ЗАКАРПАТСЬКИЙ УГОРСЬКИЙ ІНСТИТУТ ІМЕНІ ФЕРЕНЦА РАКОЦІ ІІ
II. RÁKÓCZI FERENC KÁRPÁTALJAI MAGYAR FŐISKOLA

Кафедра філології
Filológia Tanszék

« АМЕРИКАНСЬКА ЛІТЕРАТУРА ВІД ПОЧАТКІВ ДО ДРУГОЇ ПОЛОВИНИ 19 СТОЛІТТЯ »

(ПОСІБНИК)

(для студентів 4-го курсу спеціальності «014 Середня освіта (Мова і література англійська))

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(Főiskolai jegyzet)

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Видавничим відділом Закарпатського угорського інституту імені Ференца Ракоці II

Розробники:

НАДЬ-КОЛОЖВАРІ ЕНІКЕ – ст.викладач кафедри філології Закарпатського угорського інституту імені Ференца Ракоці II

ЛІЗАК КАТЕРИНА – доцент кафедри філології Закарпатського угорського інституту імені Ференца Ракоці II

Рецензенти:

БАРАНЬ АДАЛЬБЕРТ – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент, доцент кафедри філології Закарпатського угорського інституту імені Ференца Ракоці II

БАНЯС НАТАЛІЯ – кандидат філологічних наук, доцент, доцент кафедри філології Закарпатського угорського інституту імені Ференца Ракоці II

Відповідальний за випуск:

Олександр ДОБОШ – начальник Видавничого відділу ЗУІ ім. Ф.Ракоці II

Видавництво: Закарпатський угорський інститут імені Ференца Ракоці II (адреса: пл. Кошута 6, м. Берегове, 90202. Електронна пошта: foiskola@kmf.uz.ua)

Az Amerikai irodalom a kezdetektől a 19. század végéig c. jegyzet a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola IV. éves angol szakos hallgatóinak készült, az amerikai irodalom alaposabb tanulmányozásának és elsajátításának megkönnyítése céljából.

Az adott főiskolai jegyzet öt fő témát, korszakot ölel fel. Megtalálhatóak benne az előadások jegyzetei és a kötelező, elemzésre szánt eredeti szövegek megfelelő részei.

Az "Amerikai irodalom I." című tantárgy segédanyagának szánjuk.

Az oktatási folyamatban történő felhasználását jóváhagyta
a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola
Filológia Tanszéke
(2023. augusztus 21., 95. számú jegyzőkönyv).

Megjelentetésre javasolta a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola
Minőségbiztosítási Tanácsa
(_____, _____. számú jegyzőkönyv).

Elektronikus formában (PDF fájlformátumban) történő kiadásra javasolta
a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola Tudományos Tanácsa
(_____, _____. számú jegyzőkönyv).

Kiadásra előkészítette a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola
Filológia Tanszéke és Kiadói Részlege.

Szerkesztők:

NAGY-KOLOZSVÁRI ENIKŐ – a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola Filológia Tanszékének adjunktusa

LIZÁK KATALIN – a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola Filológia Tanszékének docense

Szakmai lektorok:

DR. BÁRÁNY BÉLA – PhD, docens, a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola Filológia Tanszékének docense

DR. BÁNYÁSZ NATÁLIA – PhD, docens, a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola Filológia Tanszékének docense

A kiadásért felel:

DOBOS Sándor – a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola Kiadói Részlegének vezetője

A tartalomért kizárólag a jegyzet szerkesztői felelnek.

Kiadó: a II. Rákóczi Ferenc Kárpátaljai Magyar Főiskola (cím: 90 202, Beregszász, Kossuth tér 6. E-mail: foiskola@kmf.uz.ua)

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The Eighteenth Century 1700-1800

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Europeans arrived in the Western Hemisphere in the 1490's. It was already home to hundreds of Native American peoples with different languages, cultures and social values. The ancestors of these Native Americans had come there from Asia hundreds of years before. Most of these people reached North America by a land bridge that once linked Siberia and Alaska across the Bering Strait. Some may have used sea routes. For thousands of years, the descendants of these peoples spread throughout the forests, plains, deserts, and mountains of the Americas. The Native Americans responded to these varied environments with different types of social organization. Such peoples and the Maya and the Aztecs of Mexico and Central America, created complex societies with great cities, large-scale farming, and elaborate record keeping based on systems of writing. Others, such as the Plains Indians, hunted the herds of buffalo, lived in simple, portable dwellings and passed on their knowledge through oral tradition.

Native American Mythology

Centuries before the first Europeans arrived on the shores of North America, Native Americans had established hundreds of thriving nations. Each nation had its own tradition of oral literature - stories that were passed down from one generation to the next as they were told and retold in the privacy of households and in tribal ceremonies. These stories embodied the tribe's past and told of its close relationship with the natural world. The result is a literature that is timeless, a literature created by no one author but by the people as a whole.

An important part of the oral tradition of each culture was its myths. A myth is an anonymous, traditional story that relies on the supernatural to explain a natural phenomenon, an aspect of human behaviour, or a mystery of the universe. Myths try to explain why the

world is the way it is. They provide imaginative ways to help people feel at home in the world and make sense of it.

Creation myths tell how the world and human beings came to exist. Some myths, called origin myths, explain how natural phenomena, such as the stars, moon, and mountains, came to be or why a society has certain beliefs and customs.

Often, elements of both creation myths and origin myths appear in one story, as in this myth of the Taos Pueblo people:

"When earth was still young and giants still roamed the land, a great sickness came upon them. All of them died except for one small boy. One day while he was playing, a snake bit him. The boy cried and cried. The blood came out, and finally he died. With his tears our lakes became. With his blood the red clay became. With his body our mountains became, and that was how earth became." (Taos Pueblo Myth)

Archetypes

The myths told by peoples around the world share common elements known as archetypes. An archetype is a symbol, story pattern, or character type that is found in the literature of many cultures. An example of an archetype is children with opposite qualities who are born of the same parent. In Iroquois myth, Sky Woman gives birth to twins, one good and one evil. This event explains the eternal struggle between light and dark and between order and chaos.

Tricksters

Another archetype found in Native American mythology is the trickster. This character type, frequently an animal - such as a coyote, a raven, or a mink - that speaks and displays other human traits, has two sides to its personality. Tricksters are rebels who defy authority and frequently cause trouble, but they are also clever and creative figures who can unexpectedly reveal wisdom.

In one Native American myth, the coyote brought death into the world when he realized that the earth would become too crowded if people were to live forever.

In a Navajo (ˈnævəhəʊ) myth, the Holy People were gathered to place the stars in the sky. This process was taking so long that Coyote grew impatient, snatched the bag of stars, and hurled it into the heavens, forming the Milky Way.

A Kiowa myth explains how a trickster stole the sun from those who lived on the other side of the earth so that all people could share day and night equally.

The Function of Myths

Native American myths told by various tribes have several things in common. Many emphasize a strong spiritual bond between the Creator, humanity, and the entire natural world. They emphasize that it is the duty of human beings to maintain a balance within the natural world. In many Native American cultures, each family group, or clan, believed it descended from a particular animal or other natural object, called the totem. Members of the bear clan, for example, honored the bear as their clan ancestor. The bear in turn served as the clan's guardian spirit, helping and protecting its members. The bear clan was responsible for preserving the myths of the bear.

The Role of Myths

Myths and rituals continue to play a central role in traditional Native American cultures. They are used:

- to give people a sense of order and identity,
- to heal the sick,
- to ensure a plentiful supply of food,
- to teach moral lessons, and
- to initiate young people into adulthood and the wisdom of the tribal past.

The Sacred Earth and the Power of Storytelling

We often have a strong feeling for the land where we live. For Native Americans, this feeling for the natural world around them ran very deep. To them, the entire earth and all of the living things that inhabited it were sacred. In Native American cultures, this reverence for the earth and its creatures was passed down orally from generation to generation. Speakers and storytellers were valued members of Native American communities.

This attitude toward the natural world shaped the religious beliefs of Native Americans.

They saw animals, plants, and the forces of nature as part of a great sacred cycle of life that human beings must treat with deep respect. The religious ceremonies of Native American peoples were organized around the events of this natural cycle, such as the changing seasons and the birth, growth, and death of living things. Native Americans saw spiritual values in the natural world.

Through dreams and visions, they sought contact with the spirits they believed to inhabit all living things. Through their tales and songs, Native Americans expressed their view of the sacredness of the natural world.

The Native Americans' belief that the natural world is sacred affected their attitude toward landownership. In their view, no one person could own land, which instead belonged in common to all people—and other living things—that inhabited it. This concept of common

ownership contrasted sharply with that of the Europeans, who in the early 1600s began settling North America. These settlers had a fierce desire to own their own land. Violent conflicts often resulted when Native American leaders signed treaties - which they usually did not understand - that opened lands to white settlement.

A Legacy of Stories

The Native American oral tradition began approximately forty thousand years ago when the first Native Americans crossed from Asia to Alaska.As populations migrated south, unique cultures and languages developed in response to a variety of environments. When European explorers first arrived in the New World, thousands of different languages, were spoken. Each of these cultures developed its own stories and mythology. No one knows what the earliest stories were about, but it is likely that many dramatized the precarious day-to-day existence of the first Native Americans. Stone Age hunters may have retold tales of the hunt to groups sitting around campfires.

Sacred stories were often at the heart of religious ceremonies, and in societies where myth and reality merged, rituals were thought to link the spirits of hunters and animals. Versions of the earliest stories have evolved through hundreds of generations and are still a living part of Native American traditions.

I Have Killed the Deer
(Taos Pueblo Song)
I have killed the deer.
I have crushed the grasshopper
And the plants he feeds upon.
I have cut through the heart
Of trees growing old and straight.
I have taken fish from water
And birds from the sky.
In my life I have needed death
So that my life can be.
When I die I must give life
To what has nourished me.
The earth receives my body
And gives it to the plants
And to the caterpillars

To the birds

And to the coyotes

Each in its own turn so that

The circle of life is never broken.

Oral tradition

There are hundreds of American Indian nations, all with their own language and culture. However, one thing that they share in common is a rich oral tradition. That is, they have stories passed down from generation to generation through spoken language.

The stories passed down through the oral tradition of Native Americans are ways of recording the history, culture, and beliefs of each nation. And the environment and problems facing each nation also affected the stories the tribe told.

Iroquois myth

For example, a famous story from the Iroquois tribe of what is today New York tells of how Owl got his wisdom and strange looks by angering the Everything-Maker as he worked to create all the animals. As a result of his run-in with the Everything-Maker, Owl got his wish for wisdom, but the price was all of the beautiful physical features that he wanted.

In addition, because the Everything-Maker was angry at Owl, Owl hid and only came out at night when the Everything-Maker was fast asleep. Notice how this story explains the funny looks of owls, as well as why they are nocturnal creatures. The Iroquois lived in the woods in what is today the Northeast United States, so it makes sense that they would have a story about owls.

But imagine the Hopi Indians, who lived in the desert of the Southwest. The Hopi might have encountered owls in the desert, but they are much less plentiful in that area of the United States than they are in the area where the Iroquois lived. As a result, they are less likely to have a story about owls.

Another common theme seen in Native American stories is that of a hero's journey. This journey is sometimes literal, as when a young warrior rides off to fight a hostile nation, or metaphorical, as when a person or animal (like the owl) learn a lesson that sets their life off on a new course. Things like initiation rites and coming of age are often seen in stories about a hero's journey. For example, the Algonquin nation has a story about a village that is besieged by a drought. The villagers send one of their men up the river to find out where all the water went. He comes across a horrible water monster, and asks the creator God Glooskap to help. Glooskap comes and fights the water monster, eventually cutting its stomach open. From the

monster's stomach, a great river flows forth, offering water and sustenance to the village once again.

Influence on American Literature

Native American literature had a profound impact on the founding and future of American literature. Early American writers struggled to find a way of telling stories that was unique to America, and not simply a copy of European storytelling. As a result, some of them blended European literary traditions with American Indian literary traditions, creating a new voice. James Fenimore Cooper's famous novel The Last of the Mohicans is still read widely today. It was influenced by Native American culture and storytelling. He used elements of American Indian stories in his novels, including the theme of the power of nature and the link man has to it.

Another early American writer, Washington Irving, was influenced by Native American stories of supernatural forces. In famous stories, like 'The Legend of Sleepy Hollow' and 'Rip Van Winkle,' he combined American Indian stories with those of Dutch and German stories to create unique stories about the supernatural world barging in on the natural world.

Later American writers like Mark Twain, Emily Dickinson, Henry David Thoreau, and Herman Melville were all influenced by Native American literature.

European Contact

Beginning about 1400, a number of forces prompted Europeans to start exploring the rest of the world. These forces included: the growth of trade between Europe and Asia; advances in navigation and shipbuilding.

Led by the Portuguese and the Spanish, European explorers brought many parts of the world into meaningful contact with one another for the first time in history. One of these explorers was Christopher Columbus, an Italian who commanded a Spanish fleet. In 1492 he made the first of four voyages from Spain to the Americas, opening the era of cultural contact between Europe and the Western Hemisphere.

This cultural contact had enormous effects on world history. The European exploration, conquest, and settlement of the Americas led to the founding of many new nations—including the United States. For the Native Americans, however, it was the beginning of an immense tragedy during which many of their societies were destroyed by war and disease.

Following the arrival of European explorers and settlers in the Western Hemisphere, many plants and animals were carried between the Americas and Europe, Africa, and Asia. This complex interaction, called the Columbian Exchange, permanently altered Earth’s ecosystems and changed many cultures around the world. The results of the Columbian

exchange were mixed. The introduction to Europe of staple crops from the Americas, such as the potato, contributed to a European population explosion. However, Europeans unintentionally brought with them many diseases to which Native Americans had no immunity. Devastating epidemics resulted, with some Native American groups suffering a 90 percent population loss in the first century after European contact.

The World on the Turtle's Back

Iroquois Creation Myth

"The World on the Turtle's Back" is an Iroquois creation story filled with conflict and compelling characters. The Iroquois passed down this story from one generation to the next by telling it in elaborate performances. In the 1800s, David Cusick, an Iroquois author, recorded one version of the story in print. Today, more than 25 written versions of the story exist.

The term Iroquois refers to six separate Native American groups—the Seneca, Cayuga, Oneida, Onondaga, Mohawk, and Tuscarora. Five of these groups—all but the Tuscarora—once resided in what is now New York State. They continually waged war with one another, putting themselves at risk of attack from neighbouring Algonquin tribes. Troubled by the bloodshed, a Huron named Deganawidah joined forces with an Onondaga chief named Hiawatha to end the fighting.

Sometime between 1570 and 1600, they formed the Iroquois League, a confederacy empowered to negotiate treaties with foreign nations and to resolve conflicts among the five nations.

In 1722, the Tuscarora, from North Carolina, joined the league. For the next 175 to 200 years, the Iroquois managed to dominate other Native American groups and to remain free of both British and French rule.

The Iroquois Way of Life

The league's effectiveness stemmed in part from the nations' shared culture. The groups spoke similar languages, held similar beliefs, and followed similar ways of life. They lived in longhouses made of pole frames covered with elm bark, and they built fences around their villages for protection. Up to 50 people occupied each longhouse, and 300 to 600 people lived in each village.

Villages were governed by a chief or chiefs, who received advice from a council of adult males. Groups of women gathered wild fruits and nuts and cultivated corn, beans, and squash. In addition to waging war, the men traded, hunted, fished, and built the longhouses.

The Iroquois Through Time

During the American Revolution, the Iroquois nations disagreed about whether to support the rebelling colonists or Great Britain. This dispute severely weakened the Iroquois League. Today, the league shows renewed vigor as it fights for environmental protection and increased recognition by the U.S. government.

Literary Texts to Theme I

"The World on the Turtle's Back"

Iroquois Myth

In the beginning there was no world, no land, no creatures of the kind that are around us now, and there were no men. But there was a great ocean which occupied space as far as anyone could see. Above the ocean was a great void of air. And in the air there lived the birds of the sea; in the ocean lived the fish and the creatures of the deep. Far above this unpeopled world, there was a Sky World. Here lived gods who were like people—like Iroquois.

In the Sky World there was a man who had a wife, and the wife was expecting a child. The woman became hungry for all kinds of strange delicacies, as women do when they are with child. She kept her husband busy almost to distraction finding delicious things for her to eat. In the middle of the Sky World there grew a Great Tree which was not like any of the trees that we know. It was tremendous; it had grown there forever. It had enormous roots that spread out from the floor of the Sky World. And on its branches there were many different kinds of leaves and different kinds of fruits and flowers. The tree was not supposed to be marked or mutilated by any of the beings who dwelt in the Sky World. It was a sacred tree that stood at the center of the universe.

The woman decided that she wanted some bark from one of the roots of the Great Tree—perhaps as a food or as a medicine, we don't know. She told her husband this. He didn't like the idea. He knew it was wrong. But she insisted, and he gave in. So he dug a hole among the roots of this great sky tree, and he bared some of its roots. But the floor of the Sky World wasn't very thick, and he broke a hole through it. He was terrified, for he had never expected to find empty space underneath the world.

But his wife was filled with curiosity. He wouldn't get any of the roots for her, so she set out to do it herself. She bent over and she looked down, and she saw the ocean far below. She leaned down and stuck her head through the hole and looked all around. No one knows just what happened next. Some say she slipped. Some say that her husband, fed up with all the demands she had made on him, pushed her.

So she fell through the hole. As she fell, she frantically grabbed at its edges, but her hands slipped. However, between her fingers there clung bits of things that were growing on the floor of the Sky World and bits of the root tips of the Great Tree. And so she began to fall toward the great ocean far below.

The birds of the sea saw the woman falling, and they immediately consulted with each other as to what they could do to help her. Flying wingtip to wingtip they made a great feathery raft in the sky to support her, and thus they broke her fall. But of course it was not possible for them to carry the woman very long. Some of the other birds of the sky flew down to the surface of the ocean and called up the ocean creatures to see what they could do to help. The great sea turtle came and agreed to receive her on his back. The birds placed her gently on the shell of the turtle, and now the turtle floated about on the huge ocean with the woman safely on his back.

The beings up in the Sky World paid no attention to this. They knew what was happening, but they chose to ignore it.

When the woman recovered from her shock and terror, she looked around her.
All that she could see were the birds and the sea creatures and the sky and the ocean.

And the woman said to herself that she would die. But the creatures of the sea came to her and said that they would try to help her and asked her what they could do.
She told them that if they could find some soil, she could plant the roots stuck between her fingers, and from them plants would grow. The sea animals said perhaps there was dirt at the bottom of the ocean, but no one had ever been down there so they could not be sure.

If there was dirt at the bottom of the ocean, it was far, far, below the surface in the cold deeps. But the animals said they would try to get some. One by one the diving birds and animals tried and failed. They went to the limits of their endurance, but they could not get to the bottom of the ocean. Finally, the muskrat said he would try. He dived and disappeared. All the creatures waited, holding their breath, but he did not return. After a long time, his little body floated up to the surface of the ocean, a tiny crumb of earth clutched in his paw. He seemed to be dead. They pulled him up on the turtle's back and they sang and prayed over him and breathed air into his mouth, and finally, he stirred. Thus it was the muskrat, the Earth-Diver, who brought from the bottom of the ocean the soil from which the earth was to grow.

The woman took the tiny clod of dirt and placed it on the middle of the great sea turtle's back. Then the woman began to walk in a circle around it, moving in the direction that the sun goes. The earth began to grow. When the earth was big enough, she planted the roots she had clutched between her fingers when she fell from the Sky World. Thus the plants grew on the earth.

To keep the earth growing, the woman walked as the sun goes, moving in the direction that the people still move in the dance rituals. She gathered roots and plants to eat and built

herself a little hut. After a while, the woman's time came, and she was delivered of a daughter. The woman and her daughter kept walking in a circle around the earth, so that the earth and plants would continue to grow. They lived on the plants and roots they gathered. The girl grew up with her mother, cut off forever from the Sky
World above, knowing only the birds and the creatures of the sea, seeing no other beings like herself. One day, when the girl had grown to womanhood, a man appeared. No one knows for sure who this man was. He had something to do with the gods above. Perhaps he was the West Wind. As the girl looked at him, she was filled with terror, and amazement, and warmth, and she fainted dead away. As she lay on the ground, the man reached into his quiver, and he took out two arrows, one sharp and one blunt, and he laid them across the body of the girl, and quietly went away.

When the girl awoke from her faint, she and her mother continued to walk around the earth. After a while, they knew that the girl was to bear a child. They did not know it, but the girl was to bear twins.

Within the girl's body, the twins began to argue and quarrel with one another.
There could be no peace between them. As the time approached for them to be born, the twins fought about their birth. The right-handed twin wanted to be born in the normal way, as all children are born. But the left-handed twin said no. He said he saw light in another direction, and said he would be born that way. The right-handed twin beseeched him not to, saying that he would kill their mother. But the left-handed twin was stubborn. He went in the direction where he saw light. But he could not be born through his mother's mouth or her nose. He was born through her left armpit, and killed her. And meanwhile, the right-handed twin was born in the normal way, as all children are born.

The twins met in the world outside, and the right-handed twin accused his brother of murdering their mother. But the grandmother told them to stop their quarreling. They buried their mother. And from her grave grew the plants which the people still use.
From her head grew the corn, the beans, and the squash—"our supporters, the three sisters." And from her heart grew the sacred tobacco, which the people still use in the ceremonies and by whose upward floating smoke they send thanks. The women call her "our mother," and they dance and sing in the rituals so that the corn, the beans, and the squash may grow to feed the people.

But the conflict of the twins did not end at the grave of their mother. And, strangely enough, the grandmother favored the left-handed twin.

The right-handed twin was angry, and he grew more angry as he thought how his brother had killed their mother. The right-handed twin was the one who did everything just as he should. He said what he meant, and he meant what he said. He always told the truth, and he always tried to accomplish what seemed to be right and reasonable. The left-handed twin never said what he meant or meant what he said. He always lied, and he always did things backward. You could never tell what he was trying to do because he always made it look as if he were doing the opposite. He was the devious one.

These two brothers, as they grew up, represented two ways of the world which are in all people. The Indians did not call these the right and the wrong. They called them the straight mind and the crooked mind, the upright man and the devious man, the right and the left.

The twins had creative powers. They took clay and modeled it into animals, and they gave these animals life. And in this they contended with one another. The righthanded twin made the deer and the left-handed twin made the mountain lion which kills the deer. But the right-handed twin knew there would always be more deer than mountain lions. And he made another animal. He made the ground squirrel. The lefthanded twin saw that the mountain lion could not get to the ground squirrel, who digs a hold, so he made the weasel. And although the weasel can go into the ground squirrel's hole and kill him, there are lots of ground squirrels and not so many weasels. Next the right-handed twin decided he would make an animal that the weasel could not kill, so he made the porcupine. But the left-handed twin made the bear, who flips the porcupine over on his back and tears out his belly.

