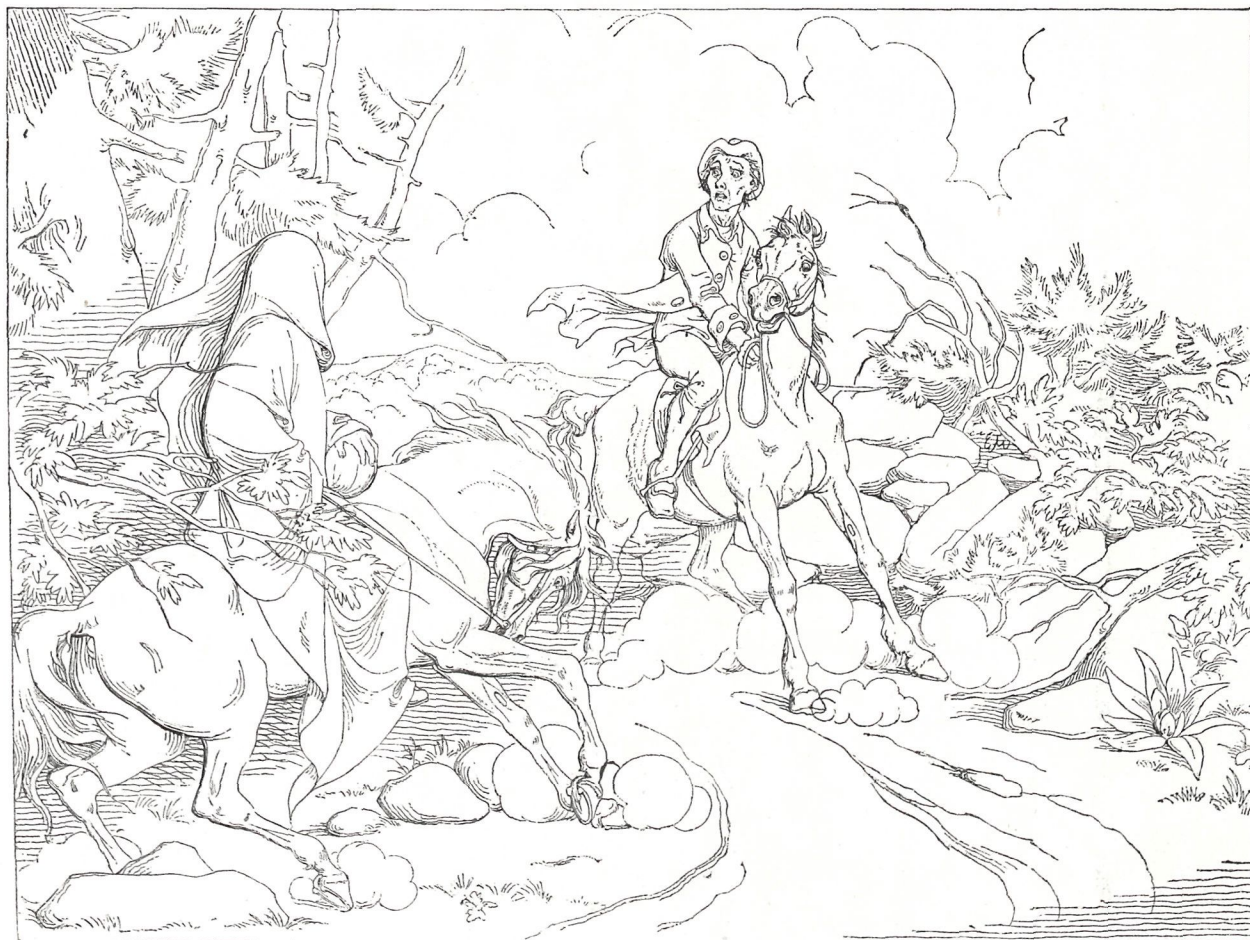
name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump ; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge ; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot : it was all in vain ; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done ? To turn and fly was now too late ; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind ? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering

accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for his strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind,—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip,—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound.



“ He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame.”



“‘ If I can but reach that bridge,’ thought Ichabod, ‘ I am safe.’”

Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow ; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase ; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain ; and had just time to save himself by clasp-
ing old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle ; but this was no time for petty fears ; the goblin was hard on his haunches ; and (unskilful rider that he was !) he had much ado to maintain his seat ; sometimes slipping on one side, and sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church-bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him ; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon

the bridge ; he thundered over the resounding planks ; he gained the opposite side ; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash,—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast ;—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook ; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt ; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply indented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on a bank of the broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half ; two stocks for the neck ; a pair or two of worsted stockings ; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes ; a rusty razor ; a book of psalm-tunes, full of dogs' ears ; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a "New England Almanac," and a book of dreams and fortune-telling ; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of

verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassell. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come from this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar; was observed to look exceeding knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the

mention of the pumpkin ; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means ; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter-evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue ; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.



POSTSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER.

THE preceding tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh, but on good grounds—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove.

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed, that the story was intended most logically to prove:—

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it.

“That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

“Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress, is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed, that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one half of it myself.”

D. K.



"A little old-fashioned, stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat"

WOLFERT'S ROOST.

CHRONICLE I.

ABOUT five-and-twenty miles from the ancient and renowned city of Manhattan, formerly called New Amsterdam, and vulgarly called New York, on the eastern bank of that expansion of the Hudson known among Dutch mariners of yore as the Tappan Zee, being in fact the great Mediterranean Sea of the New Netherlands, stands a little, old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact, to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escorial was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence. Though but of small dimensions, yet, like many small people, it is of mighty spirit, and values itself greatly on its antiquity, being one of the oldest edifices, for its size, in the whole country. It claims to be an ancient seat of empire,—I may rather say an empire in itself,—and like all empires, great and small, has had its grand historical epochs. In speaking of this doughty and valorous little pile, I shall call it by its usual appellation of “The Roost”; though that is a name given to it in modern days, since it became the abode of the white man.

Its origin, in truth, dates far back in that remote region commonly called the fabulous age, in which vulgar fact becomes mystified and tinted up with delectable fiction. The eastern shore of the Tappan Sea was inhabited in those days by an unsophisticated race, existing

in all the simplicity of nature ; that is to say, they lived by hunting and fishing, and recreated themselves occasionally with a little tomahawking and scalping. Each stream that flows down from the hills into the Hudson had its petty sachem, who ruled over a hand's-breadth of forest on either side, and had his seat of government at its mouth. The chieftain who ruled at the Roost was not merely a great warrior, but a medicine-man, or prophet, or conjurer, for they all mean the same thing in Indian parlance. Of his fighting propensities evidences still remain, in various arrow-heads of flint, and stone battle-axes, occasionally dug up about the Roost ; of his wizard powers we have a token in a spring which wells up at the foot of the bank, on the very margin of the river, which, it is said, was gifted by him with rejuvenating powers, something like the renowned Fountain of Youth in the Floridas, so anxiously but vainly sought after by the veteran Ponce de Leon. This story, however, is stoutly contradicted by an old Dutch matter-of-fact tradition, which declares that the spring in question was smuggled over from Holland in a churn, by Femmetie Van Blarcom, wife of Goosen Garret Van Blarcom, one of the first settlers, and that she took it up by night, unknown to her husband, from beside their farm-house near Rotterdam, being sure she should find no water equal to it in the new country ;—and she was right.

The wizard sachem had a great passion for discussing territorial questions, and settling boundary lines ; in other words, he had the spirit of annexation. This kept him in continual feud with the neighboring sachems, each of whom stood up stoutly for his hand-breadth of territory ; so that there is not a petty stream or rugged hill in the neighborhood that has not been the subject of long talks and hard battles. The sachem, however, as has been observed, was a medicine-man as well as warrior, and vindicated his claims by arts as well as arms ; so that by dint of a little hard fighting here, and hocus-pocus (or diplomacy) there, he managed to extend his boundary line from field to field and stream to stream, until it brought him into col-

lision with the powerful sachem of Sing-Sing.* Many were the sharp conflicts between these rival chieftains for the sovereignty of a winding valley, a favorite hunting-ground watered by a beautiful stream called the Pocantico. Many were the ambuscades, surprisals, and deadly onslaughts that took place among its fastnesses, of which it grieves me much that I cannot pursue the details for the gratification of those gentle but bloody-minded readers of both sexes, who delight in the romance of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Suffice it to say, that the wizard chieftain was at length victorious, though his victory is attributed, in Indian tradition, to a great medicine or charm, by which he laid the sachem of Sing-Sing and his warriors asleep among the rocks and recesses of the valley, where they remain asleep to the present day, with their bows and war-clubs beside them. This was the origin of that potent and drowsy spell, which still prevails over the valley of the Pocantico, and which has gained it the well-merited appellation of Sleepy Hollow. Often, in secluded and quiet parts of that valley, where the stream is overhung by dark woods and rocks, the ploughman, on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hill-sides in reply; being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again.

