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RIP VAN WINKLE,

WITH NOTES, &c., &c.,

BY GEO. CHASE, M.A.
PRINCIPAL RIDGETOWN HIGH SCHOOL.

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RIP VAN WINKLE.
RIP VAN WINKLE

WITH SKETCH OF AUTHOR'S LIFE, WORKS, &c

Washington Irving was born at New York, April 3, 1783. After passing through the ordinary school of the day he entered upon the study of law; but although he was ultimately admitted to the bar, he never practised.—anything like set, systematic work being altogether distasteful to him. His constant companions were Goldsmith and Johnson, the novelists of the eighteenth century, Swift, Addison, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer, traces of whose influence are everywhere visible throughout his works. While he was thus laying the foundation of that charm of style so characteristic of his writings, his love of nature was cherished by frequent rambles among the noble scenery in the neighborhood of New York, and his keen powers of observation found an ample field in the oddities of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers, and in the absurdities of the political and social life around him. In 1802 Irving began his literary career with the Old Style Papers, a series of humorous contributions to a paper started by his brother. Ill-health, however, forced him in 1804 to go abroad for two years. Failing after his return to receive a government appointment, he joined a friend in editing Salmagundi. In 1810 he became a partner in business with two of his brothers, receiving a share of the profits, but doing little or nothing of the work, one of the brothers being unwilling that he should engage in anything that interfered with his tastes or pursuits. For the greater part of the two following years Irving was editor of a magazine in Philadelphia; the regular labor that this demanded, however, he found quite ungenial to his disposition.

In 1815 Irving again went to Europe, this time, as it proved, for seventeen years. Not till the bankruptcy of his business firm in 1818, and his failure to obtain diplomatic employment, did he finally decide to adopt the life of a writer. He was enabled to support himself and his family by the sale of his writings, as in the United States. In 1835 he returned from Europe as Secretary of the Legation at Mexico. After the passing of a few years he returned to New York, where the works of the Mexican mission were published by the same firm. He had meanwhile accoutred himself in a manner befitting a captain in the Mexican army. The bank was forced to close. The fortunes of the firm were now in the hands of the author, who was in receipt of the sum offered by the Mexican government as a premium for the publication of his works. He returned to life in New York to the literary world, and was the recipient of much honor. He died in 1859, leaving a wealth of literary works. He was the author of many of those books which have been most popular in America. He died April 28, 1859.

Irving was a man of gentle and genial manners. His castigation of the two Canarsie Indians in his History of New York was the cause of much inflicted favor. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him. His works are full of sentiment, and have pleased the world with their chivalry. The Sketch of American Literaturerecently published, and other works of the same kind, are full of that sentiment which is most agreeable to the mass of the reading public. His History of the Conquest of Mexico (1836) was illustrated by a series of fine engravings, while the writings of the Conquistador (1840) and Rooster Tedder (1852) are full ofPicturesque Diversions and other works of the same kind.
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adopt literature as a profession. His Sketch Book, the first number of which appeared in May 1819, was the first product of this new resolve. He now visited various countries on the continent, meeting, as in England, with most of the famous literary men of the time. In 1829, while living in the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra in Spain, he received from the United States government the appointment of Secretary of Legation at London. This position he held for three years, returning to America in May 1832. The next ten years he passed in his native land. During this period he produced several works; projected, and in part sketched, a History of the Conquest of Mexico, giving it up when he learned that Prescott was engaged on the same theme; made tours in various directions, one to the west of the Mississippi; and in general led a happy life, interrupted at times by unaccountable fits of melancholy. His residence at Sunnyside, on the east bank of his loved Hudson near Tarrytown,—the very scene of the adventures in Sleepy Hollow,—was the resort of friends and admirers, and the home of a family of orphan nieces and of an aged brother. In 1838 he was nominated for mayor of New York, and soon afterward he was offered a seat in the Cabinet at Washington. Both of these proffered honors he declined: his sensitive nature shrank from mingling in the bitter personal politics of the time. From 1842 to 1846 he was United States ambassador to the Court of Spain. In the latter year he returned to spend his remaining days at home, engaging in varied literary work, in travelling, and in rest at Sunnyside surrounded by those he loved. He died at Sunnyside, November 27, 1859, having completed his Life of Washington, his "crowning work," the previous April.

