

THE SLEEPY HOLLOW. BY WASHINGTON IRVING. THE PAPER OF THE LATE DIETRICH 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, Forever flushing  
a summer sky. CASTLE OF INDOLNCE. In the bosom of one of those spacious covcs which extend 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 and hospitable 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 noontime, 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 trou- ble 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 powwows 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 glaze 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 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. In 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 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 pursuers, in the before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a li- e retire Dutch valleys, found here and there embos- country, sweeps by them unobserved. They a- s in other parts of this restl- ess country, though many years have el- ed by the rush of the pass- ing current. Period of American history, place of that vicinity. He w- as a native of Connecticut, a State- he children of the cable to his pers- on. He was tall, but exceedingly lan- ne was not inapp- and flat at to p, with huge ears, large green glass ndy da y, with his c- lothes bag- ing and fluttering about him, del y c- n st- ruct ed of logs; the windows partly gl- te r- s; so th at though a tight might get in with perfect er h- s; only but pl- easant situation, just at the foot- ear d in e tard y loiterer along the flower- g h- ed s- ould not hav e it imagined, however, that s- poiled urde n off the backs of t- he weak, and laying it on those of the on some t- tle t- ough wrong-headed, broad- portion t- without following i- by the assurance, so consolato- ayate o- he large r- boys; and on holiday afternoons- he oved f- o- eep on good terms with his pupils- ed y- ing po- t- t- f an anac- onda; but to help out his mainte- y- aw ek at a tim e, thus e- rs o- goin- the rounds of the neighborhood, oo- l- ng t- a- grievous- ook bur- den- , and schoolmasters as mere drones, ully g- e- an- ntl- e- in- gratiating. He found favor in the eyes- e k- nee, an- rock a cr- e- adl- ing with his foot for whole hours togeth- a- matt- er- of no little vanit- y- to him on Sundays, to take his statio- ar above all the rest of th- e- congregation; and there are peculiar- de- s- cended f- ro- m the nose of Ichabod Crane. Th- atel y- und- ers- too- d- not hin- g of the labor of headwork, to hav- y who- ers- uperior taste and accomplishments to the rough count- of vastly s- kes or sw- eetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade o- rish of ca- p- es for them from the wild vines that over- gathering gra- p- umpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his s- always- greeted with satisf- action. He was, moreover, esteemed by the wom- mly and potentially believed. He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness- tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his her's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a- at witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination,—the moan of the whip-poor- r roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, no- him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was s- ow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearin- ing winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, wi- bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Ga- and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and w- he time topsy-turvy! But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddlin- purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes- cross the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by t- he sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look ove- m- ple- e- dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was t- an- toms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his ti- n- end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the D- mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was u- ctions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dut- ting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her- el- even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set- great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the old tim- n- k- in the country round. Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it- is- y- more especially after he had visited her in- her paternal mansion. Old Baltu- erted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent eith- y- and well-conditioned. He was sa- s- style in which he l- ived. His stronghold was s- her eyes or his thoughts b- stified with his wealth, but- ived. His stronghold was s- he Dut- h farmers are so fond of n- e softest and sweetest wa- ighoring brook, that bab- e served for a church; ever- busily re- sounding within it from mo- turned up, as if watching t- others swelling, and cooing, an- k- unwieldy porkers were grun- led forth, now and then, tro- snowy geese were riding i- nts of turkeys were gobb- ll-tempered housewives- he gallant cock, that pat- shed wings and crowin- et, and then generous- had discovered. The- nter fare. In his devour- ing in his belly, and a- m- fortable pie, and tuck- pairing cosily in dishes- kers he saw- carved out the future sl- its gizzard unde- r its wing, and, peradven- ack, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if chabod fancied all this, and as he rolled hi- dian corn, and the orchards burdened wi- o was to inherit these domains, and his im- mense tracts of wild land, and shingle pal- oming Katrina, with a whole family of ch- beneath; and he beheld himself bedstrid- When he entered the house, the conq- loping roofs, built in the style hande- apable of being closed up in bad we- in the neighboring river. Benches w- ed the various uses to which this i- the centre of the mansion, and the- ood a huge bag of wool, ready to be- ung in gay festoons along the walls, mahogany tables shone like mirrors;- orated the m- antel-piece; strings of various-colored bir- d, and conch-shells dec- played immense treasures of old silver and well-mended- d, knowingly left open, d- is only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In- nything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversari- here the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would- had to win his- wa- y to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of- of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers- y new competitor. Among these, the most formidable- untry round, which rang with his feats of strength- r of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame- ge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterou- n rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, sett- ight or a frolic; but had more mischief than illi- boon companions, who regarded him as their- a- fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail;- So- metimes his crew would be heard dashing alo- he was a droll, by the hur- ry- y- had cla- tered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there go- g- y- shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones w- the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it wa- t- when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's pal- mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yieldi- nd carried his head as high as ever. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been- gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visit- rs. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indolent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, a- nd manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and mu- onest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little- suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the- nd admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others ha- in possession of the latter, for man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He w- was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane mad- him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nat- ghts-errant of yore,—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might- and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking- a- l. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough ride- s of wit and window stashes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolm- h- is mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous man- ons of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, s- rch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers, w- ns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparen- he master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was su- alf-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up t- rd. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, in stanks were overt- in joy at their early emancipation. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half h- hat he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he b- ant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give- He was gaunt and shaggy, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail we- 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 fi- ure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicular in his hand, like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms w- 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 horses tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shamled ou- 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 a- bundance. 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 bus- crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodd- ing 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 antipathy, 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;