

RIP VAN WINKLE.

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WITH NOTES.

BY

E. M. BIGG, M. A.,

HEAD MASTER, HIGH SCHOOL, PARKHILL.

TORONTO :

COPP, CLARK & CO., 9 FRONT STREET WEST.

1884.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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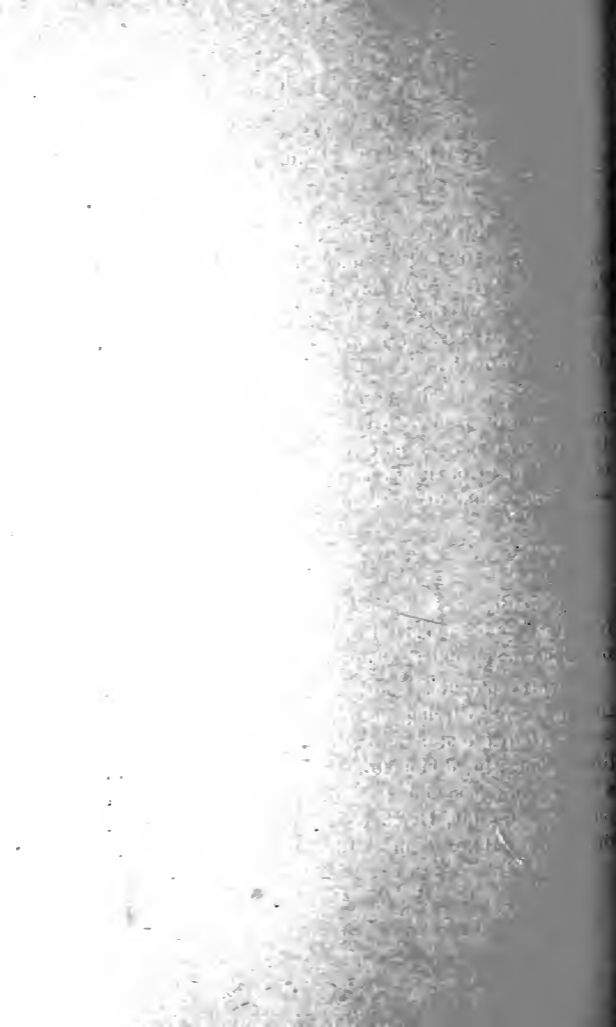
NOTE TO PREFACE.

Diedrich Knickerbocker was one of Irving's "*Nom de plume*." He first assumed it when he wrote the burlesque "History of New York." His later "*Nom de plume*," and the one by which he was known in England, was "Geoffrey Crayon." His first was "Mr. Jonathan Oldstyle."

The object of this short introduction, is to try and impress on the reader, that the story he is about to relate is a reality; and the note added at the end of the story is intended to produce the same effect, or rather to add weight to the first declaration.

In preparing the following edition of Rip Van Winkle, free use has been made of several works, to the authors of which the compiler's thanks are due.

Teachers and pupils who desire to obtain more information in regard to Irving and his writings, should get the works referred to at close of the short sketch of Irving's life. Some capital hints to the teacher are to be found in a little work (containing six of Irving's sketches, and published by Ginn, Heath & Co., of Boston,) to which the compiler is greatly indebted.



LIFE OF IRVING.

William Irving, originally a petty officer in the British naval service, was a native of the Orkney Isles and married the daughter of an English clergyman. Having settled in New York as a merchant, he became the father of eleven children of whom, Washington, the subject of this sketch, was the youngest. He was born in 1783, and was sent to school in his fourth year, and at a very early age evinced a passion for reading. He was particularly fond of voyages and travels, which produced such an effect upon him that at the age of fourteen he was on the point of eloping from home and engaging as a sailor. This predilection for the sea was probably inherited, as an inseparable part of his natural constitution, from his ancestors the adventurous denizens of the "Storm-swept Arcades."

His father having died while Washington was still young, his education, which thenceforth took place at home, devolved upon his elder brothers, young men of considerable attainments. His health, during youth and early manhood, was exceedingly delicate; and though his studies were retarded by this circumstance, his imagination and perceptive faculties gained by it; for, unable to sit closely to his books, he spent a great deal of his time in wandering about Manhattan Island, observing the picturesque aspects of nature in that place, and listening to the odd traditions of the old Dutch and other settlers. It is to these first impressions of his

youth, that so much of the quaint piquancy of his writings is due. His literary career was commenced in 1802, with a number of sketches contributed to the "New York Morning Chronicle," entitled "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle." His health, however, was so frail that he was compelled to travel with a view to its renovation. He crossed the Atlantic, and visited France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland and England. On his return to New York, he, together with Mr. Kirke Spaulding, commenced a series of humorous and graphic sketches, which were published under the title of "Salmagundi." This work obtained a considerable degree of popularity, but was suddenly stopped at end of 1807. After this he wrote a number of tales and essays for the magazines and newspapers, and about the same time began to study law; but, although he was admitted to the bar, he never practised as a barrister.

In 1809 was published the humorous "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," which instantly made Irving one of the most popular of American writers. On the breaking out of war between England and the United States, a few years afterwards, he was attached, with the rank of colonel, to the staff of General Tompkins, governor of New York.

