Greenburgh, March 17th 1840

My Dear,

SHR

In consequence of not sending to the post office yesterday I did not receive your letter calling so lustily for help until yesterday (monday) after post hours. I have nothing at hand to send to you, and par, if I had, it would come too late. We have nothing new in these parts, excepting that there has been the devil to pay of late in Sleepy Hollow; a circumstance, by the bye, with which you may have become somewhat acquainted. This work traverses a thick wood about the lower part of the hollow, not far from the old Dutch haunted church; and in the heart of the wood an immense column or stone arch is thrown across the wizard stream of the Pocantico, to support the aqueduct. After the work is unfinished, a colony of Patlanders have encamped about this place all winter, principally a band of Patagonians in the midst of a "wilderness." now whether it is that they have heard the old traditionary stories about the Hollow, which, all principal laboring and idle scribbling apart, is really one of the most haunted places in the heart of the country; or whether the fellows of the Hollow, accustomed

only to tolerate the neighborhood of the old Orkid families, have resented this intrusion into their solitudes by [illegible] of an unknown tongue,
~~only to tolerate the neighborhood of the old Orkid families~~,
certain it is, that the poor paddy's have been most grievously harried, for some time past, by all kind of aberrations. A [illegible] road cut through the wood, and leading from their encampment past the haunted church, and so on to certain whisky establishments, has been liberally beset by foul fiends; and the worthy patlanders, as they were born at night have beheld such shapen monsters whisking about their paths, monsters resembling men, mules, hogs, sundowned horses, but invariably without heads; which shows that they must be lineal descendants from the old Sabrie of the Hollow. If these nights of darkness have given rise and more vexatious to their pranks; sometimes occasionally tripping up, or knocking down, the unlucky object of their hostility. In a word, the whole wood has become such a scene of Spooking and diablerie, that the paddies will not any longer venture out of their shanties at night, [illegible] and a whisky shop in a neighboring village, where they used to hold their evening gatherings, has been obliged to shut up, for want want of custom. This is a true story and you may account for it as you please. The corporation of the city should look to it, for if this harrying continues I should not be surprised if the Paddies, tired of being cut off from their whisky, should entirely abandon the Sabrie region of Sleepy Hollow, and the [illegible] completion of the Croton works be seriously retarded

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You may make what use of this you please. I have published it in the Chronicle as a breakfast or evening [illegible] and may perhaps be able to take them with [illegible] to town if requisite to do so.

Yours truly

W. I.

SHR

P. S. The above story was told me last evening by one of the young engineers who was on a visit to the cottage

W 72

L. G. Clark Esq

Wm of the Knickerbocker

Fulton Street

New York