

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., commonly referred to as The Sketch Book, is a collection of 34 essays and short stories written by the American author Washington Irving. It was published serially throughout and

Based on European folktales, "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" present stories of men who find their lives transformed by supernatural forces. Knickerbocker relates the plot, claiming that he has heard tales of supernatural events in Dutch settlements in the Catskill Mountains. One of those tales is the story of Rip Van Winkle, a congenial, though notoriously lazy peasant living outside of the Catskills in the s. Tormented by his shrewish wife, Rip neglects his farm and family for the pleasures of alcohol and wandering in the forest, accompanied by his loyal dog, Wolf. One day, Rip and Wolf journey high into the Catskills—dubbed the "fairy mountains" early in the text. They come upon a party of eccentric elderly men playing ninepins—based on Henry Hudson and his men—and Rip drinks heavily from the keg. He falls into a deep sleep and awakens transformed—he appears to have aged decades overnight. Returning to the inhabited world, Rip discovers that he has, in fact, slept for over twenty years, and the world he once knew has changed greatly. He slept through the American Revolution—a great surprise for the British Loyalist Rip—his wife is now dead, and the townspeople barely remember him. His tale of wonder is met with mixed responses from the community. Did Rip really sleep in the mountains for years, or has he invented this bizarre account merely as a subterfuge for remaining free from responsibility and obligation? The story revolves around Ichabod Crane, a slight, bookish schoolmaster, who is viewed as an outsider in the community. Ichabod becomes enamoured with Katrina Van Tassel, the heiress to a vast, wealthy farm. Ichabod, an expert in supernatural lore, leaves the Van Tassel farm, terrified of encountering the Horseman. As Ichabod makes his way home, he senses a presence following him through the woods. Ichabod flees, believing the Horseman is pursuing him, and a fantastic chase ensues. In an epilogue, the reader learns that Ichabod has made a success of himself in the city—an environment more suited to his artistic personality. Rip appears content in his carefree lifestyle, but he accomplishes nothing and holds no influence. The post-Revolution townsfolk have gained their freedom and independence, though to Rip, they appear chaotic and beleaguered. Both stories also subvert the archetype of the traditional heroic protagonist in American literature. Rip is a negligent fool, though Irving makes his lack of responsibility and ambition seem charismatic and appealing. Ichabod embodies none of the characteristics common to literary heroes—strength, confidence, courage, etc. However, some literary scholars have countered the standard readings of the protagonists in "Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow. Irving also uses both stories to comment on the power of storytelling—

"Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow" are both presented as stories told by Diedrich Knickerbocker. In "Van Winkle," Rip—a notorious liar—awakens to find himself in a new world, though many townspeople refuse to believe his tale of supernatural slumber. With "Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow," Irving has created two uniquely American legends, which continue to attract new critical readings and recontextualizations as time progresses. Scholars have also complimented Irving for his astute social commentary in "Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow," arguing that Irving uses his unusual protagonists to highlight the clash of divergent cultures—Loyalist versus the Revolutionary, Yankee versus the Backwoodsman. Irving] essays, letters, and prose Journals and Notebooks. Reichart, Lillian Schlissel, Wayne R. Kime, and Andrew B. Volume One, by Washington Irving. The first number contains five distinct sketches, viz: Crayon; a sketch of a sea voyage; a sketch of Roscoe, the historian; a sketch of a wife; and a sketch of low life in an inland Low-Dutch village, as it appeared some sixty or eighty years ago, and which is thrown into the form of a story, entitled "Rip Van Winkle. Irving has been heretofore so much distinguished, are all exhibited anew in the Sketch Book, with freshened beauty and added charms. There are few pieces of composition in the language, of similar design, equal to the account of Roscoe: The "Wife" is beautifully pathetic, and in these times of commercial disasters will be read with interest, and, it is to be hoped, with benefit, by many. But "Rip Van Winkle" is the masterpiece. There appears, also, to be a design to exhibit the contrast between the old provincial times, and the state of things subsequent to the American revolution. Possibly the man, who after reading Paradise Lost, said, with a look and tone of the most skeptical sagacity,