Irving's most important works are:—Salmaquendi (1806), a serial intended "to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." It was very popular, but lasted only a year. History of New York, a burlesque history of the State purporting to have been found in manuscript in the chamber of Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman who had lately disappeared. This is Irving's most original work, abounding in rich humor and good-natured wit at the expense of the descendants of the old Dutch settlers, mingled often with keen satire on the customs of society and of governments. The Sketch-Book (1819), completed in 1820, a collection of short papers containing some of his best writing, humorous, pathetic, descriptive, and otherwise. Bracebridge Hall (1822), similar to the Sketch Book. Life and Voyages of Columbus (1828). Chronicles of the Conquest of Grenada (1829), written mainly at Seville, not historical, but presenting "a lively picture of the war, and one somewhat characteristic of the times, so much of the material having been drawn from contemporary historians." Voyages of the Companions of Columbus (1830), Alhambra (1832), "a beautiful Spanish 'Sketch-Book'—the subjects being in the most elegant and finished style." Crayon Miscellany, a series of tales and sketches, including Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford, Legends of the Conquest of Spain, &c., that appeared in the course of 1836. Astoria (1836), principally an account of the founding of a colony at the mouth of the Columbia River by John Jacob Astor, a fur trader. Adventures of Captain Bonneville (1837), founded upon the journal of a U. S. officer while exploring the Rocky Mountains and the Far West. Wolfe's Roost (1855), a collection of his contributions to...
Magazine" in 1839. *Life of Goldsmith* (1849), a charming biography, being an enlargement of a former sketch, and containing the results of the researches of other biographers of Goldsmith. *Mahomet and his Successors* (1850), a popular historical work containing nothing original—the least valuable of the author's historical works. *Life of Washington* (1855—1859), the work of many anxious years, a "noble capital for his literary column." It is Irving's most elaborate production—a labor of love, in preparing which the author lived in constant fear that death or failing powers would prevent him from completing it.

Irving is not distinctively an American writer: his own good sense, his readiness to see and appreciate what is good in others, his long residence abroad, his familiar intercourse with the great men of other countries, his delight in the scenes of ancient grandeur and in the gorgeous legends of chivalry as well as his love for the natural scenery of his native land—all combined to make him cosmopolitan rather than American, and to render him incapable of narrowing his mind to one country, or party, or sect. Apart from his historical works, his aim was to entertain, not to instruct or reform, mankind; hence he is said to have no moral purpose in his writings. But he is everywhere pure and healthy in tone—the man himself was pure; he does not attempt to analyze human character and human motive, or to examine the workings of the human heart; but he excels in delineation of character as well as in the description of natural scenery and of incident; he is objective, not subjective. His kindly nature did not allow his humor to hurt anybody; though childless and wifelss he could enter heartily into the sports of children, and dwell with tenderness on scenes of domestic happiness.

No writer, not even Goldsmith, more clearly shows the man in his writings. Irving was deeply sensible to the beauties of nature, and his descriptions, minute in their detail, bring the scenes vividly before us because they are vividly before him. He had a keen sense of the ridiculous and the odd in the society around him; he enjoyed it and makes use of it in consequence. His humor is hearty; it is never, as is sometimes the case with Goldsmith, the sparkle on the surface of a tear; the smile in his reader's eye is but the reflection from his own. His satire is always good-natured; he never indulges in invective, never purposely wounds or holds up to ridicule; he is amused at the follies of people rather than disgusted at them. His pathos is as natural and true as it is tender; for he draws upon the memory of his own sorrow—the death of the lady to whom he was engaged to be married, and whose name he never afterwards uttered, even in presence of his closest friend. No truer pathos exists than is found in *The Broken Heart, The Widow and her Son, The Pride of the Village, and The Wife*.

As a historian Irving does not rank high; he had not the patience necessary for the careful laborious research that history demands; but he is always interesting, and in the main animated and graceful. He chose only those themes that were congenial to him, either through personal sympathy or through the charm they had for him on account of something heroic or chivalrous in them.

