



英语专业
精品教材

A CONCISE COURSE BOOK
OF SHORT STORIES IN ENGLISH

英语短篇小说 简明教程

主编 白凤欣 李正栓



上海交通大学出版社
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主 编 白凤欣 李正栓
副主编 张青梅

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内 容 提 要

本书根据短篇小说的8个要素编为8章,列选不同时期的16位作家的代表作品,设有作者简介、作品简介、小说范例、生词释义、思考问题等栏目。内容丰富、题材广泛、编排合理,可读性强。本书旨在让学生在愉快地阅读优美的文学素材的同时,培养学生的语言学习能力,让学生了解不同作家的创作风格,熟悉短篇小说的诸多要素,掌握文学批评的基本方法。同时,让学生在阅读和学习中净化情感、陶冶情操。

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前 言

短篇小说是重要的文学类型之一,是一种最纯粹的故事叙述形式。其特点是篇幅短小,情节简洁,人物集中,结构精巧,语言考究。《英语短篇小说简明教程》编写的目的是选用最优美的文学语言素材培养学生的语言能力,让学生在欣赏名篇的愉悦之中轻松地学习语言,熟悉短篇小说的诸多要素;通过阅读不同作者的不同作品,可以使学生了解他们各自的创作风格,领略到英语语言的精妙和生动,使学生的语言实践能力得到提高,使学生掌握文学批评的基本方法;同时,使学生了解更多的历史知识、人生态度、文化差异、人生真谛,使学生的人格更加完善,情感得到净化。

《英语短篇小说简明教程》根据短篇小说的8个要素——背景、人物、冲突、主题、视角、情节、文体、比喻手段(包括象征和讽喻)——编为8章。每章之后为学生提供两篇作品,其编排内容包括:作者介绍、作品简介、小说范例、生词释义、思考问题。在短篇小说教学过程中,我们发现学生在阅读过程中最大的障碍之一就是文中的生词。由于生词太多,许多学生放弃了阅读,更谈不上欣赏作品了。每篇小说后所列生词以本科生水平为基准,帮助学生克服阅读障碍,激发阅读兴趣,将注意力集中在对作品的理解和欣赏上。同时,学生还可以将被动的阅读变为主动的阅读,积极参与到作品中,完成真正意义上的创造性阅读。此外,生词按照字母顺序排列,便于学生查阅。思考问题除紧紧围绕本章所讲要素外,还注重培养学生批评能力和写作能力。本书所选作品来自英美16位作家的作品,题材类型包括浪漫主义、现实主义、现代主义和后现代主义,时间跨度从19世纪到21世纪。此外,本书后附有一些与短篇小说批评常用或有关的术语表。

本书所选作品是经过精心筛选后选定的,但由于篇幅有限,不得不割舍一些同样优秀的作品。本书可作为高等院校英语专业本科生的文学教材,也可作为师范专科学校所用文学教材或参考用书。

在编写本书的过程中,我们力求完美,但水平所限,难免会出现各种纰漏,希望专家、学者指正。

在编写过程中,我们参考了一些国内外出版的相关书籍和学者们的研究成果,在参考文献部分注明,如有遗漏,敬请谅解。在此一并表示感谢。

白凤欣 李正栓

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Chapter One Setting

Setting is place and time in which a story takes place. Since people's actions can hardly happen in vacuum, they are always surrounded by place and time. When framing a story, an author for a while spends a great deal of time concentrating on all the elements of fiction except for setting. So setting, in some cases, is frequently neglected, but as a matter of fact, it is tremendously important to the development of a story.