On the establishment of peace, he went to Liverpool to represent the commercial house of Irving Brothers, a firm which subsequently failed; whereupon Washington Irving occupied himself exclu-

sively with literature. After having travelled over England, he commenced his "Sketch-Book," forwarding his manuscript in instalments to New York, where it was published. The very favourable manner in which the London critics spoke of this work induced Irving to seek a publisher for it in England. He was for a long time unsuccessful in this attempt, and having met with an hospitable reception at Abbotsford, by Sir Walter Scott, he now sought that gentleman's advice. Although Scott could not help him to a publisher, he offered to procure him the post of editor for a periodical then about to be started in Edinburg. Irving declined this kind proposal. "My whole course of life," he said, "has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically-recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I should those of a weathercock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule, but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians or a Don Cossack."

He afterwards purposed to issue an English edition of his "Sketch-Book," at his own risk, but his publisher failed when the first volume only had been produced. The book became so rapidly popular, however, on both sides of the Atlantic, that Mr. Murray resolved to become its English publisher, and henceforth Irving's reputation was made.

A second volume of the "Sketch-Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Tales of a Traveller," succeeded, the last work appearing in 1824; the author's residence during the interval of their composition being at London and Paris.

In 1826 he set out for Madrid, for the purpose of examining some important documents relative to Columbus, which had just been discovered in a Jesuit college in that city. His researches in the Spanish archives, as well as explorations of the old cities of Spain, resulted in the publication of several of his most popular books—the "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," the "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus," "The Conquest of Grenada," and "Tales of the Alhambra."

In 1829 he was appointed secretary of the American legation in London, the Royal Society of Literature awarding him one of its gold medals, and the University of Oxford conferring upon him its honorary degree of LL.D. about the same time.

In 1832, "After an absence of seventeen years, he again saw the blue line of his native land," as he has said, and on landing, a most enthusiastic reception awaited him. Leaving New York soon afterwards in company with Mr. Ellsworthy, the Indian commissioner, he travelled in the far west, his knowledge of Indian and prairie life being reproduced in a series of entertaining works, the chief of which were "Tour on the Prairies," "Astoria, or Enterprise Beyond the Rocky Mountains," and the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." They were

followed by a variety of sketches supplied to the American periodicals.

In 1841 he was nominated minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain, representing his country with distinguished success at Madrid, till 1846, when he was, at his own wish, recalled.

Washington Irving hereupon retired to the beautiful estate, which he had purchased a few years before, at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, about twenty-five miles from New York. In this charming retreat he lived, engaged in literary labor, till his death in 1859; narrating the rise and progress of Mahometanism in his "Lives of Mahomet and his Successors," and the adventures of Oliver Goldsmith, in his biography of that poet and essayist. Besides these he revised his complete works and published a collected edition of them. His last productions were "Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost," a series of sketches in the style of the old "Sketch-Book," and the "Life of Washington," the first volume of which was published in 1855; and this as well as the concluding volumes was hailed with an enthusiastic reception in America, while in England it became as popular as the previous efforts of its author.

Irving was never married. His life was written by his nephew and published in 1862.

For a more complete account of his life, a critical estimate of his humor, style, etc., see "Life of Irving," by R. H. Stoddard, and "American Humorists," by H. R. Haweis.

STYLE AND CHARACTER OF HIS WRITINGS.

"A photographic minuteness of detail, the graphic points always being instinctively selected . . . The quaintest choice of adjectives and substantives, appropriate to the variety and vigor of the image invoked. He is full of pithy wit and terse sayings, meditative occasionally, but not retrospective or metaphysical; invariably graphic, scenic, objective, rousing an image which we usually recognize, and are generally glad to meet with."—H. R. HAWEIS.

"Amiability is so strongly marked in all Mr. Irving's writings as never to let you forget the man, and the pleasure is doubled in the same manner as in lively conversation with one for whom you have a deep attachment and esteem. There is also in them the gayety and airiness of a light, pure spirit—a fanciful playing with common things, and here and there beautiful touches, till the ludicrous becomes half picturesque."—R. H. DANA, SEN.

"If the reader wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison's, its ease, simplicity and elegance, with greater accuracy, point and spirit, let him give his days and night to the Volumes of Irving."—*North American Review*.

"Pure, graceful, and varied."—MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

"He has the finish of our best writers; he has the equality and gentle humor of Addison and Goldsmith."—*Westminster Review*.

"Formed, no doubt, on that of Addison and Goldsmith, his style is nevertheless largely the reflection of the man himself—easy, tasteful, genial, pure, and simple. He is one of the masters of our lighter literature, and is equally successful in delineations of character and in graphic descriptions of scenery. The skill of the literary artist is seen

in the admirable proportions of his compositions ; nothing important is omitted, and nothing unimportant inserted. The sparkling humor which prevades his earlier works animates the graver ones of his later years and lends them an irresistible charm. In his stories of domestic life and descriptions of humble scenes he delights us as much with his pathos and humor as with his correct judgment and manly sentiments. Possibly he is sometimes chargeable with over elaboration of style and serious sentiment, but he is undoubtedly the most distinguished of the American classics. "Rip Van Winkle," and "Sleepy Hollow" deserve to rank high among the fictions of the present age."—*Royal Canadian Reader*.

"Perhaps the finest pieces of original fictitious writings that this country has produced, next to the works of Scott."—*Chambers' English Literature*.

"Can sentiment be purer, or language more harmonious than this."—DR. DIBDEN.

PATHOS.

Byron said of "The Broken Heart," one of the papers in "The Sketch-Book," that "It was one of the finest things ever written upon earth" and wept whenever he read it.

HUMOUR.