Irving, though not original in style, never consciously imitated any other writer; but the student of Goldsmith and Addison will readily perceive whence the inspiration came. The leading characteristics of his style are ease, grace, simplicity, purity, clearness, and finish. His nice taste led him to reject faulty constructions, inaccurate expres-
WINTER BIOGRAPHY, with the results of some of the best men of other and in the present day, the natural scenery of the Hudson, and the mountains which are the seat of domestic happiness. His characters are so vividly before the mind, and his sense of humor so keenly enjoyed it and appreciated, that he has never, as is said, lacked a surface of a family, or a friend, on which to work. The Widow Noll in his writings, for instance, and his stories of the follies of kings and courtiers, show—his frankness and whose name is best remembered. The Widow Noll is a great companion, but she is also a great critic and she shares in this her own. She is as true and free from pretense as she is unpretentious, never frowning down upon the follies of people, and always true to herself and her convictions. She is the kind of woman who is always free from false pretense, never a hypocrite, but always a genuine lady, and whose character is always a pleasant one to be around.

1. In this introduction Irving quietly laughs at those historians who relate as true facts some of the most grotesque of popular legends; but the chief part is a character sketch of the manner in which very many leading men of the descendants of the early Dutch colonists regarded his "Knickerbocker's History of New York,"—a book that gave great offence to these people, who seem to have been unable to appreciate its rich humor. Irving indicates, in his own way, the origin, character, and purpose of the book, with an amusing reference to its popularity, and at the same time intimates that it is absurd in anyone to be angry from such a trifling cause.

2. Diedrich (deed-rik) Knickerbocker was a name frequently assumed by Irving in his lighter writings. The introduction to the Sketch Book shows that the author is here describing his own character and tastes.

3. Hendrik (or Henry) Hudson, an Englishman in the service of the Dutch, was the first to explore (1609) the coast in the neighborhood of New York and to sail up the river. The Dutch claimed the country by right of discovery, and colonized it. It came into the possession of the English in 1664.

4. Remark that one element of the humor in this story consists in the gravity with which the exaggerations and other absurd statements are made. Note the frequent humorous assertions of the truth of his narrative, and of his anxiety to be precise in his statements.

5. Women seem to have always had the reputation of preserving the legends and stories of former days, Saint Paul speaks of "old wives' fables"; the Arabian Nights' Entertainments are stories related by women; and the ballads collected by Bishop Percy, Scott, and others were taken down from the recitation of old peasant women. Such women deserve our gratitude for saving these legends from destruction.

6. Black-letter is the name now given to the coarse, rude type in "Old English" or German characters employed in the earliest printing. The earliest printed books con-
The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned at first appearance, but has since been completely established; it is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of questionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work, and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say, that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection; yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folk whose good opinion is well worth having, particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their new-year cakes, and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo medal, or a Queen Anne's farthing."

sisted chiefly of legends, tales, &c., thoroughly believed by the readers. Develop the comparison in the text.

7. These were Wouter Van Twiller, Peter Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant (anyak), whose rule is so graphically described in the "History of New York."

8. "Not a whit" contains a tautology: not itself is a compound of na (negative), and wot, a thing.

9. Remark here that the author intimates he will write as he pleases. Explain the metaphors in this connection.

10. For this construction see Mason's Grammar, sec. 200-1, and note; 470 and note.

11. The "Sketch Book" was written in England, but first published in New York.
RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wednesay, that is Wednesaday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thyke day in which I can creep into
My sepulchre—

—Carveright.

Legendary lore had always a charm for Irving; he was delighted with Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—ballads, legendary, and otherwise, taken down by Scott from chiefly the recitation of old peasant women; he had read translations of German legends by different persons, and is said to have received from Scott the hint that some of these might be made the foundation of an excellent story.

In the characteristic note at the end of Rip Van Winkle Irving indicates the origin of his story—the legend of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. According to this legend the old emperor had not died, but, attended by faithful knights, was in a charmed sleep in an underground castle of the Kypphauser Mountain in the Hartz range, to return again when the glory and greatness of the German Empire had departed, in order to restore them once more. The attendant knights have been seen. One Peter Klaus, a villager, while wandering in the mountains, met with a number of men in antique garb; after being courteously entertained by them he returned home only to find that he had been absent twenty years. Other stories more or less resembling this are current among the German peasantry.