And the right-handed twin made berries and fruits of other kinds for his creatures to live on. The left-handed twin made briars and poison ivy, and the poisonous plants like the baneberry and the dogberry, and the suicide root with which people kill themselves when they go out of their minds. And the left-handed twin made medicines, for good and for evil, for doctoring and for witchcraft.

And finally, the right-handed twin made man. The people do not know just how much the left-handed twin had to do with making man. Man was made of clay, like pottery, and baked in the fire….

The world the twins made was a balanced and orderly world, and this was good. The plant-eating animals created by the right-handed twin would eat up all the vegetation if their number was not kept down by the meat-eating animals which the left-handed twin created. But if these carnivorous animals ate too many other animals, then they would starve, for they would run out of meat. So the right and the left-handed twins built balance into the world.

As the twins became men full grown, they still contested with one another. No one had won, and no one had lost. And they knew that the conflict was becoming sharper and sharper and one of them would have to vanquish the other.

And so they came to the duel. They started with gambling. They took a wooden bowl, and in it they put wild plum pits. One side of the pits was burned black, and by tossing the pits in the bowl, and betting on how these would fall, they gambled against one another, as the people still do in the New Year's rites. All through the morning they gambled at this game, and all through the afternoon, and the sun went down. And when the sun went down, the game was done, and neither one had won.

So they went on to battle one another at the lacrosse game. And they contested all day, and the sun went down, and the game was done. And neither had won.

And now the battled with clubs, and they fought all day, and the sun went down, and the fight was done. But neither had won.

And they went from one duel to another to see which one would succumb. Each one knew in his deepest mind that there was something, somewhere, that would vanquish the other. But what was it? Where to find it?

Each knew somewhere in his mind what it was that was his own weak point. They talked about this as they contested in these duels, day after day, and somehow the deep mind of each entered into the other. And the deep mind of the right-handed twin lied to his brother, and the deep mind of the left-handed twin told the truth.

On the last day of the duel, as they stood, they at last knew how the right-handed twin was to kill his brother. Each selected his weapon. The left-handed twin chose a mere stick that would do him no good. But the right-handed twin picked out the deer antler, and with one touch he destroyed his brother. And the left-handed twin died, but he died and he didn't die. The right-handed twin picked up the body and cast it off the edge of the earth. And some place below the world, the left-handed twin still lives and reigns.

When the sun rises from the east and travels in a huge arc along the sky dome, which rests like a great upside-down cup on the saucer of the earth, the people are in the daylight realm of the right-handed twin. But when the sun slips down in the west at nightfall and the dome lifts to let it escape at the western rim, the people are again in the domain of the left-handed twin—the fearful realm of night.

Having killed his brother, the right-handed twin returned home to his grandmother. And she met him in anger. She threw the food out of the cabin onto the ground, and said that he was a murderer, for he had killed his brother. He grew angry and told her she had always

helped his brother, who had killed their mother. In his anger, he grabbed her by the throat and cut her head off. Her body he threw into the ocean, and her head, into the sky. There "Our Grandmother, the Moon," still keeps watch at night over the realm of her favorite grandson.

The right-handed twin has many names. One of them is Sapling. It means smooth, young, green and fresh and innocent, straightforward, straight-growing, soft and pliable, teachable and trainable. These are the old ways of describing him. But since he has gone away, he has other names. He is called "He Holds Up the Skies," "Master of Life," and "Great Creator."

The left-handed twin also has many names. One of them is Flint. He is called the devious one, the one covered with boils. Old Warty. He is stubborn. He is thought of as being dark in color.

These two being rule the world and keep an eye on the affairs of men. The righthanded twin, the Master of Life, lives in the Sky World. He is content with the world he helped to create and with his favorite creatures, the humans. The scent of sacred tobacco rising from the earth comes gloriously to his nostrils.

In the world below lives the left-handed twin. He knows the world of men, and he finds contentment in it. He hears the sounds of warfare and torture, and he finds them good.

In the daytime, the people have rituals which honor the right-handed twin. Through the daytime rituals they thank the Master of Life. In the nighttime, the people dance and sing for the left-handed twin.

Song of the Sky Loom

(Tewa native American song)

O our Mother the Earth, O our Father the Sky,
Your children are we, and with tired backs
We bring you the gifts you love.
Then weave for us a garment of brightness;
May the warp be the white light of morning,
May the weft be the red light of evening,
May the fringes be the falling rain,
May the border be the standing rainbow.
Thus weave for us a garment of brightness
That we may walk fittingly where birds sing,
That we may walk fittingly where grass is green,
O our Mother the Earth, O our Father the Sky!

1. **warp.** Threads in a loom that run lengthwise

2. **weft.** Horizontal threads in a loom. The weft crosses the warp to make a woven fabric.

"Song of the Sky Loom" is a poem, not a work of prose, and it explains how members of the Tewa tribe are receiving gifts from nature. These lines show their respect for nature. Showing their respect for nature is a characteristic of Native American literature: "O our Mother the Earth, O our Father/ the Sky…". The speakers are Native Americans. They respect nature as much or more than their own loved members of their family. The poet uses an extended metaphor to get across his meaning. The sky is a loom, but instead of holding thread, it holds the sun which makes light. The light makes a "garment of brightness." The metaphor is an extended one because the light makes up the cloth, the rain makes the fringe, and the border is the rainbow. This shows that nature gives light and water for growing food. It gives the rainbow for beauty and hope. This shows that nature is like parents who love and care for their children. The syntax is not ordinary because the word order is reversed. Instead of saying, "We are your children." The poet says, "Your children are we." This gives the poem a more formal feeling, a feeling of prayer. Also, the poem has the characteristic of oral literature. It has memorable repetition The word "May" is repeated many times. Also, the poem begins and ends with the same words. Clearly, "Song of the Sky Loom" is a beautiful poem that is important because it shows the Native American respect for nature and uses many poetic techniques to let readers see a "garment of brightness."

Dinni-e Sin, Navajo Hunting Song

"All animals of the chase are the herds of Hastyeyalti, God of Sunrise. He is god of game, and he made the hunting songs and gave them to the Navahos. In the old days, before they were shepherds, the Navahos lived by hunting. The Navaho hunter sits quite still and chants a song, and the game comes straight to him. When the animal is near enough, the hunter shoots him through the heart. The Navahos say that the deer like the song of the hunter, and come from all directions to hear it. This can be readily believed, for the Indian can be absolutely immovable. The measured chant attracts the animals, who, always curious, first come to find out what the sound is, and are then almost hypnotised, as it were, by the monotony and rhythm of the chanting. Pueblo Indians say that before they start on the hunt, they sing, bending every thought on prayerful wish for success. While they sing, the distant deer gather in council, and choose to whom each will fall. To those who have been most

devout in singing will the animals go. This idea is held by the Navahos also, as is shown in this song. Indians believe in man's power to draw to himself or to bring about that upon which he fixes his mind in song and prayer.

"In this song, the hunter likens himself to the beautiful blackbird loved by the deer. The Navahos say that this bird alights on the animals, and sometimes tries to make its nest between the horns. The refrain of the song tells of the coming of the deer—how he makes a trail from the top of Black Mountain down through the fair meadows, how he comes through the dewdrops and the pollen of the flowers, and then how, startled at sight of the hunter, he stamps and turns to run. But the man kills him, and will kill yet many another, for he is lucky and blessed in hunting. The Navahos say that the male deer always starts with the left foreleg, the female with the right."

from The Indians' Book by Natalie Curtis

Hear my singing;
Comes the noble deer to my song,
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
He, the blackbird, he am I,
Bird belov'd of wild deer.
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
From the Mountain Black, from the summit,
Down the trail, coming now,
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
Through the blossoms, through the flowers, coming now,
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
Through the flower pollen, coming now,
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
Through the flower dew-drops clear, coming now,
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
Starting with his left fore-foot,
Stamping, frightened he turns.
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
Quarry mine, bless'd am I
In the fortune of chase.
Comes the noble deer now, to my singing.
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yae yan ga!
Comes the noble deer to my song,
Comes the noble deer now, to my bow.

Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ai yae lo,
Yae shah-kai-kah-tal ee, nae yah!

Coyote and the Buffalo - A Salish Legend

No Buffalo ever lived in the Swah-netk'-qhu country. That was Coyote's fault. If he had not been so foolish and greedy, the people beside the Swah-netk'-qhu would not have had to cross the Rockies to hunt the quas-peet-za (curled-hairs).

This is the way it happened: Coyote was traveling over the plains beyond the big mountains. He came to a flat. There he found an old Buffalo skull. It was the skull of Buffalo Bull. Coyote always had been afraid of Buffalo Bull. He remembered the many times Bull Buffalo had scared him, and he laughed upon seeing the old skull there on the flat.

"Now I Will have some fun," Coyote remarked. "I will have revenge for the times Buffalo made me run."

He picked up the skull and threw it into the air; he kicked it and spat on it; he threw dust in the eye-sockets. He did these things many times, until he grew tired. Then he went his way. Soon he heard a rumbling behind him. He thought it was thunder, and he looked at the sky. The sky was clear. Thinking he must have imagined the sound, he walked on, singing. He heard the rumbling again, only much closer and louder. Turning around, he saw Buffalo Bull pounding along after him, chasing him. His old enemy had come to life! Coyote ran, faster than he thought he could run, but Buffalo gained steadily. Soon Buffalo was right at his heels. Coyote felt his hot breath.

"Oh, Squas-tenk', help me!" Coyote begged, and his power answered by putting three trees in front of him. They were there in the wink of an eye. Coyote jumped and caught a branch of the first tree and swung out of Buffalo's way. Buffalo rammed the tree hard, and it shook as if in a strong wind. Then Buffalo chopped at the trunk with his horns, first with one horn and then the other. He chopped fast, and in a little while over went the tree, and with it went Coyote. But he was up and into the second tree before Buffalo Bull could reach him. Buffalo soon laid that tree low, but he was not quick enough to catch Coyote, who scrambled into the third and last tree.

"Buffalo, my friend, let me talk with you," said Coyote, as his enemy hacked away at the tree's trunk. "Let me smoke my pipe. I like the kinnikinnick. Let me smoke. Then I can die more content."

"You may have time for one smoke," grunted Bull Buffalo, resting from his chopping. Coyote spoke to his medicine-power, and a pipe, loaded and lighted, was given to him. He puffed on it once and held out the pipe to Buffalo Bull.

"No, I will not smoke with you," said that one. "You made fun of my bones. I have enough enemies without you. Young Buffalo is one of them. He killed me and stole all my fine herd."

"My uncle," said Coyote, "you need new horns. Let me make new horns for you. Then you can kill Young Buffalo. Those old horns are dull and worn."

Bull Buffalo was pleased with that talk. He decided he did not want to kill Coyote. He told Coyote to get down out of the tree and make the new horns. Coyote jumped down and called to his power. It scolded him for getting into trouble, but it gave him a flint knife and a stump of pitchwood. From this stump Coyote carved a pair of fine heavy horns with sharp points. He gave them to Buffalo Bull. All Buffalo bulls have worn the same kind of horns since.

Buffalo Bull was very proud of his new horns. He liked their sharpness and weight and their pitch-black color. He tried them out on what was left of the pitchwood stump. He made one toss and the stump flew high in the air, and he forgave Coyote for his mischief. They became good friends right there. Coyote said he would go along with Buffalo Bull to find Young Buffalo.

They soon came upon Young Buffalo and the big herd he had won from Buffalo Bull. Young Buffalo laughed when he saw his old enemy, and he walked out to meet him. He did not know, of course, about the new horns. It was not much of a fight, that fight between Young Buffalo and Buffalo Bull. With the fine new horns, Buffalo Bull killed the other easily, and then he took back his herd, all his former wives and their children. He gave Coyote a young cow, the youngest cow, and he said: "Never kill her, Sin-ka-lip'! Take good care of her and she will supply you with meat forever. When you get hungry, just slice off some choice fat with a flint knife. Then rub ashes on the wound and the cut will heal at once."

Coyote promised to remember that, and they parted. Coyote started back to his own country, and the cow followed. For a few suns he ate only the fat when he was hungry. But after awhile he became tired of eating fat, and he began to long for the sweet marrow-bones and the other good parts of the Buffalo. He smacked his lips at the thought of having some warm liver.

“Buffalo Bull will never know," Coyote told himself, and he took his young cow down beside a creek and killed her. As he peeled off the hide, crows and magpies came from all directions. They settled on the carcass and picked at the meat. Coyote tried to chase them away, but there were too many of them. While he was chasing some, others returned and ate the meat. It was not long until they had devoured every bit of the meat. "Well, I can get some good from the bones and marrow-fat," Coyote remarked, and he built a fire to cook the bones. Then he saw an old woman walking toward him. She came up to the fire.

"Sin-ka-lip'," she said, "you are a brave warrior, a great chief. Why should you do woman's work! Let me cook the bones while you rest."

Vain Coyote! He was flattered. He believed she spoke her true mind. He stretched out to rest and he fell asleep. In his sleep he had a bad dream. It awoke him, and he saw the old woman running away with the marrow fat and the boiled grease. He looked into the cooking basket. There was not a drop of soup left in it. He chased the old woman. He would punish her! But she could run, too, and she easily kept ahead of him. Every once in awhile she stopped and held up the marrow fat and shouted: "Sin-ka-lip', do you want this!"

Finally Coyote gave up trying to catch her. He went back to get the bones. He thought he would boil them again. He found the bones scattered all around, so he gathered them up and put them into the cooking basket. Needing some more water to boil them in, he went to the creek for it, and when he got back, there were no bones in the basket! In place of the bones was a little pile of tree limbs!

Coyote thought he might be able to get another cow from Buffalo Bull, so he set out to find him. When he came to the herd, he was astonished to see the cow he had killed. She was there with the others! She refused to go with Coyote again, and Buffalo Bull would not give him another cow. Coyote had to return to his own country without a Buffalo.

That is why there never have been any Buffalo along the Swah-netk'-qhu.

Fox and Coyote and Whale

Fox had a beautiful wife. He was very much in love with her, but she had stopped caring for him. Fox was a great hunter, and every day he brought home food and fine skins for his wife to make into robes and clothing. He did not know that, while he was away hunting, his wife would sit beside the *Swah-netk'-qhu* [1] and sing love songs to the water. Painting her face with bright colors, she would pour out her love thoughts in song.

Coyote came to visit his twin brother, and he soon noticed the strange actions of his sister-in-law. He spoke to Fox. *Why-ay'-looh*," he said, "I think your wife is in love with somebody else." But Fox could not believe she loved anyone but him. He was blinded by his love for her. Then, one sun, he and Coyote returned from a hunt and she was not in the lodge. So Fox started to look for her. He walked down toward the river and there he saw his wife. She was sitting on the river bank, singing a love song. She did not see Fox. He watched her.

As Fox watched, the water began to rise. Slowly it rose, higher and higher, and soon, out in the middle of the river, appeared a big monster of the fish-kind. The monster was *En-hah-et'-qhu*, the Spirit of the Water--Whale. It swam to the shore. As it touched dry land, it changed into a tall handsome man with long braided hair. This monster-man made love to the wife of Fox.

Sad at heart, Fox turned away. He went to his lodge. He said nothing, but he wondered how he could win back his wife's love. He worried about her as the suns passed. She grew pale and thin. Nothing that Fox could do pleased her.

Her thoughts always were with the man who was not a man but a monster. One day when Fox and Coyote came home from hunting, she was gone, and the fire in the lodge was cold. Fox called and called. He got no answer. His heart was heavy.

A few suns later Fox looked up the river and saw an odd-shaped canoe coming. It was only half of a canoe. Two Water Maidens were standing in it, rocking it from side to side. They were singing:

We come for food,
Food for the Chief's stolen wife.
The water-food does not suit her.
That is why we come! We come!

As the Water Maidens approached, Fox and Coyote hid in the tepee. The maidens beached the half-canoe and entered the lodge. They began to pick up dried meat to take to the stolen wife. Coyote and Fox sprang from their hiding places and caught the maidens, and Fox asked about his wife--where she was and how to get to her. The maidens were silent. Then the brothers threatened to kill them unless they answered, and the maidens said:

"To find the person who stole her, you must go over the Big Falls and under the water. His lodge is under the falls, under the water--a dangerous trip for Land People. Every trail is watched. Even if you get there, the mighty Whale chief will kill you. He is bad."

The Water Maidens had told all they knew, so Fox broke their necks. He and Coyote dressed in the maidens' robes and started down the river in the half-canoe. Standing on the sides of the strange craft, they rocked it as they had seen the maidens do, and rode it down the river and over the roaring falls. "Let me do all the talking," Fox warned Coyote. "I know better what to say." Down through the pouring, flashing waters they shot with the half-canoe. The thunder of the falls hurt their ears. And then, suddenly, they were landing at a great encampment of Mater People, a strange kind of people to them. All of the people were strange except *Gou-kouh-whay'-na*--Mouse. She was there. She knew them and they knew her. Fox jumped ashore. Coyote, following, tripped and touched the water, and Mouse, the Sly One, laughed.

"Ha-ha!" said Mouse, "Coyote nearly fell into the water."

"Do not speak," Fox whispered to Mouse. "Say nothing. I will pay you well."

But some of the Water People had heard. "What, *Gou-kouh-whay'-na*, did you say?" they inquired.

"Nothing," Mouse answered. "Nothing of importance. I was just joking."

"Yes, you did say something," said a Water Person. "You said that Coyote nearly fell into the water. You cannot fool me."

Mouse insisted that she had not said that, and the other Water People believed her. They knew she was a fickle person and giddy, and they did not think much of her because she went everywhere to steal. She went everywhere, and that s why she understood all the different languages.

Carrying packs of dried meat and berries they had brought with them, Coyote and Fox made their way to the lodge of Whale, the chief. He and the stolen wife sat side by side in the lodge. The wife was glad to get the meat and berries, her kind of food.

Fox and Coyote kept their robes over their faces until everyone else was asleep. Then, when everything was quiet, Fox slipped up to Whale and cut off the monster's head with a flint knife. At the same time Coyote picked up the stolen wife and ran for the broken canoe. The noise they made awoke the camp, and the people rushed out of their lodges to see Coyote carrying off Fox's wife and Fox close behind, carrying the head of their chief. The people chased them, but the three got into the broken canoe, and Fox quickly put Coyote and the woman into his*shoo'-mesh* pipe. Then Fox pushed the half-canoe into the water and it shot up to the river's surface below the falls. There Fox landed. He took Coyote and his twice-stolen wife out of the medicine-pipe, and the head of the Whale Monster he threw toward the setting sun.

"In the Big Salt Water (ocean) shall Whale Monster stay," said Fox. "No longer shall he live in the smaller waters, in the rivers, where he can make love to the wives of men, where he can lure wives from their husbands."

As Fox and his wife and brother walked up the bank to their tepee, the headless body of Whale Monster turned over and over in the depths of the river, making the Big Falls of the *Swah-netk'-qhu* more fearful and thunderous, the way they are today, spilling with such force over the great rocks.

The wife of Fox became contented and happy again, glad to be back in her husband's lodge. But since that day Whale Monster was vanquished the Land People and the Water People have not loved each other. Fox made it so.

First Encounters: Accounts of Exploration and Exploitation

1. William Bradford. “Of Plymouth Plantation”.
2. Alicia Crane Williams, “Women and Children First: The Mayflower Pilgrims”, insight.

American Literature begins in the early 1600s. The earliest writers were Englishmen describing the English exploration and colonization of the New World. E.g. Thomas Hariot’s *Briefe and True Report of the New-Found Land of Virginia* (1588). Back in England people read this books as travel guides. But this was dangerous because such books often mixed facts with fantasy. (William Wood claimed that he had seen lions in Massachusetts).

The writings of Captain John Smith (1580-1631) satisfied readers. He was a real adventurer, he had fought the Turks in Hungary, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was sold as a slave but escaped by killing his master. In 1607, he helped found Jamestown, the first English colony in America. Althought the details are not always correct, his *True Relation to Virginia (1608)* and *Description of New England (1616)* are fascinating „advertisements”.Puritans, for instance, studied his books carefully and decided to settle there in 1620.

Captain John Smith (1580-1631) - He was often boastful about his own adventures in his books. His *General Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles (1624)* contains the story of his rescue by a beautiful Indian princess.The story is probably untrue, but it is the first famous tale from American literature. His Elizabethan style is not always easy to read, and his punctuation was strange even for the 17th century.

Religious Belief

Religion was a major factor in American colonial culture. This was particularly true in the New England colonies, where groups of Protestants from England, such as the Pilgrims and Puritans, founded settlements beginning in 1620. Other groups seeking religious freedom followed, including the Quakers led by William Penn, who settled in Pennsylvania in 1670.

In the 1730s and 1740s, a religious revival called the Great Awakening, which began in New England, spread throughout the American colonies. Two results of this movement were increased feelings of responsibility for Native Americans and enslaved Africans and a more tolerant spirit toward other faiths.

Puritan Style

The Puritans were European settlers who had the greatest influence on early American literature. They began to establish communities in New England in the *1620s after leaving England* to escape what they saw as signs of corruption in the Church of England. These included elaborate rituals, a richly dressed clergy, and fine churches. In opposition to this, Puritans dressed in a plain style and held their simple religious services in undecorated meetinghouses. They also believed that they had a God-given responsibility to establish an ideal way of life in America.

The Puritans' plainness and piety showed in their writing, which employed straightforward language and often focused on their faith.

William Bradford was a member of the Puritan group known as the Pilgrims, who settled Plymouth Colony in 1620. Bradford viewed writing primarily as a practical tool. At the beginning of his history of the Plymouth Colony, he said that he intended to produce a record of events in "a plain style, with singular regard unto the simple truth in all things."

There were several things that distinguish Puritan writing:

1. Focus on God and the Bible.

   Because the Puritans were religious, their writing reflected that by using the Bible as a template for their writing.

   Everything related back to God, and everything was explained in terms of God's will.

   As part of their relationship with God, the Puritans believed in predestination, or the belief that God controls the world and the people in it. As a result, many of their writings dealt with predestination.

2. The hardships of life in the colonies. Puritan writing often dealt with difficulties that the writers faced every day.

3. Symbolism of everyday events. In addition to simply relating the day-to-day struggles of life, the Puritans saw them as symbols. A paper cut could mean that God wanted a person to stop writing so many letters to his non-religious sister. A woman who burned her husband's shirt could see that as a warning to prepare for his death. Everything was seen as a symbol from God.

4. Inward reflection. Much Puritan writing was in the form of diaries or personal narratives, because there was a heavy focus on inward reflection.

5. Simple and plain style. Life was difficult for the Puritans, and they did not have or seek luxuries. Their writing style reflected this; they used plain language that was not dressed up with fancy words.

Puritans

In 1734 Jonathan Edwards a Congregational minister who was the greatest spokesman of Puritanism, began a series of religious revivals among the young people in his community of Northampton, Massachusetts. His powerful sermons, such as "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," helped start and sustain the Great Awakening, a widespread religious revival throughout the American colonies.