The conquest of the Pocantico was the last triumph of the wizard sachem. Notwithstanding all his medicines and charms he fell in battle in attempting to extend his boundary line to the east, so as to take in the little wild valley of the Sprain; and his grave is still shown near the banks of that pastoral stream. He left, however, a great empire to his successors, extending along the Tappan Sea from Yonkers quite to Sleepy Hollow, and known in all records and maps by the Indian name of Wicquaes-Keck.

The wizard sachem was succeeded by a line of chiefs of whom

* A corruption of the old Indian name, O-sin-sing. Some have rendered it, O-sin-song, or O-sing-song, in token of its being a great market-town, where any thing can be had for a mere song. Its present melodious alteration to Sing-Sing is said to have been made in compliment to a Yankee singing-master who taught the inhabitants the art of singing through the nose.

nothing remarkable remains on record. One of them was the very individual on whom master Hendrick Hudson and his mate Robert Juet made that sage experiment gravely recorded by the latter, in the narrative of the discovery.

“Our master and his mate determined to try some of the cheefe men of the country, whether they had any treacherie in them. So they took them down into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vitæ, that they were all very merrie ; one of them had his wife with him, which sate so modestly as any of our countrywomen would do in a strange place. In the end, one of them was drunke ; and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it.”*

How far master Hendrick Hudson and his worthy mate carried their experiment with the sachem's wife, is not recorded ; neither does the curious Robert Juet make any mention of the after consequences of this grand moral test ; tradition, however, affirms that the sachem, on landing, gave his modest spouse a hearty rib-roasting, according to the connubial discipline of the aboriginals ; it further affirms that he remained a hard drinker to the day of his death, trading away all his lands, acre by acre, for aqua vitæ ; by which means the Roost and all its domains, from Yonkers to Sleepy Hollow, came, in the regular course of trade, and by right of purchase, into the possession of the Dutchmen.

The worthy government of the New Netherlands was not suffered to enjoy this grand acquisition unmolested. In the year 1654, the losel Yankees of Connecticut, those swapping, bargaining, squatting enemies of the Manhattoes, made a daring inroad into this neighborhood, and founded a colony called Westchester, or, as the ancient Dutch records term it, Vest Dorp, in the right of one Thomas Pell, who pretended to have purchased the whole surrounding country of the Indians, and stood ready to argue their claims before any tribunal of Christendom.

This happened during the chivalrous reign of Peter Stuyvesant,

* See Juet's Journal, "Purchas his Pilgrims."

and raised the ire of that gunpowder old hero. Without waiting to discuss claims and titles, he pounced at once upon the nest of nefarious squatters, carried off twenty-five of them in chains to the Manhattoes; nor did he stay his hand, nor give rest to his wooden leg, until he had driven the rest of the Yankees back into Connecticut, or obliged them to acknowledge allegiance to their High Mightinesses. In revenge, however, they introduced the plague of witchcraft into the province. This doleful malady broke out at Vest Dorp, and would have spread throughout the country had not the Dutch farmers nailed horse-shoes to the doors of their houses and barns, sure protections against witchcraft, many of which remain to the present day.

The seat of empire of the wizard sachem now came into the possession of Wolfert Acker, one of the privy councillors of Peter Stuyvesant. He was a worthy, but ill-starred man, whose aim through life had been to live in peace and quiet. For this he had emigrated from Holland, driven abroad by family feuds and wrangling neighbors. He had warred for quiet through the fidgety reign of William the Testy, and the fighting reign of Peter the Headstrong, sharing in every brawl and rib-roasting, in his eagerness to keep the peace and promote public tranquillity. It was his doom, in fact, to meet a head-wind at every turn, and be kept in a constant fume and fret by the perverseness of mankind. Had he served on a modern jury, he would have been sure to have eleven unreasonable men opposed to him.

At the time when the province of the New Netherlands was wrested from the domination of their High Mightinesses by the combined forces of Old and New England, Wolfert retired in high dudgeon to this fastness in the wilderness, with bitter determination to bury himself from the world, and live here for the rest of his days in peace and quiet. In token of that fixed purpose, he inscribed over his door (his teeth clenched at the time) his favorite Dutch motto, "Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet). The mansion was thence called Wolfert's

Rust (Wolfert's Rest), but by the uneducated, who did not understand Dutch, Wolfert's Roost; probably from its quaint cockloft look, and from its having a weathercock perched on every gable.

Wolfert's luck followed him into retirement. He had shut himself up from the world, but he had brought with him a wife, and it soon passed into a proverb throughout the neighborhood that the cock of the Roost was the most henpecked bird in the country. His house too was reputed to be harassed by Yankee witchcraft. When the weather was quiet everywhere else, the wind, it was said, would howl and whistle about the gables; witches and warlocks would whirl about upon the weathercocks, and scream down the chimneys; nay, it was even hinted that Wolfert's wife was in league with the enemy, and used to ride on a broomstick to a witches' Sabbath in Sleepy Hollow. This, however, was all mere scandal, founded perhaps on her occasionally flourishing a broomstick in the course of a curtain lecture, or raising a storm within doors, as termagant wives are apt to do, and against which sorcery horse-shoes are of no avail.

Wolfert Acker died and was buried, but found no quiet even in the grave; for if popular gossip be true, his ghost has occasionally been seen walking by moonlight among the old gray moss-grown trees of his apple orchard.

CHRONICLE II.

THE next period at which we find this venerable and eventful pile rising into importance, was during the dark and troublous time of the revolutionary war. It was the keep or stronghold of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman of the old stock of Van Tassels, who abound in Westchester County. The name, as originally written, was Van Texel, being derived from the Texel in Holland, which gave birth to that heroic line.

The Roost stood in the very heart of what at that time was called the debatable ground, lying between the British and American lines. The British held possession of the city and island of New York ; while the Americans drew up towards the Highlands, holding their head-quarters at Peekskill. The intervening country from Croton River to Spiting Devil Creek was the debatable ground in question, liable to be harried by friend and foe, like the Scottish borders of yore.

It is a rugged region, full of fastnesses. A line of rocky hills extends through it like a backbone sending out ribs on either side ; but these rude hills are for the most part richly wooded, and enclose little fresh pastoral valleys watered by the Neperan, the Pocantico,* and other beautiful streams, along which the Indians built their wigwams in the olden time.

In the fastnesses of these hills, and along these valleys, existed, in the time of which I am treating, and indeed exist to the present day, a race of hard-headed, stout-hearted yeomen, descendants of the primitive *Nederlanders*,—men obstinately attached to the soil, and neither to be fought nor bought out of their paternal acres. Most of them were strong Whigs throughout the war ; some, however, were Tories, or adherents to the old kingly rule, who considered the revolution a mere rebellion, soon to be put down by his majesty's forces. A number of these took refuge within the British lines, joined the military bands of refugees, and became pioneers or leaders to foraging parties sent out from New York to scour the country and sweep off supplies for the British army.

In a little while the debatable ground became infested by roving bands, claiming from either side, and all pretending to redress wrongs

* The Neperan, vulgarly called the Saw-Mill River, winds for many miles through a lovely valley, shrouded by groves, and dotted by Dutch farm-houses, and empties itself into the Hudson at the ancient Dorp of Yonkers. The Pocantico, rising among woody hills, winds in many a wizard maze through the sequestered haunts of Sleepy Hollow. We owe it to the indefatigable researches of Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, that those beautiful streams are rescued from modern commonplace, and reinvested with their ancient Indian names. The correctness of the venerable historian may be ascertained by reference to the records of the original Indian grants to the Herr Frederick Philipsen, preserved in the county clerk's office at White Plains.

and punish political offences ; but all prone, in the exercise of their high functions, to sack hen-roosts, drive off cattle, and lay farm-houses under contribution. Such was the origin of two great orders of border chivalry, the Skinners and the Cow Boys, famous in revolutionary story ; the former fought, or rather marauded, under the American, the latter under the British banner. In the zeal of service, both were apt to make blunders, and confound the property of friend and foe. Neither of them in the heat and hurry of a foray had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow, which they were driving off into captivity ; nor, when they wrung the neck of a rooster, did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George.

