

朱新福·编著

美国文学选读

*Selected Readings in
American Literature*



苏州大学出版社
Suzhou University Press

1988年10月

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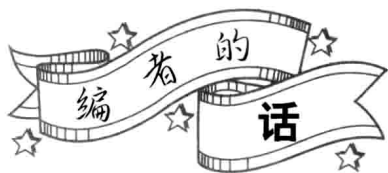
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美国文学历史虽然不长,只有300年左右,但是它在世界文学史上的影响是很大的。学习和研究美国文学可以提高我们的文学修养,拓展我们的视野,增强我们对美国社会、美国历史及美国文化的了解和认识。我们可以从不同的作家那里吸收不同的知识。欧文的短篇小说使我们了解美国殖民地时期的民间传说及当时的田园生活和自然风光;爱默生和梭罗的作品展示了超验主义思想和生态环境保护意识;惠特曼的诗歌告诉我们,自然是文学创造的源泉,诗人的使命是把诗歌变成与大自然沟通,走近和融入人的灵魂的精神通道;马克·吐温用他那独特的幽默所展示的地方色彩和西部精神使我们看到了美国人的民族性格;詹姆斯的高雅语言使我们领略了“国际主题”的魅力;福克纳揭示了美国南部社会的诸多矛盾;而海明威则让我们领略了他的“迷惘的一代”、他的硬汉形象和他的“冰山理论”……

本教材有如下几个特点:

一、以经典为主。本教材以一个学期(18周)为教学时间单位。因为作家作品数量太大,我们只能以美国文学史上经典中的经典为学习对象,为学生提供了解美国文学发展的概貌。由于该教材的经典性,它也可以作为英语专业和非英语专业研究生的阅读材料,因为经典重读是研究生教学中的一项重要学术活动。

二、辅以学习网站。由于篇幅有限,本教材提供的主要是从浪漫主义到现代主义的作家,没有收集后现代作家。莫里森(Tony Morrison)和德里罗(Don DeLillo)等著名后现代作家的作品以电子版形式放在与该教材有关的网站里。同时,相关学习网站里提供电子版美国文学简史、相关文学评论、相关以美国文学为主题的苏州大学外国语学院优秀本硕论文、相关思考题。任课教师可以在教学过程中尽量把作家作品的研究与论文的写作结合起来。

本教材的编写得到了苏州大学外国语学院文学方向硕士和博士研究生的大力支持。以下同学为本书注释付出了辛勤劳动:王亚星(第2单元),周晓慧(第3单元),沈琳(第4单元),林文韵(第5单元),滕飞(第6单元),李会霞(第7单元),刘湘杭(第8单元),孙慧(第9单元),郭看(第10单元),刘斯琴(第11单元),蔡昕叶(第12单元),陈曦(第13和14单元),严莉莉(第15单元),赵星天(第16单元),孙正嘉(第17和18单元)。感谢以下老师为本书进行的校对,他们是余军、柯瑛、张惠荣、宋秀葵、荆兴梅、蔡隽、李震红、黄洁和朱彦。感谢钱激扬老师为本书的出版付出的辛劳。

在编写过程中,编者在选材和注释等方面参考了以下教程。这些参考书目为

本教材的编写提供了有益的思路(按字母顺序和姓氏笔画排列):

Baym, Nina. (Ed.). *The Norton Anthology of American Literature*. Vol. 2, 5th Edition. New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1998.

Perkins, George and Barbara Perkins. *The American Tradition in Literature*. Vol. 1, 9th Edition. Boston: McGraw-Hill, 1999.

常耀信. 美国文学简史. 天津: 南开大学出版社, 2003.

李正栓, 陈岩. 美国诗歌研究. 北京: 北京大学出版社, 2007.

陶洁. 20世纪美国文学选读. 北京: 北京大学出版社, 2006.

陶洁. 美国文学选读. 北京: 北京大学出版社, 2012.

童明. 美国文学史. 南京: 译林出版社, 2002.

张伯香. 英美文学选读. 北京: 外语教学与研究出版社, 1999.

在此,对以上参考书目的编者表示感谢。

最后,感谢苏州大学教务部为此教材立项。感谢苏州大学出版社的支持。

朱新福
2014/6/18



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Unit One

Washington Irving (1783 – 1859)

AN INTRODUCTION TO WASHINGTON IRVING

Washington Irving was a short story writer, essayist, poet, travel book writer, biographer, columnist, and diplomat of the early 19th century. Irving's major contributions to American literature are his imaginative and historical works. He is called the father of the American short story.

His best known work is *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* (1819 – 1820), a collection of essays, sketches, and tales, which marked the beginning of Romanticism in American literary history. In this book, “Rip Van Winkle” and “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow” are his most famous tales that have been widely read in the world.

Irving is largely credited as the first American Man of Letters. His first successful work is *A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty* (1809), a comic history of the Dutch regime in New York and it was published under the name of the imaginary Diedrich Knickerbocker who was supposed to be an eccentric Dutch-American scholar. The name Knickerbocker was later used to identify the first American school of writers, the Knickerbocker Group, of which Irving was a leading figure. The book became part of New York folklore, and eventually the word Knickerbocker was used to describe any New Yorker who could trace one's family to the original Dutch settlers.

“Rip Van Winkle” is a fantasy tale about a good-tempered and hen-pecked man named Rip Van Winkle who falls asleep in the mountains along the Hudson for 20 years and is surprised to find everything has been changed when he comes back to his village. Borrowing some literary material from the German folktales, Irving located the whole story in America and made it an American story.

Rip Van Winkle

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains^①. 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^②. 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 described 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^③, 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^④ (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice^⑤ windows, gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

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.

.....