Legends concerning the supernatural disappearance of people from the earth, and their subsequent return, are common in all parts of the world; among others are that of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus—seven young Christian men who, to escape persecution in the reign of the Emperor Decius, retired to a cave where they slept two hundred years, and awoke to find Christianity the established belief; the legend of Thomas the Rhymer or Thomas of Kildonan, so renowned in the Northern ballads of England and Scotland,—who was taken away from earth by the Queen of Fairy Land, and who returns from time to time on various errands; the nursery fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty; Hogar's "Kilmey"; the famous legend of King Arthur, so long and so persistently believed in by the Welsh (see Greene's "History of the English People," reign of Edw. I.) In the "Passion of Arthur," in Tennyson's Idylls of the King, Arthur says—

"I perish by this people which I made,"

"Tho' Merlin swear that I should come again
To rule once more."

Sir Bedivere cries, as Arthur moves away in the black boat:

"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound,
He comes again."

But it is not the legend proper that constitutes the charm of Rip Van Winkle; the humor lies elsewhere; it lies in the delineation of Rip's character and domestic surroundings; in the picture of the little Dutch inn with its landlord and frequenters, and in the astounding change within the short space of (apparently) a night, that dazes the reader almost as much as it did the hero himself—a change from the snug, cozy Dutch inn with its old style sign to the rickety, barn-like, slipshod "hotel" with the everlasting "Union" attached to it; from the fat, stupid, speechless Dutchman, Nicholas Vedder, to the lean, bustling, volatile Yankee "Jonathan"; and from the sleepy village with its grave discussions of worn-out subjects and stale news, to the clamor of public speech-making in the warfare of modern party politics—the whole, with its dash of sportive satire and its mock solemnity, told in the author's happiest vein.

The adapted legend forms only about a fourth part of the present piece. But although the story is of foreign origin, yet the little village with its inhabitants and characteristics of both its early and later days, the hero himself a denizen of the village, and the magnificent scenery of the Kaatskills and the "lordly Hudson" at their feet, are so inseparably united that we cannot conceive of the legend as belonging to any other spot than that to which the author has transferred it.

12 Thylke "that," still used in Lowland Scotch; a compound of the Ang. Sax. the, and its (like), like; such is composed of such, so, and Ne; which, of he, who or what, and he.
Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there sat yet another of the Van Rensselaers, a different Peter. He was a Christian and simple and kind, and one of the circumstances at once made him seem to be of good disciplining. He had heard of the tribulations of the world, the temptations and the toils, and the bad times. He was a toiler and a good man.

Centuries had passed; his wife and all his daughters had died; they had become all the more good.

13 Remark how the author shows his sense of form and symmetry. The Kaatskill mountains are prominent parts in the story; they are, therefore, brought prominently forward and their image stamped as it were, on the mind from the beginning. The requirements of the story would naturally bring us to the village at the foot of the mountain; hence the village is next introduced; and thus each step in the progress follows naturally the preceding one. In passing from one paragraph or idea to another, it will be observed that abruptness in the transitions is often avoided by making the closing expression or idea of the one paragraph suggest the opening of the next. Trace throughout the piece these evidences of artistic skill.

14 Give the force of "lording." On this use of it see Mason's Gram., sec. 372, note.

15 Show if the tenor of the expression, "and they—barometers," is in accord with that of the immediate context. Compare also "great antiquity" and "just—peace"! below. What object had the author in view in inserting these?
beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village

16 Why not man instead of fellow? Note carefully the following description of a good-natured "ne'er do well.

17 In Delaware; it was held by the Swedes who claimed, and had in part colonized, that region. See in "Knickerbocker's History of New York" the absurdly ludicrous, mock heroic description of the siege and capture of this fort by Stuyvesant and his wonderful army.

18 Why is this statement repeated? Remark the mock earnestness in what immediately follows,—one of the elements of the humor of the piece.

19 Criticize the metaphor in "their tempers—tribulation," bearing in mind that "tribulation" is from the Latin tribulatio, a rubbing out of grain by means of a sledge set with sharp stones or iron teeth.

20 Termagant (old French, Tervagant; Italian, Tregexante), the name of the god that medieval Christians supposed the Saracens to worship. He was frequently represented in old plays as a violent, storming character. It is now applied to a violent, scolding woman. What is the force of thrice in the following line?