To check these enormities, a confederacy was formed among the yeomanry who had suffered from these maraudings. It was composed for the most part of farmers' sons, bold, hard-riding lads, well armed and well mounted, and undertook to clear the country round of Skinner and Cow Boy, and all other border vermin ; as the Holy Brotherhood in old times cleared Spain of the banditti which infested her highways.

Wolfert's Roost was one of the rallying places of this confederacy, and Jacob Van Tassel one of its members. He was eminently fitted for the service ; stout of frame, bold of heart, and like his predecessor, the warrior sachem of yore, delighting in daring enterprises. He had an Indian's sagacity in discovering when the enemy was on the maraud, and in hearing the distant tramp of cattle. It seemed as if he had a scout on every hill, and an ear as quick as that of Fine Ear in the fairy-tale.

The foraging parties of Tories and refugees had now to be secret and sudden in their forays into Westchester County ; to make a hasty maraud among the farms, sweep the cattle into a drove, and hurry down to the lines along the river road, or the valley of the Neperan. Before they were half-way down, Jacob Van Tassel, with the holy brotherhood of Tarrytown, Petticoat Lane, and Sleepy Hollow would

be clattering at their heels. And now there would be a general scamper for King's Bridge, the pass over Spiting Devil Creek, into the British lines. Sometimes the moss-troopers would be overtaken, and eased of part of their booty. Sometimes the whole cavalgada would urge its headlong course across the bridge with thundering tramp and dusty whirlwind. At such times their pursuers would rein up their steeds, survey that perilous pass with wary eye, and, wheeling about, indemnify themselves by foraging the refugee region of Morrisania.

While the debatable land was liable to be thus harried, the great Tappan Sea, along which it extends, was likewise domineered over by the foe. British ships of war were anchored here and there in the wide expanse of the river, mere floating castles to hold it in subjection. Stout galleys armed with eighteen pounders and navigated with sails and oars, cruised about like hawks, while row-boats made descents upon the land, and foraged the country along shore.

It was a sore grievance to the yeomanry along the Tappan Sea to behold that little Mediterranean ploughed by hostile prows, and the noble river of which they were so proud reduced to a state of thralldom. Councils of war were held by captains of market-boats and other rivercraft to devise ways and means of dislodging the enemy. Here and there on a point of land extending into the Tappan Sea, a mud work would be thrown up, and an old field-piece mounted, with which a knot of rustic artillerymen would fire away for a long summer's day at some frigate dozing at anchor far out of reach; and reliques of such works may still be seen overgrown with weeds and brambles, with peradventure the half-buried fragment of a cannon which may have burst.

Jacob Van Tassel was a prominent man in these belligerent operations; but he was prone, moreover, to carry on a petty warfare of his own for his individual recreation and refreshment. On a row of hooks above the fireplace of the Roost, reposed his great piece of ordnance—a duck, or rather goose-gun, of unparalleled longitude, with which it was said he could kill a wild goose half way across the

Tappan Sea. Indeed, there are as many wonders told of this renowned gun, as of the enchanted weapons of classic story. When the belligerent feeling was strong upon Jacob, he would take down his gun, sally forth alone, and prowl along shore, dodging behind rocks and trees, watching for hours together any ship or galley at anchor or becalmed, as a valorous mouser will watch a rat-hole. So sure as a boat approached the shore, bang went the great goose-gun, sending on board a shower of slugs and buck-shot; and away scuttled Jacob Van Tassel through some woody ravine. As the Roost stood in a lonely situation, and might be attacked, he guarded against surprise by making loop-holes in the stone walls, through which to fire upon an assailant. His wife was stout-hearted as himself, and could load as fast as he could fire; and his sister, Nochie Van Wurmer, a redoubtable widow, was a match, at he said, for the stoutest man in the country. Thus garrisoned, his little castle was fitted to stand a siege, and Jacob was the man to defend it to the last charge of powder.

In the process of time the Roost became one of the secret stations, or lurking-places, of the Water Guard. This was an aquatic corps in the pay of the government, organized to range the waters of the Hudson, and keep watch upon the movements of the enemy. It was composed of nautical men of the river, and hardy youngsters of the adjacent country, expert at pulling an oar or handling a musket. They were provided with whale-boats, long and sharp, shaped like canoes, and formed to lie lightly on the water, and be rowed with great rapidity. In these they would lurk out of sight by day, in nooks and bays, and behind points of land, keeping a sharp look-out upon the British ships, and giving intelligence to head-quarters of any extraordinary movement. At night they rowed about in pairs, pulling quietly along with muffled oars, under shadow of the land, or gliding like spectres about frigates and guard-ships to cut off any boat that might be sent to shore. In this way they were a source of constant uneasiness and alarm to the enemy.

The Roost, as has been observed, was one of their lurking-places ; having a cove in front where their whale-boats could be drawn up out of sight, and Jacob Van Tassel being a vigilant ally, ready to take a part in any " scout or scrummage " by land or water. At this little warrior nest the hard-riding lads from the hills would hold consultations with the chivalry of the river, and here were concerted divers of those daring enterprises which resounded from Spiting Devil Creek even unto Anthony's Nose. Here was concocted the midnight invasion of New York Island, and the conflagration of Delancy's Tory mansion, which makes such a blaze in revolutionary history. Nay, more, if the traditions of the Roost may be credited, here was meditated, by Jacob Van Tassel and his compeers, a nocturnal foray into New York itself, to surprise and carry off the British commanders, Howe and Clinton, and put a triumphant close to the war.

There is no knowing whether this notable scheme might not have been carried into effect, had not one of Jacob Van Tassel's egregious exploits along shore with his goose-gun, with which he thought himself a match for any thing, brought vengeance on his house.

It so happened that in the course of one of his solitary prowls he descried a British transport aground ; the stern swung toward shore within point-blank shot. The temptation was too great to be resisted. Bang ! went the great goose-gun, from the covert of the trees, shivering the cabin-windows and driving all hands forward. Bang ! bang ! the shots were repeated. The reports brought other of Jacob's fellow bush-fighters to the spot. Before the transport could bring a gun to bear, or land a boat to take revenge, she was soundly peppered, and the coast evacuated.

This was the last of Jacob's triumphs. He fared like some heroic spider that has unwittingly ensnared a hornet to the utter ruin of his web. It was not long after the above exploit that he fell into the hands of the enemy in the course of one of his forays, and was carried away prisoner to New York. The Roost itself, as a pestilent rebel nest, was marked out for signal punishment. The cock of the Roost

being captive, there was none to garrison it but his stout-hearted spouse, his redoubtable sister, Nochie Van Wurmer, and Dinah, a strapping negro wench. An armed vessel came to anchor in front ; a boat full of men pulled to shore. The garrison flew to arms ; that that is to say, to mops, broomsticks, shovels, tongs, and all kinds of domestic weapons,—for unluckily the great piece of ordnance, the goose-gun, was absent with its owner. Above all, a vigorous defence was made with that most potent of female weapons, the tongue. Never did invaded hen-roost make a more vociferous outcry. It was all in vain. The house was sacked and plundered, fire was set to each corner, and in a few moments its blaze shed a baleful light far over the Tappan Sea. The invaders then pounced upon the blooming Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost, and endeavored to bear her off to the boat. But here was the real tug of war. The mother, the aunt, and the strapping negro wench, all flew to the rescue. The struggle continued down to the very waters' edge, when a voice from the armed vessel at anchor ordered the spoilers to desist ; they relinquished their prize, jumped into their boats, and pulled off, and the heroine of the Roost escaped with a mere rumpling of her feathers.

As to the stout Jacob himself, he was detained a prisoner in New York for the greater part of the war ; in the meantime the Roost remained a melancholy ruin, its stone walls and brick chimneys alone standing, the resorts of bats and owls. Superstitious notions prevailed about it. None of the country people would venture alone at night down the rambling lane which led to it, overhung with trees, and crossed here and there by a wild wandering brook. The story went that one of the victims of Jacob Van Tassel's great goose-gun had been buried there in unconsecrated ground.