From *„City on a Hill"* by John Winthrop, 1630

...we must Consider that we shall be as a City upon a Hill, the eyes of all people are upon us; so that if we shall deal falsely with our God in this work we have undertaken and so cause him to withdraw his present help from us, we shall be made a story and a byword through the world, we shall open the mouths of enemies to speak evil of the way of God and all professors for God's sake; we shall shame the faces of many of God's worthy servants.

Differences

Almost from the beginning, as the English settled in America, there were important differences between the Southern and the new England colonies. In the South, enormous farms or 'plantations' used the labour of black slaves to grow tobacco. The rich and powerful plantation owners were slow to develop a literature of their own. They preferred books imported from England. But in New England, the Puritan settlers had come to the New World in order to form a society based on strict Christian beliefs. They believed that society should be based on the laws of God. They had a far stronger sense of unity. This was one of the reasons why culture and literature developed much faster than in the South.

Important dates

1636 – Harvard, the first college in the colonies, was founded near Boston in order to train new Puritan ministers;

1638 – the first printing press in America was started there;

1704 – America's first newspaper began in Boston.

The most interesting works

The most interesting works of New England Puritan literature were histories.

The Puritans' history developed according to „God's plan". In all of their early New England histories, they saw New England as the 'Promised Land' of the Bible.The central drama of history was the struggle between Christ and Satan.

William Bradford (1590-1657) - Of Plymouth Plantation

It is one of the most interesting of the Puritan histories.

It describes the Puritan's difficult relations with the Indians. It also describes their difficulties during the first winter, when half of the small colony died. This is all told in the wonderful 'plain style' which the Puritans admired. Puritan writers avoided elegant language. Their examples were drawn either from the Bible or form the everyday life of farmers and fishermen.

Surviving Slavery

The first enslaved Africans were brought to Virginia in 1619. By the 1700s, slave ships arrived regularly in the American colonies full of African men, women, and children to be bought and sold. Most of these people, like Olaudah Equiano had been taken from their homes in West Africa by slave traders. From their beginnings, the American colonies suffered from a severe labour shortage. This was particularly true in the South, where large tobacco and rice plantations required hundreds of workers. Despite protests from some groups (such as the Quakers), many colonists participated in the slave trade.

By 1750 there were more than 200,000 enslaved Africans in Britain's North American possessions, most of them in the Southern colonies. These colonies developed slave codes—sets of laws that formally regulated slavery and defined the relationship between enslaved Africans and free people. Over time these slave codes became increasingly strict.

Slavery – Numbers

From 8 to 10 million enslaved Africans were taken to the Americas. Some 3.5 million were taken to the Portugese colony of Brazil. About 1.5 million were taken to Spanish colonies. Nearly 4 million were taken to British, French, and Dutch colonies in the Caribbean. Approximately 500,000 were taken to Britan's North American colonies.

Life in the New World

Even under favorable circumstances, adjusting to a new home and a new way of life is often hard. For the Europeans who explored and settled North America, this experience was frequently a struggle to endure and subdue a wilderness and was marked by fierce conflicts with Native Americans.

For the Africans seized from their homes and enslaved in the Americas, the experience was a battle first to survive and then to hold on to their cultural identity under slavery.

Europeans began to explore North America in the early 1500s. Many of these explorers wrote grim reports of the hardships they encountered. The first arrivals were followed by other Europeans, settlers who built towns and started farms. As European settlement spread, conflict developed between the newcomers and Native Americans that often led to brutal wars. Their superior weapons enabled the Europeans to overcome their enemies. Even more destructive to the Native Americans were the diseases the newcomers brought with them. As a result of war and disease, few Native Americans survived beyond the end of the 1600s.

After enduring the horrors of the "Middle Passage," the long sea voyage across the Atlantic, they reached the slave markets of the Americas.

Despite brutal living conditions, these Africans struggled to preserve parts of their heritage - the social values and cultural traditions of their homelands - but usually without success.

Of Plymouth Plantation

1620 - Passengers aboard the Mayflower were travelling to the Americas. Violent storms tossed the creaking ship and blew it far off course. Among the passengers was the thirty-year-old William Bradford.

Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1590, Bradford was orphaned as an infant and brought up by relatives. As a youth, he studied the Bible and became a Separatist. Like the Puritans, Separatists wanted reforms in the Church of England. Rather than try to "purify" it, however, the Separatists broke away. In 1609, Bradford expatriated, moving to Holland with the congregation and its leader, John Robinson. Fearing they might become assimilated into Dutch culture and lose their identity, the Separatists decided to go to the Americas.

John Carver, a successful businessman, attained financial backing and chartered the Mayflower. Nearly 500 miles northeast of their intended destination, the Separatists landed in Provincetown, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod on November 21, 1620.

On December 26, the 102 settlers disembarked nearby at a site they named Plymouth, after the town where they had set sail. Before leaving the Mayflower, the men in the group drafted and signed the historic Mayflower Compact, the colony's rules of government. (also called U.S. Constitution)

Interesting facts

1620, Bradford and his wife, Dorothy, left behind their four-year-old son to join nearly 40 other Separatists on the ship Mayflower.

W.Bradford.:

- lost his first wife to drowning shortly after the Mayflower landed.

- sold one of his farms to help pay Plymouth Colony's debts.

- was elected governor of Plymouth 30 times.

The First Winter

The group of about 100 settlers, known today as the Pilgrims, elected Bradford leader after John Carver, the first governor, died. The voyage had been harsh. They arrived with little or no food at the onset of winter and had no wilderness survival skills. They constructed crude shelters, hoping to make it through the winter. Nearly half the colonists died of scurvy, pneumonia, fever, or starvation.

The colony survived and in time grew into a thriving community under Bradford's leadership. He was re-elected governor for thirty one-year terms between 1622 and 1656. In his gubernatorial years, he served as chief magistrate, high judge, and treasurer. He also presided over the community's legislature, known as the General Court.

Unlike the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which was a Bible commonwealth, Plymouth was fairly egalitarian for its day, allowing Presbyterians and maverick nonbelievers to live in the community without forcing them to practice in Congregationalist or Separatist churches.

To ensure a peaceable, organized society, Bradford distributed parcels of land equally to all settlers, even nonbelievers. This organizational principle facilitated the private subsistence farming that drove Plymouth's economy in its early years.

In 1630, Bradford started to compile Of Plymouth Plantation, 1620–1647, one of the most important narratives of early colonial life. The chronicle is unique in that it separates religious commentary from historical commentary. Certain narratives published by Puritans who had arrived during the Great Migration deemed colonial life as God's plan. Bradford made no such doctrinaire claims. Instead, he steered a middle course between a Bible commonwealth and a secular society that made for a prosperous Plymouth. It was written in plain style.

Puritan Plain Style

The writing style reflects the plain style of their lives – spare, simple, straightforward.

The Puritan Plain Style is characterized by short words, direct statements, and references to ordinary, everyday objects. Puritans believed that poetry should serve God by clearly expressing only useful or religious ideas. Poetry appealing to the senses or emotions was viewed as dangerous.

Puritans hold the belief tenaciously that God is omnipresent and His signs and symbols are everywhere in our daily life. Everything is crafted and directed by God, and thus the foul-mouthed young mariner's death is solely prompted by God's will.

Their heroic voyage to the New World is, unquestionably, a God-sent mission. This belief not only boosts their confidence in that forlorn land, but conveniently justifies their aggression and brutality to the natives.

The disturbing Eurocentric attitude and Christian superiority lead to the continual denigration of the natives, who are mostly referred to either as merciless, savage, barbarous sub-humans or as profitable merchandises.

Of Plymouth Plantation adopts the third-person narration throughout the story. Sometimes, William Bradford referred himself as “him” (talking like a distant outsider). For example, “William Bradford was chosen Governor in his stead”.

Why this particular writing style? - He was writing the history of all the English Pilgrims, a collective memory, rather than his very personal life, and the third-person narration usually sounds more convincing to readers.

"Women and Children First: The Mayflower Pilgrims,, by Alicia Crane Williams

This excerpt from Alicia Crane Williams' 1993 article expands on the history of the Pilgrims told by William Bradford on Of Plymouth Plantation.

Secondary sources are more likely than primary sources to present a longer view of the history of events.

Together, these readings give a more complete picture of the hardships the Pilgrims encountered in the New World.

From "Women and Children First: The Mayflower Pilgrims"by Alicia Crane Williams:

When the ship Mayflower sailed from Plymouth, England, in September 1620 on her voyage into history, she carried 102 passengers, of which nearly half were women and children. Eighteen of the passengers were wives accompanying their husbands to the New World; with them, they brought thirty-one children ranging in age from a nursing infant to teenagers. In addition, at least three of the women were pregnant during the voyage...

Elizabeth Hopkins gave birth to her son Oceanus at sea while also mothering her two-year-old daughter Damaris and her stepchildren, thirteen-year-old Constance and ten-year-old Giles. Miraculously, all survived the voyage and the first winter, although Oceanus and Damaris did not live to adulthood. Five more children were eventually born to the Hopkinses in this inhospitable new land...

In early December 1620, Susanna White gave birth to her son Peregrine on board the Mayflower while it was anchored in the shelter of Cape Cod. Two months later, her husband William died, leaving her with the baby and their five-year-old son Resolved. In May, Susanna married Edward Winslow, whose first wife had died during the winter.

Susanna and Edward's marriage, the first performed in the new colony, produced five children, although only two survived their childhoods. Resolved and Peregrine lived to adulthood, married women of the colony, and fathered fifteen children between them.

Dorothy Bradford, William's wife, left behind her only child, two-year-old John, when she accompanied her husband to the New World. She fell overboard from the Mayflower, anchored near Cape Cod, while William was away searching for a settlement site. Although Bradford and his contemporaries recorded the event as accidental, rumors persist to the present day that Dorothy actually committed suicide...

William Bradford: Of Plymouth Plantation

Background

By the time the Pilgrims landed at Cape Cod, the local Native American tribes had had 100 years of contact and conflict with European explorers. Squanto, who became the Pilgrims' interpreter, had learned English when he was kidnapped by an English expedition in 1605. The Nauset Indians, who attacked the Pilgrims shortly after their arrival, had survived years of skirmishes with English explorers, including a 1609 battle with John Smith of Jamestown fame. Keep these events in mind as you read Bradford's account.

Their Safe Arrival at Cape Cod

But to omit other things (that I may be brief) after long beating at sea they1 fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful. . . .

Being thus arrived in a good harbor, and brought safe to land, they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of Heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all the perils and miseries thereof, again to set their feet on the firm and stable earth, their proper element. . . . **a**

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies; no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. It is recorded in Scripture as a mercy to the Apostle and his shipwrecked company, that the barbarians showed them no small kindness in refreshing them, but these

savage barbarians, when they met with them (as after will appear) were readier to fill their sides full of arrows than otherwise. And for the season it was winter, and they that know the winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent, and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men—and what multitudes there might be of them they knew not. Neither could they, as it were, go up to the top of Pisgah4 to view from this wilderness a more goodly country to feed their hopes; for which way soever they turned their eyes (save upward to the heavens) they could have little solace or content in respect of any outward objects. For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weatherbeaten face, and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed and was now as a main bar and gulf to separate them from all the civil parts of the world. . . .

The First Encounter

Being thus arrived at Cape Cod the 11th of November, and necessity calling them to look out a place for habitation (as well as the master's and mariners' importunity); they having brought a large shallop with them out of England, stowed in quarters in the ship, they now got her out and set their carpenters to work to trim her up; but being much bruised and shattered in the ship with foul weather, they saw she would be long in mending. Whereupon a few of them tendered themselves to go by land and discover those nearest places, whilst the shallop was in mending; . . .

After this, the shallop being got ready, they set out again for the better discovery of this place, and the master of the ship desired to go himself. So there went some thirty men but found it to be no harbor for ships but only for boats. There was also found two of their [the Indians'] houses covered with mats, and sundry of their implements in them, but the people were run away and could not be seen.

Also there was found more of their corn and of their beans of various colors; the corn and beans they [the English] brought away, purposing to give them [the Indians] full satisfaction when they should meet with any of them as, about some six months afterward they did, to their good content.

And here is to be noted a special providence of God, and a great mercy to this poor people, that here they got seed to plant them corn the next year, or else they might have starved, for they had none nor any likelihood to get any till the season had been past, as the sequel did manifest. Neither is it likely they had had this, if the first voyage had not been

made, for the ground was now all covered with snow and hard frozen; but the Lord is never wanting unto His in their greatest needs; let His holy name have all the praise.

The month of November being spent in these affairs, and much foul weather falling in, the 6th of December they sent out their shallop again with ten of their principal men and some seamen, upon further discovery, intending to circulate that deep bay of Cape Cod. The weather was very cold and it froze so hard as the spray of the sea lighting on their coats, they were as if they had been glazed. . . . [The next night they landed and] made them a barricado8 as usually they did every night, with logs, stakes, and thick pine boughs, the height of a man, leaving it open to leeward,9 partly to shelter them from the cold and wind (making their fire in the middle and lying round about it) and partly to defend them from any sudden assaults of the savages, if they should surround them; so being very weary, they betook them to rest. But about midnight they heard a hideous and great cry, and their sentinel called "Arm! arm!" So they bestirred them and stood to their arms and shot off a couple of muskets, and then the noise ceased. They concluded it was a company of wolves or such like wild beasts, for one of the seamen told them he had often heard such a noise in Newfoundland.

So they rested till about five of the clock in the morning; for the tide, and their purpose to go from thence, made them be stirring betimes. So after prayer they prepared for breakfast, and it being day dawning it was thought best to be carrying things down to the boat. But some said it was not best to carry the arms down, others said they would be the readier, for they had lapped them up in their coats from the dew; but some three or four would not carry theirs till they went themselves. Yet as it fell out, the water being not high enough, they laid them down on the bank side and came up to breakfast.

But presently, all on the sudden, they heard a great and strange cry, which they knew to be the same voices they heard in the night, though they varied their notes; and one of their company being abroad came running in and cried, "Men, Indians! Indians!" And withal, their arrows came flying amongst them. Their men ran with all speed to recover their arms, as by the good providence of. God they did. In the meantime, of those that were there ready, two muskets were discharged at them, and two more stood ready in the entrance of their rendezvous but were commanded not to shoot till they could take full aim at them. And the other two charged again with all speed, for there were only four had arms there, and defended the barricado, which was first assaulted. The cry of the Indians was dreadful, especially when they [the Indians] saw their men [the English] run out of the rendezvous toward the shallop to recover their arms, the Indians wheeling about upon them. But some running out with coats of

mail on, and cutlasses in their hands, they [the English] soon got their arms and let fly amongst them [the Indians] and quickly stopped their violence. . . .

Thus it pleased God to vanquish their enemies and give them deliverance; and by His special providence so to dispose that not any one of them were either hurt or hit, though their arrows came close by them and on every side [of] them; and sundry of their coats, which hung up in the barricado, were shot through and through. Afterwards they gave God solemn thanks and praise for their deliverance, and gathered up a bundle of their arrows and sent them into England afterward by the master of the ship, and called that place the First Encounter. . . .

The Starving Time

But that which was most sad and lamentable was, that in two or three months' time half of their company died, especially in January and February, being the depth of winter, and wanting houses and other comforts; being infected with the scurvy and other diseases which this long voyage and their inaccommodate condition had brought upon them. So as there died some times two or three of a day in the foresaid time, that of 100 and odd persons, scarce fifty remained. And of these, in the time of most distress, there was but six or seven sound persons who to their great commendations, be it spoken, spared no pains night nor day, but with abundance of toil and hazard of their own health fetched them wood, made them fires, dressed them meat, made their beds, washed their loathsome clothes, clothed and unclothed them. . . . In a word, did all the homely and necessary offices for them which dainty and queasy stomachs cannot endure to hear named; and all this willingly and cheerfully, without any grudging in the least, showing herein their true love unto their friends and brethren; a rare example and worthy to be remembered. Two of these seven were Mr. William Brewster, their reverend Elder, and Myles Standish, their Captain and military commander, unto whom myself and many others were much beholden in our low and sick condition. And yet the Lord so upheld these persons as in this general calamity they were not at all infected either with sickness or lameness. . . .

Indian Relations

All this while the Indians came skulking about them, and would sometimes show themselves aloof off, but when any approached near them, they would run away; and once they [the Indians] stole away their [the colonists'] tools where they had been at work and were gone to dinner. But about the 16th of March, a certain Indian came boldly amongst them and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand but marveled at it. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to the eastern parts where some English ships came to fish, with whom he was acquainted and

could name sundry of them by their names, amongst whom he had got his language. He became profitable to them in acquainting them with many things concerning the state of the country in the east parts where he lived, which was afterwards profitable unto them; as also of the people here, of their names, number and strength, of their situation and distance from this place, and who was chief amongst them. His name was Samoset. He told them also of another Indian whose name was Squanto, a native of this place, who had been in England and could speak better English than himself.

Being, after some time of entertainment and gifts dismissed, a while after he came again, and five more with him, and they brought again all the tools that were stolen away before, and made way for the coming of their great Sachem, calledn Massasoit. Who, about four or five days after, came with the chief of his friends and other attendance, with the aforesaid Squanto. With whom, after friendly entertainment and some gifts given him, they made a peace with him (which hath now continued this 24 years) in these terms:

1. That neither he nor any of his should injure or do hurt to any of their people.

2. That if any of his did hurt to any of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.

3. That if anything were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored; and they should do the like to his.

4. If any did unjustly war against him, they would aid him; if any did war against them, he should aid them.

5. He should send to his neighbors confederates to certify them of this, that they might not wrong them, but might be likewise comprised in the conditions of peace.

6. That when their men came to them, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them.

After these things he returned to his place called Sowams,13 some 40 miles from this place, but Squanto continued with them and was their interpreter and was a special instrument sent of God for their good beyond their expectation.

He directed them how to set their corn, where to take fish, and to procure other commodities, and was also their pilot to bring them to unknown places for their profit, and never left them till he died.

First Thanksgiving

They began now to gather in the small harvest they had, and to fit up their houses and dwellings against winter, being all well recovered in health and strength and had all things in good plenty. For as some were thus employed in affairs abroad, others were exercised in

fishing, about cod and bass and other fish, of which they took good store, of which every family had their portion. All the summer there was no want; and now began to come in store of fowl, as winter approached, of which this place did abound when they came first (but afterward decreased by degrees). And besides waterfowl there was great store of wild turkeys, of which they took many, besides venison, etc. Besides they had about a peck a meal a week to a person, or now since harvest, Indian corn to that proportion. Which made many afterwards write so largely of their plenty here to their friends in England, which were not feigned but true reports.

Between Heaven and Hell: the Puritan Tradition

1. Anne Bradstreet: "To My Dear and Loving Husband Upon the Burning of Our House" July 10th, 1666.
2. Salem Court Documents, 1692. "The Examination of Sarah Good"
3. Jonathan Edwards, "Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God"

Puritan Rule

The ruling Puritans followed very strict ideas and heartlessly punished those who did not fall in with their beliefs. In 1692, there was a strange outbreak of witchcraft terror in Salem, Massachusetts. Ten young girls declared that a West Indian slave bewitched them. This caused such widespread fear that within four months hundreds of people were tried for witchcraft. Finally, the governor of Massachusetts put an end to the trials when his own wife herself was accused of occultism. The trials found their reflection in the writing of Cotton Mather (1663-1728), who wrote more than 450 books of religious content.

After the 17th century the Puritans largely disappeared as a political entity, but the Puritan attitudes and ethics continued to exert their influence on the American society.

Self-reliance, thrift, hard work, energy and piety – these were the domineering values in contemporary social and economic life and in the earliest American books, letters and sermons of such men as Thomas Hooker, John Cotton, Roger Williams, Increase Mather, Cotton Mather.

American Sermons

One of the most noticeable forms of early American literature is sermon.

Throughout the centuries, this essential medium of Puritan worship continued to play a vital role as a public ritual, an occasion for reflection, and, most importantly, as a popular entertainment. The Puritan sermons are remarkable in their richness of imagery, force of argument, and psychological depth.

Anne Bradstreet 1612 - 1672

"[Anne Bradstreet wrote] . . . the first good poems in America, while rearing eight children, lying frequently sick, keeping house at the edge of the wilderness, [and] managed a poet's range and extension within confines as severe as any American poet has confronted."

Adrienne Rich

She was the first published poet in America—a remarkable accomplishment considering that writing was thought improper for a woman at that time.

In fact, the title page of her first book assures readers that she did not shirk her responsibilities as a wife and mother in order to write poetry. The poems were said to be "the fruit of some few hours, curtailed from sleep and other refreshments."

From England to the New World

Anne Bradstreet (born Dudley) was born and raised in England. At age 16, Anne married Simon Bradstreet, a friend of the family. Two years later, Anne, her husband, and her parents boarded the Arbella as members of John Winthrop's party and sailed to the Massachusetts Bay Colony to join the Puritan community there. At first, Bradstreet was appalled by the crude life of the settlement, but she soon adjusted.

She wrote, *"I changed my condition and was married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose [reacted angrily]. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined to the church at Boston."*

In Massachusetts, Bradstreet began to write poetry. She wrote while caring for teething infants, while mending clothes by the fire at night, while struggling through bouts of tuberculosis and smallpox, and while maintaining a house in the wilderness of the New World.

At first, Bradstreet imitated the lofty style of the established male poets. As a result, her early poems contain many wooden lines and forced rhymes, and they do not reveal her deeper emotions. Bradstreet wrote for her own satisfaction and shared her poems only with her family and friends in the new colony. Nonetheless, her brother-in-law, the Reverend John Woodbridge, took fifteen of her poems to England without her knowledge and had them published under the title The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America. (The title alludes to the nine Muses of ancient Greek mythology goddesses who inspired poets and other artists.)

A change of style

Bradstreet's best poems explore her love for her husband, her sadness at the death of her parents and other family members, and her struggle to accept as God's will the losses she suffered.

Six years after Bradstreet's death, an American edition of The Tenth Muse, which included some of her later poems as well as her revisions of her earlier work, appeared under the new title Several Poems Compiled with Great Variety of Wit and Learning.

Her Poetry

In seventeenth-century New England, poetry was acceptable reading for Puritans only if it was religious. However, as a Puritan, Bradstreet viewed all events within the context of God's divine plan.

She found similarities between the domestic details of daily life and the spiritual details of her religious life. Unlike the traditional verse of her day, Bradstreet's poems speak of everyday occurrences and personal emotions.

Bradstreet's later poems, such as "To My Dear and Loving Husband," are more personal, expressing her feelings about the joys and difficulties of everyday Puritan life. In one she wrote about her thoughts before giving birth. In another, she wrote about the death of a grandchild.

Bradstreet's poetry reflects the Puritan's knowledge of the stories and language of the Bible, as well as their concern for the relationship between earthly and heavenly life. Her work also exhibits some of the characteristics of the French and English poetry of her day.

To My Dear and Loving Husband

Anne Bradstreet

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me ye women if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persever,
That when we live no more we may live ever.

The poet speaks to her husband, celebrating their unity and saying that there is no man in the world whose wife loves him more. If there was ever a wife more happy with her husband, the poet asks those women to compare themselves to her. She prizes her husband's love more than gold or the riches of the East. Rivers cannot quench her love and no love but his can ever satisfy her. There is no way she can ever repay him for his love. She believes they should love each other so much that when they die, their love will live on.