that he did not believe half of it, might look over these sketches with indifference; but all those who are not yet sublimed with pure intellect, nor become inveterately wise; who still retain a feeling of human infirmities, and a relish for nature, will be well-pleased with them; and will probably wait, with pleasant anticipations, for the remaining contents of Mr. But after perusing the work myself, I am compelled to say that I cannot concur in opinion with him as to the last sketch, that of "Rip Van Winkle. We wish the work every possible success. As an elegant and accurate piece of typography, with the single exception, lay for lie, it reflects great credit on the American press; and we hope the publication will meet with the encouragement it merits. Volume Two, by Washington Irving. The author exposes the impolicy of England in repressing our kindred sympathies by her haughty tone of superiority; nor has he overlooked the undue importance that we attach to the refuted calumnies and paltry insults of her angry writers. England, with all her faults, is still the country that we regard with feelings of deepest interest: The sensibilities of the author appear to have been fully awakened by those picturesque aspects of moral and external beauty peculiar to old and highly-cultivated countries. The characteristic features of rural life in England rise distinctly to our view, with nearly the force and reality of the scene itself. The sketches entitled, "The Broken Heart," and "The Art of Book-Making," are specimens of that happy facility of the writer, in varying the subject and the style of his compositionsâ€”But we turn from their obvious merits, to say a word in relation to the author and his immediate designs. Irving has conceived the plan of his work, with the happiest adaptation to his peculiar turn of mind, which is thus left at liberty, to act upon a wide range of subjects, "sometimes treating of scenes before him, sometimes of others purely imaginary, and sometimes wandering back with his recollections to his native country. In these dispositions, we believe his admirers heartily concur; and he may take our assurance, that he has already accomplished his designs beyond the diffidence of his hopes. His countrymen hail his reappearance as a writer, with the endearing cordiality of one, who had been too long absent, but has unexpectedly returned, with sympathies still tenderly linked to his native land. The literary ambition of Mr. We gladly perceive that he never suffers himself to be allured from his natural character, by a pompous display of his subject, or by an attempt to plunge his readers into the unfathomable depths of learning and research. We wish to mark this integrity of design, exclusively for the benefit of certain Linnean critics, who have been puzzled in defining the object of his Sketches, and of classing them with any of the popular elegies of the day. Tradition affirms, that one of the notable tragedies of Sophocles, was returned by a geometer, with the appalling demand of what it was intended to demonstrate? Amidst the solemn fopperies of the would be wise, it is indeed a refreshing indulgence to follow an author in his careless rambles through the lower regions of Parnassus. We reverence the cause of true science; nor would we be understood to scoff at its unaffected votaries; but no one knows, who has not essayed the task, how cheaply an author may decorate his pages with the scattered fragments of learning, lying so invitingly at his mercy, in the multitudinous transactions and encyclopedias of our times. Our author has found out the art of book-making; he has traced to their fountain head, those muddy rills of knowledge that sometimes spread themselves even in America. It is not impossible, therefore, that in the future numbers of his work, he may avoid the labor of writing from the resources of his own mind, by compiling the present state of the Catholic questionâ€”the vast results of polar expeditions; or, peradventure, strike out some new geological hypothesis which shall reject the vulgar agency of fire or water. In such ambitious speculations, we fear, the admirers of his fine genius, might seek in vain for his sportive humor; his nice discrimination of character; his romantic associations of thought and language; his pure and affecting morality, and all the nameless graces of a style, so appropriate to the captivating path of literature he has chosen to pursue. It is the work of an American, entirely bred and trained in that countryâ€”originally published within its territoryâ€”and, as we understand, very extensively circulated, and very much admired among its natives. Now, the most remarkable thing in a work so circumstanced certainly is, that it should be written throughout with the greatest care and accuracy, and worked up to great purity and beauty of diction, on the model of the most elegant and polished of our native writers. It is the first American work, we rather think, of any description, but certainly the first purely literary production, to which we could give this praise; and we hope and trust that we may hail it as the harbinger of a purer and juster tasteâ€”the foundation of a chaster and better school, for the writers of that great and intelligent country. Its genius, as we have frequently observed,