Even the Tappan Sea in front was said to be haunted. Often in the still twilight of a summer evening, when the sea would be as glass, and the opposite hills would throw their purple shadows half across it, a low sound would be heard as of the steady, vigorous pull of oars,



"A lonely, rambling, down-hill lane
overhung with trees."

though not a boat was to be descried. Some might have supposed that a boat was rowed along unseen under the deep shadows of the opposite shores ; but the ancient traditionists of the neighborhood knew better. Some said it was one of the whale-boats of the old Water Guard, sunk by the British ships during the war, but now permitted to haunt its old cruising-grounds ; but the prevalent opinion connected it with the awful fate of Rambout Van Dam, of graceless memory. He was a roistering Dutchman of Spiting Devil, who in times long past had navigated his boat alone one Saturday the whole length of the Tappan Sea, to attend a quilting frolic at Kakiat, on the western shore. Here he had danced and drunk until midnight, when he entered his boat to return home. He was warned that he was on the verge of Sunday morning ; but he pulled off nevertheless, swearing he would not land until he reached Spiting Devil, if it took him a month of Sundays. He was never seen afterwards ; but may be heard plying his oars, as above mentioned,—being the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Sea, doomed to ply between Kakiat and Spiting Devil until the day of judgment.

CHRONICLE III.

THE revolutionary war was over. The debatable ground had once more become a quiet agricultural region ; the border chivalry had turned their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and hung up their guns only to be taken down occasionally in a campaign against wild pigeons on the hills, or wild ducks upon the Hudson. Jacob Van Tassel, whilome carried captive to New York, a flagitious rebel, had come forth from captivity a “hero of seventy-six.” In a little while he sought the scenes of his former triumphs and mishaps, rebuilt the Roost, restored his goose-gun to the hooks over the fireplace, and reared once more on high the glittering weathercocks.

Years and years passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweetbrier crept up its walls ; the wren and the Phœbe-bird built under the eaves ; it gradually became almost hidden among trees, through which it looked forth, as with half-shut eyes, upon the Tappan Sea. The Indian spring, famous in the days of the wizard sachem, still welled up at the bottom of the green bank ; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself into the little cove where of yore the Water Guard harbored their whale-boats.

Such was the state of the Roost many years since, at the time when Diedrich Knickerbocker came into this neighborhood, in the course of his researches among the Dutch families for materials for his immortal history. The exterior of the eventful little pile seemed to him full of promise. The crow-step gables were of the primitive architecture of the province. The weathercocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New Netherlands. The one above the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden palace at Albany.

The interior of the mansion fulfilled its external promise. Here were records of old times ; documents of the Dutch dynasty, rescued from the profane hands of the English by Wolfert Acker when he retreated from New Amsterdam. Here he had treasured them up like buried gold, and here they had been miraculously preserved by St. Nicholas at the time of the conflagration of the Roost.

Here then did old Diedrich Knickerbocker take up his abode for a time, and set to work with antiquarian zeal to decipher these precious documents which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians, and it is the facts drawn from these sources which give his work the preference, in point of accuracy, over every other history.

It was during his sojourn in this eventful neighborhood that the historian is supposed to have picked up many of those legends which have since been given by him to the world, or found among his



"A wild brook came babbling down
a neighboring ravine."



"It is a venerable edifice, partly of stone and partly of brick,
the latter having been brought from Holland in the early
days of the province."

papers. Such was the legend connected with the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. The church itself was a monument of by-gone days. It had been built in the early times of the province. A tablet over the portal bore the names of its founders—Frederick Philipsen, a mighty man of yore, patroon of Yonkers, and his wife Katrina Van Courtlandt, of the Van Courtlandts of Croton, a powerful family connection,—with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek and the other on the Croton River.

Two weathercocks, with the initials of these illustrious personages, graced each end of the church, one perched over the belfry, the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weathercocks, each pointed a different way, and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine—emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy.

In the burying-ground adjacent to the church reposed the earliest fathers of a wide rural neighborhood. Here families were garnered together, side by side, in long platoons in this last gathering-place of kindred. With pious hand would Diedrich Knickerbocker turn down the weeds and brambles which had overgrown the tombstones to decipher inscriptions in Dutch and English of the names and virtues of succeeding generations of Van Tassels, Van Warts, and other historical worthies, with their portraitures faithfully carved, all bearing the family likeness to cherubs.

The congregation in those days was of a truly rural character. City fashions had not as yet stole up to Sleepy Hollow. Dutch sun-bonnets and honest homespun still prevailed. Every thing was in primitive style, even to the bucket of water and tin cup near the door in summer, to assuage the thirst caused by the heat of the weather or the drought of the sermon.

The pulpit, with its widespreading sounding-board, and the communion-table, curiously carved, had each come from Holland in the olden time, before the arts had sufficiently advanced in the colony for such achievements. Around these on Sundays would be gath-

ered the elders of the church, gray-headed men, who led the psalmody, and in whom it would be difficult to recognize the hard-riding lads of yore, who scoured the debatable land in the time of the Revolution.

The drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow was apt to breathe into this sacred edifice ; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominie ; but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locust from the neighboring trees.

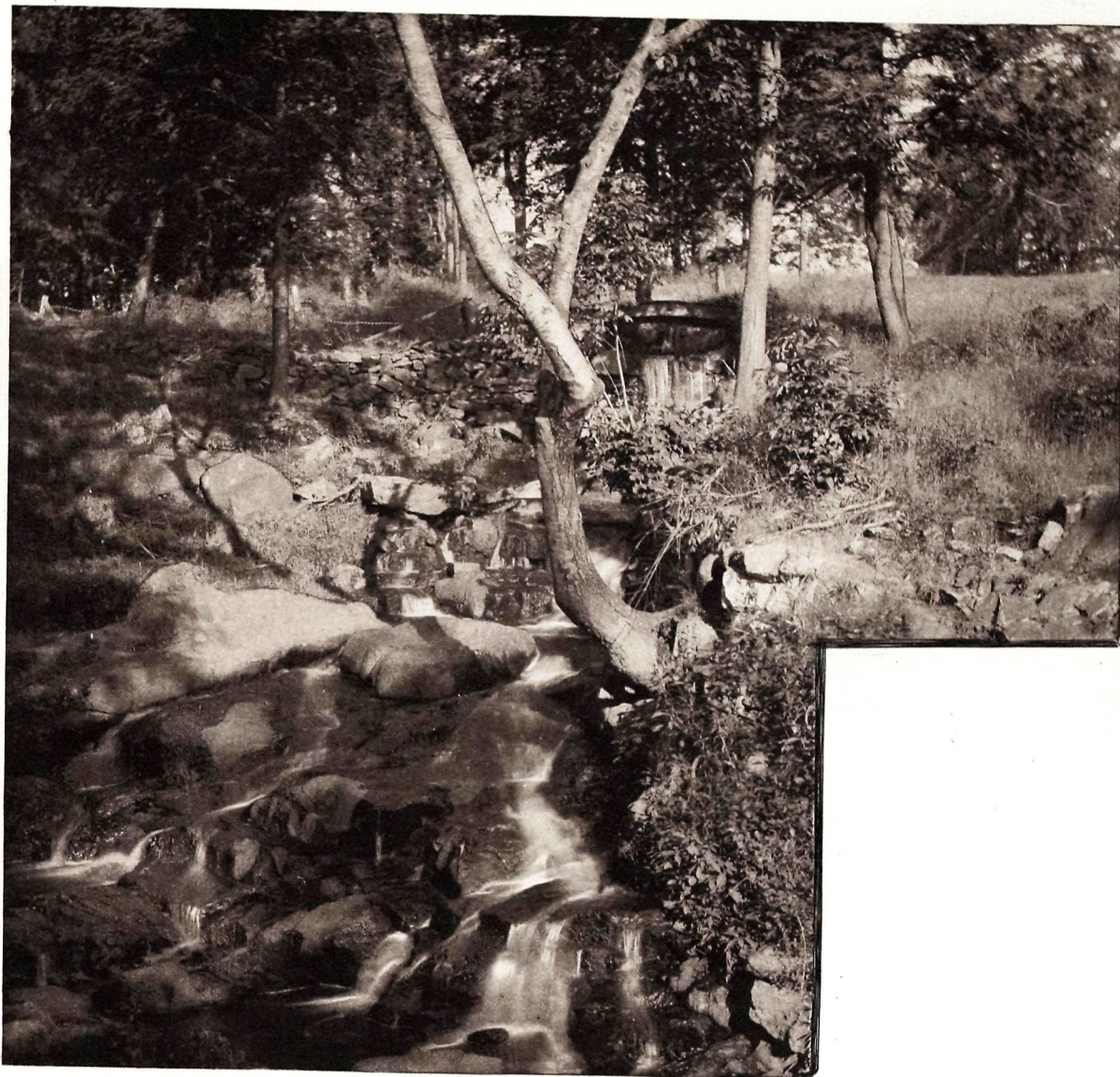
And now a word or two about Sleepy Hollow, which many have rashly deemed a fanciful creation, like the Lubberland of mariners. It was probably the mystic and dreamy sound of the name which first tempted the historian of the Manhattoes into its spellbound mazes. As he entered, all nature seemed for the moment to awake from its slumbers and break forth in gratulations. The quail whistled a welcome from the cornfield ; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush with restless wing, proclaiming his approach, or perked inquisitively into his face as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy. The woodpecker tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered round the trunk, as if asking how he relished the salutation ; while the squirrel scampered along the fence, whisking his tail over his head by way of a huzza.