Analysis

Anne Bradstreet's passionate love poems to her husband are some of the memorable in her canon because of the rawness of her expression. "To my Dear and Loving Husband" is frequently read at weddings due to its succinct yet bold expression of marital love. It resembles a Shakespearean sonnet and is twelve lines long.

The poem begins with Bradstreet describing herself and her husband as one being. She states that there is no other woman in the world who is as happy with her husband as she is. She then offers examples of material wealth and beauty, but she prizes her husband's love more than gold and all the riches of the East.

She describes her love as thirst by writing that Rivers cannot quench her yearning. The implied image is sensual, subtly alluding to sexual desire. She needs his love and cannot live without it - she claims that only his love can "give re-competence."

Then, Bradstreet shifts into a spiritual perspective, writing that there is no way she can repay her husband for his love and that she hopes Heaven will "reward thee manifold."

She believes that while she and her husband are living on Earth, they should love each other as fully as possible so that when they ascend to Heaven, their love will be eternal as well.

Meaning

Marriage was a central relationship in Puritan society. Men and women married young and were expected to remain together until they died. Puritan society did not tolerate divorce or adultery, although cases of both are certainly present in the historical record. Husbands and wives were supposed to adhere to the Biblical definition of marriage, which emphasized mutual love and respect. However, Puritans were not supposed to place all of their efforts in the relationship on Earth, but rather, to glorify God through their union. Marriage was very important and the focus on family was crucial; however, "the love between wife and husband was not supposed to distract from devotion to God. In Bradstreet's sonnets, her erotic attraction to her husband is central, and these poems are more secular than religious."

Here Follows Some Verses upon the Burning of Our House, July 10th, 1666

Anne Bradstreet

Here Follows Some Verses Upon the Burning
of Our house, July 10th. 1666. Copied Out of a Loose Paper.

In silent night when rest I took,
For sorrow near I did not look,
I wakened was with thund'ring noise
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.
That fearful sound of "fire" and "fire,"
Let no man know is my Desire.
I, starting up, the light did spy,
And to my God my heart did cry
To straighten me in my Distress
And not to leave me succourless.
Then, coming out, behold a space
The flame consume my dwelling place.
And when I could no longer look,
I blest His name that gave and took,
That laid my goods now in the dust.
Yea, so it was, and so 'twas just.
It was his own, it was not mine,
Far be it that I should repine;
He might of all justly bereft
But yet sufficient for us left.
When by the ruins oft I past
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast
And here and there the places spy
Where oft I sate and long did lie.
Here stood that trunk, and there that chest,
There lay that store I counted best.
My pleasant things in ashes lie
And them behold no more shall I.
Under thy roof no guest shall sit,
Nor at thy Table eat a bit.
No pleasant talk shall 'ere be told
Nor things recounted done of old.
No Candle e'er shall shine in Thee,
Nor bridegroom's voice e'er heard shall be.
In silence ever shalt thou lie,
Adieu, Adieu, all's vanity.
Then straight I 'gin my heart to chide,
And did thy wealth on earth abide?
Didst fix thy hope on mould'ring dust?
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the sky
That dunghill mists away may fly.
Thou hast a house on high erect
Frameed by that mighty Architect,

With glory richly furnished,
Stands permanent though this be fled.
It‘s purchased and paid for too
By Him who hath enough to do.
A price so vast as is unknown,
Yet by His gift is made thine own;
There‘s wealth enough, I need no more,
Farewell, my pelf, farewell, my store.
The world no longer let me love,
My hope and treasure lies above.

Jonathan Edwards 1703-1758

Jonathan Edwards was a Puritan theologian, preacher, and philosopher who captivated congregations with his “preaching of terror,” a brand of sermonizing aimed at shaking the faith of unrepentant sinners and saving them from eternal damnation.

His sermons hinge on fire-and-brimstone depictions of hell and visions of churchgoers dangling by tenuous threads over the depths of hell, held by the hand of an angry God. “I think it is a reasonable thing to fright persons away from hell,” Edwards explained. “Is it not a reasonable thing to fright a person out of a house on fire?”

As a child, the precocious Edwards used his vivid imagination and shrewd, analytical mind to write scientific essays on insects, colors, and rainbows. At 13, he matriculated at Yale. He intended to use his education to publish works refuting natural philosophy and its key doctrines of materialism and atheism.

Edwards was a religious young man, due to his Puritan upbringing, but he had qualms about predestination, the doctrine that claims it is predetermined whether an individual will go to heaven or hell.

But in 1721, while studying divinity, he underwent a religious conversion that confirmed his belief in God as omnipotent, total, and in control of all things, including human destiny.

Edwards subsequently thought of the revelation of God in intuitive terms—God the divine conveyed directly to the individual soul. In 1729, Edwards succeeded his grandfather at the pulpit in Northampton, Massachusetts.

In his sermons, he attributed New England’s ailing morality to its moral and religious independence and its incomplete acceptance of faith as the sole means to salvation.

In the early 1730s, Edwards lambasted Arminianism, a movement in the Anglican Church that was gaining popularity among New England colonists. His sermons on the subject incited a religious revival in the Connecticut River valley in 1734–1735.

Jonathan Edwards - Great Awakening

Between 1730 and 1750, a religious revival known as the Great Awakening swept through the colonies. Preachers attracted people in droves and brough about ecstatic emotional reactions and frenzied mass conversions with their sermons. Edwards sought to keep his audiences calm, but his sermons were equally effective.

His sermons were reproduced and read across Britain and other regions in America. However, by 1750 some of Northampton's Puritans objected to Edwards's extreme teachings and removed him from his post. He went into exile for several years, during which he served as a missionary to Native Americans in the frontier village of Stockbridge. He then became president of what is now Princeton University but died of smallpox shortly thereafter.

Edwards is widely considered the most influential American writer before Benjamin Franklin.

Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God

In the midst of the Great Awakening, Jonathan Edwards stood in front of a congregation in Enfield, Connecticut and gave a sermon that would become the most famous Great Awakening sermon and one of the most famous sermons in American history.

Originally, Edwards had given the same sermon to his congregation in Northampton, Massachusetts, but it did not make a major impact. But in July of 1741, while visiting the congregation in Enfield, Edwards felt called to give the sermon again. This time, the congregation reacted with passion, often interrupting him to call out and ask how they could be saved. The sermon, titled Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, described the fire and brimstone waiting for sinners in Hell.

Edwards begins with the Bible verse Deuteronomy 32:35, *'Their foot shall slide in due time.'* Edwards begins by relating this verse to the Puritan belief in predestination, or the idea that God controls the world and the humans in it.

As an extension of this belief, most Puritans believed that certain people were destined to be saved and others were destined to be sent to Hell. Those who are destined for Hell are not the audience for this sermon; rather, it is the people who are destined for Heaven who are sliding of their own accord towards Hell. Those people Edwards describes as 'hanging over the pit of Hell.' Edwards points out that the 'due time' of this verse is God's time, and that the

sliding of the feet, that is, the descent into Hell, is inevitable. In other words, the people talked about in this verse are the ones predestined for Hell. However, those who are backsliding from their chosen, holy path can join them on the descent to Hell.

God's power, Edwards continues, is so much more than that of man's. Therefore, the only thing keeping the sinners out of Hell is the fact that God's chosen time for them to enter Hell has not yet arrived. Once God decides to cast sinners into Hell, there is nothing they can do to stop it.

Then, Edwards points out that God's wrath is both terrifying and everlasting. That is, once God's time has come, the sinners cast into Hell will be tormented for all eternity.

But, Edwards says, though they cannot stop the everlasting wrath when God's time comes, they can do something in the meantime to save themselves from backsliding into the pit of sinners that God will cast into Hell. That is, they can run to Christ for mercy. Christ may yet save them and pull them back from where they dangle over the opening to Hell.

Edwards' sermon highlights the Puritan belief in predestination, Puritan principles, and the fire and brimstone of the Great Awakening. Besides that, it follows the style of Puritan writing very closely. Puritans used simple language with little embellishment for their writing and sermons, and Edwards speaks with the language of normal people.

Salem Court Documents, 1692. "Examination of Sarah Good" (nonfiction)

Salem Village, March the 1st, 1691–92.

Sarah Good, the wife of William Good of Salem Village, Laborer. Brought before us by George Locker, Constable in Salem, to Answer, Joseph Hutchinson, Thomas Putnam, etc., of Salem Village, yeomen (Complainants on behalf of their Majesties) against said Sarah Good for Suspicion of witchcraft by her Committed and thereby much Injury done to the Bodies of Elizabeth Parris, Abigail Williams, Ann Putnam, and Elizabeth Hubbard, all of Salem Village aforesaid according to their Complaints as per warrants.

Sarah Good upon Examination denieth the matter of fact (viz.) that she ever used any witchcraft or hurt the abovesaid children or any of them. The above-named Children being all present positively accused her of hurting of them Sundry times with this two months and also that morning. Sarah Good denied that she had been at their houses in said time or near them, or had done them any hurt. All the abovesaid children then present accused her face to face,

upon which they were all dreadfully tortured and tormented for a short space of time, and the affliction and tortures being over, they charged said Sarah Good again that she had then so tortured them, and came to them and did it, although she was

personally then kept at a Considerable distance from them.

Sarah Good being Asked if, that she did not then hurt them who did it. And the children being again tortured, she looked upon them And said that it was one of them we brought into the house with us. We Asked her who it was: She then Answered and said it was Sarah Osborne, and Sarah Osborne was then under Custody and not in the house; And the children being quickly after recovered out of their fit said that it was Sarah Good and also Sarah Osborne that then did hurt & torment or afflict them—although both of them at the same time at a distance or Remote from them personally— there were also sundry other Questions put to her and Answers given thereunto by her according as is also given in.

Transcript

The examination of Sarah Good before the worshipful Assistants John Hathorne, Jonathan Corwin.

Q. Sarah Good, what evil Spirit have you familiarity with?
A. None.
Q. Have you made no contract with the Devil? Good answered no.
Q. What do you hurt these children?
A. I do not hurt them. I scorn it.
Q. Who do you employ then to do it?
A. I employ nobody.
Q. What creature do you employ then?
A. No creature, but I am falsely accused.
Q. Why do you go away muttering from Mr. Parris, his house?
A. I did not mutter, but I thanked him for what he gave my child.]
Q. Have you made no contract with the devil?
A. No.

H[athorne] desired the children, all of them, to look upon her and see if this were the person that had hurt them, and so they all did look upon her and said this was one of the persons that did torment them—presently they were all tormented.

Q. Sarah Good, do you not see now what you have done? Why do you not tell us the truth? Why do you thus torment these poor children?
A. I do not torment them.
Q. Who do you employ then?
A. I employ nobody. I scorn it.
Q. How came they thus tormented?
A. What do I know? You bring others here and now you charge me with it.
Q. Why, who was it?
A. I do not know, but it was some you brought into the meeting house with you.
Q. We brought you into the meeting house.
A. But you brought in two more.
Q. Who was it then that tormented the children?

A. It was Osborne.
Q. What is it you say when you go muttering away from persons' houses?
A. If I must tell, I will tell.
Q. Do tell us then.
A. If I must tell, I will tell. It is the commandments. I may say my commandments I hope.
Q. What commandment is it?
A. If I must tell, I will tell, It is a psalm.
Q. What psalm?
A. After a long time she muttered over some part of a psalm.
Q. Who do you serve?
Q. Why do you hurt these children?
A. I do not hurt them. I scorn it.
A. I serve God.
Q. What God do you serve?
A. The God that made heaven and earth, though she was not willing to mention the word *God*. Her answers were in a very wicked spiteful manner, reflecting and retorting against the authority with base and abusive words, and many lies she was taken in. It was here said that her husband had said that he was afraid that she either was a witch or would be one very quickly. The worshipful Mr. Hathorne asked him his reason why he said so of her, whether he had ever seen anything by her. He answered no, not in this nature, but it was her bad carriage to him and indeed, said he, I may say with tears that she is an enemy to all good.

Salem Village, March the 1st, 1691–92

Jonathan Edwards, „Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God"

So that, thus it is that natural men are held in the hand of God, over the pit of hell; they have deserved the fiery pit, and are already sentenced to it; and God is dreadfully provoked, his anger is as great towards them as to those that are actually suffering the executions of the fierceness of his wrath in hell, and they have done nothing in the least to appease or abate that anger, neither is God in the least bound by any promise to hold them up one moment; the devil is waiting for them, hell is gaping for them, the flames gather and flash about them, and would fain lay hold on them, and swallow them up; the fire pent up in their own hearts is struggling to break out: and they have no interest in any Mediator, there are no means within reach that can be any security to them. In short, they have no refuge, nothing to take hold of; all that preserves them every moment is the mere arbitrary will, and uncovenanted, unobliged forbearance of an incensed God.

Application

The use of this awful subject may be for awakening unconverted persons in this congregation. This that you have heard is the case of every one of you that are out of Christ. -- That world of misery, that lake of burning brimstone, is extended abroad under you. There is

the dreadful pit of the glowing flames of the wrath of God; there is hell's wide gaping mouth open; and you have nothing to stand upon, nor any thing to take hold of; there is nothing between you and hell but the air; it is only the power and mere pleasure of God that holds you up.

You probably are not sensible of this; you find you are kept out of hell, but do not see the hand of God in it; but look at other things, as the good state of your bodily constitution, your care of your own life, and the means you use for your own preservation. But indeed these things are nothing; if God should withdraw his hand, they would avail no more to keep you from falling, than the thin air to hold up a person that is suspended in it.

Your wickedness makes you as it were heavy as lead, and to tend downwards with great weight and pressure towards hell; and if God should let you go, you would immediately sink and swiftly descend and plunge into the bottomless gulf, and your healthy constitution, and your own care and prudence, and best contrivance, and all your righteousness, would have no more influence to uphold you and keep you out of hell, than a spider's web would have to stop a falling rock. Were it not for the sovereign pleasure of God, the earth would not bear you one moment; for you are a burden to it; the creation groans with you; the creature is made subject to the bondage of your corruption, not willingly; the sun does not willingly shine upon you to give you light to serve sin and Satan; the earth does not willingly yield her increase to satisfy your lusts; nor is it willingly a stage for your wickedness to be acted upon; the air does not willingly serve you for breath to maintain the flame of life in your vitals, while you spend your life in the service of God's enemies. God's creatures are good, and were made for men to serve God with, and do not willingly subserve to any other purpose, and groan when they are abused to purposes so directly contrary to their nature and end. And the world would spew you out, were it not for the sovereign hand of him who hath subjected it in hope. There are the black clouds of God's wrath now hanging directly over your heads, full of the dreadful storm, and big with thunder; and were it not for the restraining hand of God, it would immediately burst forth upon you. The sovereign pleasure of God, for the present, stays his rough wind; otherwise it would come with fury, and your destruction would come like a whirlwind, and you would be like the chaff on the summer threshing floor.

The wrath of God is like great waters that are dammed for the present; they increase more and more, and rise higher and higher, till an outlet is given; and the longer the stream is stopped, the more rapid and mighty is its course, when once it is let loose. It is true, that judgment against your evil works has not been executed hitherto; the floods of God's vengeance have been withheld; but your guilt in the mean time is constantly increasing, and

you are every day treasuring up more wrath; the waters are constantly rising, and waxing more and more mighty; and there is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, that holds the waters back, that are unwilling to be stopped, and press hard to go forward. If God should only withdraw his hand from the flood-gate, it would immediately fly open, and the fiery floods of the fierceness and wrath of God, would rush forth with inconceivable fury, and would come upon you with omnipotent power; and if your strength were ten thousand times greater than it is, yea, ten thousand times greater than the strength of the stoutest, sturdiest devil in hell, it would be nothing to withstand or endure it.

The bow of God's wrath is bent, and the arrow made ready on the string, and justice bends the arrow at your heart, and strains the bow, and it is nothing but the mere pleasure of God, and that of an angry God, without any promise or obligation at all, that keeps the arrow one moment from being made drunk with your blood. Thus all you that never passed under a great change of heart, by the mighty power of the Spirit of God upon your souls; all you that were never born again, and made new creatures, and raised from being dead in sin, to a state of new, and before altogether unexperienced light and life, are in the hands of an angry God. However you may have reformed your life in many things, and may have had religious affections, and may keep up a form of religion in your families and closets, and in the house of God, it is nothing but his mere pleasure that keeps you from being this moment swallowed up in everlasting destruction. However unconvinced you may now be of the truth of what you hear, by and by you will be fully convinced of it. Those that are gone from being in the like circumstances with you, see that it was so with them; for destruction came suddenly upon most of them; when they expected nothing of it, and while they were saying, Peace and safety: now they see, that those things on which they depended for peace and safety, were nothing but thin air and empty shadows.

The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider, or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you, and is dreadfully provoked: his wrath towards you burns like fire; he looks upon you as worthy of nothing else, but to be cast into the fire; he is of purer eyes than to bear to have you in his sight; you are ten thousand times more abominable in his eyes, than the most hateful venomous serpent is in ours. You have offended him infinitely more than ever a stubborn rebel did his prince; and yet it is nothing but his hand that holds you from falling into the fire every moment. It is to be ascribed to nothing else, that you did not go to hell the last night; that you was suffered to awake again in this world, after you closed your eyes to sleep. And there is no other reason to be given, why you have not dropped into hell since you arose in the morning, but that God's hand has held you up. There

is no other reason to be given why you have not gone to hell, since you have sat here in the house of God, provoking his pure eyes by your sinful wicked manner of attending his solemn worship. Yea, there is nothing else that is to be given as a reason why you do not this very moment drop down into hell.

O sinner! Consider the fearful danger you are in: it is a great furnace of wrath, a wide and bottomless pit, full of the fire of wrath, that you are held over in the hand of that God, whose wrath is provoked and incensed as much against you, as against many of the damned in hell. You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe it, and burn it asunder; and you have no interest in any Mediator, and nothing to lay hold of to save yourself, nothing to keep off the flames of wrath, nothing of your own, nothing that you ever have done, nothing that you can do, to induce God to spare you one moment.

There is reason to think, that there are many in this congregation now hearing this discourse, that will actually be the subjects of this very misery to all eternity. We know not who they are, or in what seats they sit, or what thoughts they now have. It may be they are now at ease, and hear all these things without much disturbance, and are now flattering themselves that they are not the persons, promising themselves that they shall escape. If we knew that there was one person, and but one, in the whole congregation, that was to be the subject of this misery, what an awful thing would it be to think of! If we knew who it was, what an awful sight would it be to see such a person! How might all the rest of the congregation lift up a lamentable and bitter cry over him! But, alas! instead of one, how many is it likely will remember this discourse in hell? And it would be a wonder, if some that are now present should not be in hell in a very short time, even before this year is out. And it would be no wonder if some persons, that now sit here, in some seats of this meeting-house, in health, quiet and secure, should be there before tomorrow morning. Those of you that finally continue in a natural condition, that shall keep out of hell longest will be there in a little time! your damnation does not slumber; it will come swiftly, and, in all probability, very suddenly upon many of you. You have reason to wonder that you are not already in hell. It is doubtless the case of some whom you have seen and known, that never deserved hell more than you, and that heretofore appeared as likely to have been now alive as you. Their case is past all hope; they are crying in extreme misery and perfect despair; but here you are in the land of the living and in the house of God, and have an opportunity to obtain salvation. What would not those poor damned hopeless souls give for one day's opportunity such as you now enjoy!

And now you have an extraordinary opportunity, a day wherein Christ has thrown the door of mercy wide open, and stands in calling and crying with a loud voice to poor sinners; a day wherein many are flocking to him, and pressing into the kingdom of God. Many are daily coming from the east, west, north and south; many that were very lately in the same miserable condition that you are in, are now in a happy state, with their hearts filled with love to him who has loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. How awful is it to be left behind at such a day! To see so many others feasting, while you are pining and perishing! To see so many rejoicing and singing for joy of heart, while you have cause to mourn for sorrow of heart, and howl for vexation of spirit! How can you rest one moment in such a condition? Are not your souls as precious as the souls of the people at Suffield, where they are flocking from day to day to Christ?

Are there not many here who have lived long in the world, and are not to this day born again? and so are aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and have done nothing ever since they have lived, but treasure up wrath against the day of wrath? Oh, sirs, your case, in an especial manner, is extremely dangerous. Your guilt and hardness of heart is extremely great. Do you not see how generality persons of your years are passed over and left, in the present remarkable and wonderful dispensation of God's mercy? You had need to consider yourselves, and awake thoroughly out of sleep. You cannot bear the fierceness and wrath of the infinite God. -- And you, young men, and young women, will you neglect this precious season which you now enjoy, when so many others of your age are renouncing all youthful vanities, and flocking to Christ? You especially have now an extraordinary opportunity; but if you neglect it, it will soon be with you as with those persons who spent all the precious days of youth in sin, and are now come to such a dreadful pass in blindness and hardness. -- And you, children, who are unconverted, do not you know that you are going down to hell, to bear the dreadful wrath of that God, who is now angry with you every day and every night? Will you be content to be the children of the devil, when so many other children in the land are converted, and are become the holy and happy children of the King of kings?

And let every one that is yet out of Christ, and hanging over the pit of hell, whether they be old men and women, or middle aged, or young people, or little children, now hearken to the loud calls of God's word and providence. This acceptable year of the Lord, a day of such great favour to some, will doubtless be a day of as remarkable vengeance to others. Men's hearts harden, and their guilt increases apace at such a day as this, if they neglect their souls; and never was there so great danger of such persons being given up to hardness of heart and blindness of mind. God seems now to be hastily gathering in his elect in all parts of the land;

and probably the greater part of adult persons that ever shall be saved, will be brought in now in a little time, and that it will be as it was on the great out-pouring of the Spirit upon the Jews in the apostles' days; the election will obtain, and the rest will be blinded. If this should be the case with you, you will eternally curse this day, and will curse the day that ever you was born, to see such a season of the pouring out of God's Spirit, and will wish that you had died and gone to hell before you had seen it. Now undoubtedly it is, as it was in the days of John the Baptist, the axe is in an extraordinary manner laid at the root of the trees, that every tree which brings not forth good fruit, may be hewn down and cast into the fire.

Therefore, let every one that is out of Christ, now awake and fly from the wrath to come. The wrath of Almighty God is now undoubtedly hanging over a great part of this congregation. Let every one fly out of Sodom: "Haste and escape for your lives, look not behind you, escape to the mountain, lest you be consumed."

National Beginnings, the Right to be Free. Enlightenment in America.

1. Michel-Guillame Jean de Crévecoeur “What is an American”
2. Benjamin Franklin “Poor Richard’s Alamanack”
3. Thomas Jefferson “Declaration of Independence”
4. Thomas Paine “The Age of Reason”
5. Popular Revolutionary Poetry. (Vernacualr Poetry) Humorous songs about Yankee Doodle.
6. James Fenimore Cooper. “The Last of the Mohicans”
7. Philip Freneau. “The Wild Honey Suckle” and “The Indian Burying Ground”

Towards Independence (1700-1783)

By the 1750s colonial America had become a ‘melting pot’ in terms of both religion and race. In addition to Puritans, Quakers and Huguenots, there were Roman Catholics, Jews and members of other German Protestant sects who sought economic opportunity and freedom from religious persecution in the new land.