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. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence^⑥. 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

① 卡兹奇山 (Catskill Mountains 或 the Catskills) 是美国纽约州哈德逊河以西、奥本尼西南方的一处高原, 在阿利根尼高原的最东部。东部陡峭, 向西渐见平缓。最高点斯莱德山海拔 1,274 米。

② 晴雨表; 显示变化的事物; (比喻)(舆论等的) 标志。

③ antiquity: 古老。

④ Peter Stuyvesant (1592 - 1672) served as the last Dutch Director-General of the colony of New Netherland from 1647 until it was ceded provisionally to the English in 1664, after which it was renamed New York. He was a major figure in the early history of New York City.

⑤ lattice: 格子框架。

⑥ household eloquence: Dame Van Winkle's scolding of Rip.

shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley^① from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces^②, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked^③ 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 so often going 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^④ 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, would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony^⑤ rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener by 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^⑥. 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 traveler. 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^⑦ 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 send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would

① volley: verbal attack.

② to draw off his forces: to give up his effort.

③ henpecked: scolded by his wife and obedient to her(怕老婆的).

④ ever-during and all-besetting: 喋喋不休的、咄咄逼人的。

⑤ matrimony: 婚姻生活。

⑥ his majesty George the Third: the British King George the Third(1738 - 1820).

⑦ junto: ruling committee.

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^①.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility^② of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought^③; 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, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it^④; but never mind, my lad, while 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.

.....

On awaking, 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^⑤. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone^⑥ party at ninepins—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 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, 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 and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints^⑦, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip,

① approbation: approval; agreement.

② tranquility: 宁静; 寂静。

③ call the members all to nought: ruin and dismiss the party.

④ thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it: your mistress makes you live a miserable life.

⑤ breasting the pure mountain breeze: 迎着山上的清风盘旋。

⑥ woe-begone: dismal-looking.

⑦ stiff in the joints: 关节僵硬。

“and if this frolic^① should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism^②, 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 witch-hazel^③, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that 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 amphitheater; 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 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 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^④ after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, none of which he recognized for his old acquaintances, barked at him as he passed. The very village seemed 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^⑤ had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now began to misgive him; he doubted 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 Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as

① frolic: 欢乐的聚会。

② rheumatism: 风湿病。

③ sassafras, and witch-hazel: sassafras(美洲檫木,黄樟);witch-hazel(美洲金缕梅)。

④ hoot: 轰赶。

⑤ haunts: frequently visited places.

it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon^① last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty 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^② 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^③—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the little 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 which used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore^④, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap^⑤, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes^⑥—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George^⑦, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat^⑧ was changed for one of blue and buff^⑨, a sword was stuck in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none whom 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 tranquility. 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^⑩ the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his

① flagon: 酒壶。

② unkind cut: a behavior which hurts a person's feeling.

③ connubial fears: fears towards his wife(惧内)。

④ of yore: in the old days.

⑤ red nightcap: close-fitting cap adapted during the French Revolution as a symbol of liberty.

⑥ stars and stripes: the American national flag.

⑦ King George: the British King George the Third(1738 - 1820)。

⑧ red coat: the uniform of the British Army of the 18th and early 19th centuries and especially during the American Revolution.

⑨ blue and buff: the color of the Revolutionary Uniform.

⑩ doling forth: telling bit by bit.

pockets full of handbills, was haranguing^① vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill^②—heroes of '76—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 around him, eying 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 raising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, “whether he was Federal or Democrat^③.” 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^④, 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^⑤! 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^⑥ of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit^⑦, 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 then 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 rotted 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

① harangue: speak in a forceful and sometimes angry way, especially to persuade people.

② Bunker's Hill: a hill near Boston, Massachusetts, where the first pitched battle (1775) of the American War of Independence took place.

③ Federal or Democrat: political parties which developed in George Washington's administration, Alexander Hamilton leading the Federalists and Thomas Jefferson the Democrats.

④ akimbo: 叉腰。

⑤ Tory: a colonist loyal to the British during the American Revolution.

⑥ austerity: 严厉。

⑦ culprit: 肇事者; 罪犯。

battle of Stony Point^①—others say he was drowned in a squall, at the foot of Antony'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—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, 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, likely woman pressed 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, “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 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 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 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

① Stony Point: on the west bank of the Hudson, south of the West Point, captured by General Anthony Wayne (1745 - 1796) during the Revolution.

a New England peddler.”

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 in 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?”

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For further study please refer to:

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Unit Two

Edgar Allan Poe (1809 – 1849)

AN INTRODUCTION TO EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe was an editor, a poet, a short story writer, and a critic. Although living a short life, he possessed a unique position in American and international literary history. He was the father of detective story, a pioneer focusing on the deep, hidden recesses of the human mind in story-writing, a precursor of symbolism in literature.

His stories mark him as one of the originators of both horror and detective fiction. Many anthologies credit him as the “architect” of the modern short story. His tale *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1841) initiated the modern detective story, and the atmosphere in his tales of horror is unrivaled in American fiction. His *The Raven* (1845) numbers among the best-known poems in the national literature. His famous poems also include “Annabel Lee”, “The Bells”, “To Hellen”, and those well-known short stories are “The Black Cat”, “The Cask of Amontillado”, “The Fall of the House of Usher”, “The Murders in the Rue Morgue”, “The Premature Burial”, etc.

He was also one of the first critics to focus primarily on the effect of the style and of the structure in a literary work; as such, he has been seen as a forerunner to the “art for art’s sake” movement. Poe’s genius was early recognized abroad. His role in French literature, for example, was that of a poetic master model and guide to criticism. French Symbolism relied on his *The Philosophy of Composition*, borrowed from his imagery, and used his examples to generate the modern theory of “pure poetry.”