has not hitherto been much turned to letters; and, what it has produced in that department, has been defective in taste certainly rather than in talent. There is a tone of fairness and indulgence—and of gentleness and philanthropy so unaffectedly diffused through the whole work, and tempering and harmonizing so gracefully, both with its pensive and its gayer humours, as to disarm all ordinarily good-natured critics of their asperity, and to secure to the author, from all worthy readers, the same candour and kindness of which he sets so laudable an example. The want is of force and originality in the reasoning and speculative parts, and of boldness and incident in the inventive: The manner perhaps throughout is more attended to than the matter; and the care necessary to maintain the rythm [sic] and polish of the sentences, has sometimes interfered with the force of the reasoning, or limited and impoverished the illustrations they might otherwise have supplied. We have forgotten all this time to inform our readers, that the publication consists of a series or collection of detached essays and tales of various descriptions—originally published apart, in the form of a periodical miscellany, for the instruction and delight of America—and now collected into two volumes for the refreshment of the English public. The English writers whom the author has chiefly copied, are Addison and Goldsmith, in the humorous and discursive parts—and our own excellent Mackenzie, in the more soft and pathetic. In their highest and most characteristic merits, we do not mean to say that he has equalled any of his originals, or even to deny that he has occasionally caricatured their defects. But the resemblance is near enough to be highly creditable to any living author; and there is sometimes a compass of reasoning which his originals have rarely attained. It is consolatory to the genuine friends of mankind—to the friends of peace and liberty and reason—to find such sentiments [as those expressed in "English Writers on America"] gaining ground in the world; and, above all, to find them inculcated with so much warmth and ability by a writer of that country which has had the strongest provocation to disown them, and whose support of them is, at the present moment, by far the most important. We have already pledged ourselves to do what in us lies to promote the same good cause;—and if our labours are only seconded in America with a portion of the zeal and eloquence which is here employed in their behalf, we have little doubt of seeing them ultimately crowned with success. It is impossible, however, in the mean time, to disguise that much more depends upon the efforts of the American writers, than upon ours; both because they have naturally the most weight with the party who is chiefly to be conciliated, and because their reasonings are not repelled by that outrageous spirit of party which leads no small numbers among us at the present moment, to reject and vilify whatever is recommended by those who are generally opposed to their plans of domestic policy. In justice to the work before us, however, we should say, that a very small proportion of its contents relates either to politics, or to subjects at all connected with America. There is a "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which is an excellent pendant to "Rip Van Winkle" ; and there are two or three other papers, the localities of which are Transatlantic. But out of the thirty-five pieces which the book contains, there are not more than six or seven that have this character. The rest relate entirely to England; and consist of sketches of its manners, its scenery, and its characters, drawn with a fine and friendly hand—and remarks on its literature and peculiarities, at which it would be difficult for any rational creature to be offended. We believe that we have now done enough for the courteous and ingenious stranger whom we are ambitious of introducing to the notice of our readers. It is probable, indeed, that many of them have become acquainted with him already; as we have found the book in the hands of most of those to whom we have thought of mentioning it, and observe that the author, in the close of his last volume, speaks in very grateful terms of the encouragement he has received. We are heartily glad of it, both for his sake and for that of literature in general. There is a great deal too much contention and acrimony in most modern publications; and because it has unfortunately been found impossible to discuss practical questions of great interest without some degree of heat and personality, it has become too much the prevailing opinion, that these are necessary accompaniments to all powerful or energetic discussion, and that no work is likely to be well received by the public, or to make a strong impression, which does not abound in them. The success of such a work as this before us, may tend to correct this prejudice, and teach our authors that gentleness and amenity are qualities quite as attractive as violence and impertinence; and that truth is not less weighty, nor reason less persuasive, although not ushered in by exaggerations, and backed by defiance. Sleepy Hollow Restorations, We come to know better the interrelationship of the tales and the culture out of which