By the early 1700s there were signs of a growing sense of common identity among the colonists: even if they were ultimately answerable to the English Parliament, crown regulations and laws were often ignored.

In the field of trade the British has sought to enforce their personal vision of mercantilism (the colonies were viewed as valuable suppliers of raw materials and consumers of finished products) since the mid-17th century. An increasingly apparent conflict of interest was to culminate during the mid-1700s when relations between the ‘Thirteen Colonies’ and Britain began to break down.

Interference and Early Resistance

The relationship between Britain and the colonies deteriorated slowly but surely during the 30 years leading up to the historic Treaty of Paris in 1783. As a result of this treaty the 13 colonies, which virtually constituted an English nation in the New World, became a new and independent country: the United States of America. Over the years, all increasingly common sense of unity and independence had developed among the colonists.

The British Parliament had passed a whole range of Acts in an effort to regulate trade and commerce, but these had proved difficult to enforce as a result of the great distance

between the mother country and the colonies, and the difficulties associated with policing the vast expanse of American coastline.

British attempts to render the system more efficient were made in the 1760's:

- Colonial legislatures were bypassed;
- Tax measures were increased and enforced more systematically;
- Evaders were punished.

By the end of the Seven Years War (1763) all this came to be seen as unacceptable.

Even before then, the colonists had shown a desire to deal with their own affairs – defence, Indian relations and taxation – at the Albany congress in 1754, a congress of seven of the colonies which met to discuss plans for unification drawn up by Benjamin Fraklin.

The British bourgeoisie did not want the colonies to have an economy of their own, fearing they would develop into a dangerous rival. But by the middle of the 18th century a generation of the bourgeoisie had grown up in America who had lost any feeling of blood with the British and for whom America was their homeland.

They had an enormous rebellious influence in the colonies that grew from year to year. The centre of culture moved from the Atlantic coast to the industrial colonies, and Philadelphia, the chief city of Pennsylvania became the cultural and political centre.

In the second half of the century the colonies became powerful enough to start armed struggle against Britain. In 1774 a Continental Congress in Philadelphia called together representatives from all the different colonies and unity of the thirteen colonies was established. = Committees of correspondence and safety – to keep all good patriots informed of every act of the British Government.

Dave Berry: The Boston Tea Party

David McAlister "Dave" Barry (born July 3, 1947) is a Pulitzer Prize-winning American author and columnist, who wrote a nationally syndicated humor column for The Miami Herald from 1983 to 2005. He has also written numerous books of humor and parody, as well as comedic novels.

One of his most interesting works is called The Boston Tea Party.

Michel-Guillaume-Saint-Jean de Crèvecoeur

Michel-Guillaume-Saint-Jean de Crèvecoeur, also called Hector Saint John de Crèvecoeur or (especially in America) J. Hector St. John (born January 31, 1735, France—

died November 12, 1813, Sarcelles), French American author whose work provided a broad picture of life in the New World.

After study in Jesuit schools and four years as an officer and mapmaker in Canada, Crèvecoeur chose in 1759 to remain in the New World.

He wandered the Ohio and Great Lakes region, took out citizenship papers in New York in 1765, became a farmer in Orange county, and in 1769 married Mehitable Tippet, with whom he had three children. When the American Revolution broke out, Crèvecoeur found himself in an untenable position: his wife was from a loyalist family and he had friends and neighbours among the opposite faction.

Persecuted by both sides, he left rebel country only to languish for months in a British army prison in New York City before sailing for Europe in 1780, accompanied by one son.

In London, using his American name, J. Hector St. John, he arranged for the publication in 1782 of 12 essays called Letters from an American Farmer. Within two years this book—charmingly written, optimistic, and timely—saw eight editions in five countries and made its author famous, gaining him such influential patrons as Benjamin Franklin.

In America again, Crèvecoeur found his home burned, his wife dead, and his daughter and second son with strangers in Boston. Reunited with his children, he set about organizing a packet service between the United States and France, continued an interest in botany, and published articles on agriculture and medicine. He lived quietly in France and Germany until his death.

Letter III: "What is an American?"- This letter compares people to plants and leads the reader to pursue the idea of whether or not the soil has anything to do with the prosperity of the person living there.

The first armed conflict

The first armed conflict between England and America occurred on April 19, 1775. British troops attempted to capture military stores at Lenxington and Concord but the American militia defended them and won their first victory.

Benjamin Franklin 1706-1790

Franklin was born into a poor Boston family, the tenth of 17 children. His formal education ended when he was only ten years old. By the age of twelve, Franklin was an apprentice in his brother James's print shop. Over the next five years, Franklin mastered this trade, which eventually provided him with financial security. By the age of 26, he was

operating his own printing firm in Philadelphia and was writing and publishing Poor Richard's Almanack, one of the most popular and influential works of its time, under the pen name Richard Saunders.

As he moved into middle age, Franklin became more involved in civic affairs and scientific research. It was during this period of his life that he helped to found both the first public library in America and the Academy of Philadelphia, which evolved into the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1746 and 1747, Franklin made groundbreaking investigations of electrical phenomena and lightning that brought him international fame. Franklin was also responsible for such diverse inventions as bifocal glasses, the Franklin stove, and daylight saving time.

As a representative of the Pennsylvania Assembly, Franklin spent much of the period from 1757 to 1775 in London. He also acted as an agent for the colonies and argued against the hated Stamp Act (1765). While Franklin had always opposed this tax, he did not, at first, support American independence. Instead, Franklin imagined a British empire made up of many self-governing nations.

By 1775, however, his hopes for reconciliation had vanished. Franklin left Britain for Philadelphia, in preparation for the coming war. Upon his arrival, Franklin learned that the battles of Lexington and Concord had already been fought. Within days, Franklin was made a delegate to the Continental Congress for which he helped draft the Declaration of Independence.

Franklin's greatest contribution to the Revolution took place from 1776 to 1785, during his diplomatic mission to France. Franklin, whose charm and wit were famous, became a celebrity almost immediately. The American cause was soon adopted by the French government, which pledged funds and more than 40,000 troops. French support, secured by Franklin's diplomacy, was vital in achieving American independence.

Franklin's role as a founder of the United States brought him fame, while his brilliant independent thinking and scientific rationalism assured him a high position among the major figures of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment.

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin

In The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, Franklin discusses his arrival in Philadelphia in the 1720s. This community of 5,000 people was the second-largest city in the colonies. Franklin published Poor Richard's Almanack in Philadelphia every year for the 25

years between 1733 and 1758. Almanacs were one of the earliest types of reading material to be published and were the forerunners of today's magazines.

Colonial almanacs provided a wide variety of material, including puzzles, both serious and humorous articles, and common-sense aphorisms, or witty sayings, of the type that made Franklin famous.

Literary Element - Autobiography

An autobiography is a nonfiction narrative in which the author tells the story of his or her own life.

This was the colonial America's most important work. Written in 3 parts (1771, 1784, 1788), the work remained unfinished and only the second and third parts were intended for publication. Optimistic in tone. The Autobiography may be read as an archetypal success story of the 'self-made man' – a celebration of the American Dream. Also an important historical document tracing the intellectual motion and development of the American nation itself during the 18th century.

It owes much to the Puritan spiritual autobiographies of the 17th century, and although the focus of attention is now on this world (not the spiritual).

Calvinist spiritual growth and service in the name of God are now replaced by a less spiritual – less responsible – pattern of worldly progress and service in the name of man.

Poor Richard's Almanack

Benjamin Franklin's popular almanac was bought by one person every hundred in the colonies. Full of calendars, agricultural tips, household hints, recipes and weather forecasts, the almanac became an American institution in an age when magazines, books and newspapers were relatively scarce. Poor Richard's Almanac was written and edited annually by Franklin between 1733 and 1758. Its proverbs and prudent observations appealed greatly to the non-literary public of farmers, mechanics and labourers.

Literary Element - Aphorism

An aphorism is a short, pointed statement that expresses a wise or clever observation about human experience.

Aphorisms

If you would keep your secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

He that cannot obey, cannot command.

No gains without pains.

'Tis easier to prevent bad habits than to break them.

'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'

'Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead.'

'Any society that will give up a little liberty for a little security will deserve neither and lose both.'

'A penny saved is twopence,' which is often quoted as, 'A penny saved is a penny earned.'

The American Revolution

In the mid-1760s, unrest began to develop in Great Britain's American colonies. A long war with France had left Britain in debt. To raise money, the British government passed a series of unpopular laws, including taxes on a variety of everyday items.

By the mid- 1770s, resentment over these taxes was leading to political violence and calls for colonial self-rule. In April 1775, the British colonial government in Massachusetts ordered troops to the towns of Lexington and Concord to control unrest. The first battles of the Revolutionary War were fought there between American militiamen and British soldiers.

On July 4, 1776, the Second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, asserting the colonists' right to self-government and establishing the United States of America. To defend their independence, the Americans fought a long war with the British, who finally accepted American independence in 1783 and later adopted a Constitution. But the war with England dragged on till 1783. A decisive battle was the famous battle of Saratoga when the Americans were victorious. But the British did not give up fighting and brought fresh troops to America while the Republican army lacked volunteers and had no military supplies.

Starving and frozen, the army was compelled to retreat. The cold winter of 1777-78 at Valley Forge was the turning-point in the American Revolution.

The problem that caused the greatest anxiety to the American leaders was how to keep the army and the population together until the common enemy was defeated.

The Rhetoric of Revolution

That the United States won independence from British colonial rule is as much a result of effective writers and powerful speakers as of General Washington and his brave army. Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, and Thomas Jefferson were all highly skilled in rhetoric, the art of persuasion.

Persuasion is often based on three types of appeal:

- appeal to reason, logic, and evidence
- appeal to emotions, such as fear, pride, or hate
- ethical appeal, or persuasion based on what we ourselves, moral philosophers, or the majority of people in our culture think is right.

No matter what kinds of appeals speakers and writers focus on, they rely on a number of rhetorical devices.

For example, making an ethical and emotional appeal in his pamphlet *The Crisis, No. 1, Thomas Paine* uses figurative language, or language that is used for descriptive effect.

Figurative language expresses meaning beyond the literal level.

In the following quotation, Paine uses imagery, a type of figurative language, to point out the difference between colonists who were unwilling to endure hardship and those who were willing to carry on despite bitter winters and military defeats.

"The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in his crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

Another common device is hyperbole, a figure of speech that uses exaggeration to express strong emotion, to make a point, or to evoke humor.

In the following quotation, Thomas Paine uses hyperbole to enhance an emotional appeal when explaining the momentous opportunity the Revolution presented for freedom and human progress. *"The heart that feels not now is dead . . ."*

Many speakers use rhetorical questions, or questions to which no answer is expected. A rhetorical question emphasizes the obvious answer to what is asked. Patrick Henry's "Speech to the Second Virginia Convention" contains more than twenty rhetorical questions. This technique builds to an emotional climax and makes a strong impression on the listeners. The following example presents an appeal to reason.

"They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?"

In the following passage, Patrick Henry uses the rhetorical device parallelism for emphasis. Parallelism is the use of a series of words, phrases, or sentences that have similar grammatical form. Henry's series reaches a powerful climax with a reference to the English king. The appeal is to reason and emotion.

"Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne."

Thomas Jefferson also uses parallelism in the Declaration of Independence to list the colonial grievances against King George III.

Additionally, in the following excerpt, Jefferson uses another powerful rhetorical device, connotative language, to make an emotional and ethical appeal.

"He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burned our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people."

Connotation refers to the suggested or implied meanings that are associated with a word beyond its dictionary, or denotative definition. Here, Jefferson uses verbs with strong negative connotations. *Plundered, ravaged, burned, and destroyed all* produce a strong emotional effect.

Earlier in the Declaration, Jefferson refers to "swarms of officers" sent to "harass our people." How different the statement would have been had he written, "A lot of soldiers were sent to bother us"!

While Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, and Thomas Jefferson did not cause the American Revolution with their rebellious rhetoric, they did rally the colonists to their side. In fact, Paine's pamphlet *Common Sense sold 100,000 copies in three months.*

A few months before its publication, Benjamin Franklin observed that he had heard no American speaking in favor of independence. Six months after *Common Sense was published in Philadelphia, the* Declaration of Independence was signed there.

Thomas Jefferson 1743 – 1826

Honoring Nobel Prize winners at the White House in 1962, President John F. Kennedy observed, *"I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."* The reference was to Jefferson's amazing mastery of at least a dozen different endeavors.

He was an architect, inventor, lawyer, surveyor, musician, and botanist, to name but six professions in which Jefferson excelled.

Ultimately he became president of the United States.

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743, in Albemarle County in central Virginia, to Peter and Jane Randolph Jefferson. In 1760 he enrolled in the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, where he studied mathematics, science, and law. He began his law practice in 1767 and was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1769. In 1772 he married a young widow, Martha Wayles Skelton. They had six children, but only two survived, and Martha died in 1782, after the birth of their last child.

Jefferson the Writer

As a delegate to the Second Continental Congress in 1776, Jefferson drafted what many believe is the most powerful argument for freedom ever written. When the delegates debated breaking away from Britain, they turned to Jefferson to commit their ideas about liberty and freedom to writing. He expressed those ideas in the Declaration of Independence. Although members of the congress edited, revised, and deleted portions of the draft, the final version was basically Jefferson's.

Declaration of Independence

In June 1776, Thomas Jefferson wrote the first draft of the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia, where the Second Continental Congress had convened. On June 11, the delegates had appointed a five-member committee to draft a statement declaring independence from Britain. The committee included Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and Jefferson, but Jefferson was called upon to do the writing. Some of his ideas about independence were not new. According to John Locke's theory of "natural law," which Jefferson had studied, human beings are "by nature free, equal and independent." Following Locke's lead, Jefferson stressed that the American Revolution was a struggle for the basic rights of all people.

Jefferson the Leader

Jefferson succeeded Patrick Henry as governor of Virginia but returned to serve in the congress from 1783 to 1784. After his appointment as U.S. ambassador to France, he became George Washington's secretary of state and then vice president under John Adams. In 1803, during the first of his two terms as president, Jefferson made a decision that changed the nation forever. He arranged to purchase the Louisiana Territory from France. The Louisiana Purchase cost the nation $11.25 million plus $3.75 million in French debts it agreed to pay—a transaction that doubled the size of the United States.

Jefferson then sent a scientific expedition headed by Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to explore these new lands and continue on to the Pacific Ocean. Jefferson's last years were spent at the Virginia home he designed, built, and rebuilt—Monticello. In 1819 he

founded the University of Virginia at Charlottesville near his home. He died on July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

A man of contradictions, he opposed slavery in principle but nonetheless owned slaves. His epitaph, which he composed himself, cited his writing of the Declaration of Independence among his achievements but made no reference to his presidency.

Thomas Paine 1737 – 1809

Corset maker, cobbler, teacher, tax collector—Thomas Paine failed miserably at every line of work he attempted in his native England. Finally, at age thirty-seven, Paine set sail for the colonies to start a new life. It was 1774, and the colonists were weighing the pros and cons of a break with England.

Always a friend of the "little guy," Paine sympathized with the revolutionary forces.

Success in America

In January 1776, Paine anonymously published the pamphlet *Common Sense, a cry for complete independence from Britain*. Paine argued that England was a mother country "devouring her young." The pamphlet quickly sold more than 100,000 copies.

Common Sense

The pamphlet is divided into four sections.

The first section explains why government is necessary, and that the ideal government is either run directly by the people or indirectly via elections. He then criticizes the English monarchy and aristocracy for ruling without representing the people.

The second section focuses in more closely on the concept of monarchy, and the English monarchy specifically. Paine opens this section by making a Biblical case against monarchy. He points out, for example, that all men are created equal in the eyes of God, and that the distinction between the monarchy and commoners is a false one. He then goes on to point out all of the problems that the British monarchy has brought to that country.

In the third section, Paine lays out his proposal for a new American government. In it, each colony would send representatives to a congress that would first draft a new charter for America, and then, eventually, run the country by electing a president and making and enforcing the laws of the land.

The final section promotes the idea of an American military, and how powerful Paine believed it could be. This supported the idea that America should insist on revolution, even at the cost of war.

For Paine believed that America could quickly raise a military to rival England's and ensure their victory in the Revolutionary War.

Paine wrote in a simple and straightforward style in *Common Sense*, and the results were astounding. Instead of writing for the educated elite, he reached out to the common man and made government and revolution accessible to even the least-educated of America. Even people who could not read were able to hear *Common Sense* read aloud at public gatherings. As a result, more people than ever became passionate about revolution.

Paine enlisted in Washington's army and began to write the first pamphlet of a series of sixteen called *The Crisis.* Washington ordered that this first pamphlet be read aloud at every military campground.

From 1777 to 1779, Paine served as secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Continental Congress. After American independence was won, Paine returned to private life.

Troubles in England and France

Paine eventually returned to Europe—and to trouble. In the early 1790s, he wrote a defense of the French Revolution called *The Rights of Man,* in which he argued against the rule of kings and for legislation to help the poor. Although Paine had already escaped to France, he was tried for treason and outlawed by the British.

After he was made a citizen by the French assembly, he became an elected official. Unfortunately, he associated with the wrong political party. When that party fell during the French Revolution, he was thrown into prison and stripped of citizenship. After almost a year, and with the help of James Monroe, U.S. minister to France, he was released. Paine returned to the United States in 1802, but he received no hero's welcome. Many Americans misunderstood his later writings and branded him an atheist, although Thomas Jefferson remained a good friend. When Paine's life ended, he was poor, alone, and swollen with dropsy, a disease of the body's connective tissue. Even after his death, the insults continued. He was buried on his farm in New Rochelle, New York.

Ten years later, William Cobbett, a British admirer of Paine, dug up his remains and transported them to England, after which they disappeared. (Cobbett apparently intended a memorial that never came to pass.)

Paine achieved his successes with a pen only, but his contribution to the cause of freedom is incalculable. *Common Sense inspired even the most reluctant* to rebel against what Paine called the "tyranny of Britain.".

The Crisis

In *The Crisis, Paine was not expressing new or original* thoughts. Since about 1630, certain ideas had been developing in Europe, in what is now called the Age of Enlightenment. Among these were the beliefs that human beings have "natural rights" and that government is a social contract, drawing its power from (in Jefferson's words) "the consent of the governed." In other words, people voluntarily come together for trade and for protection, and they voluntarily submit to a government because that helps to keep things running smoothly. But if that government goes beyond its bounds, people can voluntarily end it.

In his writing, Paine applied these popular views to a specific time and place, the Revolution in America.

The first sentence in the first pamphlet in *The Crisis in America* is one of the most famous lines written by Paine, *'These are the times that try men's souls.'*

He goes on to say that fair-weather revolutionaries might take away their support now that the war had begun and was bloody, but that true patriots would continue to fight for their cause and their country, and would be celebrated and thanked by all Americans.

Literary Element – Tone

An author's attitude toward his or her subject matter or toward the audience is conveyed through tone. Tone consists of such elements as word choice, sentence structure, and figures of speech.

Once again, Paine's style was simple, and his pamphlets were meant for the average American. They became popular amongst soldiers and civilians alike, and helped to inspire a nation to keep fighting the war, despite the force of the British military.

Paine argues that God is on the side of America and that with the proper application of force, the American military could find victory over the British. Eventually, they did.

Phillis Wheatley 1753 - 1784

"We whose Names are underwritten, do assure the World, that the Poems . . . were (as we verily believe) written by Phillis, a young Negro Girl, who . . . [is] under the Disadvantage of serving as a Slave. . . ."

In 1773 most readers would have doubted that an enslaved woman had written a book of poetry. The statement was taken from the introduction to Phillis Wheatley's book of poetry, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral,* published when Wheatley was only nineteen or twenty years old.

Signed by eighteen of “the most respectable characters in Boston,” including John Hancock and the royal governor, the statement was testimony to the authenticity of the poems. Wheatley was the first African American to publish a book of poetry.

Wheatley was born in the Senegal/Gambia region on the west coast of Africa around 1753.

In 1761, when she was just seven or eight, she was captured by slave traders and brought to New England on the slave ship *Phillis.* John and Susanna Wheatley, wealthy Bostonians, purchased her to be a personal attendant for Mrs. Wheatley. They gave the child the family name Wheatley and the first name Phillis.

Early Promise

Before long, the young girl was often seen trying to form letters on the wall with a piece of chalk or charcoal. When the Wheatley family recognized her intelligence, they did not give her menial tasks or allow her to associate with their other domestic slaves. Instead, Phillis was taught to read and write by Mrs. Wheatley’s daughter. She gained free use of the home library and was supported and encouraged in her studies and writing. She mastered English and Latin, read many of the ancient Greek and Latin classics, and studied the Bible.

Wheatley first published a poem in 1767, when she was thirteen years old. Three years later, she published a poem honoring the famous evangelist Reverend George Whitefield. The poem resulted in favorable publicity for the young writer.

Book Published

In May of 1773, the Wheatleys sent Phillis to London. A doctor had recommended a sea voyage for Phillis’s health, and the Wheatleys’ son Nathaniel was bound for London on business. There Wheatley was able to publish her first and only volume of poetry. Many of the poems contained pleas for justice, as shown in these lines from her poem *“To the Right Honourable William, Earl of Dartmouth”:*

“That from a father seiz’d his babe belov’d: / Such, such my case. And can I then but pray / Others may never feel tyrannic sway?”

Freedom

When Phillis returned from England, the family freed her from enslavement. However, she remained in the Wheatley household until John Wheatley died in 1778. In April of that same year, she married John Peters, a freed African American. Her husband’s business failed, and their two children died as infants. In 1784, alone and working as a servant, she wrote her last poem. Her husband died in debtor’s prison, and on December 5, she died of malnutrition when she was only thirty-one.

A brief announcement in Boston's *Independent Chronicle* read, *"Last Lord's Day, died Mrs. Phillis Peters (formerly Phillis Wheatley), aged thirty-one, known to the world by her celebrated miscellaneous poems."*

To His Excellency General Washington

When General George Washington traveled to Boston in 1775 to assume leadership of the Continental Army and to rid the city of occupying British soldiers, Phillis Wheatley wrote to him.

Her letter and poem to the general were sent to his headquarters in nearby Cambridge. Washington was so impressed by Wheatley's poem that he invited her to visit him. The two met at his Cambridge headquarters.

Literary Element - Couplet

A couplet is two consecutive, paired lines of poetry, usually rhyming and often forming a stanza.

Popular Revolutionary Poetry (Vernacular Poetry)

Vernacular poetry influenced American literature and art in the following decades.

The years of political struggle in America produced many poets who expressed their revolutionary enthusiasm in patriotic songs, in ballads about heroes, and in satirical verses against the British. Springing up in the years of war this poetry bore many a feature of the national mood. It was democratic in spirit, scornful of royalty and the slave owners, poking fun at the wealthy bourgeoisie, and hopeful of the future.