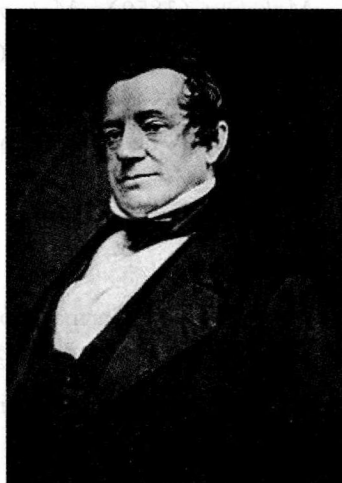
When discussing setting, the following aspects should be taken into consideration because of its contribution to a story. (1) Place. Where is the action of the story taking place, including a real particular geographical location or an imaginary place invented by the author? (2) Time. When is the story taking place, including historical period and the time of day or the time of year? (3) Weather conditions. Is it rainy, sunny, stormy or snowy in the season of spring, summer, autumn or winter? (4) Social conditions. What is the daily life of the character? Does the story contain local color reflected through religious, mental, moral, social and emotional environment? (5) Atmosphere or mood. What feeling is created at the beginning of the story? Is it bright and cheerful or dark and frightening? It is obvious that setting is more than a place that a story happens. The historical, geographical and cultural setting links closely with events, characters and their actions. In other words, setting provides a historical and cultural context that enhances the reader's understanding of the character.

Being an essential ingredient, setting plays a vital role in the development of the story. Generally speaking, setting has the following functions. (1) As a backdrop for the action. Sometimes setting as a backdrop is extensive and highly developed. Sometimes setting is expressed in a single sentence or implied way, especially in modern fiction. As a reader one should be very careful to use one's intelligence to infer the setting through the characters' dialogue and action. Under this circumstance, setting as a backdrop means a kind of setting that exists largely for its own, without necessary relationship to action and characters, or at best a relationship that is only tangential and slight. (2) As a means of revealing character to reinforce the theme. Setting as a means of revealing character can be reflected in the way how the character reacts to it. The character's response displays his or her emotional and interior world of mind. Thus setting transcends its particular locale to become symbolic representative places. Setting and character are intermingled with each other. Setting stands for the character and exhibits careful representations of reality to achieve the effect of reinforcing the theme. It can be regarded as the concrete representations of actual life that illustrate general truths about human experience. (3) As a means to create atmosphere or

mood. By making setting as a means to create atmosphere or mood the author may want his reader to “feel” instead of simply “see” the setting. This atmosphere or mood will provide the reader with sufficient room to expect what to happen in the following. A story may be confined to a certain atmosphere, which can be created by selecting all the necessary details for their psychological connotations. In such a story every detail chosen should be in accordance with the atmosphere of the story.

Eudora Welty, a distinguished American storyteller, has pointed out the importance of one aspect of setting—place in fiction. She thinks that fiction depends for its life on place. Place is the crossroads of circumstance, the proving ground of “What happened? Who’s here? Who’s coming?” She further explains that place is the conductor of all the currents of emotion and belief and moral conviction that charge out from the story. When the world of experience is within reach of the world of appearance, place both makes and keeps the characters real; it animates the characters (Welty, 1980: 220). So every story would be another story, and unrecognizable as art, if it takes up its characters and plot and happens somewhere else. Knowing where the story is happening will help the reader to produce stronger and more defensible interpretations. One pleasure of reading is for literature’s capacity to take the reader somewhere else. And setting is where the story takes him or her to.

Washington Irving and “Rip Van Winkle”



I. About the Author

Washington Irving (1783—1859) was born in a family of wealthy merchant in New York City at the end of the Revolutionary War on April 3, 1783. Early in his life Irving developed a passion for books. He read widely and wrote poems, essays and plays. In 1789, he ended his education at private schools and entered a law office. As a youth, he spent seventeen years traveling throughout Europe, particularly England, France, Germany and Spain. For this duration, he picked up an English lifestyle and incorporated it into his works over the American lifestyle. After returning to the United States, he was admitted to New York bar in 1806. During the war of 1812 he was a military aide to New York Governor in the U. S. Army. In 1815, under the shadow of his fiancée’s death, he sailed for England. In 1826 he was sent to Spain as a diplomatic attaché; he was the secretary of the United States Legation in London from 1829 to 1832; later on he made an adventurous trip to the Western frontier. He spent the rest of his life at his home “Sunnyside” on the Hudson River at Tarrytown, except for a period of four years being Minister to Spain. His career as a writer started in journals and newspapers in the years between 1802 and 1803. He contributed to *Morning Chronicle*, published *Salmagundi*, and being an editor of *Analectic* magazine. In 1809, under the pseudonym Diedrich Knickerbocker he wrote *Diedrich Knickerbocker’s History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*. In 1819, under another pen name Geoffrey Crayon, Gent, he published *The Sketch Book*, including the most famous short stories “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow” and “Rip Van Winkle”. His other important works include: *Bracebridge Hall* (1822), *Tales of a Traveller* (1824), *The Life and Voyages of Christopher*