21 Why does not the author use the word "woman" here?

22 "Gossip" is a compound of the Ang. Sax. god, God, and ebb, a relative—a "relative in God," that is, a sponsor in baptism; the modern usage shows a degradation in meaning.
lage, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip’s composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar’s lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obilging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody’s business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it

23 It is usually stated that “aversion” should be followed by “from,” not “to,” since it is derived from the Latin verto (versus), to turn; but “aversion” contains also the Latin preposition a (ab), from; hence “aversion from” is tautological, while “aversion to” is contradictory. But in using the word its derivation is not present to the mind; we think merely of the object towards which our dislike is directed, not of the physical act implied by the derivation; hence “aversion to” seems to be the more natural expression.

24 Express more briefly the idea in the preceding sentence. What effect does the author wish to produce by this wording? Is it consistent with the tenor of the piece? Remark that this first sentence contains the general statement. What is the character of the rest of the paragraph?

25 The Tartars, or more properly Tatars, inhabit Asia, outside of China proper, and north of the Nan-Shan, Kuen-lun, Hindu Kueh, and Elburz mountains. They also conquered and settled southern Russia in Europe; the Turks and Hungarians are also of Tartar origin. The famous Cossacks, the lancers in the Russian army, are also Tatars.

26 How much of the following paragraph is in “indirect narration”? Change it to “direct narration.”
was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow thicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,

which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dimming in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into

CHINESE, proper, and officer. They also contain words from the ten languages are also of the same origin, are also fustar. 27 Galligaskins were a kind of wide, full trousers, worn in the latter part of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century. The word is said to be a "derivative of the Italian Grechescoc—Greek; a name given to a particular kind of hose worn at Venice." 28 At is a contraction used as a noun for at do, to do; the preposition at was often before the infinitive in the old Northern dialect. 29 Develop the metaphor in "well-oiled disposition"; also in "torrent of eloquence." 30 Express "eat—brown" in other words.
a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scourched the woods;—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.\(^31\)

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellowes with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use.\(^32\) For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual\(^33\) club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George the Third.\(^34\) Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer. A good book, a good pipe, and a good glass of drink; pleasant little gossip, and easy little discourses, were the only exercise of the mind. The author, in this harmless way, provided himself with a sufficient index of the past ages, and stored his memory with a fund of useful instruction. His sacred and profane opinions were delivered with a smoothness of diction and gravity of manner that would have served him to adorn the stage.

From time to time the landlord, routed out, came on the stage, and addressing the landlady to name her man, would leave him in the company of Wolf.
summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs, but when pleased he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago,
who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thine mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shaggy, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that

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58 Give the full explanation of this phrase.
59 Account for the changed tone of this and the following paragraph. Compare with the opening paragraph. Compare this view from the mountain with that described in Scott's Lady of the Lake, canto I. (See critical remarks on Irving's style.)
Account for the character of the conclusion of the paragraph "On the—Winkle."
it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!” He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: “Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!”—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a loud growl, skulked to his master’s side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin,\(^4\) strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches,\(^4\) the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and buttons at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed to contain liquor, and made signs for

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\(^4\) From this point to Rip's appearance before the "Union Hotel," the story has but little of a local nature; it is, in its main features, the German legend. Irving follows the legends here; these do not represent the heroes as falling asleep, but as meeting with supernatural beings in whose company they are unaware of the lapse of time,—five, or seven years, or even two hundred years having passed away as if they were but a few hours.

\(^4\) Is this act characteristic of Rip?

\(^4\) Jerkin is a diminutive of the Dutch Jurk, a frock.