"He had the singular good fortune to write before all the good jokes had been made. He is the first of American Humorists, as he is almost the first of American writers ; yet, belonging to the New World, there is a quaint Old World flavor about him. . . . There is a good deal of the "Guardian," "Tatler," "Spectator," and old coffee-house wit and wisdom about him. But though sometimes gossipy, he is never flimsy. . . . He knows how to be solid, to choose his words, to look all round his thoughts, to have thoughts that will bear looking

at. His wit is never forced ; he is seldom on the broad grin. In him, indeed, are germs of American humor, since run to seed in buffoonery ; but he is never outrageous—always within delicate bounds. His fun never goes mad, but is in excellent subordination to his narrative or discourse. His wit plays about his subject like summer lightning. His laugh, or more often his grave smile, rises naturally, and is never affected ; he is never strained or flashing, but often full of a deep and pathetic purpose ; and his jokes, when they come, seem woven into the very texture of his style. We have seldom the rollicking fun of Dickens, but often a touch of his tenderness. It is the satire of Swift, without his sour coarseness ; the grace of Sterne, without his sham sentiment ; the delicate flavor of Charles Lamb, without, however, the sly but severe bite of Lamb's satire."—H. R. HAWEIS.

“ His wit and humor carry the reader to the conclusion, without weariness, or satiety, so unsought, spontaneous and self-suggested are they. The author makes us laugh, because he can no more help it than we can help laughing.”—W. C. BRYANT.

“ A world of humor, so happy, so natural, so altogether unlike that of any other man, dead or alive.”—JOHN NEAL.

FAULTS AS A WRITER.

“ The rythm and melody of the sentences are excessive, in that they wear an air of mannerism and create an impression of the labor that must have been bestowed upon what is but a secondary attribute of good writing.”—JEFFREY (or *Bracebridge Hall*).

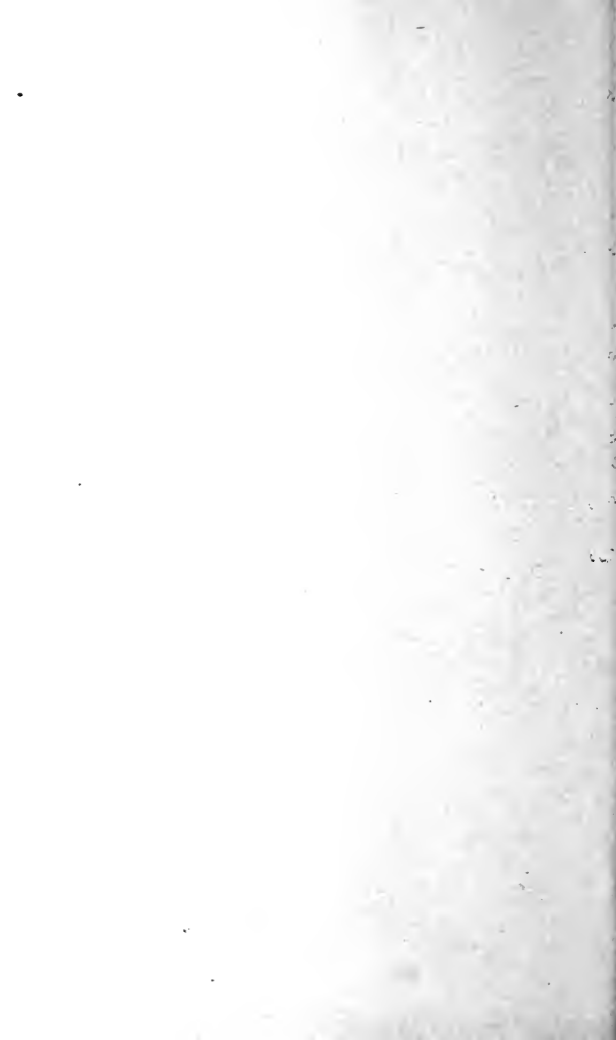
“ He (Irving) must in future be true to his own reputation throughout, and correct the habits of indolence, which so considerable a part of the work (*Tales of a Traveller*) evince.”—*London Quarterly*

CHRONOLOGY.

- 1783.—April 3rd, Washington Irving was born in the City of New York.
- 1800.—Began to study law.
- 1802.—Contributions to "*The Morning Chronicle*," signed Jonathan Oldstyle.
- 1804.—Went to Europe.
- 1806.—Returned to New York; was admitted to the bar.
- 1807.—"*Salmagundi*," a humorous magazine; joint production of Washington Irving, Jas. K. Spaulding and William Irving.
- 1809.—Matilda Hoffman, his betrothed, died. Her early death gave a tinge of seriousness to his whole life.
- 1809.—"*History of New York*," by Diedrich Knickerbocker. Sir Walter Scott was greatly delighted with this work.
- 1810.—Admitted as a partner with two of his brothers in the commercial business which they carried on in New York and Liverpool.
- 1813-14.—Edited "*Analectic Magazine*," published in Philadelphia.
- 1815.—Second visit to Europe.
- 1817.—Thos. Campbell, the poet, gave Irving a letter of introduction to Scott, at Abbotsford, who said of Irving, "He is one of the best and pleasantest acquaintances I have made this many a day."
- 1818.—Failure in business, Bankruptcy.
- 1819-20.—"*The Sketch-Book*" was published in numbers in New York; collected and published in two volumes in London by John Murray, owing to the favorable representations of Walter Scott.