Here reigned the golden mean extolled by poets, in which no gold was to be found and very little silver. The inhabitants of the Hollow were of the primitive stock, and had intermarried and bred in and in, from the earliest times of the province, never swarming far from the parent hive, but dividing and subdividing their paternal acres as they swarmed.

Here were small farms, each having its little portion of meadow and cornfield ; its orchard of gnarled and sprawling apple-trees ; its garden, in which the rose, the marigold, and hollyhock grew sociably with the cabbage, the pea, and the pumpkin ; each had its low-eaved mansion redundant with white-headed children ; with an old hat nailed against the wall for the housekeeping wren ; the coop on the



"Where the Pocantico winds its wizard stream"



"A thousand crystal springs sent
down from the hillsides their
whispering rills."

grass-plot, where the motherly hen clucked round with her vagrant brood ; each had its stone well, with a moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing-pole, according to antediluvian hydraulics ; while within doors resounded the eternal hum of the spinning-wheel.

Many were the great historical facts which the worthy Diedrich collected in these lowly mansions, and patiently would he sit by the old Dutch housewives with a child on his knee, or a purring grimalkin on his lap, listening to endless ghost stories spun forth to the humming accompaniment of the wheel.

The delighted historian pursued his explorations far into the foldings of the hills where the Pocantico winds its wizard stream among the mazes of its old Indian haunts ; sometimes running darkly in pieces of woodland beneath balancing sprays of beech and chestnut ; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders in fresh, green intervals ; here and there receiving the tributes of silver rills which came whimpering down the hill-sides from their parent springs.

In a remote part of the Hollow, where the Pocantico forced its way down rugged rocks, stood Carl's mill, the haunted house of the neighborhood. It was indeed a goblin-looking pile ; shattered and time-worn, dismal with clanking wheels and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horse-shoe nailed to the door to keep off witches, seemed to have lost its power, for as Diedrich approached, an old negro thrust his head all dabbled with flour out of a hole above the water-wheel, and grinned and rolled his eyes, and appeared to be the very hobgoblin of the place. Yet this proved to be the great historic genius of the Hollow, abounding in that valuable information never to be acquired from books. Diedrich Knickerbocker soon discovered his merit. They had long talks together seated on a broken millstone, heedless of the water and the clatter of the mill ; and to his conference with that African sage many attribute the surprising, though true story, of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. We refrain, however, from giving further researches of the

historian of the Manhattoes during his sojourn at the Roost, but may return to them in future pages.

Reader! the Roost still exists. Time, which changes all things, is slow in its operations on a Dutchman's dwelling. The stout Jacob Van Tassel, it is true, sleeps with his fathers; and his great goose-gun with him; yet his stronghold still bears the impress of its Dutch origin. Odd rumors have gathered about it, as they are apt to do about old mansions, like moss and weather-stains. The shade of Wolfert Acker still walks his unquiet rounds at night in the orchard; and a white figure has now and then been seen seated at a window and gazing at the moon, from a room in which a young lady is said to have died of love and green apples.

Mementos of the sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker are still cherished at the Roost. His elbow-chair and antique writing-desk maintain their place in the room he occupied, and his old cocked-hat still hangs on a peg against the wall.



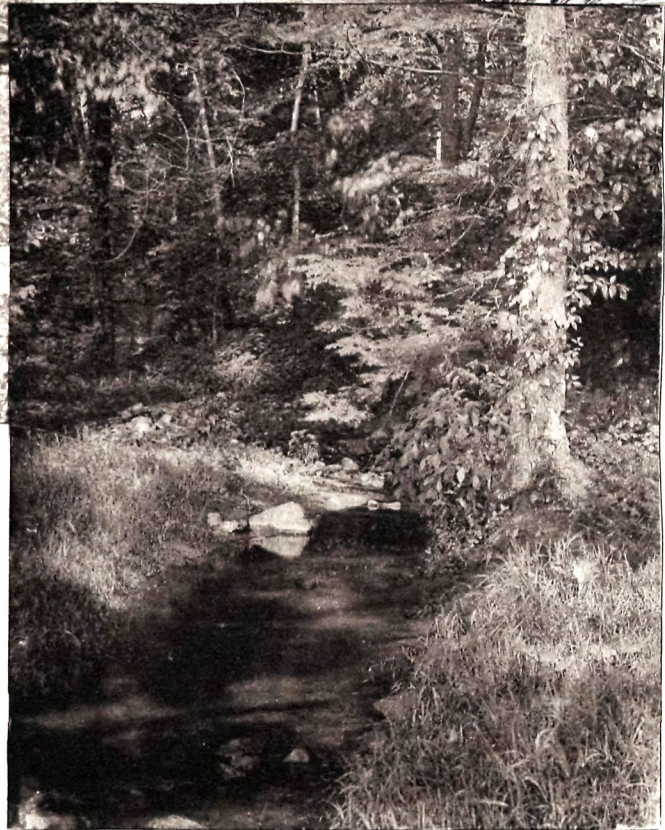


TARRYTOWN
from the
HEIGHTS



WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE name of Washington Irving is more intimately associated in the popular American mind with the legend of Rip Van Winkle than with any other of his works. This is probably largely due to Mr. Joseph Jefferson's inimitable representation of this character, which has been kept constantly before the public for so many years. But in England, where Irving's works have been read more widely than those of any other American author, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow is regarded by many as his finest literary production. The scene of this legend is located in one of the most picturesque regions of the valley of the Hudson, about an hour's



