

Get this from a library! In a hollow of the hills, and other tales. [Bret Harte].

Every Halloween, this town is inundated with tourists, who come to wander around the lovely old cemetery where the legend is set, and where Irving himself is buried. A pickup Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. A pickup truck drags groups of twenty in a trailer through a stretch of forest, where volunteers dressed in masks jumped out and scared the kids half to death. The house is a delightful little dwelling, a small jumble of architectural styles—gothic, Dutch, Spanish—overlooking the Hudson River. Irving was an amateur architect and landscaper, very much of the Romantic school, and re-made the old farm he bought into a charming park, with a little pond, a babbling brook, and paths that wind through the forest nearby. On the property is a sycamore tree that has been growing since , seven years before Irving himself was born. Nowadays, trains rattle by every ten minutes or so. On the walk back to my house I passed by the Washington Irving Middle School, which I attended, the Tarrytown High School, where our football team is the Horsemen, and the Christ Episcopal Church, where Irving himself worshiped, and where his pew is still preserved. Right next to it is where the old bridge stood where Ichabod Crane met his fate. There is not much to see now, just a modern concrete construction. Like his house, his grave is neither ostentatious nor grandiose, just a simple stone that lays in a family plot. It was Irving who popularized the myth that Christopher Columbus disproved that the earth was flat, which Irving included in a biography of Columbus he wrote while living in Spain. We even owe our holiday celebrations to Irving, since it was he, along with Charles Dickens, who helped to make Christmas into the secular holiday of gift-giving and merry-making that it is today. Irving played a hand in the creation of Santa Claus, too, with a story about St. Nicholas in his first book. With his love of ghost stories, Irving is also one of the architects of Halloween—and thousands still make the pilgrimage to visit his tombstone in that ghoulish time of the year. I cannot even escape his influence in Spain, since it was Irving who helped to spread the exotic, enchanted image of Andalusia, and who thus helped make Spain a tourist destination; and it was partly thanks to his book of stories about the Alhambra that people began taking an interest in restoring that old ruin. Washington Irving was named after George Washington, and was born just a few weeks before the Revolutionary War was officially concluded. He was a new man for a new land. Whether it happened or not, the story seems symbolic of the role that Irving would play in American literature—exactly analogous to George Washington in politics—as a pioneering leader. For it was Washington Irving who was the first American writer to be respected by his English peers. He showed that these unruly savages overseas could aspire to eloquence too. The book, often merely called *The Sketchbook*, is a sort of parody of the sketchbooks that other wealthy American travelers made on their visits to Europe. It is framed as a travel book, and contains many vignettes about places Irving visited. But Irving does not stick to this theme very diligently. The book also contains some short pieces about Native Americans; and the two most famous stories, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," are both set in New York, and purport to be found among the old papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Although the collection is miscellaneous, Irving was not a writer of great breadth, and his distinctive style is consistent throughout. Thematically, Irving was a purebred Romantic. He has a taste for quaint customs, forgotten ruins, exotic places, and old yarns—in short, everything antique, out-of-the-way, and foreign, everything that allows his imagination to run wild with conjecture. These preoccupations lead him to investigate old English Christmas customs in the country, and to rail against their disappearance. It also leads him to treat the Native Americans as noble savages, the pure emblems of a disappearing culture, as well as to focus his eye on the old Dutch lore lingering about his native New York. In truth there is not much substance to his writing. The closest he ever gets to philosophy is the Romantic, Ozymandian sentiment that all things yield to time. Rather, Irving is a stylist. His prose is fluent and easygoing—indeed, remarkably easy to read considering its age—so effortless that the prose practically reads itself. The subject-matter is usually a description of some kind—of what someone is wearing, of a farm or a tavern, of a funeral or a wedding—and he steers clear of all argument and dialogue, maintaining the fluid

rhythm of his pen as it flies forward. But if Irving nowadays strikes one as lightweight and Romantic to the point of silliness, one should remember that he was a pioneer and an innovator—the first American man of letters, and one of the champions of Romanticism when that movement had hardly reached this country. And if he seems more style than substance, one should also remember that Irving wrote to amuse, not to instruct; and it is by that goal that he should be measured. Even now, Irving is a champion amuser; and even if he has some unfashionable tastes, he is still fresh and good-natured after all these years: If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself—surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain. Surely, surely, he has not. As luck would have it, I was about to knock on the door just as the rector, Susan, was on her way out of the building. The old pew sits in a corner now, set aside to preserve it.