\(^4\) Irving delighted in thus presenting his typical Dutchman. In the "History of New York" he represents one of the colonists, Ten Broeck, as deriving his name from wearing ten pairs of breeches: these were of such a size that, when the Indians had agreed to give the colonists as much land as a man's breeches would cover, the simple savages were amazed and confounded to see Ten Broeck's cover the whole future site of the City of New York.
Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain-heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence, for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and

45 Examine the correctness of this phrase; also "so that—cloud" further down.
46 Compare the description of the hollow here with that of the Tossachs in Scott's Lady of the Lake, canto I.
47 Amphitheatre—Gr. amphi, around, and theatron, seeing,—a theatre with seats on all sides; the usual theatre was in the form of a semicircle. The term is here applied to a little vale surrounded by hills.
48 So in the legend of Peter Klaus; but Irving here takes liberties with the Knights of Barbossa; he makes them Dutchmen, but in his own way.
49 Quaint—a very disguised form of the Latin cognitus. "In French the word took the sense of trim, neat, fine, &c.; in English it meant famous, remarkable, curious, strange, &c."—Skeat.
Doublet—"Fr. double, double; Lat. duo, two; and plus, related to plenus, full." Originally a thickly wadded jacket for defence; afterwards a close-fitting coat extending down to the middle.
Though rather slow of tongue, Rip readily complied with the guide's directions; and, "one after another," they went down the <br>staircase by a flight of stone steps, and then heard a low <br>note, as if some animal wished to issue out from a <br>crevice in the rocks, toward the bottom. For an instant, <br>the face of one of those transient <br>mountain-wanderers <br>came to a <br>perpendicular <br>lookout. <br>lances shot their <br>glare into the azure sky and <br>over the heads of Rip and his companio <br>n; in the <br>former's <br>hand, a keg of <br>spirits, <br>shewing strange <br>shapes, <br>inspired awe <br>and <br>loathing. <br>Further down. <br>— Counsel in Scott's <br>Waverley. <br>Making, with seats on <br>both sides of the road, and is here applied <br>to the <br>Knights. <br>- "the word took <br>a broad extensive meaning, "magnific, curious, <br>abundant, to plenus, full." <br>See Introduction, <br>last-clause. <br>51 What reason had the writer for introducing this Dutch name? See Introduction, <br>last-clause. <br>52 In "and which" the "and" implies a preceding "which"; none is expressed <br>here, but one is implied in the adjective phrase "in-Shaick," a construction that it <br>would be better to avoid. <br>53 Why is the party so grave? Cf. the character of Nicholas Vedder. What figure of <br>speech is there in "melancholy party of pleasure"?
pany. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.64

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog

64 Why does the author remove Rip from his supernatural company in this particular manner? What is the peculiarity in words such as "twittering," four lines below?
and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip. "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and wild-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done?—the morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

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55 See the Indian legend in the author's appended note.
56 In the legend, Barbarossa partially wakes up every hundred years and asks the attendant dwarf if the "old crows still continue to fly around the mountain." Irving has metamorphosed these crows as well as other features.
As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same—when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of whom he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed; the very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found his way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows

57 Barbarossa's beard has grown through the marble table "whereon he rests his head."

58 Why begin the sentence with this word? Change the rest of the paragraph to the direct narrative form.

59 Addled—from the Ang. Sax. *ddl, a disease; "the original meaning is inflammation."
shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked liked Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by his name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. The desolation overcame all his conjugal fears; he called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there was now reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folks about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about

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RIP VAN WINKLE.
it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering\textsuperscript{61} clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow,\textsuperscript{62} with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon\textsuperscript{63} to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was a Federal or a Democrat?"\textsuperscript{64} Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing self-important\textsuperscript{65} old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo,\textsuperscript{66} the other

\textsuperscript{61} Comment on this use of "utter." Is its sense the same in construction with smoke as with speeches? What is the figure? Cf. "to utter counterfeit money," and other variations in the use of the word.

\textsuperscript{62} Irving as heartily despised this typical Yankee Jonathan as he was amused at the phlegmatic Dutchman. He lamented the displacement of the old inn by the modern comfortless village "hotel"; and ward and tavern politics with their hypocritical and pseudo-patriotic cant and disgraceful personalities he utterly loathed.

\textsuperscript{63} The reference is to Genesis xi., 1-6. The derivation of jargon is uncertain; it early came into the English language from the French.

\textsuperscript{64} These are the names of the two political parties in the United States in the early part of the century: the former claimed more authority for the central government over the separate States than the latter was willing to grant.

\textsuperscript{65} The self-importance of those in office has always been a favorite subject of satire with writers.