Glimpse of Sunnyside
and the Brook from
the Railroad



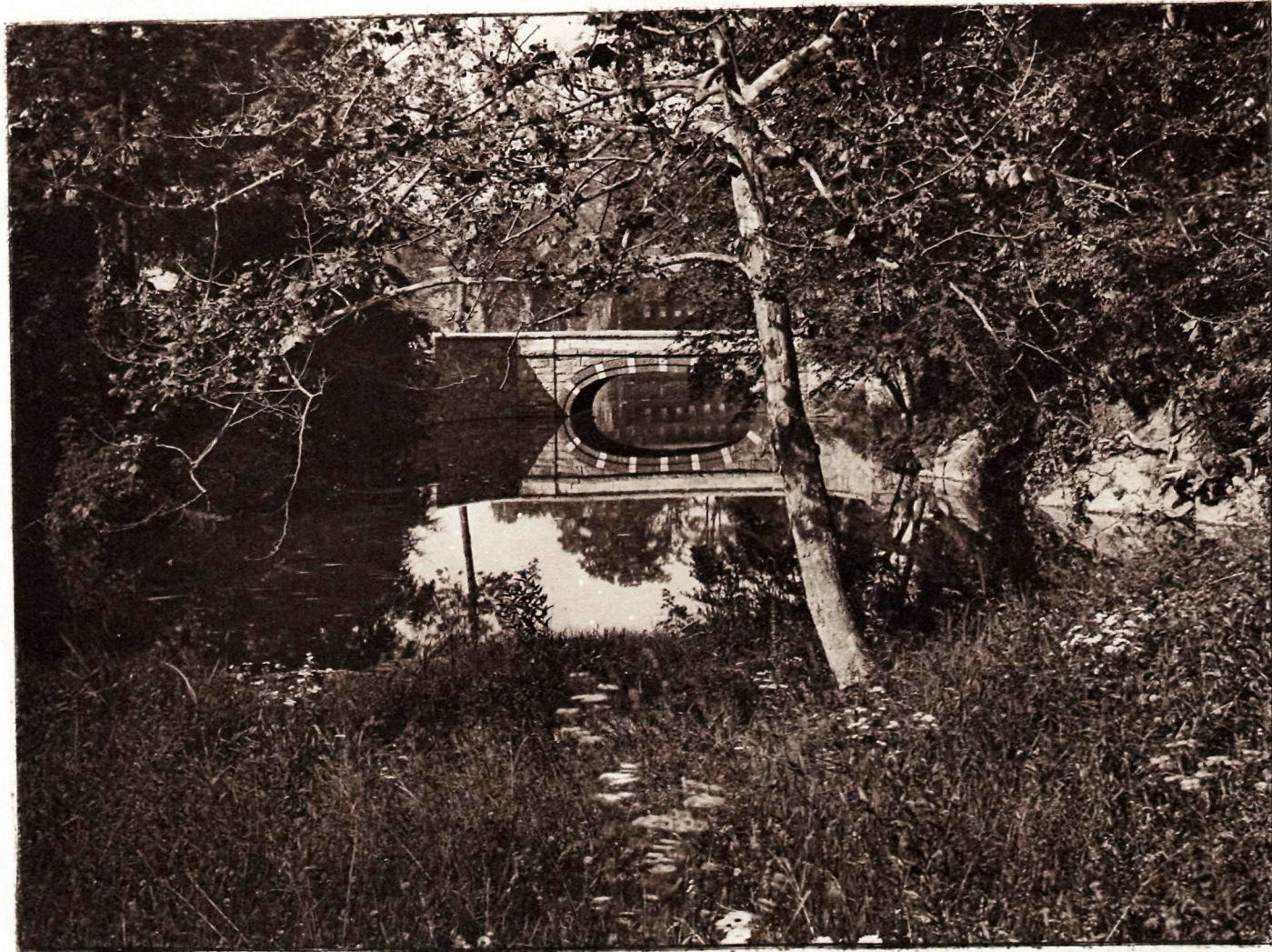
" Sometimes sparkling between grassy borders "



The old Pavling Mansion

ride by rail from New York, and less than three miles from Sunnyside, which was the home of the author during the latter years of his life.

If one leaves the hot, noisy city as we did one afternoon late in June, reaching Tarrytown just as the shades of night were falling over the river, and the dim, purple hues of the mountains were fading from view, and is driven up the winding, climbing streets while the cool, pure evening air, redolent with the rose and honeysuckle soothes him into a state of blissful rest, he will undoubtedly feel as we did, that it is one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Certain it is, that much of the culture and wealth of the great metropolis has given substantial expression to this opinion, as shown in the hundreds



"The bridge famous in Goblin story"



"Here, then, have I set up my nest with that
glorious river before me."

of beautiful country residences which lie embowered on the hillsides, or from the heights look out over the blue waters of the Tappan Zee.

The view from the summit of the hill overlooking Tarrytown is a magnificent one. The Hudson stretches away toward the north and is lost among the mountains of the Highlands. The entrance to Sleepy Hollow is also seen in this direction, just on the outskirts of the village, with the steeple of the old Dutch Church rising above the foliage of the elm and locust trees which surround it, and its ancient burying-ground "sloping up the gentle acclivity." Toward the south you can almost see the quaintly picturesque roof of Sunnyside nestling among the trees on the river bank. From the car windows on the right, a few minutes after the train leaves Irvington, you catch a glimpse of its white gables and walls half covered with ivy and rose vines, and the little brook which Irving describes as "babbling down a neighboring ravine" and "crossing and recrossing the lonely, rambling, down-hill lane."

There are a few architectural reminiscences of the olden time still remaining in Tarrytown, but these will not long be spared by the irresistible commercial spirit of the age.

The old Paulding Mansion was torn down a few weeks after the artist's visit. This old landmark had acquired the dignity of years before the stormy scenes of the American Revolution, during which time it was a famous hostelry and was often visited by Washington.

A cannon-ball from a British frigate is said to have penetrated its walls and lodged in the mattress of a bed upon which a sick woman lay. Later, when the house became the home of the Pauldings, there must often have been gathered beneath its roof the most brilliant intellectual and social life of this region. Here lived James K. Paulding, one of the pioneers of American literature, a brother-in-law of Washington Irving, and with him associated as one of the famous trio who wrote and published the *Salmagundi* papers. This old homestead was the scene of Irving's first visit to Tarrytown. There

are those living who have often heard him describe his early visits here, and the excursions which he made into the surrounding country. One of his favorite pastimes, as he has himself told us, was to wander away with his gun or rod into the quiet recesses of Sleepy Hollow, following the Pocantico where it "winds its wizard stream, sometimes silently and darkly through solemn woodlands, sometimes sparkling between grassy borders, in fresh green meadows ; sometimes stealing along rugged heights, under the balancing sprays of beech and chestnut trees." Again he would take a boat and paddle or float leisurely along down the river, sometimes stopping to make a brief predatory excursion into some tempting orchard on the bank, but finally, almost invariably landing in the little cove which then indented the shore just below Wolfert's Roost. Irving's purchase of the Roost, many years afterwards, is one of the rare instances of the realization of the dreams of youth, for it was during these boyhood rambles that the desire to own this beautiful spot as his home first occurred to him.

The old house which Irving described as the home of Baltas Van Tassel, where lived the blooming, rosy-cheeked Katrina, is still standing on the street which leads out of the village towards Sleepy Hollow.

A little farther up this same street we find the monument erected to commemorate the capture of Major André. A bronze statue of Paulding, of heroic size, surmounts the granite shaft. The pose of the figure is graceful, and represents the leader of André's captors as standing in an expectant attitude, looking up the road along which on that fateful morning the brave but unfortunate young officer approached the place of his capture. He stopped beneath the shade of an old tulip-tree to allow his horse to drink from the little brook which runs down the ravine towards the Hudson. His captors stepped from their place of concealment a few feet away, and his doom was sealed by the discovery of the papers which showed him to be a spy acting in conjunction with the traitor Arnold. The old tulip-tree beneath which he was arrested was destroyed by lightning

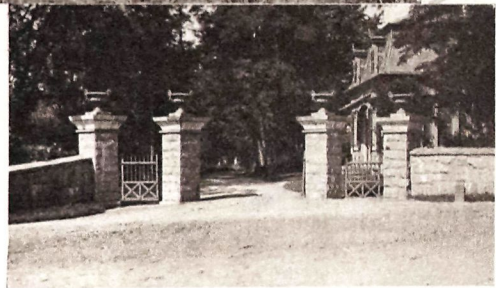


OLD MILL of FREDERICK FILIPSEN.
"A mighty patron of the olden
time who ruled over a wide extent
of this neighborhood and who held
his seat of power at Yonkers"





Gateway and Mansion House
of
Frederick Filipssen



in 1801, on the day that the news of Arnold's death reached Tarrytown. But a sprout from the old stump, now itself grown to a large tree, marks the exact spot where the historical old tulip spread its enormous branches. The most important inscription is on the south side of the monument and reads as follows: "On this Spot, the 23rd day of September, 1780, the Spy, Major John Andre, Adjutant General of the British Army, was captured by John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, all natives of this country. History has told the rest.



"Under the balancing sprays of beech and chestnut trees"

“The people of Westchester County have erected this monument as well to commemorate a great event as to testify their high estimation of that integrity and patriotism which rejected every temptation, rescued the United States from most imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a spy and the plots of a traitor.”

Leaving the monument we wandered on up the road a little distance, and turning to the left descended a hill and entered the famous valley of Sleepy Hollow.

We passed over “the bridge famous in goblin story” where Brom Bones, disguised as the headless horseman, hurled his pumpkin head at his unfortunate rival, and turning to the right entered the path which follows the Pocantico in its windings through the glens and meadows and forests of Sleepy Hollow. There on our left on its “green bank shaded by trees,” stands the old Dutch Church built more than two centuries ago by “that mighty patron of the olden time, Frederick Philipsen.”