Vernacular poetry and vernacular literature is verse and prose written in the language of a particular country or locality as spoken by the majority of the population.

Ballads and songs spread among the soldiers by word of mouth. Some of the patriots who made up the songs must have come originally from Scotland because in many of the anonymous poems the influence of Scottish ballads is strongly felt.

In these ballads more than in any other form of verse did the people express their attitude to various historical events and to the acts and behaviour of well-known statesmen. The authors put into their ballads a rich sense of humour, presented tragic and comical plots dramatically, and sarcastically condemned all that was hateful to the people. These unknown bards were the torch-bearers of popular ideas.

The same is true of the American folk-songs and ballads created by the working masses during the War of Independence.

An example of such a song is the song about Burgoyne. In October 1777 the American troops dealt a severe blow to the British army units under the command of General Burgoyne. He was the subject of numerous jokes and was made fun of in some American songs and ballads of the time.

In seventeen hundred-and-seventy-seven,
General Burgoyne set out for Heaven;
But, as the Yankees would rebel,
He missed his route and went – to Hell.

The songs and ballads of the period often centre around a popular hero, who, as is always the case in vernacular literature, possesses enormous physical strength and great courage and valour. He is noble and ready to give up his life for his countrymen.

We meet such a hero in the ballad about Nathan Hale called „Hale in the Bush". Nathan Hale was a young school teacher in a town on the North Atlantic coast, who at the age of 21 became a scout in Washington's army. He perfomed many heroic deeds during the revolutionary war but in the end he was captured by the British and hanged. His last words before the execution were: *„I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."* The national spirit is obvious in this remarkable ballad. It frames the actions and emotions of the main character. It helps us to understand his different moods and experiences.

The poem goes in traditional folklore rhythm: the second and fourth lines being repeated give emotional colouring to the poem.

Among the humorous songs that sprung at the time were songs about Yankee Doodle. Yankee is derived from the Dutch name Yan and „Doodle" from the phrase „do little". This nickname was used by the British for a New Englander in a sense of contempt, Dandy – was added to the name to stress the shabby clothes of the American soldier. During the Revolution the Americans adopted the term but identified it with prowess and valour.

Yankee Doodle

One of the songs made up at the beginning of the war described Yankee Doodle as a country simpleton. His awkward ways of speech were those of a rough and very common fellow. He had never seen a gun, nor a drum, and did not even know that Washington had been made Commander-in-chief of the American army.

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle went to town
A-riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

Chorus:

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

Fath'r and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus

And there we saw a thousand men
As rich as Squire David,
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be saved.

Chorus

The 'lasses they eat it every day,
Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much, that I'll be bound,
They eat it when they've mind ter.

Chorus

And there I see a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

Chorus

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
and makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

Chorus

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's inderpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Chorus

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

Chorus

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't

Chorus

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

Chorus

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

Chorus

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without em'.

Chorus

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion;
He sat the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

Chorus

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get

To give to my Jemima.

Chorus

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

Chorus

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Chorus

In verses made up later during the war the character of Yankee Doodle changed. He had a courageous generous nature, was full of energy, ready for immediate resolute action and at the same time possessed a fine sense of humour. Yankee Doodle became a chap you could slap on the back and send into battle.

In him the best characteristics of the American people were concentrated. *„It suits for feasts, it suits for fun; and just as well for fighting."*

After the Revolution

The making up of satirical songs and ballads did not stop after the War of Independence. They continued to appear. In a number of satirical verses officials and lawyers are accused of deceiving the common folk. In concluison we may say that the people's criticism in literature was best of all expressed in folk-lore. Thus folk-lore possesses qualities that made the old songs stimulating and inspiring to American poets and writers of the 19th and 20th centuries.

Philip Freneau (1752-1832)

Philip Freneau, the leading poet of the Revolution, was born in New York. He received a classical education at school, and at 16 entered Princeton University. As a boy he had a lyrical poetic nature: at his parents' estate he wrote in a poem that he loved the voice and breath of the blue Atlantic. But as he grew up, his humanitarian sympathy for the humble and the oppressed motivated both his political and his poetic interests, and he became the poet-patriot of the American Revolution.

In 1769 Freneau's fellow-students at the university organized a society in which the young people could express their political and philosophical ideas. Among his friends were James Madison (a future president), Hugh Brackenridge (a future novelist). Henry Lee (a future cavalry general in the Revolution) and some other men who became famous as writers and statesmen in later years. The students demanded that Freneau write satire, for those were times of tense political debates. Freneau composed anti-British satire.

Notable is the poem “A Political Litany” preceded by a line in prose in which he scornfully says:

“Deliver us, O Lord, not only from British Dependence, but also…

Whose schemes disappointed have made them look sour,

From the lords of the council, who fight against freedom,

Who still follow on where delusion shall lead them.

From the group at St. James's, who slight our petitions,

And fools that are waiting for further submissions—

From a nation whose manners are rough and severe,

From scoundrels and rascals,—do keep us all clear.

Freneau’s style in the first period of his creative work was an imitation of the English classicists: Milton, Dryden, Pope and Goldsmith. During the war he wrote patriotic poems on freedom. He firmly believed in the cause of the American colonists against Britain and imagined the future of America in the poem „America Independent”. Freneau’s patriotic poems appeared in various papers and were very popular. Freneau’s satires directed against unjust judges, however, made him many enemies who considered him a troublemaker. Tired of the attacks on him by his adversaries he decided to go to sea. It was in 1776 that he made the first voyage to the West Indies.

Here begins the second period of his creative work. The poet was in raptures over the beauty of the islands. His most famous poem:

“The Beauties of Santa Cruz”.

Sweet orange grove, the fairest of the isle…

But the poet did not allow the sweet smell of orange blossoms to divert him when he meets with Negro slavery.

Freneau also raised his voice against Negro slavery in a satire called “Sir Toby” (Toby was a sugar planter of Jamaica).

If there exists a hell – the case is clear –

Sir Toby’s slaves enjoy that portion here:…

In 1778 he joined the continental army. In 1780 sailing for a second voyage to the West Indies Freneau was captured, tried and imprisoned by the British after a bloody battle between the American ship Aurora, on which he sailed, and the British Iris. Freneau was held in captivity for two months in a prison where he nearly died.

Between 1781-1784 Freneau became editor of the Philadelphia magazine, the Freeman’s Journal, in which many of his poems were printed. Freneau insisted that America should have

her own national literature. In his poem „Literary Importation" he urged literary independence. The next 6 years till 1790, he spent at sea again as captain of various trading vessels. During his absence his frends published a collection of his poems.

The Indian Burying Ground

About this time he wrote his famous poem. He had already written a number of poems about nature. Freneau considered the life of the Indians to be „the natural state of man". In these verses he did not use the classicist style of odes; he becomes natural and romantic. His relentless energy is felt in the poem.

The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.
His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.
His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of bone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

The third and most important period in his creative work began in the 1790s. The general trend of America thought in the nineties was reactionary. When Jefferson became Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, he wanted a newspaper to counterbalance this trend. He offered Freneau the post of translator in the Department of State, and also to become editor of the *National Gazette* and *Daily Advertiser*. Equal rights to all and special privilege to none was the key-note of Freneau's writings.

He also wrote prose. He published series of letters and essays. His journalist carreer came to an end in 1809 when Jefferson's term of office ended. The final edition of Freneau's poems appeared in 1815.

The last years of his life he lived in poverty nearly forgotten by the contemporaries. In December 1832 he got lost in a blinding snowstorm two miles away from his home, and was found dying of exposure the next morning.

American Romanticism 1800-1860

The Industrial Revolution

In the mid-1700s, a huge economic change known as the Industrial Revolution began in Britain. Manufacturing shifted from skilled workers using hand tools to unskilled laborers tending large, complex machines. Factories, some housing hundreds of machines and workers, replaced home-based workshops. Manufacturers sold their goods nationwide or abroad instead of just locally.

The Industrial Revolution soon spread to the United States, where it caused tremendous economic growth and transformed American society. Hundreds of new factories were built. Francis C. Lowell, for example, opened a series of mills in northeastern Massachusetts beginning in 1814.

His Boston Manufacturing Company employed thousands of women and children, who worked for lower wages than men and in often dangerous conditions. An expanding network of roads and canals united different sections of the country. Two new inventions—the steamboat and the railroad—revolutionized transportation.

Sectional Strife

The Industrial Revolution brought economic growth to the United States, but it was also one of several factors that were dividing Americans into two nations, the North and the South. The northern states had large cities and an economy based on manufacturing. The southern states had few large cities, and their farming economy was dominated by a single crop—cotton. Much of this cotton was grown on large plantations worked by slaves. The more fiercely northern reformers agitated to end slavery, the more stubbornly southerners defended the "peculiar institution" they saw as necessary to their way of life. In time, these divisions would bring the Civil War.

The Age of Reform

In the 1820s, idealistic Americans began an eager rush to improve American society, producing an outburst of reform movements. Many of these reformers were inspired by the Second Great Awakening, a major religious movement that reached its peak in the 1820s and 1830s. During the Age of Reform, Americans banded together in dozens of organizations to end slavery, stop drunkenness, secure women's rights, provide better care for the mentally ill, and improve prisons.

Toward the end of the 1700s, bold new ideas began to transform European civilization. In time, many of these ideas would become part of Romanticism, a movement in art and thought that dominated Europe and the United States throughout much of the 1800s. Although Romanticism was not an organized cultural movement, Romantic writers did share two important attitudes.

They valued imagination and feeling over intellect and reason. Some celebrated individualism and freedom; they believed in the basic goodness and equality of human beings and in their right to govern themselves. Others took a more pessimistic view of human life. Overall, Romanticism reflected a division between a “bright” and a “dark” vision of the world.

Kinship with Nature

Another attitude that the Romantics shared was a belief in the importance of nature. In the 1700s, many European thinkers had believed that nature was merely a wilderness to be tamed. In opposition to this view, the Romantics celebrated the beauty, power, and wonder of the natural world. They also stressed the value of nature as a spiritual and moral guide for humanity. The Romantics’ reverence for nature also caused them to fear the destructive effects of industry. The spread of factories and new inventions such as the railroad were changing the natural world.

The Power of Darkness

There was also a dark side to Romanticism that included a fascination with disease, madness, death, evil, the supernatural, and the destructive aspects of nature. Many Romantics were drawn to the nonrational side of human nature, such as the emotions, imagination, intuition—even evil and insanity. They were also fascinated by remote periods of history and exotic places.

Gothic Literature

All these interests came together in the type of writing known as Gothic literature. In literature the word *Gothic applies to works with a brooding* atmosphere that emphasize the unknown and inspire fear. Gothic novels typically feature wild and remote settings, such as haunted castles or wind-blasted moors, and their plots involve violent or mysterious events.

Romanticism

Romanticism appeared in American literature in the years of social unrest which followed the Revolution of 1775-1783 as great diappointment with the results of the Revolution took hold of the people.

Romanticism is not so much a definite system as a particular attitude towards the realities of man, nature and society. The impulse of Romanticism was humanitarian and rebellious. The works of the romantic writers reflected the clashing conflicts between the harsh realities of life and the proclaimed ideals. The heroes they created were rebels, men who fought for truth and rebelled (not always consciously) against the bourgeois society.

The writers of Romanticism depicted life as a struggle between vice and virtue, and insisted that virtue should defeat evil. But when they looked for the triumph of virtue in real life, they could not find it. Here we come to the most characteristic feature of Romanticism: this is a great gap between reality and the ideal – the dream of the poet, artist or writer.

Another feature of Romanticism was that the writers, having created personages, sought through them to bring moral judgement on the nation as a whole, disregarding the existence of classes, or different sections of the population. For them the enigma of life assumed fantastic forms in literature. It was the starting-point for allegory, symbolism, parody and the grotesque.

The approach of the writers to life was almost exclusively through the emotions; reasoning had little or no part in the perception of the life around them. This, however, does not mean that the writers of Romanticism ignored bourgeois reality altogether. They wanted to show this reality but their creative method, peculiar to them alone, resulted in works that depicted life so strange and unusual. Yet they did not give a false picture of American class society.

Themes

They not only resented that the beauty of nature was being spoiled by industrial buildings and the hewing down of magnificent forest to clear lands for plantations or towns. In depicting the struggle between good and evil, between villains and their victims, the writers did show real life all the same, and succeeded in exposing the criminal nature of the bourgeois system.

Genres

The romantic poets and writers produced a powerful literature with wide variations. They enriched literary theory, developed such genres as the novel (historical, social, fantastic, utopian, philosophical, intellectual), the romance and the short story. The writers of the Romanticism were true patriots. They loved their country and recognized the importance of developing national literature and national history.

Main Periods

From the point of view its development American Romanticism may be divided into three periods:

- Early
- Second
- Third

The early period, the twenties and thirties of the 19th century, began with the romances and short stories of Washington Irving. These forms were developed later by other American writers. The historical novel began in America with Fenimore Cooper's "The Spy" (1821) and "The Pioneers" (1823). Romantic poetry appeared in great variety; most outstanding were the poems by Edgar Allan Poe.

Nathaniel Hawthorne greatly contributed to the development of fiction in American Romanticism. He was born in Massachusetts in a Puritan family. He began writing short stories in the 30s and he described the customs, morals and manners of New England.

The second period of Romanticism comprises the 40s and the first half of the 50s. These were the years of mature Romanticism in American literature. Characteristic of this period were Cooper's later novels ("The Pathfinder", "The Deerslayer"), Edgar Allan Poe's romances and poems written during the last eight years of his life, and the works of Longfellow. The early works of the writer and poet Herman Melville also belong to this period of Romanticism in American literature.

The third period of Romanticism comprises the second half of the fifties and the sixties of the 19th century. The early poems by Walt Whitman appeared at that time. Herman Melville wrote his novel "Israel Potter", in which tells of the tragic fate of those American toilers who had fought to win independence for America, but had been forgotten by their country and died in misery and poverty.

James Fenimore Cooper

James Fenimore Cooper was born on September 15, 1789 in Burlington, New Jersey, the eleventh of twelve children. When he was one year old, he moved with parents William and Elizabeth to Cooperstown on Ostego Lake in central New York. During Cooper's boyhood, there were few backwoods settlers left and even fewer Indians. However, Cooper's early experiences in this frontier town gave him the background knowledge used in the *Pioneers* (1923).

After boarding school in Albany, Cooper attended Yale College from 1803 - 1805 but was expelled. Apparently his expulsion stemmed from a dangerous prank that involved him blowing up another student's door.

There Cooper acquired his lifelong distaste for New Englanders. In 1806, he became a sailor and then a midshipman in the Navy. At twenty, he inherited a fortune from his father and married Susan Augusta De Lancey, the daughter of a wealthy family that had remained Loyalist during the Revolution. Cooper married De Lancey New Years Day, 1811 and for two

years he led the life of a country gentleman. When all five of his older brothers died, leaving widows and children behind, Fenimore began searching for work and wealth.

In 1820, Cooper's wife bet him that he could write a book better than the one she was reading. What followed was *Precaution* (1820) a novel of morals and manners that showed the influence of Jane Austen. With a pleasant enough reception, he published *The Spy: A Tale of Neutral Ground* (1821) the first historical romance about the American Revolution.

Then, on its success, Fenimore moved to New York City to pursue writing as a career. While in New York, he founded the Bread and Cheese Club and became the center of a circle that included notable painters of the Hudson River School as well as writers like William Cullen Bryant. In 1823, Cooper published *The Pioneers* which eventually consisted of five books about Natty Bumppo called *The Leatherstocking Tales*. With this, he created what can be critically viewed as the first American novel and hero.

He also brought up the thematical complexities of natural right versus legal right, order versus change, and wilderness versus civilization which still fill the pages of American writing today.

In 1826, at the height of his popularity, he sailed for Europe for what became a seven year stay. He wrote *The Prairie* (1827) and *Notions of the Americans* (1828) a defense of the United States against the attacks of European travelers. Under the half-patronizing epithet of "the American Scott" he wrote three historical novels that mimicked the writing of Sir Walter Scott.

Returning to the US in 1833, Cooper was so hurt by a review that he penned *A Letter to his Countrymen* (1834) which was a bitter attack on American provincialism. He also became involved in disputes in Cooperstown where he was attacked by newspapers as a false aristocrat poisoned by European influences. In response, Cooper immersed himself in law suits aimed at gaining damages that would tame the irresponsibility of the press.

Cooper established the principle that reviewers must work within the bounds of truth when they deal with an author rather than the book. Even with this scandal at his heels, Cooper continued to write a school primer, *The American Democrat* (1838) and three more *Leatherstocking Tales*: *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), *The Pathfinder* (1840), and *The Deerslayer* (1841).

Then came Cooper's obsession with the sea from his previous experience in the Navy. He penned *The History of the Navy of the United States of America* (1839), *The Cruise of Sommers* (1844), and *The Distinguished American Naval Officers* (1846). At the time of his death on September 14, 1851, Cooper was more successful and respected abroad than at

home. Out of step with his countrymen, his work was very influential to European writers like Balzac and Tolstoy. Yet, the weaknesses of Fenimore's fiction are quite well known and wide-spread. Mark Twain tore apart Fenimore's romanticism in *Fenimore Coopers Literary Offenses* (1895). Clearly, Fenimore's tone was criticized as being reactionary, romantic, and pedagogical in tone.

However, Cooper did contribute a great deal to the genre of American fiction. In the grand enterprise, even today, everyone has read books and seen films that are directly and indirectly affected by Cooper's conception of Natty Bumppo and his creation of the American novel.

Cooper's Works

Cooper left a very large literary heritage. In addition to his 32 novels he also wrote a history of the United States Navy and many articles and pamphlets on social problems. He also wrote 10 volumes about his travels in the European countries in which he described the natural scenery of these countries and dealt with the history of the people.

Cooper was the creator of the historical novel. He gives the reader a broad panorama of his native country and the gigantic pace of its development since colonial times. The most popular of his novels are: his historical romance "The Spy"; his tales of the sea "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover"; his "Leather-Stocking Tales" and a trilogy of novels, "Satanstoe", "The Chainbearer" and "The Redskins", in which Cooper showed the desperate fight of tenants against the lords of the manor.

The Leather-Stocking Tales

Five famous novels from Cooper's works, called the "Leather-Stocking Tales"

"The Pioneers" (1823);

"The Last of the Mohicans" (1826);

"The Prairie" (1827);

"The Pathfinder" (1840);

"The Deerslayer" (1841), are about one and the same hero who appears under different names in each novel. The real name of the hero is Nathaniel, or Natty Bumppo. If we want to read the story of his life from the beginning, we should start with "The Deerslayer" though it was written later, in 1841.

Cooper did not plan these romances as a series. They were not written in chronological sequence, that's why in the first novel, „The Pioneers" (1823), the hero appears as an old man. He is nicknamed Leather-Stocking, and it is from this that the series takes the name.

„The Deerslayer” (1841) - Natty Bumppo is called Deerslayer. The story describes his early adventures with a hostile Indian tribe, the Hurons, on Lake Otsego, New York, in 1740-1745.

”The Last of the Mohicans” (1826) - The next book to read is ”The Last of the Mohicans” where Deerslayer becomes Hawk-Eye. The story is about an adventure during the French and Indian wars, in the Lake George country, in 1757. In this book Natty Bumppo’s Indian friends, the chief Chingachgook and Uncas, his son, are seen at their best.

”The Pathfinder” (1840) - The same warfare continues in 1760 in the St, Lawrence and Lake Ontario country. Natty Bumpo is Pathfinder.

”The Pioneers” (1823) - The story takes place in 1793, long after the Revolution, when the eastern frontier country has begun to disappear. Old Chingachgook dies, and Natty Bumppo goes west. In this novel the hero is called by his name, Natty Bumppo.

”The Prairie” (1827) - Finally in the last part Natty Bumppo is Trapper. The story is set in the new frontier of the western plains in 1804, where the aged Leather-Stocking dies.

The Leather-Stocking Tales - These works may be called five chapters in the story of the frontier country; the middle ground between nature and civilization from which the attack on the wilderness was launched.

The novels deal with the tragic lot of the Indians. The white men use two methods to take away the lands of the Indians: force, or cheating. The white men's "fire-water" (rum) and the white men's fire-arms bring destruction to the race. It is interesting to note that Cooper describes the red men very realistically: he admires courage and social customs, at the same time he shows them cruel in war and revengeful. He does not idealize them.

The character of the hero of the "Leather-Stocking Tales", Natty Bumppo, a hunter from the Delaware settlements, is innocently simple, having neither learning, nor much intellectual curiosity. He has a vehement nature but is as pure-hearted as a child.

His dominant emotion is his great love of the woodlands: "My lodge is the forest, the roof of my wigwam - the clouds". (From "The Prairie".) He is consciously a lover of nature. In him Cooper depicts the "natural state of man", unspoilt by civilization. In all the Leather-Stocking' stories there is a certain fatalism about Natty Bumppo: he is convinced that he is doomed to unhappiness.

His subconscious mind seems to tell 'him that he cannot stop the destruction of nature and the ruin of the Indians. He considers it fate. Though he lives, among the white people, he is single (he has no family) because he does not want others to share his unhappiness. His only real friend is Chingachgook, the last of the Mohicans, who is already doomed.

Literary texts to Theme IV

Dave Barry "The Boston Tea Party"

St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia
March 23, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT: No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely, and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a

work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free² if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending²if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by

any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable²and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace²but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Michel-Guillaume Jean de Crévecoeur "What is an American?"

Michel-Guillaume-Jean De Crevecoeur*, Letters from an American Farmer*, 1783

Crevecoeur was a Frenchman who had served with Montcalm in the French and Indian War and in 1765 decided to remain in the New World. For the next fifteen years, he farmed land in Orange County, New York and wrote his Letters from an American Farmer. The following excerpt is from his third and most famous letter, "What is an American?"

I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which must agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent....

He is arrived on a new continent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe, of great lords who possess every thing, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts, no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominion, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe.

Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws without dreading their power, because they are equitable. We are all animated with the spirit of industry, which is unfettered, and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts, he views not the hostile castle, and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built hut and miserable cabbin, where cattle and men help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout our habitations. The meanest of our log-houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary, which is but short in words of dignity, and names of honour. There, on a Sunday, he sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their own humble waggons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock, a farmer who does not riot on the labour of others. We have no princes, for whom we toil, starve, and bleed: we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? for no European foot has as yet traveled half the extent of this mighty continent! ...