- 1822.—“*Bracebridge Hall.*” The characters in the Christmas Sketches re-appear in this book. Thos. Moore, the poet, suggested the idea to Irving.
- 1824.—“*Tales of a Traveller* ;” sold for 1,500 guineas to Murray, without his having seen the manuscript.
- 1828.—“*The Life and Voyages of Columbus.*” While writing this book in Madrid, he met Mr. Longfellow, who had just been appointed professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College, and was studying in Europe to prepare himself for the work.
- 1829.—“*Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada.*”
- 1830.—The Royal Society of Literature bestowed upon him one of the two fifty guinea gold medals awarded annually.
- 1831.—The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of LL D.
- 1831.—“*Voyage of the Companions of Columbus.*”
- 1832.—Returned to New York after seventeen years' absence. Public dinner in New York to “our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land.”
- 1832.—“*The Alhambra.*” Irving lived in the old Moorish palace between two and three months “in a kind of Oriental dream,” he says. Many of his letters written at the time are dated “Alhambra, Granada.”
- 1834.—Travelled in the West, in company with Commissioners appointed by the United States Government to treat with the Indians.
- 1835.—“*A Tour on the Prairies. Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.*” (*Crayon Miscellany.*)
- 1835.—“*Legends of the Conquest of Spain.*” (*Crayon Miscellany.*)

- 835.—Purchased a tract of land on the Hudson, on which was a small Dutch cottage, the Van Tassel house of the "*Legend of Sleepy Hollow*," afterwards known as Woolfert's Roost, and rechristened Sunnyside. The railroad station near it is now called Irvington, some twenty-five miles from New York.
- 836.—"*Astoria*;" an account of John Jacob Astor's settlement on the Columbia River, scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains, the fur trade, etc.
- 837.—"*The Adventures of Captain Bonneville*."
- 842-46.—Minister to Spain. Notified of his appointment by Daniel Webster.
- 849.—"*Oliver Goldsmith ; A Biography*."
- 850.—"*Mahomet and his Successors*."
- 855.—"*Woolfert's Roost*."
- 855-59.—"*The Life of George Washington*" (five volumes).
- 859.—November 28th, Irving died at Sunnyside.



RIP VAN WINKLE.

POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into .
My sepulchre.

CARTWRIGHT.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the Province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more, their wives, rich in that legendary lore, so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low roofed farm-house, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clasped volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a book-worm,

The result of all these researches was a nistory 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 scrupulous accuracy, which, indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and it is now admitted into all historical collections, as a book of unquestionable 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 among 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.

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. 5 10 15

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, 20 25

built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks. 30

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 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 certain 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. 35
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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, 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 60
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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. 70

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 obliging 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. 75
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In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm ; it 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 quicker in his fields than anywhere else ; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door 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. 95
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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. 110

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 dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. 115

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 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. 120

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 scoured 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 130

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.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on : a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual 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. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy 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 which 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 school-master, 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 185
his opinions. When anything that was read or
related displeased him, he was observed to smoke
his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, fre-
quent, and angry puffs ; but when pleased, he would
inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit 190
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 195
at length routed by his termagant wife, who would
suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the as-
semblage, and call the members all to nought ; nor
was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself,
sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, 200
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 the clamor of his wife was to take gun 205
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, "thy 210
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 215
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 favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the 220
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 shagged, 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 this scene ; evening was gradually advancing ; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys ; he saw that 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 around, 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 low 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 neighborhood 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 strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for 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, towards 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 most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar : one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes ; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance ; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. 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. 345

On waking he found himself on the green knoll from 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 woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“Oh! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?” 355 360

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel incrustated 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. 365 370

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening’s gambol, and if he met with any of the party demand his dog 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 375

lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have 380
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 385
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 witch-hazel ; and sometimes
tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that 390
twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and
spread a kind of network 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 395
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 400
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. 405
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, 410
shouldered his rusty firelock, and with a heart full
of trouble and anxiety turned his steps homeward.

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 415
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 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 gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which 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 a 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 the 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 shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by 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.

This desolateness overcame all his connubial 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. 460

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 of them 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 now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, 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. 463 470 475 480

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about 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 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, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker’s hill—heroes of seventy- 485 490 495

six—and other words that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered 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 Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important 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, the other 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 bystanders—“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 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 in the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, 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 575—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, 580 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 with the cocked hat retired 585 with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, 59n "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind.

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked 595 he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home 600 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 to ask; but he put 605 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 peddler. 610

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! 615 —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 in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle 620 —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 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, 630 and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

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 635 historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He 640 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 645 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 permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great 650 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.

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To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned 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 a 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 a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

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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.

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Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get in to 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

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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. 695

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, 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 nine-pins; 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. 700 705 710 725

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 Kypphauser 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 last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on ever 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.”

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

LINE.

- 1.—Voyage—From L. *Via* = a way, and *ago* = to pursue, through the Fr. *voyage*.
- 1.—Hudson—A river rising in the Adirondacks and flowing south through the State of New York, and emptying into the Atlantic Ocean. The chief towns on its banks are Troy, Albany, Poughkeepsie, West Point, Jersey City, Brooklyn and New York.
- 2.—Kaatskill—Spelled also “Catskill,” a mountain range in the eastern portion of N. Y. State.
- 3.—Appalachian—The general name of the mountain ranges of Eastern N. America, running parallel to the Atlantic coast. Give the names of their divisions.
- 3, 4.—Branch, family—Note the double *metaphor* and explain it.
- 5.—Lording it—*Metaphor*.
- 6, 7.—Note the *anaphora* in the repetitions of *every*.
- 8.—Cf.:
“Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.”—WILLIS.
- 10.—Good-wives—A compound word, a rustic appellation for the mistress of a family.
- 11.—Barometers—Instruments for measuring the pressure of the atmosphere from G. *βάρος* = weight and *μέτρον* = a measure.
- 12–15.—Note the metaphors in *print* and *hood*. Expand them.
- 16.—Crown of glory—Simile—allusion to the halo that is usually portrayed about the heads of saints, etc.
- 20.—Shingle—From L. *scindo* = to split.