The windows peep out through a mass of ivy which almost completely conceals the walls wherein still remain many of the bricks brought over from Holland by the devout pilgrims. I observed the two ancient weathercocks still pointing in opposite directions as they did when Irving compared them in his quaintly humorous way to the early Christian settlers with strong propensities for schism and controversy. One pointed steadfastly toward northeast and the other rigidly insisted that the wind was blowing up from the southwest. As a northeast storm was prevailing at the time it was evident that one, at least, of these rivals in windy controversies was right, which is more than can always be said of theological disputants. The sky cleared during the night, and when I returned, the fresh cool breezes, tempered by the sunshine of a June morning, were blowing down from the Catskills and Highlands of the Hudson; but those inflexible prognosticators of foul weather still maintained, as I suppose they have been doing through all the sunshine of two hundred years, that storms were approaching from opposite directions.

I sat down on the stone steps of the ancient edifice, and looking out through the drooping branches of elm and willow across the daisy-covered fields, watched the white-winged schooners and the excursion steamers gaily ornamented with the flags of all nations, as they passed like an endless panorama up and down the river. To allow one's self to drift into revery under such circumstances, with such surroundings, is the most natural thing that can happen. My imagination ran back over the past to the time when the first congregations gathered here. Their method of worship was in keeping with their rude primitive, hardy life.

The entire family embarked in their heavy farm-wagon early in the morning and journeyed ten, twelve, or twenty miles, over rough roads. They would have felt wronged and cheated had they been turned away with one of our mild modern sermons of twenty minutes' duration. The pulpit orators of those days were estimated more by the vigor of their voice than by the subtlety of their thought. They preached a hardy theology, and the greater part of the day, with an intermission at noon for lunch, was devoted to their efforts. The Reverend J. K. Allen in a lecture on "The Legendary History of the Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow," says: "During this hour the people ate their lunch, and possibly if they were not very good, gossiped a little. Old Cæsar, a colored man, came from the Saw Mill River valley and sold cakes and home-made beer in this intermission. . . . A great many young men and women came on horseback to church. There was a grove of locust trees down on the shore of the mill pond, where the horses were tied, and here the rustic swains exhibited their dexterity and their gallantry in assisting the buxom, rosy-cheeked Dutch girls in dismounting. Who can tell what innocent flirting and love-making went on in that grove at the noontide hour of the summers long ago? What thoughts took possession of the young bosoms, which were not prompted by the dominie's solemn sermon in the morning about the vanity of all things here below? Who can tell how often the services of the dominie were demanded



"An old goblin-looking mill situated among
rocks and waterfalls"



Old Willows near Sunnyside

to complete the work begun on those Sunday noons? Gone are the locust trees, gone are the young men and maidens, gone, too, are the dominies, but that touch of nature makes us all akin."

During my rambles about the ancient churchyard I one day met an old man who told me that his name was Van Courtlandt, and that he was the last living representative of the descendants of the family of Katrina Van Courtlandt, the wife of Frederick Philipsen, lord of the Manor.

He related many interesting reminiscences of this good woman, and told me that her remains were interred beneath the altar of the church in which for so many years she had devoutly worshipped. Just across the street from the old church is the granite gateway entrance through which we pass to the walk leading down to the old Philipsen Manor-house, or Philipsen Castle as it was called in the olden time, from the fact that it was strongly fortified with cannon in the early colonial days. The embrasures or port-holes can still be traced on the cellar walls. There are no records showing just the age of the old house, but it was probably built about 1665. Several modern additions have been made to it but the walls of the ancient Manor-house form a part of the present structure.

Near the Manor is the old flouring-mill, which had quite an important grain trade with the West Indies in the early part of the eighteenth century. From the mill we look across a strip of marshy meadow-land through which the Pocantico flows into the Hudson. A hundred and fifty years ago a bay or cove covered the site of this meadow with a channel deep enough for large schooners to pass up to the mill, where they received their cargoes of grain. A few small pleasure boats are the largest craft which now navigate the narrow winding stream. Entering the old mill one finds hardly a suggestion of the important industry which once flourished there. I climbed up a dark, narrow stairway, and found that an artist had converted the cobweb-draped loft into his studio. It was indeed a fitting place for an artist's dreams, and suggested to me what a pleasure it would be to spend

there some rainy day, listening to the patter of the rain on the old weather-worn shingles while I read the Knickerbocker Chronicles.

The old man whom I have before mentioned, told me a story of the building, and of the equally ancient stone mill-dam, which he solemnly affirmed to be true in every particular. Lord Philipsen, being much less zealous in religious matters than his good wife Katrina, was a long time in building the church. He laid the foundations and then abandoned the work to build the mill and dam. The latter structure was hardly completed when a terrific storm so enraged the usually placid Pocantico that it tore the dam away. He immediately rebuilt it, much stronger than at first, and again it was speedily washed away. In his vexation and distress he was approached by his old slave, Harry, who informed him that he had had a dream which had been repeated for several nights. In the dream he had been told that God was displeased with his master for abandoning work on the church, and that he had punished him by causing the dam to be destroyed. Let him finish the church, and then rebuild the dam, and it would stand. Lord Philipsen was so much impressed by this dream that he at once completed the church, and then, for the third time, reconstructed his mill-dam, where it still stands as a monument of his obedience to the commands of the dream—or possibly of his extra care in building it more firmly and securely than at first.

Returning to the church we pass around on the east side of it and begin a ramble along the banks of the Pocantico—"the wizard stream," as Irving was so fond of calling it. Its musical Indian name suggests sylvan dells and shady glens—a murmuring, rippling, half-noisy, half-subdued sort of name, which is in perfect keeping with its character.

A few minutes walk brings us to "the dark glen at raven rock." So called because the vicinity was formerly a favorite haunt of that bird of ill-omen, and which is also said to have been haunted by "the woman in white," who perished here in a terrible storm, and whose shrieks were often heard afterwards during wild winter nights.



"The quiet, secluded, poetic haunt in which
a great author wrote his greatest works."

It looked any thing but dark or gloomy on that beautiful summer afternoon when we visited it.

A little farther on where the stream glides "beneath the balancing sprays of beech and chestnut trees," and tumbles over the rocks, we found an artist sketching—possibly the one whose studio we had discovered in the old mill loft. Stephen Henry Thayer has written a charming tribute to this beautiful stream, which, by kind permission of the author we here reproduce :

Wild waters of Pocantico !
Stray rivulet of wood and glen !
Thy murmuring laughters, soft and low,
Elude the alien ears of men.

O'er broader bosoms than thine own
The fleeting wings of commerce glide ;
Hid in thy sylvan haunts alone
The nymphs of fairy-land abide.

The azure blue of summer's sky
Scarce mirrors in thy crystal sheen ;
The lover draws his tenderest sigh
Far in thy shadowy dells unseen.

Along thy gently-coursing stream
The huntsman, heedless, loves to roam ;
The poet dreams his fondest dream
Within thy solitary home.

Thou art well guarded by a host,
For on thy sloping 'bankment stand
Such knarled sentinels as boast
A lineage aged as the land.

No hardy woodman dares intrude
To rob thee of thy ancient shade,
Thy mimic cliffs have long withstood
The furrowing plough and vassal spade.

The wild thrush wings its reedy note
Through thy lone forest, liquid clear,
Whose answering echoes, far remote,
Fling back a dim and plaintive cheer.

No tone enslaved in silvery string
Or sense-enraptured voice is heard
To match thy melodies, or sing
A challenge to thy minstrel bird.

Here sovereign Nature teaches rest ;
The quiet mosses on the stone
Weave o'er its silent, flinty breast
An emerald softness all their own.

The pebbly sands along thy shore
Lie mutely lulled by babbling waves ;
The fringed fern and gentian flower
On thy low margin make their graves ;

And through thy valley's dusky shade
In ceaseless murmurings, ages long,
Shall mingle with the flowers that fade
Thy endless infancy of song.

O waters of Pocantico !
Wild rivulet of wood and glen !
May thy glad laughters, sweet and low,
Long, long outlive the sighs of men !