\textsuperscript{66} Akimbo, or akimbow: "a compound of the English on, corrupted into o, as in aboard, and the Celtic sam, crooked,—the bo or bow being the repetition in English of sam." Skeat.
resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well; who are they?—name them!"

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

67 Show wherein consists the humor of "his keen—soul," and of "What—village?" Is this sentence in direct or indirect narration?

68 Those who took sides with the English Government during the war of the Revolution were called "Tories" by their opponents; at the close of the war their property was nearly all confiscated and they themselves were compelled to leave the country; they were then termed "refugees."

69 A fort on the Hudson stormed by the Americans during the war.

70 A bold headland on the eastern side of the Tappan Zee,—a broad expansion of the Hudson, near Tarrytown. For the origin of the name see "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Book VI., chap. 4.
“Where's Van Bummell, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip’s heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stony Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three, “Oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

“God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wit’s end; “I’m not myself—I’m somebody else—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I am changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “Hush, Rip,” cried she, “hush you
little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence.

The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it into his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put

72 Won't. The wo in this word is a remnant of the Old English wulf, a form of the present tense of the verb wyl; won't is, therefore, composed of wyl and nat—that having dropped out.
73 How could the "tone of voice" do this?
74 Why "faltering"?
75 Is this statement in character? Why does the author insert it? Irving liked to satirize the energetic, but often unscrupulous character of the New England traders.
their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in
the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to
the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his
head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head
throughout the assemblage.76

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter
Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He
was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one
of the earliest accounts of the province.77 Peter was the most
ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the
wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He re-
collected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most
satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a
fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the
Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings.
That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first
discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there
every twenty years with his crew of the Half-moon; being per-
mitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and
keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by
his name. That his father had once seen them in their old
Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain;
and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound
of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and re-
turned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's
daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-
furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for her husband,
whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb
upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of
himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work
on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to
anything else but his business.

76 Refer to the preceding part of the story to a statement in a similar strain.
77 A sportive reference to the "History of New York."
Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicler of the old times “before the war.” It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned; and that was—petticoat government.

Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle’s hotel. He was at first observed to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awakened. It at last settled down to precisely the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of

78 Why should this be?
79 Might another explanation of this be offered? See the early part of the story.
his hand, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Note.—The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick der Rothbart, and the Kypphaufer mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity:

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this in the villages along the Hudson, all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

Postscript.—The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker:

"The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night, to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air, until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

"In old times, says the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wrecking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a pan-

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80 This ignorance in officials is satirized in more than one of Irving's works.
This page contains a selection of text from a historical novel, *Rip Van Winkle*, by Washington Irving. The text is a poetic and descriptive passage about the character Rip Van Winkle and his experiences in the Catskills region. The passage describes Rip's leisurely life, the beauty of the landscape, and his adventures in the forest. The text is rich in imagery and evokes a sense of nostalgia and simplicity.

Show what characteristics of Irving's style are illustrated in *Rip Van Winkle*.

**Barbarossa.**

Der alte Barbarossa, der Kaiser Friedrich,
Im unterird'schen Schlosse hält er verzaubert sich.

Er ist niemals gestorben, er lebt darin noch jetzt;
Er hat im Schlöss verborgen zum Schlafl sich hingesetzt.

Er hat hinabgenommen des Reiches Herrlichkeit,
Und wird einst wiederkommen mit ihr zu seiner Zeit.

Der Stuhl ist elfenbeinern, worauf der Kaiser sitzt,
Der Tisch ist marmelsteinern, worauf sein Haupt er stützt.

Sein Bart ist nicht von Flachse, er ist von Feuersgluth,
Ist durch den Tisch gewachsen, worauf sein Kinn ausruht.

Er nickt als wie im Traume, sein Aug' halb offen zwinkt;
Und je nach langem Raume er einem Knaben winkt.

Er spricht im Schlaf zum Knaben, Geh' hin vors Schlosz, o Zwerg,
Und sieh ob noch die Raben herfliegen um den Berg.

Un wenn die alten Raben noch fliegen immerdar,
So muss ich euch noch schlafen verzaubert hundert Jahr.
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J. Miller, M. A., Head Master St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.

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It was moved and seconded that the report be received and adopted. Carried unanimously.

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