LINE.

- 21.—Upland = high land. Cf. Gray, "Upland lawn."
The student should notice especially the beautiful description of the mountain scenery. The word painting is worthy of Scott's happiest vein.
- 24.—Dutch. Ger. *Deutsch*—the inhabitants of Holland.
- 26.—Peter Stuyvesant—The fourth and last Dutch director-general of New Netherland (New York), born in Holland in 1602, died in New York city in August 1682. He was appointed director-general of New Netherland by the Dutch West India Company in 1645. He governed the colony wisely and well until its capture by the English in 1664.
- 26.—(May he rest in peace.)—An interjectional expression, an example of rhetorical *occultatio*.
- 28.—Within a few years—Until a few years ago.
- 30.—Latticed—consisting of slats crossing one another and forming an open network. Dut, *lat* = lath.
Gable fronts—Having the gable end fronting the street. The *gable* is the end of the house showing the pitch or slope of the roof. Dut. *gevel*.
- 31.—Weather cocks—Vanes, or something (originally in the shape of a cock) set on the top of a spire or other elevation, that, by turning, shows the point from which the wind blows.
- 35.—A province of Great Britain—before the revolution.
- 36.—Simple—Plain, artless, L. *sine*, *plica*.
- 38.—Figured—Acted or was prominent.
- 39.—Chivalrous—Gallant, knightly; Fr. *cheval* = a horse.
- 40.—Fort Christina—usually written Christiana, was a fort erected by Swedish colonists in Delaware, near the mouth of the Brandywine River. It was taken by Stuyvesant in 1655, and the Swedes were then incorporated with the Dutch, who thus extended their jurisdiction to Cape Henlopen.

LINE.

41.—Martial—Warlike, from Mars, the Roman god of war. Cf. Jovial, Mercurial, etc.

44.—Neighbor—A. S. *neah* = near, and *bur* = a dwelling.

Henpecked—Governed by a wife; a metaphorically formed word.

48.—Obsequious—Compliant; L. *obsequor* = to follow.

Conciliating—L. *concilio* = to call together.

49.—Shrews—Scolds, termagants. *vixens*; Ger. *schreien* = to cry out.

Their tempers, etc.—Note the metaphor in malleable and furnace.

50.—Malleable—L. *malleus* = a hammer.

51.—Fiery furnace—Allusion.

Curtain lecture—A reproof, given in bed, by a wife to her husband.

54.—Termagant—(1) A supposed Saracenic deity generally paired with Mahound or Mahomet. Cf.:

“Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt,
Of mighty Mahound and great Termagaunt.”

HALL, SATIRES.

(2) A ranting character in the old English drama.

(3) A scolding virago.

The word is a corruption of the old Fr. *Tervagant*, It. *Trivigante*, which is perhaps intended for *Trivia*, or *Diana*, or *Hecate*. It was perhaps confused with the It. *Termegisto*, a great boaster or quarreller.

56.—Thrice-blessed. Why? Give the three-fold blessing. Cf. Shak., *Mer. of Ven.*, on *Mercy*.

59.—Amiable sex—A Euphemism.

Squabble—An onomatopoeic word.

69.—Clambering—Corrupted form of climbing.

70.—A thousand tricks—Hyperbole.

LINE.

- 71.—Not a dog, etc.—Note the fulness of this description and the “touch of nature” that “makes the whole world kin,” in the fact that the dumb animals recognized in “Rip” a harmless friend. The student would do well to compare his character with that of “Will Wimble,” in Addison’s “Sir Roger de Coverly.”
- 75.—Assiduity or perseverance—Explain the difference.
- 77.—Tartar’s lance—Where was Tartary. Describe the weapon referred to.
- 78.—Murmur—What kind of a word, etymologically.
- 80.—Fowling-piece—Light gun.
- 82.—Down dale—Alliteration ; foremost—frolics, also.
- 84.—Foremost—Cf. backward, &c.
- 85.—Frolics—Sports.
- Husking Indian corn—Removing the outer covering from maize. It was, and is yet, in some country places, customary to invite the neighbors to assist in husking the corn. After it was done the evening was wound up with a dance and supper. The same programme was adopted in building fences, clearing land, etc., etc.
- 94.—Pestilent—troublesome plagues.
- 92-101.—“In fact . . . work to do.”—Was the fault in the farm, in Rip, or in his wife.
- 102.—Dwindled. Note the force of the affix “*le*.”
- 103.—Management. Was it not rather mismanagement, or a lack of management.
- 108.—Urchin—L. *ericius* = a hedgehog ; the urchin figures extensively in witchcraft and demonology, and the word sometimes stands for a mischievous spirit, a roguish boy.
- 109, 110.—Inherit the habits with the old clothes. Note the quaint humor in this expression. It is almost an anti-climax.
- 111.—Trooping—Marching.
- Like a colt—simile.

LINE.