In this great American asylum, the poor of Europe have by some means met together, and in consequence of various causes; to what purpose, should they ask one another, what countrymen they are? Alas, two thirds of them had no country. Can a wretch who wanders about, who works and starves, whose life is a continual scene of sore affliction or pinching penury; can that man call England or any other kingdom his country? A country that had no bread for him, whose fields procured him no harvest, who met with nothing but the frowns of the rich, the severity of the laws, with jails and punishments; who owned not a single foot of the extensive surface of this planet? No! urged by a variety of motives, here they came. Every thing has tended to regenerate them; new laws, a new mode of living, a new social system; here they are become men: in Europe they were as so many useless plants, wanting vegetative

mould, and refreshing showers; they withered, and were mowed down by want, hunger, and war: but now, by the power of transplantation, like all other plants, they have taken root and flourished! Formerly they were not numbered in any civil list of their country, except in those of the poor; here they rank as citizens. By what invisible power has this surprising metamorphosis been performed? By that of the laws, and that of their industry. The laws, the indulgent laws, protect them as they arrive, stamping on them the symbol of adoption; they receive ample rewards for their labours; these accumulated rewards procure them lands; those lands confer on them the title of freemen; and to that title every benefit is affixed which men can possibly require. This is the great operation daily performed by our laws. From whence proceed these laws? From our government. Whence that governments It is derived from the original genius and strong desire of the people ratified and confirmed by government. This is the great chain which links us all, this is the picture which every province exhibits, Nova Scotia excepted. There the crown has done all; either there were no people who had genius, or it was not much attended to: the consequence is, that the province is very thinly inhabited indeed; the power of the crown, in conjunction with the musketos, has prevented men from settling there. Yet some part of it flourished once, and it contained a mild harmless set of people. But for the fault of a few leaders the whole were banished. The greatest political error the crown ever committed in America, was to cut off men from a country which wanted nothing but men!

What attachment can a poor European emigrant have for a country where he had nothing? The knowledge of the language, the love of a few kindred as poor as himself, were the only cords that tied him: his country is now that which gives him land, bread, protection, and consequence: Ubi panis ibi patria, is the motto of all emigrants. What then is the American, this new man? He is either an European, or the descendant of an European; hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a man, whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. He is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great Alma Mater.

Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labours and posterity will one day cause great change in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigour, and industry, which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought, therefore, to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labour; his labour is founded on the basis of nature, self-interest; can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now, fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labour, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. This is an American.

Benjamin Franklin

Here are some proverbs and aphorisms from Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

There are no gains without pains.

At the working man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter.

Industry pays debts while despair increases them.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

God gives all things to industry.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

Work while it is called today for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow.

One today is worth two tomorrows.

Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today.

If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Then if you are your own master be ashamed to catch yourself idle.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.

Industry gives comfort and plenty and respect.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.

If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like — serve yourself.

If you would be wealthy think of saving as well as getting: The Indies have not made Spain rich because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

Women and wine, game and deceit make the wealth small and the wants great.

Many estates are spent in the getting, Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting, And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

Who dainties love shall beggars prove.

You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little more entertainment now and then can be no great matter but remember what Poor Richard says “Many a little makes a mickle; beware of little expense for a small leak will sink a great ship.”

Buy what thou has no need of and ere long thou shall sell thy necessaries.

Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets have put out the kitchen fire.

A child and a fool imagine twenty shillings and twenty years can never be spent.

Thomas Jefferson “Declaration of Independence”

In Congress, July 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. — That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, —

That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. — Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected, whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil Power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefit of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States, that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British

Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. — And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

NOTE: a complete list of the signatories follows.

Thomas Paine "Common Sense"

But where says some is the King of America? I'll tell you Friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the Royal Brute of Britain. Yet that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honors, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the charter; let it be brought forth placed on the divine law, the word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve as monarchy, that in America THE LAW IS KING. For as in absolute governments the King is law, so in free countries the law ought to be King; and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be demolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is.

A government of our own is our natural right: And when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a constitution of our own in a cool deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some, Massanello may hereafter arise, who laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, may sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things, will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands, and tens of thousands, who would think it glorious to expel from the continent, that

barbarous and hellish power, which hath stirred up the Indians and Negroes to destroy us, the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections wounded through a thousand pores instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them, and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better, when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts. They distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber, and the murderer, would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain, provoke us into justice.

O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny, but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia, and Africa, have long expelled her. — Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

Philip Freneau: The Wild Honeysuckle

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature’s self in white arrayed,
  She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
  And sent soft waters murmuring by;
    Thus quietly thy summer goes,
    Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
  I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
  The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
    Unpitying frosts and Autumn’s power
    Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
  At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
  For when you die you are the same;
    The space between is but an hour,
    The frail duration of flower.

Celebrations of the Self: Romanticism and Reason. Transcendentalism. American Literature in the First Half of the 19th Century

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) “Self-Reliance”
2. Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) “Walden”
3. Washington Irving (1783-1859) “Rip Van Winkle”, “The Devil and Tom Walker”
4. Anti-slavery movement. The Abolition literature.
5. Harriet Beecher-Stowe (1811-1896). “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and its importance.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was the central figure of American Romanticism. His ideas about the individual, claims about the divine, and attacks on society were revolutionary. Emerson’s father was a Unitarian minister and his mother a devout Anglican. When Emerson was only eight years old, his father died, and Mrs. Emerson was forced to open a boardinghouse. At the age of 14, Emerson entered Harvard College. After graduation, he studied at Harvard Divinity School. By 1829, Emerson had been ordained a Unitarian minister and was preaching in Boston’s Second Church.

In 1831 Ellen Tucker, Emerson’s wife, died suddenly. Emerson had already been questioning his religious convictions, and after Ellen’s death, he experienced intense grief that further eroded his faith. Eventually, Emerson left the church to embark on a career as a writer.

A Controversial Career

In 1833 Emerson settled in Concord, Massachusetts, and began writing *Nature.* This slim book was to become one of Emerson’s most influential works. Two years later, Emerson married Lydia Jackson, whom he called “Lidian.” Emerson and Lydia had four children. During the late 1830s, Emerson gained fame for his lectures—notably “The American Scholar” and the divinity school *Address.* These speeches, both delivered at Harvard, rejected organized religion and undue reverence for the past. Harvard’s conservative administration was outraged. As a result, he was not invited to speak at the college for the next 30 years.

While Emerson’s ideas enraged some, they excited many others and helped create the transcendentalist movement, of which Emerson was the spokesperson. Optimism, self-reliance, intuition, and idealism formed the core of transcendentalist thought.

Idealism is a philosophy that maintains the belief that reality is created by the mind.

Challenges to Optimism

Emerson’s own optimism was challenged when his son Waldo died of scarlet fever in 1842. Two years later, Emerson’s essay “The Tragic” appeared in *The Dial, a*

transcendentalist magazine he had co-founded. In this essay, Emerson claimed that the arts and the intellect can “ravish us into a region whereinto these passionate clouds of sorrow cannot rise.” After 1870, his memory began to fail and the quality of his essays diminished. He stayed in Concord and wrote little in his last years; he died of pneumonia at the age of 79.

Literary Career

Emerson influenced writers as diverse as essayist Henry David Thoreau, novelist Louisa May Alcott, and poets Robert Frost, Wallace Stevens, and Hart Crane. Emerson was a radical individualist, and his impact on American thought can still be felt today. As modern critic Harold Bloom wrote, “. . . no single sage, not Dr. Johnson nor Coleridge, is as inescapable as Emerson goes on being for American poets and storytellers.”

Self-Reliance

The key note of Emerson’s thought is struck in the very first line of this important esay: „Trust yourself: every heart vibrates to that iron string”. In a certain sense, this was Emerson’s mission: to evaluate anew each and every individual. In reality, the essay ‘Self-Reliance’ is a collection of thoughts which Emerson wrote in his journals as he travelled around on his lecture tours. The essay thus features thoughts which go back as far as 1832.

Despite this, the essay comes across as a remarkably compact and coherent work, often providing an insight into some of Emerson’s most illuminating and enduring ideas with regard to man, society and human thought.

Literary Element - Figurative Language

Figurative language is descriptive language used to convey ideas or emotions. Figurative expressions are not literally true. They express some truth that reaches beyond the literal level. As you read the essay, examine how Emerson uses figurative language to help his readers understand his abstract ideas.

The transcendentalists championed individualism, which is the practice of independence in thought and action based on the premise that individual character and personality are of the utmost importance. Accordingly, individuals are free to pursue their goals and private desires without taking into consideration the interests of society. This idea greatly shaped America's identity.

Emerson believed that diversity enriched society. He encouraged American artists to develop distinctive styles rather than looking to the European past masters of literature, art, and architecture.

Within 'Self-Reliance,' Emerson urged readers to 'trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.' Emerson also suggested children as models of authentic behavior in 'Self-

Reliance.' While man was 'clapped into jail by his consciousness,' children were still free with themselves, always genuine and natural. Children were too young to be hesitant. In contrast, adults often became wary of following their true nature.

Emerson encouraged readers of 'Self-Reliance' to resist conforming to societal expectations. He wrote, 'Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist.' Emerson believed that man needed to act independently, regardless of if his impulses were deemed good or bad. In fact, he believed it was better to live a true life in obscurity than to be praised for abiding society's standards.

To be clear, Emerson's intent was not for people to become hermits, fenced off from their community with their unique ideas kept in solitude. Unlike his contemporary, Emily Dickinson, who was known for her reclusive tendencies, Emerson argued that independent energy and creativity were essential contributions to society. The transcendentalists stressed the importance of thinking for one's self rather than timidly accepting the common opinion.

Emerson believed that truth was found within, and that this internal truth transcended the knowledge gained from one's senses. In 'Self-Reliance,' he stressed the importance of intuition, which is the ability to understand something from instinctive feeling rather than conscious reasoning.

'Self-Reliance' argued that intuition is the 'the essence of genius, of virtue, of life.' The transcendentalists believed that the universe was guided by an all-encompassing and vital energy called the 'Over-Soul.' When man felt the spark of intuition, he tapped into this 'Over-Soul.' His sudden knowledge had been sent straight from the source. Intuition was the only direct knowledge, according to Emerson. All other knowledge was secondhand.

Society devalued intuition, Emerson argued. People were encouraged to conform, to gather their ideas from books rather than experience. Emerson believed, however, that America needed to hear the voices of self-reliant, intuitive individuals.

In particular, Emerson believed that self-reliant individuals were needed within the social spheres of religion, culture, the arts, and society. To revitalize religion, Emerson encouraged man to remember his oneness with god. Man, nature, and the universe were all in perfect unity. With this notion held in the heart, every action became prayer.

Rather than subscribing to the idea that one needs to be well-traveled to be cultured, Emerson argued that 'the wise man stays at home.' Travel often disguised one's desire to stand still. A traveler may arrive on the shores of another country only to find that her problems, her opinions, and her worldviews have traveled with her. She isn't changed or moved by what she sees. Emerson explained that the key to real growth was letting one's mind roam freely.

In regards to art, Emerson criticized the educational system for teaching students to imitate. He encouraged artists to be true to themselves, to express their uniquely American visions.

Lastly, Emerson argued that society does not necessarily benefit from progress. Technological advances result in the loss of earlier knowledge. When a man owns a watch, he no longer needs to learn to tell time by the position of the sun. When he can jump into a car, he no longer walks. Emerson believed that technological improvements occurred without any correlating intellectual or spiritual improvements for humankind. He compared society to a wave, washing in and out against the shore, but not truly advancing.

In summary, Ralph Waldo Emerson was a key figure in the literary and philosophical movement known as transcendentalism. His essay, 'Self-Reliance', was published in 1841 and has since become Emerson's most famous work. 'Self-Reliance' helped to shape American identity with these three transcendental ideas:

Individualism: Every thought and action should be independent and authentic. Individuals must be free to pursue their personal goals and desires.

Nonconformity: People must think for themselves and resist the pressure to conform to prevailing ideas or practices.

Intuition: Intuition is the most fundamental form of knowledge. Intuition is direct knowledge; all other knowledge is secondhand.

'Self-Reliance' challenged Americans to trust their own unique powers and think for themselves. Emerson and his fellow transcendentalists argued that only the self-reliant, intuitive individual was capable of effecting positive and innovative change.

The Fireside Poets

In the mid-1800s, a group of highly popular American writers became known as the “Fireside Poets” because it was thought that families often sat by the fire and read or recited their poems aloud.

Eager to help establish a truly national literature, these poets frequently created vivid pictures of the New England countryside in their lyrics or of famous events from American history in their narrative poems.

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878)

He was the oldest of the Fireside Poets. Though his background was Puritan, Bryant was influenced by the English Romantic poets, such as William Wordsworth. He was the first

to portray the American landscape in words. In such famous poems as “To a Waterfowl” and “To the Fringed Gentian,” Bryant wrote of the wildlife he encountered while he was hiking through the Berkshire Mountains in western Massachusetts.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

Longfellow entered Bowdoin College at the age of fifteen and graduated in the same class as Nathaniel Hawthorne. In his poetry, such as the narrative poems *Evangeline and The Song of Hiawatha, he mythologized the American past* by using rhyme and simple verse. *Tales of a Wayside Inn (1863), a collection of stories in verse supposedly* told by various people at an inn, includes one of Longfellow’s best known poems, “Paul Revere’s Ride.” He was the first American to have a bust placed in the Poet’s Corner of England’s Westminster Abbey.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)

Whittier came from a poor Quaker farm family. His first book, *Legends of New England, was published in 1831, but he* became nationally famous with the work *Snow-Bound,* published in 1866. “Storytelling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings,” Whittier wrote, and *Snow-Bound tells of a family isolated* and telling stories during a storm. Whittier was devoted to the abolitionist movement, and much of his poetry, including “The Hunters of Men” and “Massachusetts to Virginia,” reflects his stance against racism and slavery.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894)

Holmes studied both law and medicine but opted for a medical career. Among his best-known poems are “The Chambered Nautilus” and “Old Ironsides,” the nickname for the famous American warship, the USS *Constitution.* Rumors that the ship was about to be scrapped inspired Holmes’s poem, which roused public sentiment in support of saving it.

James Russell Lowell (1819–1891)

James Russell Lowell objected to slavery and the war with Mexico. In 1846 the first of *The Biglow Papers, his antislavery and antiwar* poetry series, was published to great acclaim. Lowell created the voice of a rural Yankee, Hosea Biglow, who expressed Lowell’s views with wit and humor. Lowell became the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly in 1857.*

Americans responded enthusiastically to the Fireside Poets, in part because their works celebrated the values of ordinary people—regard for hard work, respect for family, courage in the face of danger, love of one’s country, and love of nature. Because Americans also believed that these writers were the equals of the British poets of the time, they became more confident about the future of their country’s culture.

Henry David Thoreau 1817-1862

Although he is best known for his simple lifestyle at Walden Pond, Henry David Thoreau was a complex man: opinionated, cranky, nonconformist, compassionate, and subtly humorous.

He was an unconventional thinker who expressed his ideas about major issues such as war, slavery, wealth, taxes, friendship, vegetarianism, and the lessons that nature can teach, yet he also wrote about topics as simple as hoeing his garden and walking in the woods. Much of what Thoreau did, thought about, or saw—and he was a keen observer—later took the form of a journal entry, an essay, or part of a book.

Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, and lived there most of his life. He graduated from Harvard University in 1837 and took a teaching job at his old grammar school. However, he refused to physically discipline his students and quickly resigned. Thoreau founded a progressive school with his brother John in Concord the next year. Although the school was successful, it had to close in 1841 because of his brother's poor health.

While at Harvard, Thoreau was influenced by the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the two men became friends. From 1841 to 1843, Thoreau lived with the Emerson family, assisting as a handyman. During this time he contributed a variety of works to *The Dial, a* Transcendentalist magazine, including poetry, literary essays, and the first of his nature essays.

The act that probably most changed Thoreau's life occurred in 1845, when he built a cabin on land that Emerson owned at Walden Pond near Concord. Thoreau lived there for more than two years spending most of his time reading, writing (including his most famous book, *Walden), observing* nature, and meditating.

Thoreau was deeply affected by his brother's death in 1842, and three years later decided to write an account of a camping and canoeing trip they had taken, referring to notes he had made along the way. The account became his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, written during his time at Walden Pond* and published in 1849. The publisher returned the unsold copies, prompting Thoreau to later observe, "I now have a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

Walden

Thoreau's most famous book, *Walden, or, Life in the Woods, was first published in 1854 and over time* has become a classic. In Walden we learn what Thoreau considered most important in life. For example, he thought that most people spend too much time working to afford luxuries and do not take time to truly experience life. Walden also reflects a changing New England and Thoreau's response to industrialization.

Most importantly, through Walden and his other works, Thoreau helped inspire a long tradition of nature writing in the United States. He remains an inspiration for environmentalists everywhere.

Background to Walden

Thoreau lived in a rugged cabin that measured ten feet by fifteen feet at Walden Pond for two years, two months, and two days. The cabin, which he built himself, was simple and sturdy, with plastered walls and a shingled roof. His equipment consisted of an ax, two knives and a fork, three plates, one cup, one spoon, a jug for oil, a jug for molasses, and one lamp. He made his own furniture, including a bed, table, desk, and three chairs. At Walden, Thoreau devoted himself to observing the seasons, the animals, the plants and to writing his journals; however, he was not a hermit. Thoreau was able to visit his relatives and friends nearly every day, since the pond was only a mile from Concord.

Walden Summary And Thoreau's Motivations

It seems like Thoreau thought that by cutting out interaction with other humans and the modern conveniences (or what was considered modern in the 1850s), Thoreau thought he could get down to true essence of what living really meant. Instead of writing a book that speculated about the meaning of life, he was hoping to know it from experience - a seriously lofty goal.

You might think a book with such an ambitious aim would be difficult to read, and you would be right. Thoreau's language is not terribly accessible, and he frequently uses irony, witticisms, and satire to make his point, and it can be difficult for a reader to tell when he's being serious and when he's not. The book is divided into several chapters, with names like 'Economy', 'Solitude', and 'The Bean Field', and those chapter titles serve as helpful guideposts throughout the book, if you're having trouble following Thoreau's point.

In those chapters he addresses many of the questions one might ask when they hear someone has spent two years living alone in a cabin, like:

- What do you do? Thoreau worked a small bean field most mornings, which helped cover his living expenses. He spent his evenings taking walks, reading great works of literature, and contemplating himself and the world. He believed that this simple

lifestyle was freedom and that people who worked for others and pursued material possessions were enslaved.

- Did you meet any other people? Though Thoreau did live alone and often avoided communication, he would encounter other people during his time by Walden pond. Beyond random chance encounters with locals, he would go see friends in Concord, and particularly valued interactions with people whose character he admired.
- Isn't it lonely? Thoreau admits to feeling lonely during this time, but believes that people can feel lonely even when they're around others and he believed nature to be an excellent companion. As a transcendentalist, Thoreau believed heavily in the importance of the individual and would argue that loneliness isn't something to combat by finding other people, but by searching within one's own heart.

Themes In Walden

There are many recurring themes in Walden. Some of the most prominent include:

- Seasons: The changing seasons drives the narrative of Walden. He has chapters devoted to 'Winter Animals,' 'The Pond in Winter', and 'Spring'. Winter looms large in the book, as many preparations must be made for the coming cold. A Massachusetts winter can seem bad enough to someone with access to modern heating and a Starbucks - imagine preparing for a New England winter living alone in a cabin!
- Dislike for materialism: Thoreau would have hated a show like MTV's Cribs or and would have been horrified by someone like Paris Hilton. He advocated for a simple life and rejection of material possessions beyond what was necessary. This notion is likewise related to his focus on self-reliance, as he argues that building his own home allows him to fully own it, versus someone who takes out a loan with the bank and technically does not own the things he considers his.
- Rejection of 'progress': In the 'Sounds' chapter, Thoreau seems annoyed by the local train that disturbs the peace of Walden Pond when it passes. Transcendentalists didn't really see the point of travel, preferring to stay in one place to focus on the journey of one's self, and of one's mind. Thoreau thought modern developments like the train were just something new to enslave people.

In summary, Henry David Thoreau spent two years, two months and two days in a cabin outside Concord, Massachusetts, near a place called Walden Pond, because he wanted to understand himself and be completely self-reliant. He documents his experiences and observations in the American classicWalden. Though Walden champions simplicity and

rejects materialism and modern technology, it's important to note that at the end of the book, Thoreau has declared his experiment over and is back living in the modern world again.

The Dark Side of Romanticism

The First American Short Stories

As the american novelist and critic Henry James observed, *"It takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature."*

At the beginning of the 1800s, the United States was still a very young country. American writers of the time were painfully conscious of the lack of a native literary tradition. This was particularly true in the area of fiction. Dominated by Puritanism, early American culture had no place for made-up stories created largely for entertainment. This attitude toward fiction lingered for a long time. It was not until the period of American Romanticism that Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edgar Allan Poe laid the foundations of the American short story.

In the process, they created literary forms and ideas about how to write short stories that remain important today.

"It has been a matter of marvel, to
my European readers, that a man
from the wilds of America should
express himself in tolerable English."

—Washington Irving

Literary Pioneers

Irving, the first American writer to become famous outside his own country, transplanted traditional European narratives and gave them American settings. For example, he based his story "Rip Van Winkle" on old legends about people captured by fairies.

Hawthorne used both European material and the histories and legends of Puritan New England as the basis for his fiction.

Poe helped develop the new American literary magazines (to which he contributed as both writer and editor) into mass-circulation marketplaces for short stories. More importantly, he was a true innovator who pioneered new literary forms—detective stories and science fiction: detective stories and science fiction**.**

Science Fiction

Tales of robbery and murder had always existed. Poe's brilliant innovation was to combine such stories *with the use of reason in the investigation of crime*. This new investigative approach had not existed until the appearance of the first professional police forces in the early 1800s. In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," Poe established many of the basic conventions that mystery writers have followed ever since. →

Basic conventions that mystery writers followed

- the brilliant, eccentric detective;
- his less-gifted partner, who is an admiring foil;
- the blundering (kétbalkezes) official police force;
- the "impossible crime" taking place in a locked room;

Poe also has a claim to be the "father of science fiction." In some of his stories, such as "A Descent into the Maelstrom," he created Romantic tales of terror with an emphasis on factual detail that anticipated later science fiction.

Poe so convincingy presented a hoax about a transatlantic balloon flight in one of his short stories that it was widely believed to have actually taken place.

Theory and Practice

Poe believed that the most effective short stories are those that can be read in a single sitting. He theorized that every detail in a well-constructed story should contribute to the creation of a certain unique and single effect. By effect, Poe meant the overall impact that the story makes upon the reader.Some favorite effects that Poe tried to achieve in his stories were feelings of dread, horror, and suspense.Poe's theory of a unique single effect remains a fundamental principle of short-story writing today.

Short Stories

Although Hawthorne's stories were finely crafted, he showed little interest in constructing literary theories. Hawthorne chose to focus on moral and psychological themes, such as the struggle between good and evil and the isolation of people from their fellow human beings. Unlike his friend Emerson, Hawthorne saw life as essentially tragic.

His pessimistic view of human nature gave his stories a dark, shadowy quality that Poe criticized as "a somewhat too general or prevalent tone—a tone of melancholy and mysticism."Hawthorne's mystical outlook led him to rely heavily on symbolism and allegory to convey his meaning, often at the expense of a realistic rendering of everyday life.

His distinguishing feature is his probing exploration of the role of guilt in the inner lives of human beings — an obsession that he inherited from his Puritan ancestors.