they come by catching ideas going into a kind of dramatic action given its particular definition by the distinctive and formal quality of literary expression. Lewis has reminded us in *The American Adam* was a new nation which saw itself, fresh and innocent, as emancipated from history; concomitantly, this new nation desired to elicit confidence from within and without by assuming an immediate adulthood in the family of nations. The United States was thus a new but self-consciously adult nation: The conservative impulse of America generated by the desire for immediate adulthood quite naturally had its effect on the working of the creative imagination; the writer, as we know, worked in the context of a pervading mistrust of the imagination. Especially in the adverse criticism of fiction and the novel, which came from pulpits, commencement addresses, and at times from writers themselves, do we sense the suspicion of the imagination which the writer might at once confront and share. One example of this kind of criticism may serve to illustrate the seriousness of the problem and to set the terms of our argument. In the Reverend James Gray, a trustee of the Philadelphia Academy for Young Ladies, delivered an address on "Female Education" to a large convocation of students and friends. After soberly examining the effects of novel reading, Gray returns a powerful indictment against fiction. More generous and more penetrating than most of his contemporary critics, he concedes that during the "very transient" period of childhood one might legitimately take an interest in fiction, for "the mind is then itself the region of fiction, of hopes and fears, of plans and projects, far beyond the narrow limits of sober reality. But when one matures he must put away the things of the child and call for "more substantial food"; men and women, states Gray, "demand fact and doctrine" as the natural course of things. The adult must assume his place in the actual, and practical, world. The major function of this aesthetic primitivism in eighteenth-century England was to explain why no great art was being created and to celebrate the progress away from primitivism. In America the idea had a similar function, with a larger insistence on the concomitant fact of cultural adulthood. But a more specifically American use of the idea was the attempt to insist on personal adulthood by equating the imaginative and the childish. Childhood, says Gray, is the time for imaginative indulgence; adulthood brings with it a demand for fact and doctrine.

Chapter 2 : The sketch book of Geoffrey Crayon, gent | Open Library

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Every Halloween, this town is inundated with tourists, who come to wander around the lovely old cemetery where the legend is set, and where Irving himself is buried. A picku Prose writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages crowded with commonplaces, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. A pickup truck drags groups of twenty in a trailer through a stretch of forest, where volunteers dressed in masks jumped out and scared the kids half to death. The house is a delightful little dwelling, a small jumble of architectural stylesâ€”gothic, Dutch, Spanishâ€”overlooking the Hudson River. Irving was an amateur architect and landscaper, very much of the Romantic school, and re-made the old farm he bought into a charming park, with a little pond, a babbling brook, and paths that wind through the forest nearby. On the property is a sycamore tree that has been growing since , seven years before Irving himself was born. Nowadays, trains rattle by every ten minutes or so. On the walk back to my house I passed by the Washington Irving Middle School, which I attended, the Tarrytown High School, where our football team is the Horsemen, and the Christ Episcopal Church, where Irving himself worshiped, and where his pew is still preserved. Right next to it is where the old bridge stood where Ichabod Crane met his fate. There is not much to see now, just a modern concrete construction. Like his house, his grave is neither ostentatious nor grandiose, just a simple stone that lays in a family plot. It was Irving who popularized the myth that Christopher Columbus disproved that the earth was flat, which Irving included in a biography of Columbus he wrote while living in Spain. We even owe our holiday celebrations to Irving, since it was he, along with Charles Dickens, who helped to make Christmas into the secular holiday of gift-giving and merry-making that it is today. Irving played a hand in the creation of Santa Claus, too, with a story about St. Nicholas in his first book. With his love of ghost stories, Irving is also one of the architects of Halloweenâ€”and thousands still make the pilgrimage to visit his tombstone in that ghoulish time of the year. I cannot even escape his influence in Spain, since it was Irving who helped to spread the exotic, enchanted image of Andalusia, and who thus helped make Spain a tourist destination; and it was partly thanks to his book of stories about the Alhambra that people began taking an interest in restoring that old ruin. Washington Irving was named after George Washington, and was born just a few weeks before the Revolutionary War was officially concluded. He was a new man for a new land. Whether it happened or not, the story seems symbolic of the role that Irving would play in American literatureâ€”exactly analogous to George Washington in politicsâ€”as a pioneering leader. For it was Washington Irving who was the first American writer to be respected by his English peers. He showed that these unruly savages overseas could aspire to eloquence too. The book, often merely called *The Sketchbook*, is a sort of parody of the sketchbooks that other wealthy American travelers made on their visits to Europe. It is framed as a travel book, and contains many vignettes about places Irving visited. But Irving does not stick to this theme very diligently. The book also contains some short pieces about Native Americans; and the two most famous stories, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," are both set in New York, and purport to be found among the old papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Although the collection is miscellaneous, Irving was not a writer of great breadth, and his distinctive style is consistent throughout. Thematically, Irving was a purebred Romantic. He has a taste for quaint customs, forgotten ruins, exotic places, and old yarnsâ€”in short, everything antique, out-of-the-way, and foreign, everything that allows his imagination to run wild with conjecture. These preoccupations lead him to investigate old English Christmas customs in the country, and to rail against their disappearance. It also leads him to treat the Native Americans as noble savages, the pure emblems of a disappearing culture, as well as to focus his eye on the old Dutch lore lingering about his native New York. In truth there is not much substance to his writing. The closest he ever gets to philosophy is the Romantic, Ozymandian sentiment that all things yield to time. Rather, Irving is a stylist. His prose is fluent and easygoingâ€”indeed, remarkably easy to read considering its ageâ€”so effortless that the prose practically reads itself. The subject-matter is usually a description of some kindâ€”of what someone is wearing, of a farm