- 112.—Galligaskins—Large open hose, or loose wide breeches, formerly used by the inhabitants of Gascony in France. Hence the name, or from *garigascans* or *garguesquans*, from the O. Fr. *garguesques* a corrupt form of *greguesques* = Ital. *Grechesco*, "Greekish trousers."
- 113.—Ado—Trouble, from Fr. *à* = to, and *do* a hybrid word.
- 114.—Simile.
- 116.—Well-oiled—Metaphor. Expand it.
- 117-119.—Antitheses in white—brown, starve—work, etc.—Proverb.
- 126.—Torrent—Metaphor.
- 131.—Valley—Metaphor.
- 132.—Fain—Pleased, glad.
Draw off his forces—Metaphor.
- 138.—Evil eye—A look expressive of malice, a malignant look.
- 142.—What courage tongue?—Erotesis.
- 145, etc.—His crest fell precipitation—
Metaphor and climax.
- 147.—Gallows air—An air befitting a person who deserves to be hanged. What number is "gallows?"
- 150.—Yelping precipitation—Hendiadys.
- 151.—Times—Affairs.
- 152-154.—A tart temper use—Proverbs containing metaphors.
- 157.—Club—Look up the origin of Clubs. Name some noted ones.
Sages, philosophers, and other idle persons—Does he mean that sages and philosophers are idle?
- 159.—Designated—Distinguished, primary meaning, L. *signum* = a mark, hence sign-board.
Rubicund—Reddish, referring to the high color which his features were painted.
- 160.—Geo. III.—Sketch his reign. Especially refer to important events in America.

LINE.

- 161.—Lazy summer's day—Transferred epithet. Cf. "Drowsy tinklings," "Weary way," in Gray's Elegy. See "sleepy stories" in l. 163.
- 163.—About nothing, *i.e.*, nothing of importance.
- 164.—Worth any statesman's money—Explain.
- 165-174.—Profound discussions, etc.—Cf. Goldsmith D. V. description of Village Inn, especially l. 223.
- 170.—Dapper—Smart, little and active, neat and quick.
- 171.—Gigantic word—Cf. Goldsmith D. V., l. 213, etc.
- 171.—Deliberate—Derive.
- 173.—Months after they had taken place—Cf. D. V. l. 224. How much this description resembles Goldsmith's in contents and humor.
- 175.—Junto—L. *junctus* = joined. Sp. *junto*, a cabal, a faction, a band of men secretly joined together for partisan or political purposes.
- 182.—Sun-dial—An instrument for showing the time of day by means of a shadow cast by the sun on a plate, from a style or straight rod firmly attached to it.
- Note the humorous conceit in the description of the method adopted by the landlord of the inn to show his agreement or disagreement with opinions advanced, and how naturally the simile of the smoke is worked out—the quick short puffs and the gentle cloud contrasted until the climax of the "nod" is reached.
- 196.—Termagant—See above, l. 54.
- 198.—Call the members all to naught.—*i. e.*, call them all worthless. Distinguish *naught* and *nought*.
- 199.—August—L. *augeo* = to increase.
- 200.—Virago. L. *Vir* = a man, from *vireo* = to be strong. Recapitulate the epithets applied to Rip's wife.
- 201.—Outright—At once, completely.
- 204.—Only alternative—As "alternative" "means" "one of two things," only is pleonastic.

LINE.

208.—Wallet—Haversack, the bag in which his lunch was carried.

211.—A dog's life—A hard life, full of blows and abuse.

215.—Reciprocated the sentiment—had a similar feeling concerning his master's lot.

Note the pathos in this communing of the two outcasts—the dog and his master.

224-5.—Crowned the brow—Metaphors. Cf. D. V., ll. 351 and 95. "Lofty mountain brow." Young's Night Thoughts.

227.—Many a mile—See Abbott's "How to Parse," § 218 ; Mason's Gr., § 93.

228.—Lordly. Cf. l. 5.
Far, far—Epizeuxis.

230.—Lagging—Slowly moving.

231.—Glassy—Simile.

234.—Shagged—Shaggy, rough.

235.—Impending—Primary meaning of overhanging, thence threatening.

237.—Musing—Considering, pondering, contemplating.

242.—Terrors of Dame Van Winkle—Attacks of her tongue, vituperations.

252.—Bristled, etc.—Erected the hairs on his back as some animals do when frightened or angry.

253.—Skulked—Endeavoured to keep out of sight.

Lower animals are commonly supposed to be able to distinguish the presence of anything supernatural.

254.—Vague—Uncertain, doubtful.

261.—Need of assistance—One of Rip's traits of character was his kind-heartedness. Cf. ll. 83-89.

264.—Singularity—Distinguish singular, particular and peculiar.

266.—Grizzled—Interspersed with gray hairs, of mixed black and white.

267.—Antique—Old, ancient.

Jerkin—A short coat, a jacket, waistcoat.

LINE.

- 269.—Ample—Spacious, wide, capacious.
- 270.—Bunches—Something in the form of a tuft or knot, as a tassel, or cluster of short ribbons, put on for ornament.
- 276.—Clambered—See l. 69.
- 276.—Gully—A gulch or channel worn in the earth by running water.
- 278.—Rolling peals—See line 326.
- 280.—Cleft—Noun, from cleave = to split. Distinguish cleave and cleave.
- 283.—Transient—Soon past, not lasting; distinguish transient and temporary.
- 284.—Mountain heights—Pleonasm.
- 286.—Amphitheatre—A building of an oval or elliptical form for beholding games, combats, and other spectacles, *e. g.*, the Coliseum at Rome.
- 300.—Nine pins—A game which consists of rolling a ball at nine pins or pieces of wood set on end—skittles. It is played with ten pins in this country
- 301.—Outlandish—(out and land). Foreign.
 Doublets—L. *duo*, *plico*, twice folded, originally a wadded garment for defence—a close fitting coat with skirts reaching below the girdle.
- 303.—Similar style *with*—Usually similar *to*.
- 306.—Piggish—Simile.
- 308.—Sugar loaf—Conical.
- 311.—Weather-beaten—Seasoned, hardened or tanned and sunburned by the weather.
- 313.—Hanger—A short, broad sword, suspended at the side, or that part of the belt on which it is hung.
- 314.—Roses—Rosettes on the instep of the shoes, and usually formed of ribbons.
- 316.—Flemish painting—A painting of persons dressed in the costume of Flanders. The Flemish school of painting boasts of the names of Rubens, Jordaens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Snyders and Wouverman, and dates from the commencement of the 15th century.