Washington Irving

Named after his country's first president, Washington Irving won the battle for America's literary independence. He was the first American storyteller to be internationally recognized as a man of letters.

The English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray summed up this accomplishment when he called Irving "the first Ambassador from the New World of Letters to the Old."

Lawyer and Writer

Though Irving had little formal education, he took an early interest in the study of law, later working in the law office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman. He soon fell in love with Hoffman's daughter Matilda, and the couple were engaged.

But his interest in law began to dwindle, and in 1802 he started to write, publishing a series of satirical essays in a New York newspaper. He soon began to publish a series of periodical essays called *Salmagundi.* The essays were witty sketches that poked fun at everything from Thomas Jefferson's politics to the latest fashions. The success of *Salmagundi steered* Irving away from law and toward writing.

Success and Heartbreak

In 1809, under the pseudonym Diedrich Knickerbocker, he published his most popular work, Knickerbocker's *A History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty.*

A History was a humorous, tongue-in-cheek combination of history, folklore, and opinion that delighted readers with hilarious sketches of the customs, manners, and families of old New York.

That same year, however, Irving's fiancée, Matilda Hoffman, died suddenly of tuberculosis. Overwhelmed by grief, Irving put his writing career on hold. He later reflected that he considered this period the darkest of his life. Haunted perpetually by the memory of his lost fiancée, Irving was never to marry. During his time away from writing, Irving held a variety of jobs. He traveled often, eventually moving to Europe to manage his brother's business interests. In 1818, after the family business went bankrupt, Irving resumed writing.

International Acclaim

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent (1819–1820) established his literary reputation in Europe. The book included two stories that were to become classics, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle."

Irving borrowed the plots of these stories from two traditional German folktales before placing them in the Hudson Valley setting. Irving's ability to blend European sophistication

with American flavor is the most distinctive characteristic of his writing. After several years in London, Paris, and Madrid, Irving returned to the United States. There, he continued writing — travel books, histories, biographies of Columbus and Washington, and more tales and sketches.

Irving's enormous popularity at home and abroad earned him recognition as the father of American letters. His stories featured distinctively American settings and character types. He influenced a broad range of authors—from Romantics, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe, to regionalist writers, such as Mark Twain and William Faulkner.

The Devil and Tom Walker

"The Devil and Tom Walker" is one of the stories in Irving's popular collection, *Tales of a Traveler* (1824). The story takes place in New England in the 1720s—when Puritanism was fading and commercialism was on the rise.

The story is an adaptation of the old German legend of Faust, a sixteenth-century astronomer who sold his soul to the devil. The most famous retelling of the Faust legend is a play written in the early 1800s by the German Romantic writer Johann Wolfgan von Goethe.

Literary Element - Characterization

Characterization refers to the methods a writer uses to reveal the personality of a character.

In direct characterization the writer makes explicit statements about a character.

In indirect characterization the writer reveals a character through the character's words and actions and through what other characters think and say about that character.

Characters

Tom Walker, the story's main character, is a miser, which means he rarely spends money even when he should. He doesn't give anything to anyone, and that includes his wife.

Tom's wife is as miserly as he is but with a temper. The story explains that she is regularly verbally abusive, and the townspeople suspect she is even physically abusive toward Tom.

Old Scratch is given several names in the story, including wild huntsman and black woodsman. He is the Devil; described as a black man, but neither Negro nor Indian. He has a dirty, soot-covered face and carries an axe. Keep in mind that he is a physical character in the story, like a person with supernatural powers.

Plot

Irving frames the story as an old legend, with witnesses who have passed the story down over the years giving it some validity for his audience. He begins with a short

explanation about Kidd the Pirate, who left gold buried on the banks of Boston, and how now that Kidd has died, the Devil himself guards its hiding place.

Irving then moves on to the heart of the story and introduces us to Tom and his wife, explaining that they are miserly and mean. One day when walking home, Tom decides to take a shortcut home through the swamp. He sits down on a log to rest and is confronted by a soot-faced man who is identified as Old Scratch. Old Scratch is really the Devil, and he offers Tom large sums of money in exchange for 'certain conditions.'

Tom goes home to discuss the offer with his wife, and she believes he should take the offer. Now, since he doesn't much like his wife and certainly doesn't want to share any wealth with her, he is hesitant to take the deal. His wife, in turn, becomes angry and decides to go see Old Scratch herself.

However, after a couple of days, she does not return, so Tom goes looking for her. After searching through the woods, all he finds is her heart and liver tied up in her apron, and he knows that she is dead (and he's rather happy about that). This leaves him free to make his deal with the Devil without having to share anything.So, after a conversation where Tom agrees to be a corrupt usurer (someone who lends money), he leaves for Boston where he lives a life of wealth and corruption.

After some years though, Tom starts to worry about the potential punishment for his acts and tries going to church to seek salvation. He carries a Bible everywhere he goes in hopes of warding off Old Scratch.

This, of course, does not work when one morning - with his Bible under a stack of mortgages - Tom opens the door to find a black horse and a black man who says, 'Tom, you're come for.' Tom is thrown upon the horse and swiftly taken back to the old Indian fort and gone in a blaze of fire.

Moral, Allegory and Symbols

Most short stories have a theme, which is insight about human nature.

In this case, though, 'The Devil and Tom Walker' has a moral, or a lesson to be learned. Clearly, Irving wants us to see that greed and moral corruption leads us down that wrong path. He illustrates this moral thought through the use of a literary device called an allegory, where the characters, objects and plot represent an idea.

Symbols

Irving uses a variety of symbols, where one thing represents something else, to create this allegory. The characters themselves are symbolic.

The Devil is *temptation* and Tom and his wife represent *greed*.

Later in the story, Tom symbolizes *hypocrisy* when he is attending church but still collecting mortgages.

The swamp is described as a shortcut - an 'ill-chosen' route. It is not only Tom's shortcut home, but it was his shortcut to obtaining the wealth he wanted. But as the narrator tells us, it was an ill-chosen shortcut because it cost him eternal damnation. So here, the swamp symbolizes the figurative *wrong path*.

The Indian fort then, is a representation of *hell*. The final scene where Tom is taken on the black horse shows his descent into hell. When we look at the swamp and the Indian fort together, we can conclude that Irving is saying that taking the shortcuts in life will lead us down the wrong path - the path to hell.

Of course, Tom's Bible represents the other side of that - *the chance for salvation*. But in his final moments, Tom realizes he left it under his mortgages, under the evidence of his corruption, where it cannot help him.

Romantic Characteristics

In addition to its use of literary devices, Irving's story has many characteristics of writing from the Romantic time period. Like most Romantic stories, the element of the supernatural is obvious in 'The Devil and Tom Walker.' The fact that the Devil is as real as any other character in the story is beyond the realms of reality, as is Tom's literal compact with him. This reinforces, too, the Romantic tendency to gain wisdom from the past. The Puritans believed the woods were filled with evil and that the Devil was behind every tree. Irving's story quite literally reinforces that idea. We can also see evidence of the Romantic view that the city is a place of moral corruption. The setting for this story is Boston, and it is here that Tom does the Devil's work. He is a corrupt soul who is taking advantage of people for monetary gain. His corruption finally ends when he is whisked back into the forest. While it's not exactly the escape he wants, it is an escape from, or maybe a punishment for, his corrupted life.

Rip Van Winkle

Like many of Washington Irving's other famous stories, 'Rip Van Winkle' was inspired by German folklore. The general plot of the story, a man who mysteriously sleeps for 20 years to find himself in a changed world, is easy enough even for children to understand, which is probably why its story line has often been adapted in other works and forms of entertainment. It has all the fixings of a great story: a nagging wife, dogs, guns, ghosts, liquor and of course, long, gray beards.

Rip Van Winkle Classic Tale

Characters

The story starts before the American Revolution, when King George is ruling the colonies. Right away, Irving explains that Rip is a pretty good man. He is friendly, and people in town tend to like him. If someone needs an extra hand, Rip is always ready to lend one. He is often flocked by children and has a loyal dog companion named Wolf.Rip's problem, we quickly learn, is that he isn't terribly motivated to do much work around his house or even enough to really take care of his family. As a result, his wife Dame Van Winkle, isn't exactly his biggest fan. Here, Irving paints Rip as the henpecked husband, a man who is constantly being nagged by his wife.

Rip's Twenty-Year Sleep

In order to escape his wife's constant harassment one autumn day, Rip decides to go out into the Kaatskill Mountains with his dog. He takes his gun and heads out for some peace. Once he's secluded, he hears someone calling his name and sees a man wearing old Dutch clothing carrying a keg. The poor guy obviously needs some help, so without saying anything, Rip helps the guy carry his keg to an amphitheater in the woods. Here he finds more men dressed in old Dutch frocks playing a game of skittles, or nine-pins, which is like bowling.

The racket of the game makes a thunderous sound, and no one is speaking, so Rip says nothing and begins to drink some of the liquor from the keg. Next thing you know, he's getting a bit drowsy.

Rip awakes in the morning to find that his dog is gone, his gun is rusted and he's had an abnormal amount of beard-growth over night. He remembers the men playing nine-pins and is worried about Dame Van Winkle's reaction to his late return. But when he enters town, things are different. There is a picture of George Washington at the inn, and all of the townspeople look different. After pledging his loyalty to the King (which doesn't go over so well in the post-Revolution state) and meeting another man by the name of Rip Van Winkle (who turns out to be his son), Rip is assisted by the crowd that has since grown around him and learns that he has been missing for 20 years. He is also told of the legend that Henry Hudson and his ghosts revisit the Hudson Valley every 20 years and many believe that Rip has been away with Hudson and his men in that time.

It is then decided that Rip will live with his now-grown daughter and continue to live the life that he lived before, only he has escaped having to face a war and even worse, his hen-pecking wife.

Analysis: Romantic Characteristics

Before any reader can really enjoy this story, they have to buy into the idea that a man can sleep for 20 years - and through a war at that. The Romantic element of the supernatural is the basic essence of this story; without it, there is nothing to tell. Once we buy into the idea that Rip does sleep for 20 years, we can look at other mystical elements. The presence of what seems to be the Hudson clan playing nine-pins provides us with ghosts, a sleeping potion and one seriously awkward party. We can also see that the tale alone of Hudson's return every 20 years is in-and-of-itself supernatural - if we choose to believe it.This is enhanced by Irving's flowering language which creates a beautiful picture of the setting in the reader's mind. This is called imagery. The first two paragraphs of the story are devoted to creating the image of the 'Kaatskill Mountains' and the village at its foot.

'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…they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky.'These mountains stand tall and appear alive beyond natural realms. They change with the season, as do people, and provide insight to the weather to come. Their 'magical hues' make the onlookers believe that there is something more to the scene than just a bunch of trees.

Even the town is painted with a surreal image of times past, another Romantic characteristic. Irving says, '…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 weather-cocks.'

This sets the antiquated scene that readers, both then and now, need to visualize the cozy little Dutch village. Like most Romantic writers, Irving glorifies the rural setting as opposed to the city life. This Romantic element drives the story, giving it supernatural qualities and a place for Rip to escape this horrible marriage.

Remember, the Romantics saw the woods as mystical, full of the supernatural and magic.

And in this story, that was just want Rip needed to live a life free of Dame Van Winkle.

This is the story's theme, the central idea or the message in the text. Sometimes we must escape the harshness of our lives and to do so, the countryside is always welcoming.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

Anti-slavery movement

The most unlikely of catalysts for a civil war, a slight, shy New England mother of six named Harriet Beecher Stowe became, in Abraham Lincoln's words, *"the little lady who started this big war."*

Harriet Beecher Stowe lived in what seemed to be a hopelessly divide America. On one side a somber, industrial North grew crowded with immigrants and rich with invention and manufacturing.

On the other, the languid South likewise prospered, but its wealth came, not from factories, but from plantations, on which human cruelty and human suffering were the only currency known. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was born in New England, spent much of her life in Cincinnati, Ohio, which was a city-sized microcosm of America–split by the question of slavery. On the Ohio side of the Ohio River, slavery was illegal. Just across the river in Kentucky, however, slavery was legal. The battle between pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions were fierce, and Harriet, along with the rest of her accomplished siblings, was faced with a living example of what they all had, in theory, learned to deplore: the enslavement of fellow human beings.

The publication of Stowe's most famous book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* is considered a major factor in the escalation of the slavery debate during the mid-1800's. The book was based on slave accounts she had read, ex-slaves she had interviewed, and a Kentucky plantation she visited while living in Cincinnati. It was a scathing work of social and moral commentary, and steeled many formerly moderate anti-slavery proponents against the South, turning them into radicals almost overnight.

Each work of writing she produced–from her many contributions to abolitionist magazines to her socially conscious short stories to her polemic novels–was an attack against slavery and against those who supported slavery and its economic system. The woman who called the greatest event in her life the abolition of slavery was often just writing to pay the bills, considering her life's calling a business rather than art.

When *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was published in 1852, Harriet Beecher Stowe became the most famous woman in America, and one of the most famous Americans in the world. She became, to many, a living symbol of all that the anti-slavery movement stood for. Ironically, Stowe remained, for many years, a moderate, believing the emancipation of slaves should be gradual, and accomplished through religion and education.

After the Civil War ended in 1865, with the North victorious and the South in shambles, Stowe and her Beecher siblings remained committed to causes like education for freed slaves, women's suffrage and other controversial social movements.

Despite her forward-thinking tendencies, however, Stowe remained quite traditional in the realms of religion and domestic life. Although she was a fervent supporter of women's rights, she always deferred to her husband Professor Calvin Ellis Stowe, and considered herself of lesser rank in the household. She was for many years, as a result of her strict Presbyterian upbringing, intolerant of Catholicism.

Only after a number of trips abroad, during which she was exposed to different religions and different systems of morality, did she become more accepting of other religions and, in fact, left the Presybyterian church to become an Episcopalian. For over thirty years, Harriet Beecher Stowe was the most famous literary figure in America and was the mouthpiece for the anti-slavery movement. Her passionate polemics, her religious inquiries, her travelogues, her many short stories and children's books, and her novels, were all instant bestsellers in their time. Now, despite the heavy sentimentalism and the clichéd plots, Harriet Beecher Stowe's books stand up as social documents and evidence that literature can change the course of a nation.

Anti-Slavery Literature

Uncle Tom's Cabin, written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, was one of the most politically and socially influential works of fiction ever published. A story that many consider to be a protest novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* chronicles the families of two slaves as they discover they are about to be sold and separated from each other.

Motivated by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act (which protected the rights of the slave owner, while diminishing the legal protection of the slaves), Beecher felt the need not only to express her outrage, but to attempt to gain support in a mass abolitionist effort to end slavery. Beecher took her emotion and turned to her pen to create literature that was instrumental in inspiring the anti-slavery movement that ultimately led to the outbreak of the Civil War. This was a first; never before had a work of literature had such an influence on national events, and many took note. Even Abraham Lincoln acknowledged this upon first meeting Stowe. He is reputed to have said, *'So you are the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war*.'

The book, when published in 1852, flew off bookstore shelves, selling 10,000 copies in its first week and over 300,000 in its first year. In Great Britain, even more copies were sold. In all kinds of ways then, this *Uncle Tom's Cabin* made history.

Characters and Context

The story starts on the farm of Arthur and Emily Shelby. They, along with their son, George Shelby, are generally good people with sympathetic hearts, although there is no

denying that their lifestyle does perpetuate the slave system. Uncle Tom is their slave, well-liked and devoted to his faith. Eliza Harris is also owned by the Shelbys, along with her son Harry.It is quickly revealed that the Shelby's have fallen into a difficult financial situation. Arthur is discussing the possibility of selling Uncle Tom and Harry to a slave trader to alleviate some of their financial burden.

Reaction And The American Civil War

Stowe's purpose in writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to find a sympathetic ear in fellow Northerners. In creating multi-dimensional, complex characters, her story delivers a message that was heard around the country: not only was slavery immoral and unjust, but it was antithetical to the very basic foundations of Christian beliefs.

Major Themes

Uncle Tom's Cabin was such a groundbreaking work because most people, on some level, could relate to all the major themes:

The pain and agony of having to lose a child. The sacrifice someone would make for their family. The belief in something good through the experiences of terrible pain. An unrelenting faith in God.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was not only widely read among Northerners, who perceived it as fuel for their abolitionist cause, but it was read by Southerners, who felt it was a scathing view of their way of life. The controversy it produced drove a wedge deeper between the North and the South, which most historians agree helped to lay the foundation for the Civil War.

Its Place in Literary History

In terms of its place in literary history, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as a protest piece, was the first of its kind. It paved the way for other journalists and writers who used fiction to reveal difficult realities and hypocrisies existing in the United States (like Upton Sinclair would in *The Jungle* later on). While opinions differ on her depiction of slave life and whether or not her characters were too stereotypical, most agree that Stowe created a story in which women were strong and capable (perhaps an underlying feminist message). The popularity and criticism it drew proved that literature could have a larger purpose, informing the public or trying to sway public opinion through story.

Ralph Waldo Emerson "Self-Reliance"

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser, who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within? my friend suggested, — "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition, as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, — under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blindman's-buff is this game of conformity. If

I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that, with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, ― the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister?

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then?

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day. ― 'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.' ― Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. Ordinarily, every body in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much, that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design;

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper, in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, 'Who are you, Sir?' Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict: it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact, that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason, and finds himself a true prince.

Henry David Thoreau "Walden"

I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practise resignation, unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion. For most men, it appears to me, are in a strange uncertainty about it, whether it is of the devil or of God, and have *somewhat hastily* concluded that it is the chief end of man here to "glorify God and enjoy him forever."

[Still we live meanly, like ants; though the fable tells us that we were long ago changed into men; like pygmies we fight with cranes; it is error upon error, and clout upon clout, and our best virtue has for its occasion a superfluous and evitable wretchedness. Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million

count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it, as for them, is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose. It lives too fast. Men think that it is essential that the *Nation* have commerce, and export ice, and talk through a telegraph, and ride thirty miles an hour, without a doubt, whether *they* do or not; but whether we should live like baboons or like men, is a little uncertain.If we do not get out sleepers, and forge rails, and devote days and nights to the work, but go to tinkering upon our *lives* to improve *them*, who will build railroads? And if railroads are not built, how shall we get to heaven in season? But if we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman, or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them. They are sound sleepers, I assure you. And every few years a new lot is laid down and run over; so that, if some have the pleasure of riding on a rail, others have the misfortune to be ridden upon. And when they run over a man that is walking in his sleep, a supernumerary sleeper in the wrong position, and wake him up, they suddenly stop the cars, and make a hue and cry about it, as if this were an exception. I am glad to know that it takes a gang of men for every five miles to keep the sleepers down and level in their beds as it is, for this is a sign that they may sometime get up again.

Washington Irving "Rip Van WinkleI

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a branch of the great vAppalachian9-* 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 goodwives, far and near, as perfect vbarometers.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the traveler may have seen 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[10] fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great age, 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 vStuyvesant (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, 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 vchivalrous 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.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the goodwives of the village, who 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,[11] 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; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip’s composition was a strong dislike of all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a 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.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip 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,[12] equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off breeches, 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 ear 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 henpecked husband.

Rip's sole vdomestic 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[13] as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring 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 sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by

a vrubicund portrait of His Majesty George III. 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[14] 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 vjunto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would nod his head in approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his vtermagant 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 with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

[15]Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only valternative, 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 vreciprocated 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 Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-

shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed 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.

[16]On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild and lonely, the bottom filled with fragments from the overhanging 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 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.

[17]On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the vsingularity 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, and several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides. 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 valacrity, and relieving one another, 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 thundershowers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small vamphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which 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,[18] 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 amphitheater 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 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 vDominie Van Shaick, the village parson, 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 mys[19]terious 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 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 repeated 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.

II

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The[20] 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 woe-begone 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 incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave revelers 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[21] 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 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[22] 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 Catskill Moun[23]tains—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 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. He called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

III

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[24] little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly changed. 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 tone about it, instead of the accustomed drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and 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 fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—Bunker’s Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and[25] an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired “On which side he voted?” Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, “Whether he was 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 vausterity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for,[26] 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.

"Well—who are they? Name them."

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

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

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

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

"Where's Van Brummel, 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?"

[27]"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 wits' 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, comely 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.[28] "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, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more 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 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,[29]"Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who when the alarm was over had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. 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 assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. It was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enter[30]prise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. His father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

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

Washington Irving "The Devil and Tom Walker"

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, into a high ridge on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Kidd the pirate. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place

permitted a good look out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meagre miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away: a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveller stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamour and clapper clawing; eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighbourhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high; which made it dark at noonday, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighbourhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses; where the green surface often betrayed the traveller into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, along the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strong holds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree toad, and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper colour, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing in my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds?" said Tom, with a sneer; "no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody".

"Deacon Peabody be d--d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbour's. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to below it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of prior claim," said the other. "This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom. "Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighbourhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of quakers and anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same at your service!" replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves: but Tom was a hard-minded

fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement, they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favour. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him: but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were, may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp the stranger paused.

"What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?" said Tom.

"There is my signature," said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that "a great man had fallen in Israel."

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. "Let the freebooter roast," said Tom, "who cares!" He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself.

Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forebore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain: midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety; especially as he found she had carried off in her apron the silver teapot and spoons and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others assert that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire on top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man with an axe on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he sat out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was no where to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull frog croaked dolefully from a neighbouring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamour of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of the tree; with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

"Let us get hold of the property," said he, consolingly to himself, "and we will endeavour to do without the woman."

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game however; for it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handsful of hair, that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper clawing. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!"

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property with the loss of his wife; for he was a man of fortitude. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to any thing rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman dress, with his axe on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favours; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffick; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

"You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month," said the black man.

"I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish," said Tom Walker.

"You shall lend money at two per cent. a month."

"Egad, I'll charge four!" replied Tom Walker.

"You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy-"

"I'll drive him to the d--l," cried Tom Walker, eagerly.

"You are the usurer for my money!" said the black legs, with delight. "When will you want the rhino?"

"This very night."

"Done!" said the devil.

"Done!" said Tom Walker. -So they shook hands, and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Every body remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which every body was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and every body was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of "hard times.

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a "friend in need;" that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually

squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them at length, dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vain glory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamour of his Sunday devotion. The quiet christians who had been modestly and steadfastly travelling Zionward, were struck with self reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious, as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbours, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of quakers and anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio bible on his counting house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend which closes his story in the following manner.

On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thundergust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting house in his white linen cap and India silk morning gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

"My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish," said the land jobber. "Charity begins at home," replied Tom, "I must take care of myself in these hard times."

"You have made so much money out of me," said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety-"The devil take me," said he, "if I have made a farthing!"

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

"Tom, you're come for!" said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to forclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the streets; his white cap bobbing up and down; his morning gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the borders of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunderbolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver his iron chest was filled with chips and

shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill gotten wealth. Let all griping money brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The very hole under the oak trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money is to be seen to this day; and the neighbouring swamp and old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying, prevalent throughout New-England, of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

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