or a tavern, of a funeral or a wedding”and he steers clear of all argument and dialogue, maintaining the fluid rhythm of his pen as it flies forward. But if Irving nowadays strikes one as lightweight and Romantic to the point of silliness, one should remember that he was a pioneer and an innovator”the first American man of letters, and one of the champions of Romanticism when that movement had hardly reached this country. And if he seems more style than substance, one should also remember that Irving wrote to amuse, not to instruct; and it is by that goal that he should be measured. Even now, Irving is a champion amuser; and even if he has some unfashionable tastes, he is still fresh and good-natured after all these years: If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself”surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain. Surely, surely, he has not. As luck would have it, I was about to knock on the door just as the rector, Susan, was on her way out of the building. The old pew sits in a corner now, set aside to preserve it.

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Chapter 3 : The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. by Washington Irving

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Van Winkle, Greenwich Street, Small quarto, seven parts in two volumes: First edition, second printing of each part. A early bind-up mid-nineteenth-century of the seven parts, rebound without the original wrappers. All six parts are second printings, the first dated on the title page, the remainder dated on the title pages parts 4 and 5 are paged separately, [94] and pages respectively. The title leaves of all the parts are present as is the final blank leaf in part 1. His work marks a progress in the American romance, so great as to be not merely a development, but a new species. The inconsistencies, the incongruities of which even [Charles Brockden] Brown was guilty, give place to a completeness of structure and a professional surety of touch. Barron ed , Horror Literature Bleiler, The Guide to Supernatural Fiction Bleiler ed , Supernatural Fiction Writers: Fantasy and Horror, pp. Tymn ed , Horror Literature and Bleiler , p. Not in Reginald ; Langfeld and Blackburn, pp. Petter, The Early American Novel, pp. Binding extremities rubbed, but overall quite presentable, scattered foxing and old damp stains to text blocks, but internally very good. Overall, a nice copy. First printings of the parts are uncommon the first part in first printing is rare , mixed printings and editions are the norm, and copies in original wrappers in the trade nowadays are virtually nonexistent. This is quite a presentable grouping of early printings of a seminal American short story collection.

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The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. by Washington IRVING (-) Genre(s): Travel Fiction, General Fiction, Short Stories Read by: Easton, Bob Gonzalez, Delmar H Dolbier, calendrierdelascience.com

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The result was The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent (), a collection of stories and essays that mix satire and whimsicality with fact and fiction. Most of the book's odd pieces concern Irving's impressions of England, but six chapters deal with American subjects.

Chapter 9 : The Sketch-Book Of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent by Irving, Washington

Irving's The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. was first published in and in the United States in seven paperbound

installments and then in two volumes in England. It became an.