LINE.

- 318.—Time of settlement—When the Dutch first settled in New York in 1614.
- 323.—Withal—Also, at the same time.
- 324.—Melancholy party of pleasure—A paradox example of Oxymoron.
- 325.—Noise of balls—See l. 278. This noise shows the supernatural or diabolical character of Rip's companions. See ll. 641-655.
- 331.—Statue-like—Simile.
- 332.—Uncouth—A. S. *un*—not and *cunnan* = to know. Odd, ugly, perhaps wanting recognition.
- 332.—Lack-lustre—Without expression. Cf. Shak. "As you like it," "with lack-lustre eye."
- 332-3.—His heart, etc.—Signs of fear.
- (1) Turned = became giddy or dizzy. Cf. Shak. :
 "I'll look no more
 Lest my brain turn."
- (2) Turned (supply "to water?") as if his blood became water.
 Cf. Neh. II., 10, "The heart melteth and the knees smite together."
 Smite = to collide, to strike. Both turn and smite are here neuter verbs.
- 335.—Flagons—A kind of pitcher with a long neck, covered top and a spout.
- 337.—Quaffed—Drank copiously or in large draughts.
- 341.—Beverage—Liquor. L. *bibo* = to drink.
- 342.—Hollands—A vulgar term for gin made in Holland.
- 343.—Soul—A person. Cf. Swift, "My life here is no soul's concern."
- 344.—Provoked—Occasioned, induced. Cf. Gray's Elegy, "Provoke the silent dust," for a different meaning.
- 346.—Eyes swam—Metaphor.
- 347.—Declined—Its primary meaning of bent down.
- 350.—From whence—Pleonasm.

LINE.

- 354.—Breasting the breeze—Cf. Trav., “Breasts the keen air.”
- 356-359.—Notice the interjectional manner in which his dazed thoughts gradually trace out the events of the preceding evening, and the aposiopesis at last, as his thought rests on the flagon. Fill in the ellipses.
- 359.—“Oh! that wicked flagon”—Apostrophe.
- 361.—Dame Van Winkle—His first thought, almost, was of the trouble he should endure from his irrepressible partner. He little thought of the comfort in store for him however. Note the humor in this.
- 363.—Fire-lock—A name given to the old flint lock guns.
- 366.—Roysters—Commonly written roisters, loud-voiced or rollicking fellows, jolly blades, bullies, rioters.
- 375.—Gambol—Frolic, escapade.
- Notice the skill with which the author now describes Rip's wakening, and how artfully and yet how naturally and gradually he leads us and Rip to find out the changes made in the appearance of our hero, until the climax of the final realization by Rip of his long sleep. This is the highest art, viz., to conceal art.
- 386.—Babbling murmurs—Onomatopoeia.
- 387.—Made shift—Contrived.
- 388.—Toilsome way—Fatiguing. Transferred epithet. Cf. Gray, “Weary way.” See ll. 161-3.
- 397-8-9.—Note how the *alliteration* adds to the beauty of this description.
- 405.—Seemed to look down, etc.—(*i.e.*) Rip thought they did.
- 410.—He shook his head—in perplexity.
- 412.—Trouble and anxiety—As to his reception by Dame Van Winkle.
- 424-428.—Compare the present passage of Rip through the village with that described in ll. 67-72.

LINE.

432-4.—“*Strange . . . Strange.*” Climax, Epanalepsis, Anaphora.

With what effect the Author shows us in these lines, how all things change in a very short time, except the great works of the Almighty. The mountains, rivers, hills and dales are as ever, but the village is unrecognizable. No wonder poor Rip was “sorely perplexed,” in his ignorance of the lapse of twenty years.

439.—Silver Hudson—Simile.

442.—Addled—Corrupted, made useless, turned, used. Originally spoken of spoiled eggs.

452.—This was an unkind cut indeed—How well the Author tries to complete Rip’s delusion by introducing the dog, and how pathetic Rip’s exclamation, how it appeals to the feelings.

456.—Neat order—The contrast between her work and the farm Rip was supposed to manage.

458.—This desolateness—Rip’s love for his family is here revealed, but no doubt his anxiety was chiefly for his children. See line 611.

467.—Jonathan Doolittle—Notice the new name introduced, showing the advent of the New England settlers. The name Jonathan being typical of the race.

471.—Red night cap—A liberty cap. In ancient times, when a slave was freed, what was called the Phrygian cap (a *bonnet rouge*) was put on his head in token of freedom; “The cap with which the Roman master crowned his slave, when he took off the gyves.” The red cap worn by the French revolutionists is by them cherished as a symbol of liberty.

473.—Stars and stripes—The new flag of the United States—the design was made by a woman.

475.—King George—See l. 160.

481.—General Washington—The leader of the American armies in the Revolutionary war. Born, 1732. Died, 1799. See “life” by Irving and others.

485.—Disputatious—Inclined to dispute, contentious.

LINE.