2: Project MUSE - Coffin Hollow and Other Ghost Tales

*In the Hollow of the Hills and Other Tales, Vol. 10 (Classic Reprint) [Bret Harte] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. HILLS AND OTHER TALES IN A HOLLOW OF THE HILLS CHAPTER I It was very dark, and the wind was increasing.*

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Their house was on one side of a dirt road, and on the other side stood two hills with a hollow between them. About halfway up the hollow stood an old log cabin. The story was told that the log cabin in the hollow was used as a jail during the Civil War. One day an inmate dressed in white probably his underwear tried to escape. He ran as far as one of the hills, but was shot. Blood poured out of his right leg and stained his white pants. He reeled around, stretching forth his arm in a gesture of surrender, but was shot in the other leg. Blood also poured from his left leg. He was carried into the cabin, dead. It is not known whether he was buried or not. As the years passed, the cabin decayed, the roof fell in, and the area around it was grown over with brush. But when people passed by the cabin, they could hear the cries of anguish and moaning. Hall moved into this area, she knew the hollow was supposed to be haunted, but she did not know the story of the prisoner. The Hall family grazed their cattle on one side of the hill, and it was Mrs. One evening a few cattle strayed up beyond the cabin. In taking a short cut, Mrs. Hall passed the cabin and heard the moans. Hearing a loud rumbling, as if someone were removing debris, she ran down the hill towards her nearest neighbors. As she ran, she turned to see a man dressed in white, with two bloodstained legs, standing on the hill with his arm raised. The woman then related the legend and upon hearing this, Mrs. Hall was sent for "to take his wife home" and, as they passed the foot of the hollow on their journey homeward, Mrs. The strain of living in that location was so great for Mrs. Hall that the family was forced to move. This area was the scene of a strange happening, back in the mids. Charles Jones, a large landowner, took one of his most faithful slaves and went coon hunting one night. The slave was carrying a lantern that provided the two with some light while they were following the voices of the dogs. Suddenly the dogs began barking more fiercely. Since this meant they probably had treed a coon, Charles and the slave both took off running in the direction of the barking. The slave was younger and You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

3: Coffin Hollow and Other Ghost Tales

Excerpt. The three voices rose in a prolonged shout, in which, however, the distinguishing quality of the pleasant voice was sustained. But there was no response from the dark ness beyond.

4: The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Other Stories by Washington Irving

Full text of "IN THE HOLLOW OF THE HILLS AND OTHER TALES" See other formats.

5: www.enganchecubano.com | In a Hollow of the Hills, And, Other Tales (Classic Reprint), Bret Harte |

*In the Hollow of the Hills and Other Tales [Bret Harte] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a pre historical reproduction that was curated for quality.*

6: The writings of Bret Harte - ECU Libraries Catalog

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

V.10. IN A HOLLOW OF THE HILLS AND OTHER TALES. pdf

7: Full text of "IN THE HOLLOW OF THE HILLS AND OTHER TALES"

In a hollow of the hills. Tales of the Argonauts. Description xxxv, , p. 21 cm. Tales of the Argonauts, b| and In a hollow of the hills and other tales.

8: In a Hollow of the Hills, And, Other Tales

*In the Hollow of the Hills and Other Tales - www.enganchecubano.com In the Hollow of the Hills and Other Tales [Bret Harte] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a pre historical reproduction that was curated for quality.*

9: A Hollow in the Hills by Ruth Frances Long

In a Hollow of the Hills: And Other Tales by Bret Harte starting at \$ In a Hollow of the Hills: And Other Tales has 3 available editions to buy at Alibris.

The nature, power, deceit, and prevalency of in-dwelling sin in believers The Claverings (Large Print Edition) Stockholm card guide book Chicken Soup for the Christian Family Soul Market research questionnaire for new business Management Secrets of the New England Patriots Volume 2 Privatization in Ukraine Scene 11 : Salieris apartment Telugu news papers editors list Competence, Governance, and Entrepreneurship I Mac Fast Easy, Revised and Expanded (Fast Easy) 4C2. The Bosch fuel transfer pump 41 LAW: WHAT IS IT? 4 Project on conflict management Mottisfont Abbey Hampshire): Garden, House and Estate (National Trust Guidebooks Ser.) How to rate with your date Love happens only once by rochak bhatnagar Is a brief history of time Ringkasan novel laskar pelangi Complete guide to dBASE III Examination of the Gramm-Leach-Bliley Act five years after its passage Falling apart, holding together Rethinking social welfare New Age Cults and Religions An unforgettable night The story of Gloucester, Massachusetts, permanently settled 1623 Orozco frescoes at Dartmouth. Impairments in social memory in autism? : evidence from behaviour and neuroimaging The doomed democracy: Czechoslovakia in a disrupted Europe, 1914-38. Experiential organizational behavior Cisco firewall best practices guide Dispatches and correspondence of John From Tobacco Road to Amen Corner The prison in heaven. Peter and the wolf piano sheet music Accidental daddy rr banks The gospel promise in the Old Testament The agenda of the true republicans Harry Evans Dredging the abyss : babies, boys, and civilization Broken bride erin hunter