Columbus (1828), *Conquest of Granada* (1829), *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus* (1831), *The Alhambra* (1832), *A Tour on the Prairies* (1835); *The Crayon Miscellany* (1835), *Astoria* (1836), *The Rocky Mountains, (The Adventures of Captain Bonneville)* (1837), *Goldsmith, Mahomet* (1850), *Mahomet and His Successors* (1850), *Wolfert's Roost* (1855), *The Life of George Washington* (5 Vol. 1855—1859).

On November 28, 1859, on the eve of the Civil War, only eight months after completing the final volume of his Washington biography, he died of a heart attack at "Sunnyside" at the age of 76.

II. About the Story

The story "Rip Van Winkle" is based on German folk tales. Rip Van Winkle, the protagonist, is a Dutch descent living at the foot of the Kaatskill Mountains of New York. He is a simple good-natured man, a kind neighbor, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Because of his amiability and meekness he is popular with all of his neighbors, especially children and women. Yet he is of little use in his domestic activities, since he dislikes all kinds of profitable labour. Therefore, his wife Dame Van Winkle keeps browbeating him from day to night. What Rip enjoys himself everyday is to sit in front of the inn chatting with his village group and to head into the woods with Wolf and his gun. One autumn day, in order to avoid his wife's nagging, Rip wanders up the Kaatskill mountains where he runs across strange dwarfs in the ancient Dutch fashion who are drinking and playing nine-pins. Regardless of warnings not to imbibe the drink, Rip joins in drinking and falls into a sleep. He awakes on a sunny morning in unusual circumstances; it seems to be morning, his gun is rotted and rusty, his beard has grown a foot long, and Wolf is nowhere to be found. When he attempts to stand up look for Wolf and get back his gun, he feels that he is stiff in the joints. Upon his returning to the village, he discovers that great and surprising changes have taken place in his family, his village and his country. His nagging wife dies. His old friends have also died in a war or gone somewhere else. His son has grown up to be a precise counterpart of himself. He immediately gets into trouble when he proclaims himself a loyal subject of King George III, not knowing that the American Revolution has taken place; George III's portrait on the town inn is replaced by that of George Washington. It turns out that his sleep on the mountain one night has been twenty years in the village. His daughter, now a married woman, takes him home and supports him in his old age. By telling his strange experience, Rip with his habitual laziness becomes popular among townspeople.

III. Selected Reading

Rip Van Winkle

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains.

They are a **dismembered** branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but, sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

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

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there 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 hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be **obsequious** and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of **shrews** at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and **malleable** in the fiery furnace of domestic **tribulation**; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A **termagant** wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual, with the amiable sex, took his part in all family **squabbles**; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about

the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with **impunity**; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an **insuperable** aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of **assiduity** or **perseverance**; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a **Tartar's lance**, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single **nibble**. He would carry a **fowling-piece** on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country **frolics** for **husking** Indian corn, or building stonefences; 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.

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.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a **colt** at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much **ado** to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

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

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked 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 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 through 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 that 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 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 **sundial**. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe **vehemently**, and to send forth short, frequent and angry **puffs**; but when pleased, he would **inhale** the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and **emit** it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect **approbation**.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the **assemblage** and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring

tongue of this terrible **virago**, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

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

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

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain **glen**, wild, lonely, and 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, **halloing**, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf **bristled** up his back, and giving a 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 shoulder 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, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the **muttering** of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small **amphitheatre**, surrounded by **perpendicular** precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled 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 center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at **ninepins**. 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 beard, 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 Shaick, 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 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.

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

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

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's **gambol**, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. “These mountain beds do not agree with me,” thought Rip, “and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the **rheumatism**, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle.” With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it—leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however—made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of **birch**, sassafras, and **witch-hazel**, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or 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 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 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 the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. “That flagon last night,” thought he, “has **addled** my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found 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.

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 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 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 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 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—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker’s Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which 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 an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled 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