- 486.—Phlegm—Coldness, apathy, indifference. Phlegm was regarded as one of the primary humors of the human body, and these humors were supposed to determine the temper and disposition of the person.
- 488.—Fair—White.
- 489.—Uttering—Puffing or putting forth.
- 490.—Doling—Dealing out in small quantities—here, reading.
Notice the difference between the characters and appearance of the Old Dutch Colonists and those of the new Yankee blood infused from the New England States.
- 495.—Congress—The name given to the parliament of the United States.
Bunker's Hill—In Charlestown, Mass.; famous for a battle fought, June 17th, 1775, between the British and Americans, resulting in the defeat of the former.
- 495.—Heroes of 76—The date of the declaration of the independence of the U. S., 1776.
- 496.—Babylonish—Allusion to the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel, the site of the city of Babylon.
Jargon—Unintelligible talk, gibberish.
- 508.—Federal or Democrat—The Federals were the party who were favorable to the Constitution of the United States at the time of its adoption. The Democrats or Anti-Federals were opposed to it. These parties differed in regard to both the foreign and domestic policy of the country. The Democrats were accused of partiality to France, and the Federals of partiality to Great Britain.
- 514.—Akimbo. The hand on the hip with the elbow projecting out. (Old E. *on-kambow* = in a crooked bend.)
- 525.—A Tory—A Royalist. One who supported the English Government during the revolution of 1776. Those who supported the revolutionary movement were called Whigs.

- LINE.
 A refugee—One who flees for shelter or protection. One of those who afterwards became United Empire Loyalists.
- 529.—Tenfold—Hyperbole.
- 539.—Piping—Weak.
- 544.—Brom—Dutch nickname for Abraham.
- 547.—Stony Point—A rocky promontory on the Hudson. During the Revolutionary war a fort on it was taken by the British, June 1st, 1779, and stormed and recaptured by General Antony Wayne, July 15.
- 548.—Antony's Nose—The name of another rocky promontory on the Hudson.
- 560.—Does nobody, etc.—Rip does not expect an affirmative answer, hence the use of the negative "nobody."
- 574.—Thats me yonder—To whom does he refer; parse "me."
- 581.—Tap their fingers, etc.—Explain.
- 585.—Man . . . precipitation—Note the insight the author shows regarding human nature, the greatest talker being the most cowardly.
- 609.—Fit of passion—The ruling passion caused her death.
- 611.—Drop of comfort—See l. 458.
- 614, 615.—Old—young—Antithesis.
- 645.—Hendrick Hudson. A distinguished navigator after whom Hudson's Bay, Hudson's Straits, and the Hudson River were named. He discovered the river in his second great voyage, while seeking to find a north-west passage to China and India. His vessel was called the Half-Moon.
- 663.—The ditto—The counterpart, see l. 565.
- 668.—Cronies—Boon companions.
- 677.—"Before the war."—The revolution of 1776.
- 688.—Petticoat government—The government of the husband by the wife.
- 690.—Yoke—Metaphor.
- 712.—Henpecked—Governed by their wives. See l. 44.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

- 1.—When and where was Irving born? Fix the date by an important historical event.
- 2.—Give some account of his life in Europe.
- 3.—What marked honors did he receive in England?
- 4.—When was his fame as an author established both at home and abroad?
- 5.—What distinguished British authors were his friends?
- 6.—Name his chief works.
- 7.—Who suggested the idea of *Bracebridge Hall*?
- 8.—What books of his are truly American in subject?
- 9.—Did Irving ever do any work besides book-making?
- 10.—What distinguished American statesmen in his time?
- 11.—Give the chief events in American history during the period of Irving's life. In English and French history.
- 12.—Under what fictitious names did he write?
- 13.—What was the name of his home? Where was it?
- 14.—Is there any appropriateness in the name, Geoffrey Crayon, as author of the *Sketch-Book*? Explain.
- 15.—What idea of Irving, as a man, would be derived from reading his works?
- 16.—What does the phrase "contemporary writers" mean?
- 17.—Into what classes may we divide his sketches?
- 18.—What is the general character of "*Rip Van Winkle*" as a sketch?

- 19.—What is a barometer? How is the word applied in the first paragraph?
- 20.—Explain the sentence, “The blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape.”
- 21.—What is the force of the word *profitable* in the expression, “an insuperable aversion to all kinds of *profitable* labor?” Is labor usually profitable? Was Rip’s labor profitable? Why? or why not?
- 22.—What was the condition of Rip’s farm? Why is it called his patrimonial estate?
- 23.—What is meant by a “torrent of household eloquence?”
- 24.—“A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.” To whom does this apply? What is the force of the word *mellows*?
- 25.—How did Rip escape from labor and his wife’s tongue?
- 26.—Describe the dog, Wolf.
- 27.—Describe the stranger Rip met on the mountain.
- 28.—Who composed “the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed?” What contradiction does there seem to be in this expression? What is a paradox?
- 29.—What effect did the liquor have on Rip? Narrate the story till he reaches the village.
- 30.—What changes did he perceive in the village? What is going on in the village?
- 31.—What is the result of his inquiries for his old companions?
- 32.—What causes the greatest confusion in Rip’s mind?
- 33.—How many in the company are named Rip?
- 34.—What comforting news does Judith, his daughter, tell him?

- 35.—How is the whole mystery cleared away ?
- 36.—Who corroborates the story ? Why is he authority ?
- 37.—How did Rip pass the rest of his life ?
- 38.—Select two or three humorous sentences or expressions, and state why they are at all funny.
- 39.—Commit to memory the first, or any striking paragraphs of the sketch.
- 40.—Compare Irving and Addison as essayists, humorists, and writers of pathos.
- 41.—Criticise Irving as a writer.
- 42.—Classify his works under the heads of History, Biography, Essays, Humorous Works. &c.