Later in the season we followed the windings of this stream through forest-clothed valleys and green meadow-lands into the upper Sleepy Hollow valley. Our artist had selected a day for his work when the golden haze of an autumnal afternoon hung over the ripening harvest fields, and bathed the distant hills in a soft luminous glory. The same "drowsy dreamy influence seemed to hang over the land" which Irving describes as pervading the valley when he wandered through it as a boy on his squirrel-hunting expeditions, or explored its nooks and corners in company with his old friend the historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker. At the upper end of the valley stands the ruins of Carl's mill—the old goblin-looking structure—where the historian found his greatest treasure in the person of an old negro, who furnished him with the material out of which he wove the charming Legend of Sleepy Hollow. The Pocantico, after its noisy tumble over



Sunset on the Hudson



CHRIST CHURCH AT TARRYTOWN
containing a mural tablet erected in memory
of WASHINGTON IRVING

the rocky mill-race, murmurs quietly along under the shadow of the hill on the west side of the valley, as though to avoid disturbing its dreamy peacefulness. The hillside orchards hung heavy with fruit, and the yellow-bellied pumpkins dotted the cornfields just as on that other autumn afternoon long ago, when the homely but happy school-

master rode over these hills on his way to the merry-making at Baltas Van Tassel's, never dreaming of the terrible experience in store for him that night. Over on the east side of the valley may be seen the Sleepy Hollow schoolhouse where the worthy Ichabod labored with the slowly awakening intellects of the phlegmatic Dutch boys. It is not the identical building, but it stands on the same spot occupied by its humble ancestor. Some school-children were playing near, and through the half open door we caught a glimpse—not of any who looked like the descendant of the gaunt, genius-of-famine form of the Connecticut psalm-singer, but the plump figure of a very modern-looking schoolma'am. I entered into conversation with one of the children—a boy of some twelve or fourteen summers. He had never read or even heard of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. He reminded me of the Yarmouth fisherman who had never heard of Dickens.

The *Westchester Herald* for Nov. 30, 1852, contained a notice of the death of Jesse Merwin, an old time schoolmaster, who for many years enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of Irving. He was the original Ichabod Crane, and seems to have been in no wise offended by the caricature portrayed in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Irving writes to him from Sunnyside early in 1851. In this letter he refers in his characteristic manner to the old schoolhouse: "You tell me the old school building is torn down, and a nice one built in its place. I am sorry for it. I should have liked to see the old schoolhouse once more, where, after my morning's literary task was over, I used to come and wait for you, occasionally until school was dismissed, and you would promise to keep back the punishment of some little tough, broad-bottomed Dutch boy, until I should come, for my amusement,—but you never kept your promise. I don't think I should look with a friendly eye at the new schoolhouse, however 'nice it may be.'"

A few of the old time Dutch farm-houses are still standing in Sleepy Hollow, with their high second-story verandas on the front, approached by a broad flight of steps, and the roof sloping down on

the back side nearly to the ground. The hillside orchard and the inevitable cabbage-plot completes the picture.

We are somewhat weary with our day's tramp, the sun is low in the west, our carriage is waiting at the appointed place, and so we ride slowly back over the hills to Tarrytown. In the morning we are driven down the broad shady streets toward Sunnyside. Probably nowhere outside of England are there so many attractive country-seats as beautify the landscape here on the eastern hillside shore of the Hudson. Nature furnished as picturesque scenery as there is in the world, and wealth has adorned it in a most luxurious manner. Almost every style of architecture is represented, from the gray old feudal-castle looking structures which stand upon the topmost heights, the plain but rich home of the world renowned millionaire with its white marble pillars and semi-Grecian porticos, to the most ornate of modern Elizabethan cottages.

The finest cattle in the country graze contentedly in luxuriant pastures. Grand old willows and elms hang over moss-covered walls or droop their branches in mimic lakes.

Our driver turns out of the broad macadamized road to the right and we find we have entered the "lonely, rambling, down-hill lane, overhung with trees which leads to the historic cottage." On the right is the stately country-seat of Edward S. Jaffray, whose estate adjoins Sunnyside. Then is the "neighboring ravine," down which Sunnyside brook goes babbling toward the Tappan Zee, and in a few minutes we drive up to the gateway which opens into the grounds in front of the historic cottage. Its windows and many gables look out from a mass of ivy and woodbine and rose vines, which almost completely cover the walls. The old gardener who lived with Mr. Irving for many years and still survives him, told us that the original slips of the ivy vines were clipped by Sir Walter Scott from those growing at Abbotsford, and by him sent over to Irving.

Mr. Irving's nieces still occupy the cottage, and by them we were kindly admitted to the room which the author occupied as his study,



Along
sunbyside brook.

and which is preserved with the utmost care in the same condition in which he left it. His study lamp, writing material, and a few papers are on the writing-table which was presented to him by his friend and publisher, G. P. Putnam; his easy chair stands beside it, as though it had but just been vacated by the master who had stepped out for a walk after his morning's literary work and might soon return.

Ball's terra-cotta bust stands in one corner of the room. The book-cases cover two walls and a few water-color sketches, and drawings hang over the mantel.

Mr. Irving purchased Sunnyside, then known as Wolfert's Roost, early in 1835. On July 8th of that year he writes to his brother Peter Irving, then at Havre: "You have been told, no doubt, of a purchase I have made of ten acres, lying at the foot of Oscar's farm on the river bank. It is a beautiful spot capable of being made a little paradise. There is a small Dutch stone cottage on it, built about a century since, and inhabited by one of the Van Tassels. I have had an architect up there, and shall build upon the old mansion this summer. My idea is to make a little nookery, somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint, but unpretending. It will be of stone. The cost will not be much. I do not intend to set up any establishment there, but to put some simple furniture in it, and keep it as a nest, to which I can resort when in the mood."

Prior to the Revolution the Roost formed a part of the manor of Phillipsburgh, owned by Frederick Philipsen. It was occupied by Jacob Van Tassel as a tenant. As the feudal Lord Philipsen was loyal to the King the property was forfeited to the state, and in 1785 was conveyed to Jacob Van Tassel by the commissioners of forfeiture.

The changes by which Irving converted the old stone cottage with its four unembellished walls into the quaint, picturesque Sunnyside, occupied a little more than a year. In December, 1836, he writes: "I am living most cozily and delightfully in this dear, bright little home, which I have fitted up to my own humor. Every thing goes on

cheerily in my little household, and I would not exchange the cottage for any chateau in Christendom."

Irving was never weary in describing the beautiful scenes amid which his charming home was situated. He was especially eloquent whenever the Hudson was the subject of his pen. In the introduction to his Sketch of Sleepy Hollow he says :

"If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley."

With the exception of the three years which Irving spent as minister at the court of Madrid, he lived for the most part here in his beautiful country-home.

Mr. Theodore Tilton, who visited him but a little time before his death, thus writes of him as he last saw him in his study: "I stood reverently in the little room as if it were a sacred place. Its associations filled my mind with as much delight as if I had been breathing fragrance from hidden flowers. On leaving I carried the picture of it vividly in my mind, and still carry it—*the quiet, secluded, poetic haunt in which a great author wrote his greatest works.* As I came away, the old gentleman bundled his shawl about him, and stood a few moments on the steps. A momentary burst of sunshine fell on him through the breaking clouds. In that full light he looked still less like an old man than in the dark parlor by the shaded window. . . . I wish always to remember him as I saw him at that last moment."

Irving died suddenly on November 28, 1859. Although for several months his health had been gradually failing he was not at any time confined to his bed. "It was on the 1st of December," writes his biographer, "that the mortal remains of Washington Irving were conveyed to their last resting-place, but no breath of winter chilled the air. The Indian summer, which this season had lingered into the very winter, shed its soft and melancholy beauty over the scene; and nothing could have been more exquisite than the day, or more in

keeping with the sad occasion. 'It was one of his own days,' was the remark of many present. . . . As he was laid down to take his last sleep, among the scenes he had loved and pictured, and by the side of his mother, as he had himself desired, the sun was declining, and soon another gorgeous sunset, such as brightened his last evening in life, lighted up the western sky. It was a glorious scene; and few of the sad-hearted mourners who had stood around the grave failed to associate that day's decline with the close of that pure and beautiful life."

His grave is in the Sleepy Hollow cemetery of the old Dutch Church, in the very midst of the quiet, pastoral scenes to which his pen had given a world-wide reputation. Elaborate and costly monuments arise on every hand, but the one grave in the cemetery that is rarely without flowers from early spring until the landscape is covered by the white shroud of winter, is marked by a plain slab of marble on which is the simple inscription, "Washington Irving."

